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THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE ;

AND

Protestant Beacon.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. WHOM TO
KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

VOL IV. NEW SERIES.



LONDON:
W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, 117 to 119, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
1860.

PREFACE.

TO OUR READERS.

BRETHREN, beloved of and in the Lord, the date having reminded us that a few thoughts by way of Preface again are called for, the idea immediately occurred to us, how many whom, during the last twenty years and upwards, we have thus addressed, are now beyond all human teaching, exhortation, and fellowship. And if so—if no longer present with us—where are they? Blessed be God, we are in no doubt nor uncertainty as to where every departed believing reader is. It was their mercy, whilst pilgrims and strangers passing through this vale of tears, as we now are, to know and rejoice in “a covenant ordered in all things and sure.” That covenant embraced two worlds—the world that now is, and that which is to come. In reference to the present world, that covenant comprehended every minute detail of what they met with in their passage across the stage of Time. In not the veriest circumstance, however seemingly trivial in itself, was there an oversight or omission in the provisions of that covenant. All and everything was taken into account, and was eternally pre-arranged for, in regard to all that appertained unto them as to mind, body, or estate. There was not so much as the semblance of a flaw in the covenant. It was a covenant worthy of a God. Moreover, in their walk through the wilderness of this world, each glimpse at and renewed discovery of this covenant, as from time to time they were indulged with it, only served to call forth their admiration, to lead to an adoring acknowledgment of the Three-One Covenanters, and to their final, full, hearty, and unqualified declaration, “He hath done *all* things well.”

The completeness of the arrangement, and the strict fulfilment to the very letter of every clause in the covenant, was such as to excite their astonishment and admiration. Diversified as was their lot in the Time-state, each occupied his exact position, and took up his proper quarters in the wilderness march. Whether encamped at midnight upon the wide-spread plain, or marching at mid-day through the thick sands of the burning desert, or fighting the Amaleks that came out against them,—each and all occupied the precise position and played the part eternally, and wisely, and lovingly decreed and provided for in the covenant. Of every spiritual Israelite it might be said, with as much truth and propriety, as of every literal Israelite,—

“He led their feet far wandering round,
’Twas the right road to Canaan’s ground.”

But, as the covenant was perfect and complete in all its provisions before time, and in all its developments in time, so equally perfect, equally satisfactory, but infinitely more glorious, are the openings and unfoldings of that covenant in eternity. Delighted above measure was every partaker of covenant mercy, in Time,—and that as a pilgrim, a stranger, an exile, a labourer, a soldier, a sufferer, and an outcast. He saw, he felt, he rejoiced in the fact, that nought could be more suitable, more timely, more comprehensive, more perfect, more blessed, more worthy of a God wise in counsel and excellent in working than that covenant—“ordered,” as it was, “in *all* things and sure.” But if so in Time, in all its mystery and with his obscure and imperfect vision, how much more complete, comprehensive, and glorious shall that covenant appear in the light of Eternity—the covenant in review—the covenant that had to do with Time and time-things.

We said, however, that the covenant embraced the world to come as well as the world that now is. Of that second and infinitely more glorious bearing of the covenant, we can say but little; we must die to know it—to realize it—to enjoy it. But in this we rejoice, all such of our departed readers who were interested in the covenant that had to do with Time, are gone to know and experience all the inconceivable blessedness of the covenant that has to do with Eternity. We are left in no state of doubt or uncertainty about this. Most sweetly does the apostle, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, touch upon this theme in his first epistle to the Thessalonians: “I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren,” says he, “concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” Now if we would have an insight into the provisions of the covenant, as to the present condition of those who have departed in the Lord, we may gather it most sweetly and satisfactorily from the same apostle’s own language to the Philippians, “For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. * * For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.” Again, we glean the same consolatory truth from our Lord’s own words to the dying thief, when He gave him the precious assurance, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, *To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise.” The same consolatory truth is deduced from the position and the testimony of the martyred Stephen: “But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. * * And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.”

Having then glanced, beloved, at the *present* condition of those departed hence in the Lord, how glorious also are the contemplations of the covenant in its provisions for the resurrection and glorification of the body, as well as for its *present* impartation of glory to the disembodied spirit. In that most comprehensive and unspeakably blessed chapter, the 15th of the first of Corinthians, the apostle says, "If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ, are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Then, as if in holy triumph and rapturous exultation, he breaks forth, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The apostle Peter rejoices in the same covenant provision. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," says he, in the first chapter of his first epistle, "which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." David, back in still more ancient day, triumphed in the same faith, "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake up in thy likeness." Job, still more remote, exulted in the same mercy; for, in the depths of his combined calamities, he exulted thus, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Once more, this brings us to another and a final view of the developments of the covenant, as it bears upon eternity:—"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne,

and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Now, beloved, if all this be true—and who can deny it, every-day facts confirming, and establishing, and ratifying more, and more, and more, the verities of eternal truth—what follows but the necessity and the desirableness of enforcing upon ourselves the word of exhortation?

Did our brethren departed realize all the completeness and the comprehensiveness of the covenant as bearing upon Time, and have they now entered upon the glories that that covenant shall unfold through a blissful and never-ending Eternity? Oh, then, how well may we seek to live and walk as becometh those personally interested in such great and glorious realities. Not only "let patience have her perfect work with respect to the little trials, and perplexities, and sorrows of the way—for after all, compared with the glory that is to be revealed, they are but little; but be it ours especially to see that we "love one another with a pure heart fervently." May we be "all of one mind, having compassion one of another;" may we "love as brethren," or be "loving to the brethren;" "pitiful, courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing; knowing that we are thereunto called, that we should inherit a blessing."

Brethren, beloved, time is short; our days are numbered; every month and every year that tells off the score leaves that number less; occupation causes Old Father Time seemingly to wing his way still more fleetly. Be it then ours to be as those who watch for their Lord; who wait for His summons; our lamps trimmed, our loins girt, our staff in our hand, and ready at any moment to respond to the tidings, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Oh, brethren, in prospect of that blessed companionship which we shall enjoy through a blissful eternity, be it ours while on pilgrimage, to "love each other with a pure heart fervently." "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Brethren and sisters, beloved, farewell.

We are, ever yours, to serve in the pathway of tribulation, and in the hope and prospect of a glorious eternity,

THE EDITOR.

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster, Bristol,*
November, 1860.

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THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 37,
NEW SERIES. }

JANUARY 2, 1860.

{ No. 165,
OLD SERIES.

A WATCHWORD FOR 1860—"FEAR NOT."

"*Fear not, thou worm Jacob.*"—Isa. xli. 14.

BELoved, it is with mingled feelings of wonder, admiration, and gratitude we take up our pen upon the threshold of another year. We cannot tell you one tithe of what passes through the mind in the review of the faithfulness, the mercy, the long-suffering of our God. The longer we live, and the more we contemplate His marvellous acts, the more are we lost in wonder, love, and praise. At the same time we were never more disposed to exclaim,

"And are we, wretches, yet alive,

And do we still rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell."

Yes, the one keeps pace with the other. If there be, on the one hand, a discovery of the mercy, the goodness, the love of the Lord; there is, on the other hand, a discovery of the baseness, and the ingratitude, and the utter impotency of poor fallen Adam, so that the summing up should be—a more thorough acknowledgment and admiration of grace—rich, and free, and sovereign *grace*.

We enter upon another year, beloved; and rely on it, if permitted to see its close, that close will find us in pursuit of the self-same knowledge as that with which we commence the year, namely, personally to discover what is meant by the word GRACE. It will take a *life-time* to learn it, and an *eternity* to sing of it. We may *talk* of it; but to *know* it, to *feel* it, to be *rooted* and *grounded* in it, is a totally different thing. This can only be attained by the line-upon line, line-upon-line, here-a-little and there-a-little principle; and blessed are all they whom the Lord thus teaches: inasmuch as they shall be supported and sustained whilst thus instructed, and in the end shall find all redound to the Lord's glory, and to their eternal good.

Of one thing we would remind our beloved brethren, ere we pass on—it is this, that the present is teaching-time, that they are now under a course of training, and that without that training they would not be so fitted for the position they are to occupy, and the service in which they are to be engaged, to all eternity. In this respect there is neither lost time nor lost

lessons, but both the one and the other are indispensably necessary. Though the moment they were called by grace, they were *manifestly* justified, and by that justification rendered meet for heaven, yet there is an after-discipline that shall afford them a larger, fuller, and clearer conception of the nature and extent of that wondrous gift which has been bestowed upon them. This is learnt *in the wilderness*; and, if we may venture upon such momentous matters to draw a comparison, fits the soul to sing in higher strains, and to strike his lyre to a deeper key, in praise of the astounding wonders of redeeming love, and the mercy, grace, and faithfulness of a covenant Jehovah. Sure we are, that, however disposed any of the Lord's people may be at times to question the wisdom and the kindness of His teaching, and however impatient they may be for school-days to be over, yet, in the end, the universal testimony will be "He hath done *all* things well;" they were neither taught too much or too severely, neither were they detained too long.

But now, beloved, through the Divine faithfulness, the Almighty power, and the astonishing long-suffering of our God, we are permitted, as we have said, to enter upon another year. We expect it will be an eventful one; yea, we believe that each year will be increasingly eventful. We have recently expressed our conviction, that some great crisis is rapidly approaching. This impression is far-spread, and possesses the minds of men of the world, even as well as the children of God; but come what may, as far as the latter are concerned, they are safe, for

"Nought shall injure them,
The hedged about with God."

The scripture which the Lord, we trust, has given us as a watchword, is "FEAR NOT." We shall hope to carry this word with us, not only over the threshold of this new year, but into all its as yet unseen and unknown battles, trials, temptations, and exercises. Faith and patience will unquestionably be tested in 1860, and that, perhaps, to the very last degree; but when *the Lord* says, "FEAR NOT," why should we fear? What cause is there for dread? Why should we be needlessly alarmed? "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." "With them is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles." We know that "heart and flesh will fail;" they have done so a thousand and a thousand times before; but shall we not again prove, as on every past occasion of such failure we *have* proved, that "God is the strength of our heart," and shall at last prove to be "our portion for ever?"

Beloved, among the many reasons which we have for self-reproach and self-loathing, surely there is—an ever-constant proneness to mistrust the Lord, even when compared with our own former state. Many of you will remember the heavenly resignation and blessed confidence which possessed you in the early stages of your spiritual career. You were the subjects of intense concern about the safety of your souls, and the pardon of your sins; and, in the depths of that all-absorbing anxiety, every trial, and affliction, and sorrow was but secondary. With the utmost sincerity you exclaimed, in reference to "reading your title clear to mansions in the skies,"

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all."

Strong language, this, beloved; yet you meant it. You spoke in all the

simplicity and sincerity of your hearts. You were prepared, in point of feeling and resolution, if so be that the Lord would but settle that one point with you—that you were an object of His eternal love, and saved in Him with an everlasting salvation.—You were fully prepared to accept God's terms, in reference to that salvation, "He that will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me." Well, now, look at the contrast; the Lord did all this in you, and for you, which you so ardently desired. He sealed home pardon—He spoke peace to your troubled heart—He said, with power divine, "I am thine, and thou art mine;" but with all this, is there the same indifference about trial and temptation even *now* as there was *then*? Far advanced as you may be on your pilgrimage, and all that distance nearer home, is there the same sweet reconciliation to the cross? We are prepared for your answer: "Ah, we did not know so much of ourselves then as now. We were mere recruits—raw and untried." Very true. We grant it all. Still it does not alter the matter. We may, nevertheless, read a lesson from our own past feelings and experiences, and admonish ourselves for our coldness and half-heartedness, and for that sad amount of worldliness and cleaving to the dust of which, alas! we are the subjects. In a word, beloved—for this is the great object we have in view—if ten, twenty, thirty, it may be forty or fifty years ago, we had so little fear about the future, if so be matters were right between God and our souls, how much less reason have we to fear now that all those years, with their attendant troubles, have for ever passed away, and we are all that nearer our Father's house above?

Furthermore, what do all our fears and troubles amount to? What is the sum total? What is the grand climax of fear? We speak of those who have by grace divine "made their calling and election sure." Oh, it is this poor body; it is what may happen to it. Perhaps some painful or ignominious death is in reserve for it. Now, this is the plain English of the matter. If we could really analyze our feelings and our fears, this would be the honest conclusion. And, admitted that such should be the case—which, by the way, is very unlikely, for the fears of God's people are almost invariably a *substitute* for the reality, and under God's wise and wonder-working hand are made to answer the same purpose as that reality;—but supposing such should come to pass, there would be no reason for alarm even then; God's "FEAR NOT" would stand as good then as under any other circumstances; aye, it were then that its blessedness and its power were known. It were then that the omnipotency of a God were realized. Then would the soul feel for itself what a God it had to do with; for, assuredly as such a thing were to come to pass, the man upon whom the Lord conferred so signal an honour as thus to "suffer for His sake," should know and experience, in the fullest and most blessed way, what his God could do in the fires. He would then and there learn what that saying in the 11th of Hebrews meant, "not accepting deliverance," rejecting it, disdaining it, casting it away contemptuously, as not being in accordance with his Father's will, and at the same time "rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for His name."

Oh, beloved, these are blessed realities, into which many of the Lord's tried and tempted ones have had some little insight. Some of these precious, these invaluable lessons, they have learnt in the fires; and, because they personally have so proved the truth of the Word of our God; as to His all-

sufficiency for all states and all circumstances, they can cheerfully and confidently give forth the "FEAR NOT" to their fellow-pilgrims.

But again, supposing the fears with which some of our readers are harassed are not exactly about bodily pain or suffering, but more as to position and circumstances; if plied closely with the question, "Well, and do you think your Father will let you *want*?" they recoil at the thought, and believe that the idea is too base to be entertained for a moment. They know what as parents *they* feel towards *their* offspring; and, conscious of what poor, frail, sinful mortals they are, they dare not encourage the supposition that *they* have all this keenness and susceptibility of feeling for *their* children, and that God, the Author of those very emotions, does not possess them in a ten-thousand-fold higher and holier degree. Beloved, we may well hide our faces in the dust, for very shame and self-loathing, when we think of the cruel and heartless unbelief in which, in these as well as sundry other respects, we are wont to indulge.

We were very much struck, a few days ago, with the remark of an old Wesleyan (as we were informed), who was decidedly sounder at *heart* than in the *head*; for her very language repudiated the idea of a changeable God. She and her aged husband had but the barest pittance; yet, said she, cheerfully, "we manage to get a bit of meat every day." "How?" was the inquiry. "Why," said she, "we buy a pound of bacon at a time, and we just have a taste of it every day." "And do you think you will always get this?" was the further inquiry. "What!" said she, "do you think I am going to make out my God worse than an infidel? What does His Word say, 'But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel' (1 Tim. v. 8). Now," she added, "I know I am one of His household, and therefore I am sure He will provide for me." It was a memorable remark, beloved; and may well make many of us blush for very shame.

Reader, if we were to analyze our feelings, we should discover that those very fears of ours about losing position and coming down in the world, arise from pride, and "the fear of man which bringeth a snare." If we really looked at matters in a scriptural light, we should say, as long as the Lord kept us near to Himself—following hard after Him—and enabled us to keep a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward men—of how little moment what our position upon the stage of time, which we shall presently be called to quit; and, when clad in our last suit—our graveclothes—and laid beneath the clods of the valley, of what absolute unimportance the position we had previously occupied. Should a prince and a pauper lie mouldering in the selfsame grave-yard, who could tell which was which, when decay had removed the outer trappings, and worms were feasting upon their dead carcasses? Perhaps, indeed, the prince were more easily distinguishable of the two, because whilst "clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," he was preparing a better entertainment for the worms than that in reserve from the mouldering relics of the pauper. Ah, how well may this thought humble the proud heart of man,—how well rebuke his vaunting self-sufficiency!

But to return. As an antidote to dread and to alarm, beloved, and as a sweet reason why you should "FEAR NOT," we would suggest one passage, "I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Here is a precious fact in which the Psalmist—aye,

and the Psalmist's Lord, too—would exult. The Psalmist, as a man, could not see into futurity any more than we can; he knew no more than we what a day might bring forth; and he was verily as much the subject of creature-fears as ourselves; but here was his stay, "I have set the Lord always before me." He is near—always at hand. From His very omnipresence, the Psalmist knew that the Lord Jehovah "compassed his path and his lying down, and was acquainted with all his ways." "There is not a word in my tongue," said he, "but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me." In the 139th psalm David proceeds in this strain; but in the passage we previously quoted, there is the preciousness of the Lord's near and endearing presence; not in His abstract deity merely, and in His glorious omnipresence, but in the sweet character of a Father and a Friend, ever near and always dear; with a heart to feel and a hand to help. And this the Psalmist well knew he wanted. This pacified his fears; this quelled his doubts; this possessed him with a holy confidence, and overspread his whole mind with a heavenly calm. The Lord my God is near; He knows all; He understands all; He is prepared for all; and "because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope."

Beloved, this is high ground, we admit; still it is the only safe and the only satisfactory ground. Nothing short of this will cause us to enter upon this or any other year with calmness, fearlessness, and a holy, simple, child-like dependence.

We admit that as years increase, the world recedes, or ought so to do, and heart and flesh more thoroughly fail; but is not the Lord able to meet the case? Changes you may have, and trials may vary; your position and feelings may this year assume an aspect to which before, it may be, you were comparatively a stranger; still the Lord knows all, and is prepared for all. He is only about to show you more of Himself, and to prove His all-sufficiency. Whatever your condition, however the adversary may tempt, or your flesh fail, still God's "FEAR NOT" is the same; and that the Lord is alive to thy weakness and to thine exposure, believing reader, is clear from the wording of the passage, "FEAR NOT, thou worm Jacob." He knows thy prostration, thy lowliness, the cleaving to the earth of thy poor frail nature. He is aware, moreover, of the slowness of thy progress—a creeping, crawling creature. He sees, too, how liable thou art to be trodden under foot, and crushed into nothingness by the next passing tread. Still, withal, the Lord is prepared for the emergency, and says, "FEAR NOT, THOU WORM JACOB."

Oh, be it yours and ours, beloved, to take the Lord at His word, and to exclaim, "Well, Lord, since Thou tellest me not to fear, I will *not* fear, if so be Thou wilt strengthen my weak faith, and rebuke my slavish fears. Thou knowest my weakness; Thou seest I am set in the midst of so many and great dangers, and by reason of the frailty of my fallen nature cannot stand upright. Oh, stand by me, Lord: strengthen me, Lord: help me, Lord. Fulfil in me the good pleasure of thy goodness, and the work of faith with power. Do as Thou hast said. Be mindful of Thy promise. Remember the word upon which Thou hast caused me to hope, for verily Thou hast said, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness,' (Isa. xli. 10).

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedfordminster.*

THE EDITOR.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

To S. M.—(A MOURNER).

TIME flies so rapidly, and the mind is so occupied with varied claims and exercises, that we had really overlooked your wonted request for a birthday portion. Your letter reminded us of your want, and at the same time of the severe trial of faith which you have witnessed during the year now closing. Your last birthday portion was indeed tested, but in and by it you have realized yet more conspicuously and blessedly the faithfulness and all-sufficiency of our covenant God and Father. During the waking hours of the night-season we laid your request, as expressed by letter of the previous day, before the Lord; and we did so in a plain and simple way, reminding Him that *we* did not wish to pick and choose from His Word a portion which *we* might deem suitable to your case; but we desired that it might be a word expressly from Himself—one

which He at once deemed adapted, and that He would at the same time fulfil. The word, then, that immediately after came to the mind was, "MY GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED, ACCORDING TO HIS RICHES IN GLORY BY CHRIST JESUS." We felt it to be a sweet word and a suitable word; but, Gideon-like, we wanted a sign that it was the Lord in very deed talking with us; like him, we wanted both fleece and floor alternately wet and dry; and then came the word very sweetly, "LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN, AND LET THY WIDOW TRUST IN ME." Bereaved and sorrowing one, as the Lord gave us the word, in simplicity and godly sincerity we give it to you. May the Lord, in His mercy, make it a double birthday gift to your troubled heart, and His name shall have the glory.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

A MOTTO FOR 1860.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

"REST in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him!"
From sorrow's night
The morn of joy shall spring;
By whose sweet light thy soul shall see
These clouds of woe like spectres flee.

"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him!"
From evil He
Thy truest good will bring;
All things are good to him whose love
Is firmly fixed on God above.

"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him!"
Though riches fly
Away on rapid wing;
Who hath his wealth laid up above,
Can ne'er at last a bankrupt prove.

"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him!"
Though friends should fail,
And by unkindness sting;
He is a friend whose changeless love
Did never yet unfaithful prove.

"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him!"
Though cruel death
Thy heart with anguish ring;
Death-parted friends again shall meet,
To part no more; the thought how sweet.

"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him!"
Though rolling years,
Do but new sorrows bring;
At God's right hand are pleasures sure,
For all who to the end endure.
Wavertree.

W. M.

God's paternal attributes on one hand, and His terrific perfections on the other, encourage us to draw nigh to Him, as the everlasting lover of our souls; these restrain us from presumptuous fami-

liarities, and from taking undue liberties with Him who is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, and whose greatness knows no limit.—*Toplady.*

THE VANITY OF WEALTH, AND THE VICTORY OF GRACE;

BEING AN OUTLINE OF THE CHEQUERED PATHWAY OF A DAUGHTER
IN ZION.*

In the suburbs of a large manufacturing town was a pretty villa, well known from the air of luxury and comfort that prevailed both within and without. If any stepped within, they beheld well-carpeted rooms, easy couches, and elaborate works of art; while without, was a well-stocked garden and conservatory, all betokening wealth and plenty. Indeed, the possessor of Clifton Villa was what the world calls a man of fortune. Mr. Hobbs, or, as he was now donned, Squire Hobbs, had been for many years a grasp-all, money-getting man of the world. Up to a move or two, money was his god, and business was in his thoughts morning, noon, and night.

If he took any fresh step, his moving principle was, Will it bring me in more money? Nor did he ever dream of his prosperity being in the least way attributable to a God of providence, who has the affairs of all men at His command. No; he loved to have about him those who were dependent upon his movements, and then to recount to them tales of his adroitness in this matter, and his shrewdness in the other bargain, and how he realized such and such sums by such and such projects. Indeed, like the man in the gospel, if not in words in spirit, he was saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Squire Hobbs' wife, a person of weakly and consumptive constitution, betaking too much of her husband's spirit ere success crowned his efforts, had fallen an early victim to fatigue and anxiety, and never lived to reap the benefit of their accumulated riches. Upon her tablet might well have been written, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The only result of this union was one daughter—poor Caroline—the subject of these tracings. Alas! poor girl, she inherited the constitution of her mother; and, although she grew up like a beautiful rose in their midst, those who could not discern deeper than the tinted cheek and beaming eyes, read the fact that poor Caroline was not very long for this cold and chilly world. But why call her poor, when we have to tell of her being a child of God, and an heir of glory? Nay, she had been led to feel poor in spirit; and though surrounded with everything that gives earthly gratification, she had lost all relish for the baubles and trifles of time. How this came about, under such uncongenial circumstances, is difficult exactly to learn; but the difficulty proves the truth of the Scripture, which tells us, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Caroline having come of age, it was the determination of Squire Hobbs to give a grand festival upon the occasion. Poor Caroline much dreaded it, for already the work of divine grace had commenced in her heart, and given her a desire for things which are unseen and eternal; still she feared to offend her father, who evidently doated upon her. Every preparation was therefore made, and the day in due time arrived. Caroline appeared in the midst of the gay assemblage, and tried to put on an air of cheerfulness; but oh, how little did surrounding worldlings know what was passing within! Presently a gentleman, of easy deportment and good manners, stepped forward, and asked her to join him in the next waltz. Poor Caroline turned as pale as death; a tremour came over her; she had never felt any hesitation before; but just as the request was made, Job's description

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of the worldlings and their doings rushed into her mind, and the words came with irresistible force, "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance;" and this was followed by our Lord's own words, "Them that honour me, I will honour." And she trembled to run counter to the convictions which were at work in her breast. The Squire had watched his daughter's agitation with surprise mingled with regret, for the gentleman who had thus addressed her was a rich man of pleasure; and thoughts had run through his mind that his money would be very desirable if it could be brought into his family. Poor Caroline, too, became aware that her father's eyes were fixed upon her, which increased her agitation, while she stammered out that she must decline, as she was not well; and, leaving the room hastily, she sought her chamber. There she threw herself into an easy chair, and cried out to God in earnest prayer, "Lord, what shall I do? Temptation is strong: lead me, guide me, and give me grace to withstand the evil hour." And God heard her prayer, and did give her grace from that hour to make a decided stand against the world and its ways. It so happened, that although Squire Hobbs' mind was full of earthly gain and earthly things, yet, like hundreds, ah! and thousands of people, he must yet have his pew at church; nor did it matter to him a straw that the clergyman was a strong advocate for Romish practices and forms, and was one of those Anglican Popish parsons who are the bane of the Church of England. Poor Caroline, for many years under the influence of frames and feelings, had been oftentimes beguiled with the soft chanting of the choristers, and the swelling sounds of a full-toned organ, to believe that she was practising true devotion; but now that the Lord was opening her eyes to a new state of things, she began to discover, that instead of being a saint worthy of heaven, she was a sinner deserving hell; and a perfect disgust for the mockery and mummery before her took possession of her soul. Here, then, was a fresh cause of trial for her, for she knew to refuse going to church would highly offend her father; for the reverend gentleman was his particular friend, and, as he termed

him, just one of his sort. Depend upon it, dear reader, there is something wrong when preacher and worldling are "hall fellows well met."

It was during the exercises of soul attendant upon this state of things that Caroline happened, one Monday morning, to get in conversation with JOHN FELLOWS, her father's gardener. She had often noticed what a grave, sober-minded looking man was old John, and yet, withal, a sweet smile of contentment oftentimes played over his now wrinkled countenance. Caroline was, this morning especially, drawn towards the good man; she did not know why; her heart was very sad, and it seemed a relief to talk to some one who, at all events, was not full of the gaiety and vanities of this world.

Old John was brushing up the well-rolled gravel-path as Caroline approached making an observation about the fineness of the morning.

"Ah, Miss," replied old John, "God is very good to us, to give us such beautiful weather: His mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening; and great is His faithfulness."

Poor Caroline could not have been more struck down had she heard the voice of an angel from heaven than she was at these words, and the thought rushed into her mind,—but 'oh, is there mercy for me? Here was a poor old man, in humble circumstances, acknowledging the goodness and mercy of God, while she, surrounded as she was with comforts, had not half thought how good and merciful God had been to her; but when she had regained a measure of composure, she asked John, how he had learnt to be so thankful for the mercies of God? Poor old John lifted up his head, and, leaning upon the handle of his broom, replied, as the tears started in his eye and trickled down his cheek, "It's twenty-six years ago, Miss, since the Lord showed me that I was a poor sinner, and nothing at all; and that, if saved at all, it must be by His sovereign grace and mercy; and you must excuse me, Miss, for my plainness of speech. But I have watched you for some time, and I do believe He has begun the same work in your soul. I told my wife so last week, and I know I ar'n't far out." Actions speak louder

than words, and poor Caroline's response to these heart-telling expressions was a flood of tears; and so poor old John and Caroline wept together, for they were fellow-heirs of the inheritance with the saints in light: although the one was a cottager, and the other the daughter of a wealthy squire, no matter, God is no respecter of persons; and what touched the hidden spring with one, vibrated through the spiritual frame of the other, for both were born again in Christ Jesus. Caroline was now called away to resume her household duties: but the conversation with old John had made a lasting impression upon her mind; and when Sunday returned, her heart grew sick and faint at the idea of having to go to her father's fashionable church; and she wondered in her heart where poor old John could go on the Sabbath-day, and she determined on the morrow to seek an opportunity of asking him. But to-morrow came, and with it a round of gay people at the villa; and she seemed not to be able to gain any time for reflection or closet prayer—a privilege which she was now beginning to consider her greatest enjoyment; so that it was not until the end of the week that she found an opportunity to speak to the old gardener, and that was in a way she did not at all anticipate. It so happened that her father had been out late with some friends, and had forgotten to mention that he wished some fruit trees trained over a certain wall; but now old John was gone home; and, as he was going off early in the morning, he should not be able to give him directions. Poor Caroline heard all her father's desires, and volunteered to go to the old man's cottage that evening, for, she said, "I want a walk, and I may as well go that way as another." It was a simple circumstance; but, somehow or other, a thrill of joy ran through poor Caroline's heart as she turned down the lane leading to the old man's cottage. And what was her surprise, when nearing the casement, to hear the voice of the old man, in a loud key, giving out those precious words,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

and then, in a moment, a number of voices joined in the old familiar tune, which goes so well to those memorable

words. Poor Caroline felt melted to the very heart. Oh, there seemed such a response in her own soul to those words, they were so suitable to her troubled mind, and she needed so much that blessed refuge which they so sweetly speak of. After listening for a few minutes, she felt a great desire to enter the cottage. Still she hesitated; but a secret influence seemed to draw her to the door, and, gently opening it, she found herself in the midst of about twenty persons, mostly aged and infirm, seated upon forms, while old John was in an arm-chair with an out-spread Bible before him and a hymn-book in his hand, from which he was reading the precious words alluded to. As she entered, all eyes were turned upon her, and old John himself paused at seeing such an unexpected visitor; but, moving the best chair he possessed into the best corner of the cottage, he begged she would take a seat, and in a moment he went on with the hymn. Poor Caroline sank into the chair thus offered with deep emotion, nor could she keep from shedding tears as they sang on—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

The hymn over, the old man called upon an aged cripple in the corner to pray, and Caroline inwardly thought she had never heard such a prayer in her life. Accustomed so much to the form of prayer, such a spontaneous and heartfelt pouring out of soul before God was entirely new to her. The prayer over, and another sweet hymn sung, old John rose up with a calm and happy countenance, and gave out his text from the Psalms—"He lifteth up the poor out of the dust, and the needy out of the dung-hill, that he may set him among the princes, even the princes of his people;" ascribing all this gracious work to the Lord Jesus Christ, and showing the dignity put upon a poor and needy sinner, whom he raised up out of the dust of human nature, and out of the dung-hill of earthly things, and placed him in an immovable position among his princes. Caroline had never heard the blessed gospel of the great God so

sweetly preached before, she quite forgot that she was listening to an untutored man, for his talk was like the talk of heaven, and, in exposing the position of the poor and needy, she found herself and her feelings completely described. Nor was she left without a solace, for the Lord Jesus was set forth as the friend of the poor and needy, who were advised to come just as they are to Him. At the conclusion of the old man's plain yet sound gospel sermon, he took a small hymn-book from his pocket, and gave out the 81st of Hart's hymns. Caroline wondered who Hart was: she had never heard of such a poet: but oh, how the words melted her heart—

"Ye lambs of Christ's fold,
Ye weaklings in faith;
Who long to lay hold
On life by His death:
Who fain would believe Him,
And in your best room
Would gladly receive Him,
But fear to presume.

"Those feeble desires,
Those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids you still seek;
His Spirit will cherish
The life He first gave;
You never shall perish,
If Jesus can save."

Oh, these two last lines again melted poor Caroline; and all the time that Old John was concluding the service with prayer, she kept inwardly saying—

"You never shall perish,
If Jesus can save."

Caroline had so purely enjoyed herself among this little band of God's believing people, that she well-nigh forgot to deliver her father's message to Old John; and she quite forgot how rapidly the time had gone, so that when she reached home she found there had been no small degree of anxiety concerning her unusual absence at so late an hour. And what she dreaded most was the inquiries of her father. Sure enough he wanted to know the cause of her prolonged stay; and poor Caroline's heart at first sunk within her as she began to tell him the plain truth—how she had found Old John holding a cottage meeting, and the enjoyment she had in joining the little company. After she had finished her tale, her father sternly told her he

"thought it a great pity she should so degrade herself; and beside, what business had that foolish old fellow to attempt to preach? he had never been to college, what did he know about preaching?" Poor Caroline did not reply to her father's remarks, but that passage came to her mind where it tells us, that God takes the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty; and as soon as she could she sought the retirement of her chamber, to pour out her soul earnestly to God for the Holy Spirit's guidance—for she felt difficulties and perplexities were fast gathering around her. As she prayed, a holy calm came over her spirit, and she felt satisfied that Jesus died for her, and would never leave nor forsake her in any extremity. How soon was her simple faith to be put to the test. She little thought of the deep trial that awaited her. The fact was, Squire Hobbs' companions over the wine-bottle were men of the world, and they had not sought acquaintance with him for nothing; but had so worked their cards as to draw him into the directorship of a large banking company: and, like many more, he had not gone into the working of the affair, but concluded that what his friends (whom he deemed thoroughly practical men) said was all right, while they had been all the while living upon his duplicity, he having staked a large sum in the affair. It was the morning after poor Caroline had so enjoyed herself at Old John's cottage, that news came of the break up of the banking establishment. Here was a blow for her. Her father was like a caged tiger; he paced the room, swore he was a ruined man, and gave way to the most violent paroxysms of rage. Caroline tried all she could to soothe her distressed parent. She leant upon his shoulder, and said, "Don't give way so, father; recollect there is a God in heaven who will never leave nor forsake us if we put our trust in Him. Oh, let us bow to His will, and believe that he means this dispensation of His providence for our eternal good." But the stern man answered his pathetic appeal by roughly asking his daughter what God had to do with money matters? "Oh, a great deal, dear father," responded the poor girl, "for He has said, your silver and gold is mine, the cattle upon a thau

sand hills are all mine; seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added thereunto." And so the poor girl tried to pour into the ear of her troubled parent words of comfort and peace, well knowing that it required the power of God alone to reach the heart. It soon became evident that the family must now bid farewell to Clifton Villa, and seek a much more humble abode. The affair of the treachery and deceit at the banking establishment soon came before the world, and steps were taken to bring the guilty parties to the bar of justice. It was in vain that poor Hobbs pleaded his entire innocence of any participation in the deceit that had been practised; he was one of the directors, and must be brought up as well as the others. And so it was; his name was made public, and he obliged to submit to the degradation of a trial, only getting off from an extreme sentence by the fact being evident to the judges that he had acted in ignorance, and the tremendous pecuniary loss he had sustained was consequently deemed sufficient penalty. But leaving poor Hobbs' position before the world, we must retire with him to his home—no longer the pretty villa, but a humble cottage still further off the town. But in all great trials there is always a bright side; always a little peep of sunshine breaks through the black, rolling clouds: and so it was here. Although the wreck was lying all shivered on the strand, there was yet a little salvage obtained; for Hobbs had years back settled a small annuity on his daughter, placing a sum of money in the hands of certain persons for this purpose. This therefore remained untouched, and now became the source of their earthly subsistence. Caroline considered this very merciful of God, because she saw that if all had gone, how totally unable her father was at his time of life to work for his living. She therefore poured out her heart in gratitude to God for thus dealing so mercifully with them: and one thing especially cheered her, it was that all her father's gay and worldly-minded companions forsook them and fled. Not so her father; this fact, so evident, considerably soured his temper, and he felt oftentimes a great depression of spirits on account of the loss of such society; so that it became a

struggle for poor Caroline to make all as cheerful as possible at home, that her parent might not feel less lonely. Oh, dear reader, depend upon it, if a man has not the grace of God in his heart, and a precious Christ to live upon, there are seasons in his life when he will feel a miserable man. Unfortunately it is at such seasons that men are driven to worse sources of pleasure, which always terminate in destruction of both soul and body. Caroline saw all this, and it became a fixed desire of her mind, "Oh, that my father knew the Lord, and was safe for eternity." The same wish had oftentimes crossed her mind during their prosperity; but there seemed so much to hinder it. They lived in the midst of such a web of hinderances to anything approaching that which is godly, that she despaired of such a realization; but now that trial had brought them low, and broken down the strong barriers of worldly life, she hoped, and prayed, and besieged the thrones in secret, that such might be the case. Ah, he who undertakes such a task must wait long and patiently for the Lord's will. Day after day and month after month rolled away, and poor Caroline beheld no decided change in her father's mind, but a living on in apparent indifference to the soul's eternal welfare. The furnace must be heated still more ere the dross drops from the precious metal, and now anxiety had worked its effect with poor Caroline's constitution; never very strong, the chilly blasts of adversity swept not over her tender frame without shaking the tenement to its very foundation. She struggled against her feelings, and hoped that her father would not discern her sufferings, but all in vain; her inward weakness increased till she got less and less able to get out, and eventually was obliged to take to her bed: and thus separated from the outward world, two desires absorbed all her thoughts, namely, the conversion of her father and her own soul's safety. Caroline had continued, as long as she was able, to wend her way to Old John's cottage, and had enjoyed many a happy hour in joining in the simple worship of the gathered group; but now Old John missed his fair hearer—the chair was placed for her as usual, but it remained vacant, and Old John (who since the

break up of Clifton Villa had been at work elsewhere) determined to seek out Caroline's abode, and venture to make inquiries about her. It was with deep feelings that Old John for the first time beheld their humble residence, so different to former days; nor were his feelings diminished when he was told of Caroline's severe illness. The attendant who had given John this information, seeing an old man in such humble circumstances, never thought to invite him in; but the moment Caroline heard who it was, she begged of them to go after him, and ask him to come in. Poor Old John was brought back, protesting that he was not worthy of such a favour; but Caroline assured him that she only wished she was half as rich in faith as he was, and it was just poor unworthy sinners that Jesus came to save. And now they talked of His love, His faithfulness, His mercy, and His grace; and, after a happy season of prayer and praise, Old John left, promising to come again if allowed so great a privilege. After this interview poor Caroline became rapidly worse; but oh, the joy and peace of her mind as the poor tabernacle was being taken down. Yet this was not always so; no, there were seasons when the tempter was suffered fearfully to harass and perplex, but yet he was only allowed to go the length of his chain. Jesus will triumph until He has put all enemies under His feet. It became quite evident to the poor girl that her sickness was unto death; and her greatest concern seemed to be for her poor father. Many a night of groaning and sighing had she passed through on his account, and yet the

Lord did not seem to answer her prayers. One morning, after a distressing night, she felt she must be faithful to him; and calling her afflicted father to her bedside, she told him plainly that she had no doubt but what in a few more days she must be laid in the cold, cold grave: and she said, "Father, if I can never speak again to you, oh, let me urge you to think of eternity, and the fearful consequences of dying in your sins. Jesus will never cast away a seeking soul. Oh, do, dear father, seek Jesus, nor rest day and night till you receive a sense of pardon through the blood of the Lamb." The stern worldling was evidently moved by her affectionate appeal; but yet God did not seem to have touched his heart. No, we must pray again and again, and wrestle and faint not, but believe our breathings are registered in heaven, to be answered in the Lord's own time and not ours. In this instance, as in numerous others, the earnest prayers were answered in the Lord's time; for in a signal way, long after poor Caroline had passed away, the stern old father's heart was melted, and the daughter's appeal brought to mind—Father, oh, father, think of eternity! He did, and was brought to Jesus as a penitent sinner; and became not again rich in worldly goods, but rich in faith, and an heir to unfading joys. Soon after this interview with her father the hour of death approached. Oh, it was a solemn and yet a glorious scene. She died resting in Jesus, and her last words were—"Tis peace—peace!—glory!—glory!" Reader, may poor Caroline's Jesus be yours.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

AN angel might long for your mission of light,
To lead the poor exile from darkness and
night;
Oh! search for the fallen, and speak of His
love,
Who came for their rescue from glory above.
Let thy influence fall like the dewdrops
around,
Which scatter a blessing afar o'er the ground;
Go forth in the steps of thy Master above,
And true be thy heart on that mission of love.

Remember the song of the blessed on high;
Remember the peace and repose of the sky;
Think too how joyful thy entrance will be,
If spirits are there who are rescued by
thee.

So up, and be working! thy Master is near,
And soon He will call for thy stewardship
here;
Go, sow with humility, prayer, and love,
And thy Saviour will give thee thy harvest
above.

THE BORROWED BIBLE.

OUT of small beginnings great events oftentimes arise; and a pleasing illustration of this truth we have brought before us in an interesting book entitled "The Missing Link." A Christian lady, into whose heart God had dropped an interest for the welfare of the poor and degraded inhabitants of St. Giles's, was desirous of meeting with a godly woman in the same level of life with the people into whose homes she wished to obtain access, in order to circulate the Scriptures, and thus, if it might be God's will, cast a little light into the dark dwellings of these wretched outcasts of society.

Through a City Missionary she heard of a gracious woman who was desirous of doing some little service in the Lord's cause, and had written to ask him to appoint her to some post of labour, however small. The history of Marian B. was a singular one, and bears the impress of

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

She earned a scanty livelihood in cutting fire-papers, or moulding wax-flowers, or making bags for silversmiths in London; and her lot had been cast for three-and-thirty years in some one or other of the purlieus of Seven Dials. A drunken father, who broke her mother's heart, had brought her, as a young girl of fifteen, gradually down from the privileges of a respectable birth to dwell in a low lodging-house of St. Giles's. He died shortly afterwards, and left her and a sister of five years of age, orphans, in the midst of pollution, which they, as by a miracle, escaped. Often, sitting on the stairs or door-step all night to avoid seeing all that was going on within, an old man, who was her fellow-lodger, kind-hearted, though an Atheist, had taught her to write a little, and he bade her "never read the Bible—it was full of lies; she had only to look around her in St. Giles's, and she might see that there was no God." She had picked up reading and knitting from gazing in continually at the shop windows. She married at eighteen years of age. Her husband proved sober and steady, but he was as poor as her-

self. When they went to church, she was without shoes and stockings, and he had no coat; still, from that time she knew the meaning of that blessed word "a home," though such home was but a room, changed from time to time in the same neighbourhood. Five years before the time at which the lady met with her, she was passing through the streets one rainy night, when she took shelter in an alley that led up to a little mission-hall in Dudley Street, and, hearing a voice, went in to listen. It was almost the close of the address; but some verses quoted from the eleventh of Hebrews struck on her ear and touched her heart. She knew that the book always used in such places must be a Bible; but her attention was further arrested by an announcement that books would be lent on the next evening from that place, from a nicely-formed library for the poor. Going early, at the appointed time, she was the first claimant of the promise. She had intended to borrow "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but a strong impulse came over her which she could not resist; it was as if she had heard it whispered to her, "Do not borrow Uncle Tom; borrow a Bible." So she asked for a Bible. "A Bible, my good woman?" was the missionary's reply; we did not intend to lend Bibles from this library; but wait, I will fetch you one; it is a token for good that the book of God—the best of books—should be asked for, and lent from this place." He brought her the Bible, and asked if he should call and read a chapter with her? She said, respectfully, "No, sir, thank you, we are very quiet folk; my husband might not like it; I will take the book, and read it for myself." The Lord's time was come. His message thus first entered her house, and went straight to her heart; the Divine Spirit applied the word with power, and the arrow of conviction was, ere long, driven home by affliction and suffering. A twelvemonth after she had received the Bible, she was obliged to send to the missionary who had lent it to her, to request a ticket for the hospital. Then he visited her, and found how God had worked with her by His own Word, and

had thereby alone brought her to Himself. Two years of much suffering followed; and during this period her husband had also been ill; so that gradually, one by one, the comforts they had gathered around them by a frugal life vanished away under the gripe of want; they were just able to live, and from time to time received casual and temporary help. The missionary's visits were always warmly welcomed, not for what he brought, but for what he taught. Sickness and poverty are hard teachers, but the discipline was all necessary to a naturally proud heart. One evening, in the winter of 1856-7, Marian remembers sitting and thinking that, come what might, she would no more, to relieve a present necessity, pawn her goods, as was the habit of her neighbours; she saw the evil of it, and saw it so strongly that she felt she would want food and fire too before she would break her resolution made in the strength of God. She received the offer of employment in selling Bibles, feeling that it was the work of all others which she should delight to undertake. She found her way into places where they knew no more of the Bible Society than they did of India: and when told of its object in thus sending the Scriptures to them, one person made answer, "Well, I wonder what next will be done for us; it is time; we have been left long enough to ourselves." Another, after looking at the copies, exclaimed, "Well, this cannot be for gain." There appeared a general impression that the books could not be produced for the money asked as their cost price; sometimes, when there was a determination to purchase, the penny was just spared with difficulty, and with "Ah! you do not know, mistress, what a struggle I have for a livelihood." And she was able to answer, "Oh, yes I do; I am quite as poor as you are; I know it all; but yet, this book, is the balm for all your sorrow; I bring it to you because I have found it so for myself." This book abounds in details of deep interest, and forms one of a numerous tribe of publications, excellent and useful as setting forth Divine results; but the title of this book is an apt term to depict a lack that, more or less, is apparent through them all. "The Missing Link" is the

lack of recognition of Divine designs, from which these blessed results have emanated. Gladly must every Spirit-taught soul hail the spread of the gospel; and gratefully must we acknowledge the means whereby the work is carried on. But while we would bestow upon the instrument the full share of praise, we would like to see in these publications some more distinct recognition of the Spring-Head from which all these blessings flow. Religious plans for the good of souls are not to be treated as so many receipts; and the details of success are not to be cast before the church of God or the world in the form of a cookery-book. Hannah Glass has been the subject of many a sneer and many a laugh; but her simple preface to her receipt may give some religious book-makers a useful hint—"First catch your hare." Now, this is beginning at the beginning, every one will admit; but pulpit and press are agreed in this—they are all shy of God's beginnings. The starting-point of man is man, nor can he rise higher till Almighty grace open the eyes and give him a view of God. We admit that the entrance of light is often gradual; and some, as to doctrine intelligently received, live and die in twilight: but if they are God's elect, they have the doctrine in experience engraven on the fleshy tables of the heart, though they may never reach the head till they enter heaven. Many there are in our day who know better, but conceal what they know: men are afraid of out-spoken truth; they know its points and edges will offend the un-renewed, and stir up the carnal enmity in the people of God who are untaught in the truth; so they wrap it up, and thus keep peace at the cost of principle.

After a careful perusal of publications of this class, God's enlightened people, who value full-weight truth, however they may rejoice in the results, are yet made to mourn over the "Missing Link," whereby readers are left in ignorance as to the Source from which these results are derived. God's sovereignty, in the salvation of His elect, is written as with a sunbeam upon every page that tells us of a sinner's conversion; but we look through these books in vain to find any testimony to this truth, while every

atom of creature power is lauded to the skies.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." This is the compendium

of every saint's history; and here we have a model for all truthful biographers. Here is no *missing link*; but while Divine results are triumphantly displayed, their origin in Divine designs is gloriously unfolded.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 463.)

Mary.—What is the meaning of sins being hid by the righteousness of Jesus? For since our last conversation I have met with these words, "His blood has atoned for all sins: and His righteousness will hide the iniquities of all who accept His offers of mercy." And I have heard ministers, even good men, speak of the righteousness of Jesus as if it came between us and God to hide our sins from His sight; and they quote that text in Numb. xxiii. 21, "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel," to prove it. And KENT, speaking of the righteousness of Jesus, says,—

"From his eye for ever hiding
Sins of every name and size."

And again, TOPLADY, whom you think so highly of, says—

"My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from view."

Now, if sin is "put away"—"made an end of," as it is plain from Scripture it is, and that too by Him whom God appointed for that very purpose, what do they mean by the sins or iniquities of believers being hid?

George.—I really don't understand that sentence which you have met with; and there are many other things, which those who speak as if man can, by his own power, accept the offers of mercy, say that I cannot understand. As for that sentence, we have no need to trouble ourselves about what it means; for you may depend on it, that that which has atoned for all sins, cleanses also from all iniquities. But as it regards what good men, such as KENT, TOPLADY, and those of our own day, state, I feel it does not become me to say much; but I would just say this—I believe they mean a great deal more than their words imply; for

putting away a thing altogether must mean a great deal more than hiding it; and if it is made an end of, what need is there in talking about its being hid? I like that last verse of KENT's hymn best,—

"But this righteousness of Jesus,
Once applied 'tis always on;
'Tis their title
To the mansions love ordained."

Mary.—You will think me very simple when I ask you another question concerning what we very often hear said, but still it has been a puzzle to me. What is meant by believers being justified by the righteousness of Jesus? for it is said, they are "justified by His blood" (Rom. v. 9), which agrees with what you said in our last conversation; and I don't remember any passage which says they are justified by His righteousness.

George.—It is a great mercy for you and me that "the Lord preserveth the simple," and that "the entrance of His words giveth light and understanding to the simple" (Psal. cxvi. 6; and cxix. 130). Precious light, precious understanding, which come through the entrance of His words. That very same thing has been a puzzle to me. For I could see that His bearing the curse, His suffering unto death, freed His people; yea, more, that as He was their Head, their Surety, their Representative, they are looked upon, and dealt with, as if they themselves had paid the debt; yea, more than that, for as He, their Head, their Surety, their Representative, yea, their Husband, is the mighty God, they are made, not only righteous, but "the righteousness of God in Him;" and in that, His righteousness, they ever stand "justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." But

still, though thus made righteous; yea, righteousness through Him, and in Him, I could not see how His righteousness did it; whereas, it was His bearing the curse, His shedding His own blood, His obedience unto death, that justified us, and made us righteous. But, Dr. Goodwin says, "It is Christ that paid the price, that performed the righteousness by which we are justified." Therefore, you see, He calls His bearing the curse, His shedding His own blood, His obedience unto death, a performing the righteousness by which we are justified. But look at it in this way, Mary, and then you will be no longer puzzled. You know one of the family of old said, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." You may therefore do the same. Say, then, I have the most honest, the most upright, the most just, the most righteous husband that ever lived, or that ever will live. He may well be most emphatically called the "Just One;" for when He set His love upon me, He knew I was deeply in debt, a debt which corruptible things, such as silver and gold, would not cancel; but yet, so righteous was He, and such was His love for me, that He freely took my debt upon Himself; and when He knew it would cost Him His heart's blood to cancel it, He did not shrink back. No, His righteousness and His love sustained Him. And at the time appointed He freely came forth from the bosom of His Father, and took my nature upon Himself, and in that nature suffered all the righteous demands of His Father's most holy law, by which He paid my debt to the uttermost farthing. But, oh, who can tell what those sufferings were which He endured to deliver me? Have I not reason to boast of His righteousness, which led Him thus to suffer, bleed, and die for me? Yes, it was His righteousness, His love of justice, and His love for me, that led Him to do it. Do you see my meaning?

Mary.—Yes, the righteousness of Jesus, and His love of righteousness, led Him to put it on as a breast-plate, and freely to do those righteous love-acts by which His spouse is justified and made righteous. It might well be said, therefore, she is justified by His righteousness.

George.—Yes, that is just what I mean; and I understand that passage, "being justified by His (God's) grace," in the same manner. It was God's grace, His goodness, His love, which led Him freely to give up His only Son to die in His people's stead, and to accept that which He did for them as if they themselves had done it.

Mary.—I can understand how God justified His people, by freely giving up His Son for them, and accepting what He did, and imputing it unto them; but I should like to understand a little clearer concerning the time when He did it.

George.—Well, then, we will consider it in this manner,—

1st. God did it, in purpose, from all eternity.

2nd. He did it virtually, when He justified, or cleared, Jesus, their Surety, from all those sins which, by imputation, were laid upon Him; which was when He raised Him from the dead.

3rd. He does it personally, when they believe in Jesus.

You know the scriptures very often speak of things as done, which were not actually done for hundreds of years afterwards; thus we read, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee." And again, "He was wounded for our transgressions." Now, Jesus was not actually wounded, nor His blood, by which His people are redeemed, actually shed, till about 800 years afterwards. God is not like us, poor worms; what He purposes, is as good as done. It may be said, therefore, of everything which takes place in time, whether it respects the whole church of Christ, or each individual member of that church, that it is only carrying into effect that which was done, in the Divine purpose, from all eternity. Everything is done in accordance with His eternal purpose, "which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." Therefore we read, "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." It may, then, in truth be said, God's people were justified from all eternity. But in the second place, we see them virtually, or effectually, justified by God the Father,

when He raised Christ from the dead; for "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our (His people's) justification." It pleased God the Father to lay on Jesus the iniquity of all His people; and because of that, we see Jesus delivered up into the hands of justice, that He might make full satisfaction for iniquity. His Father could not, because of covenant engagements, let the cup of suffering pass from Him, till He had drunk the very dregs. Oh, no, the debtor cannot go free till the debt is paid. But when the debt is paid, the law's righteous demands fully satisfied, justice itself demands the debtor's release; and therefore we see when Jesus had fully satisfied Divine justice for His people, God, who is a just God and a Saviour, freed Him from the dominion of sin, by raising Him from the dead, and presented Him to His people as a living receipt which clears them entirely from all law charges; yes, and all Satan's charges too. Peter had such a precious view of what God the Father had done for His people, in raising Jesus from the dead, that His full soul could hold no longer; and therefore He burst forth in blessing and praising God the Father, saying, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." He, as well as the rest of the Lord's chosen ones, had a hope before, begotten in them through the promises; but when they see Him, on whom all their hope was built, taken, and, by wicked hands, crucified and slain, all that hope, through their not understanding the scriptures, seemed to have been lost. But now, when their understanding is opened, and they behold Him, raised by the Father from the dead, they are begotten again to a lively hope, for they now understand that He died for their sins, according to the scriptures, and by His death had made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting salvation for them. Well might he call upon his whole soul to bless the Lord. "If Christ be not raised," says Paul, "your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." But He is raised; by which we know sin is put away; the debt is paid, for

the debtor is freed. There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, for God the Father, by freeing their Surety, freed them also. And therefore it is said, "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now, that which we are dead to, cannot have any dominion over us; oh, no, the dominion of sin, as regards any power to condemn those who are in Jesus, is for ever done away. The soul that leans on Jesus can never come into condemnation. For God the Father looks upon the believer as having died with Jesus, as having been raised with Him, and as being now sat down in heaven with Him. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." But, in the third place, they are justified personally by God the Father, when they believe in Jesus; they are, through faith, then made partakers of it, brought into a justified state. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Not that faith itself actually justifies the believer; for the same apostle explains it in another place by saying, "For by grace are ye saved through faith." The law of the Spirit is, believe and live; and God's people are not actually and personally delivered from a state of condemnation till they believe; but as sure as God the Father justified them in purpose from eternity, and virtually, with Jesus, when He raised Him from the dead, so sure will He, in due time, justify them personally, by giving them faith to believe in Jesus; and they will, more or less, realize the blessedness of it; for the least act of faith brings into the soul some little enjoyment of that peace which comes through being justified by Jesus from all things. And when the Lord blesses them with a full assurance of faith, so that they are enabled to look back and read their interest in all that Jesus did, and, therefore, know they belong to that family whom God the Father predestinated, called, justified, and glorified from all eternity; they will indeed be established, strength-

ened, settled. May this, my beloved friend, be the case with us; then shall we rejoice in the Lord always, while, at the same time, we shall have good reason to hang down our heads with deep self-abasement, and the language of our hearts will be, "Why me? why me?" But, let us remember, for our encouragement, what Mr. MAUDE says about faith, "There may be little seeing, little hearing, little tasting; but if there be but a 'seeking after the Lord; if, happily, the soul may feel after Him, and find Him,' there is the law indeed, but yet the satisfactory evidence of faith; and where there is faith there must be life." And I may add, all such are justified from all things by Him whom their souls thirst after.

"No condemnation can be brought
Against the sons of God;
Christ hath for them a clothing wrought,
And washed them in His blood.
They righteous are in what He's done,
And evermore will be;
They stand complete in Christ the Son,
From condemnation free.
Justice demanded all the debt,
Of Christ, on whom it laid;
Just at the time the Saviour set,
The debt He came and paid.
If Jesus had not paid the debt,
Or suffered all the pain;
He ne'er had been at freedom set,
He ne'er had rose again.
But when we see the Saviour rise,
Triumphant from the dead;
Our hopes ascend above the skies,
With our victorious Head."

HINTS FOR HELPING OUR BROAD-SHEET, "OLD JONATHAN."

BELOVED EDITOR,—Many booksellers do not like to alter the arrangement of their windows, even for *Old Jonathan*; and, as a placard is often mislaid in dusting, if your readers would lend a copy to their booksellers, I think it might influence them in making it known. It is better to lend it, as it remains in the shop to hand when called for; if given, it would be taken into the private apartments, and not meet the eye of their customers. I have done so from the commencement, and, upon entering the shop the other day, was addressed thus—"One of our customers wishes to know how she can obtain a copy of *Old Jonathan* regularly; will you supply her?" "Thank you, willingly, or with any other of 'Old Jonathan's' publications. Will you ask if she would like his Almanac?" was the reply. Perhaps some would think three years a long time to wait for fruit; but I have sown in hope, and know the promise is sure, "Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." I commenced with ten copies: my monthly number is now 145. My plan was to ask each person I knew to give me a penny for *Old Jonathan*. From one I obtained 3d., another 6d., and from another 1s. Their names were entered, and the Journal duly supplied. Three of my first subscribers are now centres of circles, receiving their supply direct from Mr. Collingridge. Close attend-

ance on an aged invalid prevents me being very active in the cause, and it is only by gathering up the fragments of time that I can give a helping-hand. But this convinces me that all may do something, however limited their sphere of action, if they will only "try." One of my subscribers gives her copy, when read, to a poor old workhouse woman, who says it is "a long day" when rain prevents her kind friend taking the looked-for treasure. Another gives two copies to a Ragged School, and a third to a family of hawkers—grandmother, husband, wife, and children—who, when the toils of the day are ended, assemble to hear from one of the family the kind words of dear *Old Jonathan*; and to be helped on their rugged path by the pleasing instruction he has provided: they are cheered, and their home appears more comfortable, whilst they thank God for the handful of fire in the grate, and breathe "blessings on the kind gentleman who writes the paper." Who can refuse a penny for *Old Jonathan*, when he is the means of diffusely promoting happiness and contentment?

May you sing merrily unto the Lord our strength this Christmas, and a rich blessing rest on your labours!

I am, dear Sir,

Yours to serve in the gospel of Jesus Christ,

Bolton Street, W.

H. E. A. C.

THE BELIEVER'S RULE OF LIFE.

SERVANTS UNDER THE LAW OF WORKS. SONS OF GOD UNDER THE LAW OF FAITH.

Rom. iii. 27.

Rom. iii. 27.

THE Lord God commanded Adam, saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," or, dying, thou shalt die (Gen. ii. 16, 17). This commandment was holy, just, and good (Rom. vii. 12). Adam's life depended on his perfect obedience to this holy commandment. By him, this one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that, or in whom, all have sinned (Rom. v. 12).

The Lord commanded Moses to say unto the children of Israel, "I am the Lord your God; ye shall keep my judgments and mine ordinances, to walk therein: I am the Lord your God. Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and my judgments: which if a man do, he shall live in them: I am the Lord" (Lev. xviii. 1, 4, 5). But the law given to Adam, and to the children of Israel, was not that eternal life should be obtained by their obedience to it; for it is written, had there been a law which could have given eternal life, verily righteousness, or justification to eternal life, had been by the law (Gal. iii. 21). But eternal life is the gift of God, and was given to the children of God in Christ before the world began (1 John v. 11). The apostle thought the commandment was ordained to life; but after, or as soon as he was called of God from darkness to light, he found the commandment was unto death; and the scripture hath concluded all under sin: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. vii. 10; Gal. iii. 22; Rom. iii. 23). "What things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin."—"For sin is the transgression of the law" (Rom. iii. 19, 20; 1 John iii. 4).

As many as are of the works of the

THE law of faith is the glorious gospel of the blessed God; and this is the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief (1 Tim. i. 11, 15). "Think not," saith Christ, "that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. Seek ye the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you" (Matt. v. 17, and vi. 33).

Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, attained not to the law of righteousness; because they sought it not by faith: for they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, did not submit to the righteousness of God (Rom. ix. 31, 32; x. 3). But the Gentiles which followed not after righteousness, attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness unto every one that believeth (Rom. ix. 30; x. 4). For He was made sin for them, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him (2 Cor. v. 21).

In this God manifested His love toward us, in that He sent "His only-begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him should have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "And this is the commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment" (1 John iii. 25). "Without faith it is impossible to please God. For whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Heb. xi. 6; Rom. xiv. 23). "Faith is the gift of God, and of the operation of God" (Eph. ii. 8; Col. ii. 12; John vi. 29). "Abraham believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 3). And it was "by faith" he offered up his only-begotten son, of whom it was said, "in Isaac shall thy seed be called;" and by this work of faith, not by the works, he was justified; for he showed his faith by offering up his son, believing God would raise him again from the dead, and he was called

law, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God is evident: for "the just shall live by faith, and the law is not of faith; but the man that doeth them, shall live in them" (Gal. iii. 10, 12). "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James ii. 10). "The law is spiritual" (Rom. vii. 14). "The thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. xxiv. 9). "A lustful look is adultery in the heart" (Matt. v. 28). And "covetousness is idolatry" (Col. iii. 5).

"Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" (Matt. v. 18).

The Apostle to the Gentiles preached the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden mystery or wisdom which God had ordained before the world unto our glory. As soon as he had received the Holy Ghost he preached the glorious gospel of the blessed God, the faith which he had endeavoured to destroy, namely, that Christ is the Son of God; he testified the law is holy, just, and good; it demands our love to God supremely, and to love our neighbours as ourselves; it demands our most perfect obedience in every point, it will not abate a jot or tittle of its demands; it demands holiness of nature, just principles, and perfect righteousness in life; its commands are holy, just, and good: but it gives us no ability to perform them; it is merciless, as regards transgressors, for it allows of no failure, nor will it bear with our infirmities; it condemns us if we have respect of persons (James xi. 9); and all who are of the works of the law are under its curse (Gal. iii. 10). The law was added at Sinai, because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made; and was ordained by angels in the hand of a Mediator (Gal. iii. 19). But what the law could not do, or enable us to do, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, to do; namely, to finish the transgression, to make an end of sin, and

"the friend of God" (Heb. xi. 17, 18; James ii. 21—23). "And they who are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham" (Gal. iii. 13). "For the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, is unto all, and upon all them that believe" (Rom. iii. 22). "For by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 39). "And they are justified freely by grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.—To declare at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24—26). "Believers live by the faith of the Son of God, and they walk by faith" (Gal. ii. 20; 2 Cor. v. 7).

to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness (Dan. ix. 24); to take away the first covenant or testament, and to establish the second (Heb. x. 9); and by His obedience, He magnified the law and made it honourable (Isa. xlii. 21). By His one sacrifice, He put away sin for ever; and by His one offering He perfected for ever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost is a witness to us; for after that He had said before, "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. x. 12—17). The apostles declared the glad tidings of the law of faith, which the Lord promised should go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem (Isa. ii. 3; Micah iv. 2), even the glorious gospel of Christ; or, "the promise which God had made unto the fathers, He fulfilled, in that He had raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second Psalm, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee:" and as concerning that He raised Him up from the dead, now no more to return to corruption, He said on this wise, I will give you the sure mercies of David. . . . "Be it known unto you, therefore, men

and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 32—39).

In the 2nd Epistle to the Church at Corinth, and in the 3rd chapter, we have revealed the Lord's design in the law written and engraven in stones, namely, that the letter killeth, for it is the ministration of death and condemnation; that it was glorious, although it was to be done away. And we have also the Lord's design set forth in the gospel of His grace, which is the ministration of the Spirit, that giveth life, and is of righteousness, and that it exceeds in glory the ministration of condemnation. He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines in the heart of those to whom He giveth life, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and they "all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord;" and they love God supremely, and their neighbours as themselves, which the law gave them no ability to do.

The law commands us to love God supremely, and curses us for our disobedience; but God commends His love to us in the gospel—the law of faith; for when we were ungodly, and under the curse of the law, then it was that Christ died for us, and redeemed us from the curse of the law, and from under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And God sends forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, whereby we cry, Abba, Father; and we love Him, because he first loved us (Rom. v. 6—11; Gal. iii. 13, and iv. 4—7; 1 John iv. 19), "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10). And this is His commandment, that we believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another; and by the law of faith we become followers (*inimelai*) or imitators of God, as dear children walking in love, "as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God

for a sweet-smelling savour" (Eph. v. 1, 2); and we love the brethren in Christ as Christ loved us, and thereby we know that we have passed from death unto life (1 John iii. 14—23; John xiii. 34); therefore the law of faith doth not make void the law of works, for it establishes the law, for "love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. xiii. 10); and to as many as walk according to this rule—the law of faith—peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God (Gal. iv. 16).

Little children, let no man deceive you, for in this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever is not of faith, doeth not righteousness, and is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the message that we heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of the wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, but his brother's were righteous; for "by faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh" (1 John iii. 10—12; Heb. xi. 4). And so, by the works of faith, Noah and Abraham were justified. Little children, the end of the commandment is love, out of a heart purified by faith, and a good conscience, which is purged with the blood of Christ from dead works to serve the living God—and unfeigned faith in the Lord our righteousness; from which some turned aside in the apostle's days, for they did not know that the law was good, if it was used lawfully; they did not know that the law is not made for a righteous man, but was made for the lawless and disobedient; for the ungodly and for sinners; for unholy and profane; for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers; for manslayers; for whoremongers; for men-stealers; for liars; for perjured persons, and every other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine, according to the glorious gospel of the blessed God; for the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present

world, looking for that blessed hope of eternal life, and for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works; and to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen (1 Tim. i. 5—11; Titus ii. 11—14).

KESEPH.

JEHOVAH THE HABITATION OF HIS PEOPLE, AND THE SAFETY OF THEIR DWELLING IN HIM.

A SALUTATION TO THE CHURCH OF GOD IN CHRIST, CHOSEN UNTO SALVATION, AND ACCEPTED IN HIM THE BELOVED, UPON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR, 1860.

How great is that mercy when from divine teachings we are enabled to follow in the footsteps of the flock which are gone before, and realize with them the sweet truth that as the Israel of God we dwell on safety alone, having the fountain of Jacob, upon a land of corn, and like Canaan of old, drinking in of the dew of heaven (Deut. xxxiii. 28).

From this fountain of all blessedness, the being and well-being of the church is derived. Chosen by Jehovah the Father before all worlds, and betrothed by the Lord Jesus Himself "in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies; even betrothed unto Him in faithfulness, that she may be brought to know Him" (Hos. ii. 19, 20). Hence the anointing of Him for them, and their being anointed in Him as the Christ of God, in whom they had grace given them before the world began.

And it would be no inconsiderate addition to the Church's comfort, in her present time state, were she alive to the privilege of her dwelling in God, and the Lord dwelling with her; for one of the gracious promises in the legacy left by the Lord Jesus unto His church runs in these words, "*If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him*" (John xiv. 23). And a sovereign power was exercised over the lips of that man who hired himself out to curse Israel, inasmuch as he was constrained to declare the great discrimination the Lord had made for them, in that "they (His people) should dwell alone," and should not be reckoned among the

nations (Numb. xxiii. 9). And of this the Lord Himself had testified when telling them that of all the nations of the earth they only had He known, and taken unto Himself to be a people; nor of any other was it ever said, "*Ye are a chosen generation.*"

In this truth did Moses the man of God, with the few faithful that were with him in that great day of slaughter, when death and devastation was around them, rejoice; and in their prayer and supplication express their confidence in those sweet words, which none but the Holy Ghost could teach—"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place from one generation to another;" and He is so still to all His family in Christ. The whole persons in the Godhead, with all their perfections, love, and covenant engagements, being their *home* and *habitation* from everlasting to everlasting; the intervening of time and all its circumstances of sin and sorrow in no way making an inroad. Their sin, and all their wretchedness arising therefrom, not being the subject of consideration with Jehovah; but the forming of them for Himself, to show forth His praise in bringing in a revenue of glory to the Lord Jesus, as being Jehovah's salvation unto the ends of the earth. Neither will the Lord forego His right and property in His people; for having constituted them, and taken them for His portion, He secures to them His yea and amen promises in His own words. "But now—(what a thousand endearments are found in this word; may it not be considered in conjunction with His wills and shalls, those bulwarks which stand for the security of Zion?)—

Now, saith the Lord, that created thee O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel; fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine" (Isa. xliii. 1). And again, when showing them the folly of their apostacy, and the vanity of those idols they had gone after, he reminds them of the unchangeability of His own mind towards them, and calls upon them to remember not their sin, not their apostacy, not their unworthiness, or that He was about to visit for such things, but "Remember these, O Jacob and Israel, for thou art my servant; I have formed thee; thou art my servant, O Israel: thou shalt not be forgotten of me" (Isa. xlv. 21).

"Jehovah the habitation of His people," furnishes us with an all-absorbing subject for our usual salutation to the one church of our God in Christ, upon the opening of the new era of time, to be accounted by us as the far advanced one in the annals of time, as 1860; in whose unnumbered moments lay to be revealed and opened up before us all those purposes of grace purposed in Christ Jesus (Eph. iii. 11), together with the heartfelt experience of knowing "all things are of God" (2 Cor. v. 18). Thus the minutiae of our moments, together with the predestination of us to eternal glory, is all wrought after the counsel of His own will, having accepted us in the Beloved as the first-fruits of His creatures redeemed from among men. While we thus number the days of our pilgrimage by the revolving of time—the indicator of change—we are oft reminded "we have a building not made with hands," and are fitted "for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

The safety and blessedness of the whole church arising not from anything in or of herself; not even her redemption by her glorious Head, or her holy vocation and calling by the Holy Ghost, these being *fruits* and *effects*, not the *cause* of her being the object of the Father's choice, seeing she was chosen unto salvation: which choice, with all other blessings, were the joint act of love and grace of Jehovah in His trinity of persons, in the going forth of each one in the covenant well ordered and sure for the salvation of His people with His anointed, which is proved by what

the Holy Ghost taught Paul to write unto his son Timothy, "Who hath saved us and called us"—here is the effect. Now, as regards the cause, "with an holy calling," the first and only view ever taken of the church was in union with Christ; as such she was ever "holy and without blame" in the sight of Jehovah. Consequently in Christ there could be no change; her subsequent state of sin and degradation in the time-fall could not do away with grace settlements; the holiness of Christ cannot be eradicated by any sin of Adam or his posterity: so that as she was first chosen to be holy and without blame in Christ, she by virtue of His redemption shall after all time be presented unto Himself "a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but holy and without blemish" (Eph. v. 27). And the Holy Ghost in carrying out His great work of glorifying the Lord Jesus, hath ever kept a watchfulness over the same. Hence the church in the wilderness, in the person of the high priest, was taught the Lord was the part and inheritance among the children of Israel (Numb. xviii. 20).

Paul, in his usual way of comprehending all things being in Christ and for His glory, brings the subject before the Ephesian church, and after telling them the whole dispensation of the present state is hastening on the fulness of time, when all things shall be gathered together in Christ, breaks forth in the rapture of his new-born spirit, and, fired with animation at the anticipation, exclaims, "In whom we have obtained an inheritance"—to which the church had long before given her response, "He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom He loved" (Psa. xlii. 4).

Beloved, who stand in the high relationship of joint-heirs with Christ, in whom we have obtained this inheritance, let us pause in the day-dawn of this new year over the stupendous love and mercy of the great God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who of His abundant mercy hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, *to an inheritance* incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Here our lives are but a vapour.

Our inheritance endureth for ever, with the special properties of our being preserved unto it (2 Tim. iv. 18), and that reserved for us (1 Pet. i. 4). And how very evident doth it appear that in our obtaining of this inheritance the whole persons of the Godhead are equally interested and concerned in providing and becoming such unto us, which is so blessed and everlasting.

First. God the Father in His covenant character having chosen the church in Christ, and having given her to Him, hath thereby constituted Him her Head and representative in all things, showing His great love in placing her among the children, and given her a goodly heritage, or inheritance; and which every soul taught by the Spirit of God realizes, as set forth by their language, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot" (Psa. xvi. 5). Our old Bibles render it "The Lord Himself."

Secondly. God the Son, in His complete character as God-Man-Mediator, opens up the blessedness of this *inheritance* in all His glories of Headship, Husband, Brother, and Friend-relationships that snap not in death, nor yet rot in the grave, the everlasting Father being none other than "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Hence all of Christ, and in Christ, and from Christ, tends to confirm and establish the minds of the exercised family when it is weary; thus in one of the ancient songs of the Lord's Israel, we find the church exulting in her privilege of having the Lord for her habitation, "Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation" (Exod. xv. 13).

Thirdly. The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whose great work is to take of the things of Jesus, whereby He comforts them; having by His regenerating power upon their souls, given them "the light of the knowledge of

them "the light of the knowledge of God in the face (or person) of Jesus Christ;" he opens up to their view all the loveliness of His most glorious person, and the completeness of that work which He wrought out when His soul was made an offering for sin; and the territory of Satan shaken to its very centre, at the all-astounding sentence—"It is finished." Hence all that can be known of this inheritance or habitation must arise from the immediate work of this Glorifier of the Lord Jesus. Hence the desire of the apostle for the church of Colosse, that they might be so strengthened as to give thanks "unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Beloved, ere long our salutation to you, with the year itself, will fall into the rank of things which have been; but our inheritance is for ever, "and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions" (Obad. 17): when instead of years of care, sorrow, and trouble, the everlasting light shall shine upon us—and for all former things we "shall have double joy, and for shame shall they have joy of their portion (or inheritance); for they shall have double possession in their land, and everlasting joy shall be with them" (Isa. lxi. 7), old reading.

Beloved, we stand upon a rock; and the troubled around us may rage and storm, but He that bindeth the winds in His fists will prevent all overflowings, and we shall find the *unseen things* of this year, as all former have been, controlled by Him who sitteth upon the water-floods, guiding in safety each and every one, like the companions of Paul, safe to land.

Farewell; the sands of our time-glass are fast running out; but we have a strong habitation continually to resort unto, and are in the hands of "Him who hath given commandment to save."

London.

A STRIPLING.

FROM that declaration of our Lord, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work;" and from that assertion of the apostle, "In Him we live, and are moved, and exist;" I infer, we can find no first cause, wherein to rest, unless we

trace up all being, and all philosophic motion, whether active motion, or passive, to God Himself; we can have no central point to stop at, but shall be lost amid the immense circumference of boundless, wild uncertainty.—*Toplady.*

[The annexed paper was intended for our last Number.]

"TALKING TO HIMSELF!"

Bedminster, Nov. 25, 1859.

BELoved READERS,—We have often told you, that one of our most sacred and pleasurable duties, as Editor of this work, is to testify to the Divine faithfulness, love, grace, and all-sufficiency of our God, in the sustaining power which He vouchsafes to His dear departing ones, and the "victory through the blood of the Lamb" in which He enables them to rejoice in the swellings of Jordan.

We dwelt, as you will remember, last month, and, as you will perceive again in the present Number, upon the subject of "HOME." Little did we think, when that subject was uppermost upon the heart and mind, that two of our most devoted readers were so near that *home*; but they have now entered it, and on *their* account we rejoice—on our *own*, we mourn, inasmuch as we have lost two more *praying* readers, and we value beyond expression *praying* readers.

A long account of one of the departed is already in the printer's hands, and would, had space permitted, have appeared this month; it is unavoidably deferred till January. We refer to the dear departed wife of our beloved brother in the Lord, THORPE SMITH, who has met with a bereavement indeed. The other is our long and highly-valued sister in the Lord, M. E. L., of Dublin, Miss LUSHER, many years a hearer of the immortal KRAUSE. Little did we think, that the letter we shall presently subjoin would be the *last* we should receive from her hand; little did we imagine that one of the two pieces she then enclosed would be so soon realized, "I'LL SHORTLY BE AT HOME." Her handwriting was always welcome. She has now dropped her pen for ever! Her cheering words—and they always were cheering—we shall hear no more. Her conflict is o'er. Upon her eternal inheritance she has now entered. It is no longer a thing in prospect, but a blessed reality. We occasionally met on earth—and most sacred those meetings were. Three of the little group who used to meet in yonder Old Men's

Asylum, Dublin, are now with the Lord of whom they used then to love to commune! One is left a pilgrim still!

"Happy songsters!

When will *he* your chorus join?"

The last communication we ever received from the beloved M. E. L. is as follows—we shall give it in her own words:—

"*Dublin, Oct. 19, 1859.*

"DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I enclose you a Post Office Order for 16s., and am ashamed for keeping the card so long with the trifle I now send you, but fully expected 10s. or more from a friend, but have been disappointed. Please enter it as my card, without putting their names, as I know the parties would not wish their names to appear.

"Many thanks for the 'Jonathans' you send me; they go in many directions; some to England, some to America, and one travels every month to a remote village in this country, and is read by a poor but good man in the various cottages. Dear brother, *the day* alone will declare the blessings resulting from this periodical. May the Lord bless you in all your labours in His service; I know He is doing it.

"Finding the two pieces written out which I have enclosed, I thought you might have them. I trust they are the expression of my heart. I am very poorly; would you pray for me? I am quite a prisoner now, never able to go out; but I am in my Father's hands.

"I hope you are all well. My Christian love to Mrs. D.

"Yours in the best of bonds,

"M. E. LUSHER.

"P.S. May I ask a line from you? as I shall be anxious to know whether you have received this order. Also, a word from you would cheer me."

It will be seen by the annexed, that on the day month on which the foregoing was written, she was admitted to her heavenly home, was welcomed to her Father's house above! Oh, what a thought! within a month of home! My weary pilgrimage all but o'er! Lin-

gering (not loitering) upon the very borders of the wilderness! Another step, and *into*—aye, and *OVER* too—the Jordan! And then at home—at home—at home, for ever and ever!

"No more fatigue, no more distress.
Nor death nor hell can reach the place;
No midnight shades, no setting sun,
But saored, high, eternal noon.

"No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues."

Oh, blessed, blessed prospect! Readers, dear readers, what a heaven-aspiring, Christ-longing, world-despising, effect should this have! What are all the baubles of this poor, perishing time-state? What can satisfy in a dying hour—aye, or in a *living* hour either—but the "talking to Himself!" which the departed one realized in her last hours? Ah, that "talking to Himself!" was a sweet characteristic of the beloved M. E. L. Her words ever savoured of Jesus Christ. Christ was her all-engrossing theme. It was next to impossible for even the most casual observer "not to take knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus." It was evident she had been "talking to Himself!"

Oh, how wondrous is the thought, as we thus sit penning these lines, and looking upon her dear handwriting, that she is now in very deed "talking to Himself"—no longer *of* Himself—and that "no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face."

"He cheers her with eternal smile—
She sings hosannah all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sinks down, adoring, at His feet.

"Ah! Lord, with tardy steps we creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip us of this house of clay,
And we will sing as well as they."

The annexed letter announced to us the "taking home" of the beloved M. E. L.:—

"*Dublin, Nov. 22.*

"DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—It is but a

I'LL SHORTLY

MANY years I've walked,
A pilgrim here below;
But nought has charms for me,
All is an empty show.
I'll shortly be at home.

few days since a letter from you was put into my hands by our dear friend Miss LUSHER, with the solemn request, 'Answer that when I am gone;' and it is to fulfil that request I now take up my pen to address you; for it has pleased our gracious and loving Father to take her away from all the trying things here below to her eternal and blessed home above. For some months she had suffered much from extreme debility, though she went through her daily routine of business as she was wont to do. About ten days before her death she was attacked with bronchitis, which, she said, she knew would be her last illness; and calmly did she watch the progress of the disease, and calmly, as it progressed, did she wind up all her little earthly concerns; and with her hand already cold in death she made her last entry in her books, and then handed over all that she had been intrusted with to be kept safely for those to whom it belonged. For the most part she enjoyed peace in her soul, though at times, as she said, 'there were clouds,' and the enemy of souls did try to shake her faith in Jesus—but this did not last long; and on Saturday last, the day of her death, all was calm, and peaceful, and happy. Her whole cry was, 'Pray for me; pray with me;' and her lips constantly moved as she was, to use her own expression, 'talking to Himself.' She enjoyed this communion with her Saviour so much; and often remarked, 'He can hear me, though you cannot; He does not want me to speak out loud.' She did not suffer much pain during her last illness, and was taken very gently in a slight fit of coughing. I say nothing to you of what grace had made her, for you know something of her. I only say, Join with us in thanking the God of all grace for what He did for her in life, and, above all, in death.

Yours sincerely,
"———"

The subjoined are the pieces referred to in M. E. L.'s last letter, dated October 19:—

BE AT HOME.

Sometimes the way is rough,
And is a desert wild;
But then my Lord appears,
And cheers His drooping child.
I'll shortly be at home.

For I can look above,
And see my Father there ;
And when I catch a smile,
It banishes all fear,
And makes me long for home.

His smile is more to me,
Than all the world can give ;
I care not for its frowns,
'Tis not by it I live ;
I'll shortly be at home.

And when I can recline,
By faith upon His breast ;
How sweet the prospect is,
Of heav'n's eternal rest,
My blessed, blessed home.

That home where Jesus is,
Which He prepared for me.
We'll there together dwell,
Throughout eternity.
I'll shortly be at home.

And there I'll meet my friends,
And never from them part ;
No sin can enter there,
Nor sigh to rend the heart,
In that pure, happy home.

O how I long at times,
To take my flight above :
That I no more may grieve,
The Object of my love.
But dwell with Him at home.

M. E. L.

"HAVING NOTHING, AND YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS."

(2 COR. VI. 10.)

I MAY be poor, despised, unknown ;
Yet rich beyond compare ;
All earthly comforts withered, gone,
But Jesus very near.

Death may have come, and with his scythe
Mowed down my loved ones too ;
And as I felt each prop give way,
My heart was pierced through.

And then, in that dark, trying hour,
The prince of this world comes ;
But having Christ, I then am safe,
Who Satan's pow'r o'ercomes.

Yes, "having Christ I all possess,"
Who can compare with Him ?
Fairest among ten thousand He,
The purest, brightest gem.

With Him I've pardon, peace, and joy,
And every want supplied ;

I've Jesus as my wisdom, strength,
My Counsellor, and Guide.

All things are mine if I am His,
Things present, and to come ;
And none can take away my claim
To heav'n's eternal home.

Yet nothing in myself have I,
But misery and sin ;
A heart deceitful, proud, and vile,
Yea, all corrupt within.

But Christ has died, and paid my debt,
A debt I could not pay ;
And His atoning, precious blood,
Has washed my sins away.

O wondrous thought, now one with Christ,
And evermore shall be ;
Receiving of His fulness too,
Through all eternity.

M. E. L.

FORGIVENESS.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"THEN came Peter to Him, and said,
Lord, how oft shall my brother sin
against me, and I forgive him? till
SEVEN (!) times?"

"Jesus saith unto him, I say not
until seven times; but until SEVENTY
TIMES SEVEN!!!

70

7

490!!!

Reader, how many times have you
forgiven your offending brother? Before
God and conscience, how many may we
deduct from this 490?

REPENTANCE begins in the humiliation
of the heart, and ends in the reformation
of the life. You cannot repent too soon,
there is no day like to-day; yesterday is
gone, to-morrow is God's, you cannot
say you will see it.—Evans.

c 2

GLIMPSES OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELOVED IN JESUS,—You are so lenient and kind to the unworthy "Gleaner" that she is encouraged still to lisp the praises of the dear, heavenly Boaz, who has been very precious to her in the sheaf of first-fruits, as we read of it in Lev. xxiii. 11. It was striking to me that it was to be waved before the Lord "on the morrow after the Sabbath;" and, as the Jewish Sabbath was on the seventh day of the week, the sheaf of first-fruits was to be waved on the first; and here our adorable Lord showed Himself to my soul in His resurrection, for He is called "the first-fruits of them that slept;" and He rose from the dead on the first day of the week, and I think, also ascended to His Father, for He said to Mary, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." What condescending love, to show Himself first to His poor weeping pilgrim below, as if He must wipe away her tears before He could ascend, and would be waved in the lower house before He went to present Himself before the Throne as the first-fruits of triumph over death and the grave, which I humbly think He did on that very day after the Sabbath, though His open ascension was not till many days after. In the evening of the day He showed Himself to His disciples, and said, "Handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have" (Luke xxiv. 39). In the morning He said to Mary, "Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended," &c.; in the evening He said to the disciples, "Handle me," from which it seems to me that He had ascended in the interim, and thus fulfilled, both above and below, the waving of the sheaf of first-fruits. Oh! that by faith we may constantly be waving this blessed sheaf before the Father, while we feed upon the glorious harvest of His obedience and sufferings. But, further, my dear Lord showed me, that, as the Jewish ordinance of waving the first-fruits had an eye to His resurrection, so it also pointed to His finished salvation; for, had He not finished the work and the sufferings which the Father had appointed, He could not have

risen from the dead. His doing so, and being accepted by the Father, is clear demonstration that He has finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness; and here is blessed food for faith, very strengthening to the inner man. The Israelites were forbidden to eat either bread, or parched corn, or green ears, before the first-fruits had been waved, and the appointed offering brought unto the Lord; and so I saw that the soul cannot feed on Christ till it is brought to realize His finished obedience, and finished sufferings—His atoning death, and triumphant resurrection. Having been quickened by the Spirit, and convinced of sin, it wants to find an accepted sacrifice for its sins—an accepted righteousness for its justification; and dare not rest or feed till it find these, as the true Israelite would not eat of the harvest till first-fruits had been waved before the Lord, and the Lamb, &c., offered. But when the blessed testifier of Jesus brings into the heart the glad tidings, "It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again," and is entered "into heaven, now to appear in the presence of God for us;" and when He takes the yoke off the jaw, by reason of the anointing, and brings this bread of God to the hungry soul—then it can feed and be refreshed; for it is safe to eat what God has accepted and blessed. Oh, precious, precious Jesus! thou art the wave-sheaf; thou art the Lamb; thou art the offering to God; thou art the food of thy people; thou art all and in all. In this type thou art precious to my soul; in every type thou art precious. Oh! cause me to find thee in them, for thou art the fulness of all. Thou art our harvest, and we shall be thine. We reap and we glean the rich fruits of thy life and death; and we feed upon thyself—the bread-corn which has been bruised indeed. And thou, the blessed Lord of the harvest, having often, when on earth, gone forth weeping, wilt doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing us as thy sheaves with thee. Then wilt thou see of the travail of thy soul, and be fully satisfied;

and we, being like thee and with thee, shall be satisfied too. That will be Harvest-Home indeed! when all the Church of the first-born shall wave in eternal ripeness and eternal sunshine before the throne of God, to know sin, and sorrow, and tears, and winter, and storms no more for ever. Surely the prospect and foretaste make us exclaim, amidst all the afflictions of the wilderness, Wherefore, "I reckon that the suffer-

ings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Eternal praises to the worthy Lamb; eternal thanks to our Abba, Father, for union, and to the dear Comforter for communion and fellowship, in oneness with our precious Head.

I remain yours affectionately,
Nottingham. RUTH.

LITTLE DAVID'S TRAVELS TO HIS FATHER'S HOME.

LITTLE David, arrived at another milestone on the journey of life, thinks of home. It was a wild, bleak country-road along which travelled little David. Wayworn and tired, he felt very sad, for it seemed a long, long way to his Father's home; and though he had had many a lift by the way, yet somehow or other he could not fall back upon past mercies, but trudged on alone and lonely. The previous night he had slept under a juniper tree, in a very rebellious spirit, and had been crying out, "Oh, dear me! this journey is too great for me;" and there he would have rested on, had not a kind, invisible hand shook him, and a voice bid him arise and eat, and speed on his way to his Father's home. It was a sweet thought—it had often cheered him before, and he felt its full meaning—My Father's home. And now he had just commenced tagging up another hill, when he espied something white by the roadside, and as he neared it, he found it was a milestone among the brushwood; the grass had grown about it, and some ivy had entwined itself around it, and almost obliterated the chiseled figures—1860—on its time-worn surface; still it was sufficient to tell him that he had trudged another mile nearer his Father's home; and as he leaned upon his staff, looking at the milestone, the balmy breeze seemed to murmur, "Rest awhile, rest awhile;" so, unstrapping his knapsack, which was very heavy, and loosening his shoe-latchets, (which were obliged to be made of iron and brass, for the road was so rough,) and laying aside his armour, he looked about for a suitable spot

wherein to rest. Presently he espied, a few yards off, a hillock, up the sides of which some kind friend to the wayworn had cut some steps; so leaving his burdens at the milestone, and taking his staff in his hand, he trudged up these steps, and arriving at the top—oh! what a beautiful view burst upon him. As far as the eye could scan it was hill and dale, and so clear was it that he thought he could well-nigh see his Father's home, though distant still; and he thought, what his Father would say to him when he arrived at the gates. Oh! how little David's heart leaped for joy as he thought of those precious words of his best friend, "In my Father's house are many mansions: If it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you, that where I go ye may be also;" and he could not help singing aloud,—

"We walk a narrow path and rough,
 And we are tired and weak;
 But soon we shall have rest enough,
 In those blest courts we seek.

"Soon in the chariot of a cloud,
 By flaming angels borne,
 I shall mount up above the sky,
 And back to God return.

"I once have tasted Canaan's grapes,
 But now I long to go
 To where my Lord his vineyard keeps,
 And where the clusters grow."

Oh! how the thought of that happy climax inspired him with gratitude, and reminded him of the sweet words he had lately read, written by one with whom he had oftentimes taken sweet counsel. It was

entitled "I'm near Home." "Yes," thought little David, as he looked across the then apparently narrow span, "there's my home: oh! how near it looks," and he tried to banish a thought which oftentimes he had experienced, that though, while looking from a hill, his Father's home seemed so close, yet, when he got down into the valley, the road seemed longer, and the milestones much further apart than he then calculated: Still a counter-thought arose in his mind, which said,—

"He that hath helped thee hitherto
Will help thee all the journey through."

And while little David thought of these things, he looked to the right-hand side of the mountain, and saw trickling downwards some pure crystal drops of water, and tracing them on, found that they ran among the smooth stones of a brook hard by (Isa. lvii. 6); and he thought, "Why, this is a continuation of the pure river, the Fountain-head of which proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb, the streams whereof make glad the city of God;" and as he knelt down and "lapped it" (Judges vii. 5), oh! how refreshing it was, and how the thought cheered him, that that very draught he had taken had flowed from behind his Father's throne, and that now, like Ezra of old, he could exclaim, "I

was strengthened, because the hand of the Lord my God was upon me."

And now little David was admonished that it was time to "press on" in his journey, so, descending the mount again, he came to the milestone, upon which he wrote with grateful feelings, "Eben-ezer, hitherto the Lord hath helped me." By his side lay the armour he had taken off, and which looked so heavy, while his heart was so light, that he really thought there would be no occasion now to carry out quite that injunction, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand the wiles of the devil." He thought, "Surely now I am so strong, if my feet are 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and I hold in my hand the shield of faith,' I shall not require 'the helmet of salvation,' and the other heavy equipments that I have had hitherto." And so, having persuaded himself that he should now do well, and cast a parting glance at the little mount Zion, where he had enjoyed a season of refreshing, and at the milestone, upon which he had inscribed his testimony of gratitude, he pushed on his way.

And here, reader, for the present we must leave our friend, trudging on his journey towards his Father's home. If the Lord will, you shall hear further of the ups and downs of

LITTLE DAVID.

"ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED."

EPH. i. 6.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless—
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

I cannot half His love express,
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is thy precious name I bear,
It is thy spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in thee
Religious Tract Society.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—GENTLENESS.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."—Gal. v. 22, 23.

How rich, beloved, is the "fruit of the Spirit;" how full and soul-satisfying! What oneness, yet what variety—what heights and depths, yet what simplicity even in their grandeur may not be discovered in these divine graces! The lisping child may realize and exhibit the operations of the Spirit which the hoary and battle-scarred veteran cannot explain nor express; for, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength"—"thou hast perfected praise." Let us praise God, and glory in that goodness which has revealed Himself and His perfections in His Word, and wonder at the grace by which worms of clay are predestinated "to be conformed to the image of His Son." In exalting and magnifying the blessed fruit of the Spirit, even though it be faintly shown forth in our own lives (and, on account of this *faintness*, there is shame and confusion of face to us), we do not praise ourselves, or glory in anything that belongs to us; but we glory in our God alone, and we adore His grace which takes His own perfections and places them as a beautiful and shining robe upon the like of us.

We know whose they are, and we rejoice to think that all the praise is His. In this knowledge we can make "our boast of God all the day long." Doubtless it was in this spirit that Paul was enabled to refer to his past life, and boast of what the grace of God had worked both in himself and his converts, and appeal to the latter to show unto all men a proof of his confident boasting in their behalf. Blessed is the man who, with a single eye to God's glory, can, when necessary, point to what grace has done for him (or others), and glory in God's work within his own soul, as he exclaims with Paul, I, "yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." I believe, beloved, that we are complete in the Lord Jesus as to our justification, sanctification, and everything. Thus upon the moment of believing we are vitally sanctified, or set apart, in Christ Jesus. Hence the robe of His

righteousness includes the grace of sanctification. The latter, therefore, is not *progressive*, but *perfect* from the first. We shall not then be sometimes more and sometimes less holy in the sight of the Father; but always *perfectly* so in the holiness of His dear Son. It is true that there is a *relative* progression in sanctification as regards the world, so that our path shineth more and more unto the perfect day. God is graciously pleased to manifest in us increasing degrees of His grace, by which we grow, and by His strength are enabled more and more to resist, and to become victorious over the world, the flesh, and the devil. But is it not, beloved, a knowledge of this perfect sanctification *in Him* which *cannot sin*—far less *continue in sin* that *grace may abound*—that is such a strong tower of defence to the poor tempest-tossed child of God, into which he runs and is safe? Does he not feel secure within that tower, even in Christ, as he glories in the fact that his salvation is the free gift of God, and "not of works, lest any man should boast?"

The catalogue that Paul gives of the fruit of the Spirit includes all His operations. One head comprises numerous minor offshoots of its own peculiar kind. The apostle enumerates nine heads; but had the power of language enabled him to give ninety-nine heads, he would have been equally short of the actual numerical value of the Holy Spirit's precious fruit; for he was dealing here with the perfections of Deity—the moral attributes of God—which are wrought in the believer by the same Spirit when He constitutes him a partaker of the Divine nature. And the perfections of God are as infinite in number as they are unbounded in exercise. As well try to sum them up as attempt to calculate the number of radii that could spring from a common centre. As well try and limit their operations as to trace the circle in space beyond which it were impossible, for want of room, for those radii to extend.

If such be the case, beloved, how deeply should we dive into each of the Spirit's fruits which the apostle names—with what reverence and holy diffidence lest we hastily pass some of them over as mere synonyms one of another. Thus we might conclude that the fruit of long-suffering involved that of gentleness and meekness, and *vice versa*; and although we might to a certain extent be correct, yet we should make a great mistake if we considered them so far identical as to exclude the necessity of a separate and earnest consideration. There are depths and beauties in each, which, when spread out by the Holy Spirit before the gaze of the spiritually-minded, will rejoice the heart, and cause it to expand with anxious desires for the promised conformity to the glorious image of the Lord Jesus, in whose sacred person dwell all the perfections of the Godhead bodily.

We have considered together a few of the characteristics of *long-suffering*, as involved in the dealings of God with man, and again as returning from man toward God. But how beautiful are those of gentleness! In considering now some of its own peculiar beauties, time will not be lost in useless repetitions. It appears to me that gentleness is the *active* display of long-suffering. How sweet, beloved, the long-suffering of God, yet how inexpressibly blessed that gentleness by which it is shown and brought into action. It is in the Lord's long-suffering that we are allowed to cumber the ground from day to day; but it is in and by His gentleness that we are led onwards from one degree of grace to more. If the Lord were extreme to mark iniquity, we could not answer Him one in a thousand. We bless His holy name that He is *not* thus extreme, but that there is forgiveness with Him, that He might be feared. But, beloved, with all His long-suffering and forgiveness, there must be *judgment*. And in this active mark of His love shines forth His *gentleness*. That is a blessed cry of Jeremiah, who knew well that as many as God loved He rebuked and chastened, that His judgments were a sign of love and favour, and who felt that He could not do without them—"O Lord, correct me, but with *judgment*; not in thine anger, lest thou

bring me to nothing" (ch. x. 24). It is the *judgment* of the Lord that is so precious in the sight of the believer; because he knows it is all for his good—that it is all done in His *gentleness*. The psalmist praised God continually for His judgments. In the 10th psalm, 36th verse, he makes use of a peculiar expression—"Thy *gentleness*," says he, "hath made me great." The original word for *gentleness* seems to draw its derivation from a root signifying "to afflict," and thus involves the idea that the meek, loving, and gentle corrections of God had made him great.

When we are brought to know and feel "that the way of man is not in himself," that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," then, and then only, shall we rejoice in the faithfulness of our God who directs our goings in His own ways. We shall prize His judgments, and declare with the psalmist that they are "true and righteous altogether," and that they are "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb." What more reasonable, beloved, than that God should judge for us? It is like the nurse regulating all for the child. We are as unable as children to judge for ourselves; and we would not have it otherwise, for we have One who is both able and willing to take all the direction into His own hands. What if the road seem at times rough and trying to the flesh, and the corrective rod be adjudged, we can still trust His love and faithfulness who, as a father, pitieth His children. He knows what is best, and in His chastisements will remember mercy; for He will correct us "in *judgment*." He will not make a "full end" of His people, but chastise them "in measure," even according to His gentleness.

All God's dealings with His people in Christ Jesus are in His *gentleness*. The Bible is full of its exhibition from beginning to end. And how could we ever have any dealings with the Almighty God unless His gentleness were as conspicuous as His terribleness? With many of our fellow-creatures we should be afraid to have much communication; they would be too rude and rough. Yet we are not afraid of God, for He is more

gentle than they. Again, with others we feel we could have more confidence; we know them to be kind and considerate. Yet have we more confidence in our God than even with these kind ones, for He who inhabiteth eternity is *infinite* in gentleness. Take the meekest and most gentle of human beings, and yet there is no room for any comparison. Do they love you? God loves you ten thousand times more. Are they kind, and gentle, and sympathizing with you? God is infinitely more so. If it were not so, how could He have borne with you all this time, and so gently led you and preserved you in all your known and unknown unworthiness? Amazing thought, that the great and terrible God should be Jesus, the loving, sympathizing, gentle Elder Brother—Immanuel, God with us! What room is there then for fear, or doubt, or despondency?

And the Lord's gentleness extends also to His dealings with us in a way of grace. That is to say, He manifests Himself to us just as we are able to bear it. As when under the rod we are apt to kick and murmur, but yet are kept by His gentleness in the position that is best for us; so when we are for running on before Him, and searching into things for which we are as yet unfitted, He holds us back and whispers, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And do we not afterwards own, beloved, that it was all done in gentleness, and that He was perfectly right, and that we were all the time altogether wrong? Yes, we find Him in everything to be as gracious as He has declared Himself to be, and, verily, to magnify His word above all His name (Exod. xxii. 27; xxxiii. 19; Ps. cxxxviii. 2). Then we experience the meaning of what Isaiah wrote, "Therefore will the Lord *wait* that He may be *gracious* unto you; and therefore will He be exalted that He may *have mercy* upon you: for the Lord is a God of *judgment*." Wonderful indeed is that gentleness wherewith God *waits* that He may be gracious, and makes Himself, as it were, a servant to execute the loving desires He has towards His people. The prophet adds, "Blessed are all they that wait for Him." Blessed indeed, to occupy the very same position that our God deigns to fill. They shall

not wait in vain, for, "Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall *gather* the lambs with His arm, and *carry them in His bosom*, and shall *gently* lead them that are with young" (ch. xl. 10, 11):

And it is the same principle, beloved, that the blessed Spirit works in each believer, and which is "pleasant fruit" in the eyes of our heavenly Father, and magnifies the glories of His grace. In dwelling upon a few of its perfections as shown in God's dealings with His people, I take the highest standard; but it is one that is always set before us in Scripture, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. v. 48). We cannot conceive of the *extent* of the gentleness that God exercises towards us—its condescension and forbearance; but we can understand something of its nature, for we know and realize its daily outgoings in our own souls, and our every effort should be directed towards the acquirement of a like loving, gentle disposition towards all around us. For we know that we are called to the unspeakable dignity of displaying, in our measure, the same divine perfections that God Himself delights in; and that moreover it is He that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. The Lord Jesus has left us a perfect example of a daily walk of gentleness while He sojourned among us. And it is a blessed thought that all His gentleness was for our sakes. It is all ours, as part of our perfection in Him. He is our *gentleness*, for He has magnified that broad and perfect law of love for us, and made it honourable. Here is the source of our strength, when we are apt to feel faint and weary in our minds at all the provocation we receive, and the difficulty of continually evincing a gentle spirit. He has done it all for us, so that now we are not working *for* life, but *from* and *in* the life that He has already given us. Our object it is not so much to *satisfy* God (for how could we satisfy Him when we are conscious of not being able to satisfy ourselves?) as to *please* Him. It is not law-work that we are striving to accomplish, but a free, loving

service that grace provokes, and crowns with heavenly pleasures. And not only is all chance of failing in the Christian life (from our having, as it were, an allotted task to perform) taken away, when we realize the fact that the Lord has performed all for us, but we are taught also the cheering fact that He is our strength, inasmuch as by our vital union with Him, He dwells in us by His Spirit, and will abide with us to the end, stimulating us to renewed desires to love and please God, and strengthening us in our efforts towards a greater conformity to His own image. It is thus that we show that we are become partakers of the divine nature, even by displaying, through our union with Him, the divine attributes and perfections of our risen Lord.

How, then, should we strive to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called. And assuredly, if so be that we *have* tasted that the Lord is gracious, we shall also, in our measure, be gracious to those around us, and "gentle, showing all meekness to all men" (Tit. iii. 2). We should not only *think* kindly of all, but ever be ready in

action to be gentle in example, exhortation, and rebuke; so that, when necessary, we may be able to boast ourselves in the Lord, and appeal, with Paul, to our behaviour, and say to those among whom we may have had our conversation, "we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children." Anatomists tell us that every joint of the human frame is supplied with a small bag of unctuous matter, which is expressed by every movement, and conduces to an easy and smooth motion throughout the body. Beloved, is it not so in the body of Christ? Does not the little bag appear to be full of love, which, upon the proper movements of the members among each other, is exuded as sympathy and gentleness? Does not Paul speak of this when he wrote to the Ephesians, "From whom (even from Christ the Head) the whole body fitly joined and compacted *by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love*?"

Brighton.

T. B. L.

THE EXILE.

My soul amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove;
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth,
Were broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Were Jesu's golden chains of love,
His captive to enthrall.

My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for His voice,
"Rise up and come away."

With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries He?" I cry;
And if my Saviour chides my haste,
Then would I make reply—

"May not an exile, Lord, desire,
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,—
A prisoner to be free?"

"A child when far away may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she who waits her absent Lord,
May sigh till He appear.

"I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows;
Would search the mystery of thy love,
The depths of all thy woes.

"I fain would strike my golden harp,
Before the Father's throne;
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace hath done.

"Ah! leave me not in this dark world,
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
Come Jesus, quickly come!"

SIN is a burden to the child of God; and when it is felt, it drives him to the sinner's Saviour."—*West.*

JESUS SAYS, "COME!"

"Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field: let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves."—Song vii. 11, 12.

IT may be that this remarkable book was designed for the use of the Jews in millennial times, "when the eyes of man, as of all the tribes of Israel, shall be towards the Lord." In the mean time the church finds, in the glowing language, the expression of Christ's love to her, and a vent for her heart's love to him. In these verses we may see Jesus inviting his beloved to accompany Him when He goes forth to look after the buddings of grace in the hearts of converts. What an exercise! what a companion! and what a promise annexed!—"There will I give thee my loves." Say, you who know or have felt the sweetness of bringing one soul to Jesus, or of seeing one brought, what it is. Is it not the Spirit's strivings within? Is it not the joy of the Holy Ghost?

And Christ invites the soul to have fellowship with Him in what He is doing for others: "Come, my beloved, let us go forth," &c.; and the believer is well suited to exercise this fellowship, because dwelt in by Christ's own Spirit. There is an assimilation of thought and purpose. Perhaps some have almost envied Cleophas and his friend the walk to Emmaus, in company with their risen Lord, forgetting that Jesus still invites them to go forth with Him into His vineyard, to see if the tender grape appear, &c. To walk with Jesus, to be admitted to fellowship with Him, how blessed! To know the secrets of His heart, and to be invited, here, to rejoice with Him, surely this is heaven upon earth.

What a companion! the beloved of the Father, the delight of heaven (His presence is salvation); the bridegroom of the soul; to possess Him is joy unspeakable and full of glory; nothing is comparable with Him; a glimpse of his face fills the heart with unspeakable delight, as some can testify,—

"When my beloved Jesus nigh
Did to my soul appear,

His matchless beauty charmed mine eye,
His gracious words mine ear," &c.

And what an exercise! It is just that in which Jesus delights. When He sees of the travail of his soul, He is satisfied, and He would have us share His joy.

And if we are so rejoiced to see one soul gathered to Jesus, how shall we feel when we hear of hundreds sheltering under his wing? Shall we murmur against the good man of the house for hiring labourers into His vineyard at this late hour of the world's day? Shall we give Him occasion to say to us, "Is thine eye evil because I am good?" Would we not rather hear Him say, "Come, my beloved, let us go forth and see if the tender grape appear," &c. Shall we not seek for fellowship with Him in His work? Shall we not feel the deepest joy in His late converts in America, and feel that we have new interests to live for? Are they of the same family, and shall they not find a place in our hearts—in our prayers? Shall we not rejoice with our Lord, as we have wept with Him, and with open arms receive our brethren for His sake? Surely there is great joy in heaven at this time; and are the harps of gold afresh struck in the upper sanctuary, and shall we not feel the vibration? Shall we not join the anthem, "Unto Him that loved us," &c.? And shall we not pray for a revival in our own country, to Him that giveth liberally and upbraideth not? The world may deride, and try to account, on natural principles, for a spiritual phenomenon; they do but show their ignorance—they cannot endure the idea of sudden conversion, because they hold "the reality and life, and deep power of the religious principle in human nature;" hence a gradual conversion, taking place insensibly in the course of time, better suits their views. They cannot brook the new birth as the operation of the Holy Ghost; and stumbling here, at the

threshold, can get no further. Christ looks not for fellowship from these. It is His own He invites: "Come, my beloved," &c.

"True, Lord, the vineyard is thine own;
The charge is chiefly Thine;
Yet, under Thee, Thou hast made known
The charge is also mine."

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"Besought Him greatly."—Mark v. 23.

THERE was a blessed *needs be* for everything that Jesus did while on earth, and so, beloved, there is a blessed *needs be* for everything He does now. He must needs go through Samaria, that that poor Samaritan woman might become converted, and spread His name and fame; and He must needs go over the sea into the country of the Gadarenes, that that poor dweller among the tombs might have the unclean spirit cast out of him, and go on his way rejoicing. We do not read of his doing anything more on that other side of the coast; nay, the people were so thunder-struck with what He had done, that, mistaking His mission, they prayed Him to depart from their coasts. But, beloved, He had done enough; that one poor broken heart was healed: the seed of divine life was sown, and who knows what was the consequence? For though personally at the time this only seemed to be the result of His visit, yet He had something else in store; for He would not listen to the appeal of this poor devil-delivered man that he might go with Him in the ship. No, no; Jesus suffered Him not, but saith unto him, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." And then Jesus returns again unto the other side, from whence He had come: and the next act of grace is what we want, beloved, at this season to dwell upon. There cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name, and falling at His feet, *besought Him greatly* to come and heal his little daughter who lay at the point of death. It was a heartfelt trial which none but a parent who has passed through the same experience can fully enter into. Knowing somewhat of such a trial, we do not wonder that he "besought Him greatly." And should we not think that our

dear Redeemer would have hastened immediately to the bedside of the dying girl; that His tender heart would have immediately responded to the earnest heart-rending appeal. But, no; He tarries and stops to talk to a poor woman who has crept behind Him and touched the hem of His garment, and became thereby healed of her plague: and so long does He tarry, that at last the afflicted parent sends certain persons to Him to say, "it is of no use now, the daughter is dead; trouble not the Master any further." Methinks we see the hal-lowed smile of dear Jesus, as He heard this message, and thought of their finite calculations, as if death could stop His almighty power, when He held the keys of death and the grave. And what did He say to their exhibition of unbelief, because there appeared a death upon the promise and a tarrying of the deliverance? He saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, "Be not afraid, only believe." Oh, but I am afraid, Lord, he might well have said. If thou hadst been here my daughter might not have died; but now it is too late: there she lies fast in the arms of death, and I am left to mourn over the prostrate form of my darling child. "Be not afraid, only believe." Believe *what*, Lord? There is no hope, what is the use of believing? My child is past recovery, and the cruel grave will soon shut her from my fond embrace. "Be not afraid, only believe." Oh, well, says the poor soul, then I will try to sit still; but really I cannot see what the Lord is going to do. Had He come before, well and good; but I cannot imagine that deliverance from this my heartfelt trial can come now. "Be not afraid, only believe." Leave it to Him; cast thy burden upon the Lord; roll it at His feet, and do not try to carry it away again. "Sit still, my

daughter, till thou seest how the matter will fall." It is enough to know that Jesus is near. There is the apparently dead promise, and there is Jesus; stand thou by the bedside, and be not afraid, only believe. And what is the result of leaving it all to Jesus, and resting upon Him? Does it all turn out a miserable mistake? No; He entereth where the damsel was lying, and taking her by the hand He said unto her, *Talitha cumi*, which is, being interpreted, "Damsel, I say unto thee arise." And straightway the damsel arose and walked; and all were astonished with a great astonishment.

That is the way the dear Lord works, beloved. And now let us bring the matter home to personal realization, and in so doing notice—

1. The cry of the heart—"besought Him greatly."

2. The blank upon the promise—He did not go immediately.

3. The set time to favour—"Damsel, I say unto thee arise."

4. The blessed result—they were astonished with a great astonishment.

Oh, that cry of the heart, beloved. Don't you know something about it, when the trial has been of such a character as that you have been obliged to go into a secret corner and beseech the Lord greatly? Not once, but again and again. It has been wrestling work. Cannot you mark a certain lane, or a certain gateway, or a certain warehouse, or a certain counting-house, or a certain spot somewhere, where it has been earnest work with you; and looking back you know that you there "*besought Him greatly*?" Dear Hart knew something about this wrestling work when he said—

"Leprous soul press through the crowd,
In thy foul condition;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the great Physician.

Wait till thy disease He cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving;
When, and where, and by what means,
To His wisdom leaving."

And the poor unworthy writer knows too what it is to cry thus from the very bottom of his heart. Blessed evidence of heirship. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Who

are they, Lord? That is what I want to know, that I may be satisfied I am one "*that cry day and night unto Him*." Never shall we forget dear West preaching from those words in London: that sermon will be with us to the grave, the evidence that you are a living child. Do you cry day and night unto the Lord? We had the greatest difficulty to keep from exclaiming, "Yes, God knows I do." Oh, then, as the tender babe cries for the breast of consolation, and never will be satisfied till it is clasped to the bosom of its loving mother; so the babe in grace will cry, and must cry, till the blessed source of consolation presses it home in the arms of love; as Isaiah says, He carries the little ones—the lambs—in His arms, and gently leads those who are heavy burdened. Yes, they will bleat after Him, and cry to Him, till He thus shows Himself to them as a God tender in love and plenteous in mercy, ready to pardon and able to save. Are you then, dear reader, among the crying ones who, from a feeling need, are obliged to besiege the throne, and cry day and night unto God? Blessed evidence of that life which nothing can annihilate. It was so with all the Old Testament and New Testament saints now in glory; they went up out of great tribulation, and during their pilgrimage "*besought Him greatly*" for deliverance, peace, pardon, and prosperity. All knew what this cry of the heart was; hence the good old Jacob cried—"I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, O God: but deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of Esau." Job—"I will speak in the bitterness of my soul; I will say unto God, do not condemn me, show me wherefore thou contendest with me." David—"Hear me, O Lord, for thy lovingkindness is good. Draw nigh unto my soul; deliver me from my enemies." Hezekiah—"I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes fail in looking upward. O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Jonah—"Out of the fish's belly I cried by reason of my affliction unto the Lord, and He heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and He heard my voice." Jeremiah—"I cried out, I cried violence and spoil, because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a derision daily."

Paul—"Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet me; lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing *I besought the Lord thrice* that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Peter—"Lord, save, or I perish." All, like this distressed parent, "*besought Him greatly*" to appear on their behalf. So, beloved, think it no strange thing if you are compelled from overwhelming exercises of soul to go apart and cry unto God. It must be a cloud big with mercy that drives one to the Throne; and those that can say, "*I besought Him greatly*," will have to add, And He delivered me *marvellously* out of *all* my troubles. Are you then, we repeat, reader, one of these crying ones? We rejoice if you are, for

"A wounded soul,
And not a whole,
Becomes a true believer."

And well can we advise you to cry on, and beseech Him greatly, for we know,

"You soon will meet
With comfort sweet;
It is the Lord's own promise."

But then we must ask you not to be discouraged, if, secondly, there is a blank put upon the promise. Jesus did not immediately hasten to the bedside of the dying girl, even though the afflicted parent "*besought Him greatly*." He suspends the promise, that we may make good use of the throne, and learn the true value of heartfelt prayer. Hence, seven times did Elijah command his servant to go to the top of Carmel, to see if the rain was coming; and not until the seventh time did he descry the little cloud rising out of the sea like a man's hand. And seven times hotter was Nebuchadnezzar suffered to heat the fiery furnace for those three devoted servants of God, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Jacob wrestled till break of day with the angel of God, ere he got the blessing; and Job's eyes poured out tears before God day and night, ere he obtained the Lord's "*twice as much*." For two long years did

Joseph remain in prison apparently uncared for and forgotten; and for many a long year did his aged father have to mourn the absence of his long-lost Joseph. Three times a day did Daniel kneel upon his knees in his chamber toward Jerusalem, praying and making supplication before his God; and for three years did the prophet Isaiah walk naked and barefoot, waiting and earnestly expecting a sign and wonder upon Egypt. Earnestly did the poor woman of Cana cry to our dear Redeemer, "Have mercy upon me;" but for the time being He answered her not a word, while the great apostle of the Gentiles tells us that his work was performed "with weariness and painfulness, and with watchings often." No strange thing then, beloved, has happened unto you, if there is a blank put upon the promise; for that proverb is the Church's property which tells us "a just man falleth seven times but riseth again."

But we must not think that nothing is being done while the promise is thus suspended; look at the case before us; there were some important matters achieved while Jesus tarried.

- 1st. There was a soul saved.
- 2nd. Their faith was tried.
- 3rd. The greater honour redounded to Jesus.

There was the soul of that poor distressed woman saved, who had been suffering for twelve long years with the issue of a sinful and polluted nature, and who was made whole by touching Jesus' garment. There was the faith of the disciples tried; and in this case, as in many others, strongly was their unbelief manifest, and greatly did they run counter to the movements of our Lord: and then there was the greater glory redounding to Jesus; for the miracle would *not* have shown itself near so marvellous had He at once hastened to the bedside of the dying girl, and revived her. No, His enemies could then say He administered some secret cordial, or took some other carnal way of raising her. But none could gainsay His power when they saw she was to all intents and purposes dead, and only raised by His omnipotent power. At last the precious set time to favour comes. Oh, the joy experienced! Then does the little caged

bird slip out of its prison-house, and wing its way to the topmost bough, there to warble out its song of praise. Then does the captive leave his chilly cell, and walk forth into a large and wealthy place, to breathe the pure air of heavenly delight. Then is the voice of the charmer heard above the commotion of the world, saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Then do the pastures of a wilderness heart look green with spiritual vegetation, and the barren tree put forth the graces of the Holy Spirit. Then does the empty floors of the soul's granary become full of fine wheat, and the frozen fats o'erflow with oil, which burns brightly in a flame of love to Jesus. Then does a poor sorrowful-spirited Hannah tell us that her heart rejoiceth in the Lord, and that her horn is exalted, and her mouth enlarged over her enemies, because of His salvation. And a poor soul-distressed David tells us his mourning is turned into dancing; and that casting aside his sackcloth, he is girded with gladness. Then does a poor empty-lapped Ruth glean freely among the sheaves in Boaz' field, and a poor favoured Mary rejoice in God her Saviour. Then does a poor dark-minded eunuch get light thrown upon the gospel, and go on his way rejoicing; and a poor bowed woman get lifted up to glorify God. And then do you and I, beloved, forget our trials, smile through our tears, tread down the thorns, cast aside the weights which beset us, bid Satan away, and realize the felt presence of our precious Redeemer. Oh, beloved, how supreme is the joy when a precious Christ truly reveals His presence, is it not? There is nothing under the face of heaven comparable to it; the soul is lifted up into regions of ecstasy, from which it desires never to return, while the arms of faith clasp at the precious feet of Jesus, as if He was really bodily in the presence of the comforted soul. An invisible contact is as much realized as if visible contact had been granted, and the poor soul has no more doubt that he has seen Jesus than he has of

his very existence. Let the world call this fanaticism if they will; let them say it is the fancy of a disordered mind. Beloved, we know our dear Redeemer will manifest Himself unto His own as He doth not unto the world. And where is the child of God that cannot point to hallowed seasons when he has felt Jesus close, and talked and walked with Him as one would do with a friend, and as Enoch did with God. We know and lament over the fact that such seasons are seldom; nevertheless there is a time coming when every child of grace shall bask in the presence of their Beloved for ever and ever.

And then, beloved, lastly, the blessed result: at Jesus' command the dead child arose, and they were "astonished with great astonishment:" could not believe it true, all their unbelief was put to the rout, and they obliged to acknowledge, it is the Lord. Oh, beloved, must not that be our position at the close of another year? We must stand astonished with great astonishment to think of the mercies, the deliverances, the helps, during the past twelvemonths only. Why, if we can pause, and for a few moments retire from the hurry of life, to think over that way, how grateful we must be. The thoughts, perhaps, go back to a time when all was commotion, and under some deep, heartfelt trial, we thought deliverance impossible, and yet it came. Or the mind may wander back to some heavy bereavement, when we thought we should never again lift up our heads; and yet, while it bent the twig, it did not break the branch, and Jesus proved the lifter-up of our heads, and cheered us up again to press forwards. Or we may have encountered heavy pecuniary losses, and the worst fears have taken possession of our spirits; and yet Jesus was at the helm of affairs, the storm was weathered, and aid was given from some unlooked-for quarter. And so, dear fellow traveller, if we sat by the "way-side" to recount God's mercies, we should have to tell of a year of wonderful deliverances, of blessed promises applied, of the goodness and wonderful compassion of our God in innumerable instances; and, like those surrounding our dear Redeemer at the signal time alluded to, we must become "astonished

with great astonishment." And now the fresh duties of life are before us, and we shall still further find necessity for that cry of the heart; further occasions to "beseech Him greatly;" further blanks upon the promise; further set times to favour, and further cause to be astonished with great astonishment.

Perhaps, dear reader, at this very time some heartfelt trial is depressing your spirits; it staggers you greatly to think that deliverance does not come. Now, have you "besought the Lord greatly," *in faith*, again and again, for a way of escape? Perhaps you respond, I have, time after time, and yet He turns a deaf ear to my cry. Nay, but has it been *in faith*? We need this searching work ourselves; we beseech the Lord greatly, but it is to be feared it is in rebellion,

in distrust, in unbelief; but not really and truly "in faith," and with a waiting confidence that we shall have what we ask for in the Lord's set time to favour. Could anything be more unlikely than that dead damsel should sit up in the bed, speak, and eat food given to her; and yet she did all this, for nothing is too hard with the Lord. Oh, then, we repeat, beloved, for our mutual comfort and consolation, those precious words of our dear Redeemer, "Be not afraid, only believe;" and though the promise may appear dead as far as you are concerned, yet it will burst forth into realization at the set time to favour; and this fact encourages us to go on wrestling with the Lord, for none ever found Him fail who "besought Him greatly."

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD! mark it well; consider its bearings, and carry it out. "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Brethren; all of one blood; heirs together of the grace of life; members of one family, alike sinners saved by sovereign grace, so that none can say to the other, "I have the pre-eminence;" blood-bought alike, how pleasant it is for them to dwell together in unity. It should be the case; there is something vitally wrong when it is not so. They will be one in heaven; they should be one on earth. There will be no mud walls dividing the Church triumphant; there should be no mud walls dividing the Church militant; one in Christ in glory; one in Christ in grace. Oh! for more of this felt union to one another, tracing it up to the living Head, never dis severed from the body. Such unity, then, is like the precious ointment upon the head of our spiritual Aaron, even the unction of the Holy One, anointed by the Father a High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek, which precious ointment went down to the skirts of His garment; so that the lowest, and meanest, and most unworthy members felt its sooth-

ing and reviving influence. It dropt upon the little ones in Zion as well as those borne upon the shoulders; so that, again, there is no pre-eminence; none can say to his fellow, "I have no need of thee." And, then, as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, known to be exceedingly copious and refreshing to the tender plant, so, where this unity is felt—this holy brotherhood enjoyed—this felt-union with a covenant Head maintained, there will be the dew of gospel grace descending and refreshing their waiting spirits; for there, wherever there is a Mount Zion, upon which, in this spirit, the holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, unite, there the Lord will command His blessing, even life for evermore—life upon life—grace upon grace—advancement in the divine career. Oh, then, beloved, do we not see the benefit of the communion of saints, and behold the peculiar advantages which those gain who dwell together in the unity of the faith? That it may be more manifest in the Church of Christ is the earnest prayer of

Yours in this felt-union,

G. C.

The gospel is a sovereign plaster, but Christ's own hand must make it stick.
—*Manton.*

FAITH TRIUMPHANT; OR, THE HAPPY DEPARTURE OF MRS. THORPE SMITH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—I here send you an account of the illness and death of my beloved wife, for publication, if you think proper; and remain yours, in the best of bonds, **THORPE SMITH.**

In the month of November, 1857, my dear wife was seized with a cold, and bronchial complaint, which required the aid of our medical attendant, under whose treatment she so far rallied as to be able to visit a poor, afflicted, married daughter, at Leicester; and where she received medicine from the person attending her daughter. On her return home, she did not improve permanently, but appeared to be sometimes a little better; and then went back until the month of May. I being engaged to preach at Wilford and Nottingham for that month, went over in the course of a fortnight to see her, and found her much worse, and expostulated with our medical adviser, thinking he was not at all aware of her real state. On my return to Wilford, being deeply concerned about her, I wrote to the daughter before named (who was, in the providence of God, marvellously restored, in a measure), and told her my fears respecting her mother. This took her over to see her; and finding her so bad, on her return home her kind husband engaged a house two doors from his own, and desired me to bring her and the family to Leicester; to dispose of my business as soon as I could, and follow them. Which I did, believing this to be a clear opening of Providence, and a going before me to deliver my hands from the pots, and take me out from secular affairs, from which I had for some time longed to be delivered; pleading the promise, "No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life," &c. The cloud thus moving, I followed, as He went before me, agreeably to His promise made to His sheep (John x. 4). I had spoken in His great name about sixteen months at that time—having been sharply exercised for ten or twelve years, about the vast importance of that office; concerning

my exercise you have some little knowledge yourself. The change of air, and skilful treatment of the person called in to attend her, effected a very great improvement, though he did not entertain hopes of re-establishing her health, her constitution being evidently broken. During the summer of 1858 she went on nicely, and heard the gospel at times, until the month of October, which proved to be the last time, for winter coming on, she was obliged to keep quiet at home. In the spring she had recourse to medicine again, and was again relieved, and went on varying in her health all through this last summer, but evidently got weaker as the latter end approached. On the 22nd October, I was called to Nottingham for four Sundays. After staying two Sabbaths I came over to see her on the 31st, and, perceiving her much altered, I determined not to leave her again until I saw a change in some way. She had now been confined to her room nearly three weeks, and was under medical treatment at this time. She told me (on inquiring how she felt) that all was right; that she had passed through a long night while I was in the North, but the Lord gave her this word, "At evening-time it shall be light." This she pleaded, and He whose faithfulness never fails blessedly appeared for her, and turned her mourning into dancing, putting off her sackcloth, and girding her with gladness. Two or three old, particular Christian friends visited her several times, who held sweet converse with her, and to whom she had long been knit in indissoluble bonds, and who will never forget her while they live. To one, I said, in her hearing, among other things, "she thinks she is upon the Rock;" on which, she took it up, and replied, no, she does not *think*, she is *sure*. But afterwards she told me Satan had been trying her on that point, but the Lord appeared and put him to flight; and she found, in the finished work of a dear Redeemer, a solid resting-place, and said in effect, if the least thing was left for her to do, she should be lost. With

Paul, she utterly renounced all her own doings, and accounted them as dung and dross, that she might win Christ, and be found in Him; clothed in that one, everlasting, perfect, and divine righteousness which He wrought out when He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none with Him, and realized its work (as revealed and applied by the Holy Spirit in her soul) to be peace, its effect quietness and assurance for ever.

I asked if she had experienced no clouds the nine days I had been away. She said, "Rather so, for about two days;" but added, "He appeared again, and all was right." She enjoyed a most animated conversation with Mr. R. A. B. one night, and was led to speak of the goodness and mercy of God in such a manner, in His leadings, teachings, and wondrous providences towards her when left a widow, with seven children, for nine years, that such was the effect on her debilitated frame, she felt it for some days after. But, as the outward man decayed, the inner man grew more vigorous day by day; and the heavenly serenity which sat upon her countenance proclaimed the peace of her soul. Two of her children, who lived at a distance, were sent for, and before they arrived she said she should like to throw off this garment of clay, and be gone. I said, "You would like to see those two dear children?" "Yes," she said, "if it please God;" but still longed to be gone. Nevertheless, her wish was granted, and they came. She then said, "Now what wait I for?" This son and daughter sat up with her that night, and she appeared calmly to sleep part of the time. She had a letter from an old friend at a distance; in answer to which, she requested me to give her dying love to her, and say, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." Once she said, "Satan has been trying to get in, but I referred him to Jesus, and told him I was not my own." I said, "It is the dear Redeemer against whom the rage of Satan is directed; His image he hates wherever he finds it; but this engages the Great Captain of our Salvation blessedly on our behalf, and makes our cause His own, and prompts Him, as our shield, to cover our heads in the day of battle."

November 2. The Rev. Mr. OWEN vi-

sited her, to whom she spoke of her prospect, and asked him to bury her. She had formerly enjoyed his conversation and prayers when I had been from home, and felt much attached to him: to others she spoke of the blessedness of being found in Jesus. I told her I had blessed the Lord for His unspeakable mercy in restraining Satan from harassing her. This she owned, and blessed Him for it, and for all His goodness to her; adding, "you ought to bless Him for it so long as you live." This morning, she said the fear of final separation in death, which she had so much dreaded, was entirely taken away; adding, "I have no fear of death." She then requested me to give her dying love to you, and said how much she should have liked to have seen you once more when you were at Ayleston last; and alluded to the prayer you put up in the old parlour at Barkston, in the year 1851. Several passages from the Word, and verses of hymns, were sweet food to her soul; and she often smiled assent when they were repeated, when she felt exhausted. That sweet hymn of TORLADY'S, beginning thus:—

"When languor and disease invade,

This trembling house of clay," &c.;

for she really longed to flee away and be for ever at rest. That hymn beginning,—

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," &c.;

And the last verse appeared like her sheet-anchor,—

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour
to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

This afternoon she had to experience a severe trial in the departure of her only son, who was obliged to return into Yorkshire to his situation, and who unfortunately did not let her know until within a few minutes of his departure; and this painful office devolved on me. It evidently took her by surprise, but, recovering herself, she said something about submission, and added, "We must part." And now came his time of trial, never to be forgotten. He hung upon that dear, that death-marked face, which

had so often cheered him with many a smile, from childhood to that hour; he strove to leave it again and again, and sobbed aloud, while all around were bathed in tears. One more look; one more embrace; one more lingering, last look—shall I never behold that loved face again?—and, at length, he got away; saying, after recovering himself a little, “I never knew the value of her before.” Never shall I forget that scene! I walked with him to the station, and said, “You now see that that religion which God has long since taught your dear mother, and which has been her support through many a trying day, is her comfort and stay in the prospect of death; that God, whose faithfulness can never fail, is still with her, and will never leave her; and do you not, my dear boy, now see the madness and folly which the men of this world are pursuing?” He replied, “I do.” The Lord grant that the loss of the mother may be sanctified, to lead him, as a poor, helpless sinner, to Jesus!

When I returned she said, “I am astonished at myself to think I could give him up, so dearly as I loved him, dear boy;” and though she, in a most wonderful manner, and with perfect apparent calmness, talked to him for his good, yet I believe her weak frame felt the shock more than we at first perceived, as she evidently became more exhausted towards the evening; but peace still reigned, and she expressed her gratitude to the Lord for his continued goodness. She, as well as myself, was a member of the Church of Christ at Leicester over which the late Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was pastor, and whose ministry was many times made an unspeakable blessing to her, and which she highly prized. She had also been much favoured in hearing Mr. ABRAHAM and Mr. GRACE occasionally. The Magazine she much prized, especially the pieces from the pen of the Editor. He having been taught in the same school, was often led to cast up the way in which the Lord had led her. To my two girls she has been an invaluable mother; to myself a true yoke-fellow and companion in travail, a wise counsellor, a faithful helpmate, yea, a counterpart of the wife of Manoa!

November 3.—She slept at intervals

of an hour, sometimes half that time, and occasionally took some little refreshment; she was ordered brandy-and-water by her medical attendant, but often declined it; and when pressed took but little, and that weak. I guessed her reason; she said she did not want a false hope, and wished not to be deceived by narcotics into a false peace; in which fear I have long shared with her, remembering HART's words,—

“Let no false comfort light us up,

To confidence that's vain;”

which, I fear, is the case with many at the close of life. When awake, her tranquillity remained the same, only longing to be gone, and sometimes expressing a fear lest she should be impatient. Many passages from the Word and verses of hymns were repeated, which just suited her case, on which she would smile, and move her lips by way of assent when too weak to talk.

“Did Jesus once upon thee shine,
Then Jesus is for ever thine,”

was an old favourite resting-place; and also, “Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”

November 4.—Her medical attendant found her weaker to-day, and honestly apprised us that she was fast declining, as pulsation was so feeble and flickering; and, though she longed to be gone, yet said His time was best, and that He would never leave her—no, never! To several who visited her, she bore testimony to the faithfulness and unchanging love of God to His people. Some who were young, and two old servants who had formerly lived with her, received her blessing and exhortations on the necessity of an interest in Jesus, that they might be prepared for that change which they saw awaiting her, and upon which she looked with perfect composure. They were much affected at seeing and hearing her. Mr. LANGHAM, an old, tried friend, often saw and conversed with her. Coming in towards evening, he spoke of some precious truths, all of which she appeared to enjoy very much, as subjects of vital importance were uppermost with her. On leaving, he said her state was fitly

described by the apostle, "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer."

Mr. R. A. B. saw her two or three times, and still found her on the Rock. I had some conversation about his late wife, a choice soul, to whom my beloved companion was deeply attached, and at whose head she now rests until the morning of the first resurrection. I told her she never thought of coming to such honour as to be a preacher in her last days; and to be enabled to proclaim to so many the riches of free grace, and the wonders of redeeming love to sinners. I said—

"Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come;
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home."

And these words—

"All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son eternal reigns,
And scatters night away."

Smiling, she said, "No more a poor weak debilitated body." "No," I replied, "no more sorrow, no more sighing; they shall be led to living fountains of water, and God himself shall wipe away all tears for evermore." During the night she appeared to rest quietly, occasionally taking coffee, and bread in it; and having her position altered a little, blessing the Lord for His continued goodness, she slept again at intervals. November 4, about 9, or a little after, she looked much worse, and thought herself she was about to go, and said, "You may watch me now;" and, addressing me, said, "Thou wilt not leave me." I replied, "No, nor will Jesus leave thee; thou hast cost Him too dear to lose thee." She assented, and said, "What are my little sufferings to His, who was crowned with thorns for me," &c. While reading and praying, I thought her worse, and hastened my youngest daughter to the room; but to our surprise she rallied again, and blessed His precious name for His mercy and love to her soul. I said, "I thought thou hadst been going?" She acknowledged she longed to go, and added, "How sweet to wake and find me there."

About 11 o'clock our mutual and kind friend, Mr. L., came in, and she was dozing. On opening her eyes, he said, "Do you know me?" She smiled, and assented. He spoke, and said, "Waiting for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ; this is the Mediator, the Daysman, who stands and lays His hand upon both. You have no other hope?" She smiled and said, "No, neither did she want any other." He left the room a short time, and returned to her again, and said many more precious things to which she responded. He repeated—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His;"

and added, "I believe this is your cause." She smiled and said it was, and blessed him as he departed. About 3 p.m. a female friend, whom she had not seen for some months, hearing of her illness, called to see her, and was most highly gratified to see the calm resignation which pervaded her whole soul, and the sweet, humble confidence with which she was favoured; and attempted to repeat,

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

Some hours after she lisped out something about resting in the bosom of Jesus. Towards midnight she became more restless, could not sleep, and took but little of anything. About 2 a.m. she seemed to suffer more, and cried for support, and to be kept from impatience in her extremity. I cried to the Lord, and He most graciously heard my cry, and in a great measure relieved her. Afterwards she was more calm until daylight. I told her how I had been led to cry, and how He heard and appeared. She seemed thankful, and again expressed her trust and confidence in Him, and that He would never leave her, and longed to see that dear face that was marred for her. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." My heart flowed with gratitude to Him to see her apparently again easy, and inclined to sleep. She seemed more comfortable until 10 o'clock, Nov. 5, when awaking, she appeared much weaker and exhausted.

Her dear girls, who were gathered together around her, moistened her lips and mouth with cold water. She looked so earnest, and said, "O, why tarry the wheels of His chariot." I replied, "He is coming, and will take thee to Himself; and true it is,

"Till He bids I cannot die."

I said, "The waters of Jordan are cold, but the ark is in the midst, and the billows will never more overflow that Rock of Ages.

"Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom."

A few teaspoonfuls of brandy-and-water revived her a little; and another dear female friend coming nearly fifty miles, arrived about 12 o'clock, and her countenance brightened at the sight of her. She kissed and blessed her; and this friend remained with her to the end, and did not return until after she had followed her to her last resting-place. She is one of your supporters, and very fond of the Gospel Magazine. About 2 p.m. the medical attendant called, and said she was in a dying state. She asked him if it was so? On my telling her, she smiled with delight. I then said,

"Angels shall hover round thy bed,
And waft thy spirit home."

She replied, "And Jesus bids me come." I said, "The chariot is approaching." She smiled again. I said,

"Thy Saviour whom thou soon wilt see,
With new admiring eyes;
Already has prepared for thee,
A mansion in the skies."

Again her countenance lighted up, and it was most delightful to see her look so happy. A little before 9 o'clock, I was persuaded to lie down; and my dear girls promised to call me if a change took place. At a quarter before 11 one of them awoke me, and I came down into the room. The pangs of death were then evidently upon her, and she suffered much. I thought she said, "Pray;" upon which we kneeled down, and cried to the Lord in His mercy to release her. She again and again cried, "Lord, help;

O Lord, help." She seemed to fear being impatient, and was very restless. I said, "If you perish, you must perish at the foot of the Cross." She said, "I will," in an audible voice. She desired to be raised up, and then gently lowered again; then said to one of her girls, "Thou must do one thing more for me, just raise me up again." Then breathing shorter and shorter, she ceased to breathe, and at five minutes before 12 o'clock on Saturday night, November 5, entered into rest, to spend an eternal Sabbath with her precious Saviour. Her age was 62 years, and she was buried in Leicester Cemetery.

Thus, my dear brother, I have given thee a sketch of part of the experience of my late beloved invaluable wife; and I could not help saying, when my time comes to die, may my last end be like hers. She had been deeply taught and long trained in the bitter, though profitable school of adversity, when for nine years she lived a widow at Grantham. Her former husband, a good man, and for a long time a hearer of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Grantham and Sproxtton, left her nearly destitute. This training, being compelled to live by faith, and daily watch the hand of the Lord in providing for her and her family, rendered her fit to be a faithful helpmate and wise counsellor in my deep exercises about the work of the ministry, and the providential bereavings which overtook me to prepare me for, and at length compel me to go forth in His name, to publish the glad tidings of peace through the blood of the Cross.

Nov. 13th. Yesterday I spoke twice to our people at Salen, with fear and trembling; but the Lord stood by me, and far exceeded all my expectation, for I had feared again to stand up in His name. Nor am I free from the fears (for many days together) that my preaching will all come to nothing: but you, perhaps, are not altogether a stranger to these assaults of Satan. Faint I often am, but still keep pursuing. Pray for me; for as Newton says,

"'Tis the survivor dies."

And, though the Lord has been so gracious to my beloved one, yet nature feels desolate and sore broken. She said to me at one time, "Thou hast been

an idol;" but added, "Jesus first, and thou next." May the Lord God of Israel abundantly bless you and yours, with every new covenant blessing.

I remain, my brother beloved, yours in the truth of Jesus, and in the bonds of love,

THORPE SMITH.

[Beloved Brother in Christ,—Most deeply do we sympathize with you in your loss. It took us very much by surprise, for we had hoped the disorder had been checked; but "He hath done all things well;" and, bereaved one, you shall assuredly realize it.

We say to you of the Ministry, to which the Lord has unquestionably called you, as our dear brother in Christ the Rector of Elmly said to us concerning the Magazine, when we were left in your present desolate and bereaved state, that it would not only find occupation and divert the mind, but be the peculiar means of pouring out the heart before the Lord, and for the refreshment of His people. Now you will find it so. Notwithstanding all the buffetings of the enemy with respect to the Ministry (and we are no stranger to those buffetings many days together, even to this hour), you will find the Lord will so wonderfully stand by you, and nourish your soul—feed you with bread, and so give you to drink of the river of the water of

life—that you will be carried out of yourself; you will be raised above all creature feelings and creature fears, and so triumph in the God of your salvation that you will magnify and adore Him, and be compelled to testify that, though He has taken the less, He has given more and more of Himself, the Greater! Yes, brother, you will have glorious times in the pulpit now. Enfolded in the very embraces of Jesus, and feeling as it were the vibrations of His heart, you will be strengthened and emboldened to give utterance to those glorious emotions which are the very life-blood the very moment they are infusing into your own soul. Oh, how indescribably—yea, inconceivably—blessed is this. To feel in the very presence of the King, and, seeing His beauty and feeling His love, blowing, champion-like, the Gospel trump to usher in the King immortal, invisible, the only wise God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the blessedness of sanctified affliction, beloved: sorrow turned into joy. The bitter cup changed into the sweetest draught: desolation introducing you to the best of company. The wilderness and the solitary place made glad, and then such exulting in the triumphs of God and the Lamb. Our own God, proving what He is, and what He can do; and making use of a worm of the earth to show forth His glory, power, and love.—ED.]

LINES BY ONE WHO HAS LOST HER NATURAL SIGHT.

"Beloved, let us love one another"—1 John iv. 7.

Thou condescending Lord,
In mercy lend thine ear,
Such needed grace afford
As shall subdue my fear;
All evil questionings remove,
That we may one another love.

Satan misrepresents,
My heart alike agrees—
Bold unbelief presents
Impossibilities!
But if thou draw our hearts above,
Then shall we one another love.

When thou art pleased to speak
In answer to my cry,
I'm strong when I am weak,
Because thou then art nigh:

Never may our affections rove,
But may we one another love.

Thine exhortations, Lord,
Most powerfully impress,
Until our hearts record
Thy truth and faithfulness.
As from thy purpose thou'lt not move,
So may we one another love.

That God is love we know—
Yet is He strictly just:
To whom else can we go?
We'll in thy mercy trust.
Thy loving kindness may we prove,
And dwell for ever in thy love!

A SOLITARY ONE.

Reviews.

Tracts for the Poor. Nos. 1 to 20. By the author of "Nothing to Pay." London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street.

"NOTHING TO PAY." There's the gospel in a nutshell. If I, a poor bankrupt sinner, could pay at the rate of one mite in a million—which were an utter impossibility—then neither could salvation be free, "without money and without price," nor Jehovah be entitled to all the praise and all the glory. But both the gospel principles and the gospel price are explained in that sweet saying of our precious Lord and Master, in reference to the fifty and the five hundred-pence debtors, that "when they had nothing to pay [with (though bankrupts, absolute insolvents, poor and penniless) then] he frankly FORGAVE them both." This is gospel, and the only gospel that will suit a poor sinner. Now, the very cream and pith of the gospel is given in these precious tracts. Here is not the linsey-woolsey mixture of man's free-will and God's free grace. Men may try this kind of thing; but they won't unite. Such texture will rend, and tear, and prove useless to the would-be wearer. No, these gospel testimonies are all of a piece—full, free, finished; and God the Holy Ghost dropping such testimonies with power into the heart of a poor, guilty, feelingly lost and undone sinner, will cause him to triumph in the glorious fact, "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; He also is become my salvation."

Readers! avail yourselves of these invaluable tracts for cottage and house-to-house distribution. If we had it in our power, we should like to circulate them by the million.

Light at Eventide. A Narrative of Lydia M * * *, a converted Jewess. Third Edition. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a remarkable account of the conversion of a Jewess, who, after she had passed her fourscore years, and was a woman of penetration and thought of no common order, was led to embrace the faith of Jesus with all the simplicity

and teachableness of a little child. It was not that she had got into her dotage, for her mind, it is evident by her letters, was as vigorous as ever; but it was verily the "light at eventide" that had "shone into her previously-beclouded heart," giving her "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus." It is an exceedingly interesting narrative—carrying force and conviction with it in its every page, and must commend itself to every lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, and every well-wisher for the true spiritual interests of God's ancient and once highly-favoured people.

The Brother born for Adversity; or, the Similarity of the Saviour's Sorrows and Sufferings to those of His followers. By the author of "God is Love." London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

WE rejoice to find that this precious little volume has reached its third edition. We are wont constantly to say, that nothing is more calculated to endear Jesus, and to lessen the weight of individual and personal care and anxiety, than the contemplation of the Man of Sorrows. To apprehend Him, moreover, as "The Brother born for Adversity," is, instrumentally, to bring the Lord of life and glory down to us, as the Sympathizer, and the Strengthen-er, and the Supporter of His Bride in the wilderness, than which nothing more endears Him; and in the thus opening out of His love and compassion, exquisite tenderness renders Him yet more and more "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Nothing can be more acceptable at this interesting season of the year than such a volume as "The Brother born for Adversity."

Tales of the Martyrs of the first Two Centuries. By Rev. B. H. COWPER. London: Book Society, Paternoster-row.

A VERY important little work, that ought to be circulated freely at the present time.

"*I Cannot Say, 'No!'*" A Word in Season addressed to Young Men. By the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN, of Westminster. London: Book Society. Paternoster Row.

A VERY timely word, and well calculated in many respects to meet the case of those who "cannot say, 'No.'" As a student of human nature, the author sets forth with much truthfulness the many difficulties which present themselves in the way of young men; but he does not, we think, show with sufficient clearness, *why* it is so hard to say "No." He should have gone down more thoroughly to the root of the disease, and have shown how congenial and how natural it was to poor fallen humanity to say, "Yes;" and thus have put young men more upon their guard against *themselves*, the greatest foe with whom they have to grapple. Instead of which, there appears to be a vein of free-willism running through these pages, which does materially lessen their value. More *depth* would have given more *weight* with this "word in season."

"*Run, Speak to this Young Man.*" A Motto for Christians. By the Rev. J. B. CHOWN, of Bradford. London: The Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

EXCEEDINGLY good. We admire it throughout, and would most strenuously recommend it. A love of souls pervades the whole. In support of the idea advanced in our previous review, the writer of the little work before us, says, when speaking of the young, and of the concern which it behoves believers to cherish towards them:—

"Remember, they all have the seeds of depravity in their nature. When Satan came to the Saviour he found nothing in Him, and had no power over Him. But it is not so with these young people; children though they may be, there is that within them that Satan has only to touch, and the world to appeal to, and it responds to the touch, it answers to the appeal, and they follow in the way of the wicked. And they are all weak too, and easily led. Their hearts are ordinarily soon impressed, their sympathies soon awakened, and

especially by that which finds such an echo as sin does within their own bosoms."

Hence, the writer adds:—

"On these accounts, and others that might be named, Christian, look to the young. Gather the lambs into the fold; do not neglect *them*, whatever you do; the elder sheep are in less danger. Fence round the tender sapling, or it may be uprooted; the full-grown oak has not the same need of such care. Whatever you may or may not do with those that have come to maturity, watch over the young, for they need all the care you can bestow upon them, and will abundantly reward all the efforts you can put forth."

How many a praying father, devoted mother, and loving sister, has proved the truth of this.

Rest in Christ for the Weary. By a Clergyman. London; John Snow, Paternoster Row.

WITH what truth does the writer of this little work say, "The children of the East and West, and North and South, complain alike of the insufficiency of earth for their bliss. Pallid countenances and wrinkled brows, throbbing temples and aching hearts all around, bespeak a uniform experience, and breathe a general confession of disappointment and weariness. We have all been baptized in the same dark flood, and the stain cleaves to our nature; have all been 'born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion.' Earth has deceived us with its paltry cheats and fading vanities."

This work bears the impress of heart-teaching, and, as a whole, we like it much.

How to Spend a Happy New Year. By the Rev. W. LINCOLN, Incumbent of Beresford Chapel, Walworth. London: the Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

NEXT to the blessed Bible, a more appropriate and valuable little book could not be placed in the hands of a child. Mothers! fathers! get this precious gem for your little ones! You may have reason to bless God for it.

[FEB. 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 38,
NEW SERIES. }

FEBRUARY, 1860.

{ No. 166,
OLD SERIES.

THE LAST PRAYER!

"Then took he Him up in his arms, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Luke ii. 28—30.

BELoved, we offered some observations upon this passage in our December number. We endeavoured to show the only scriptural grounds upon which Simeon, or any other fallen son of Adam, could be considered "just" or "devout," namely, simply and entirely by an interest in and union to Jesus, who is emphatically to His church and people "the Lord their righteousness." In themselves naturally, and to the latest moment of their earthly being, they have not in their flesh one particle of purity. Their standing is in Christ—in total distinctness from any supposed sanctity of the flesh. This only is subdued; improved never! The Lord Christ, as we stated in that number, and the Lord Christ only, is made of God unto His people "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," and they have no other. Hence the warfare between flesh and spirit, the old nature and the new nature, down to the very Jordan; then farewell sin, as well as farewell Satan, for ever!

We touched, moreover, in the number above mentioned, upon "Simeon's waiting for the consolation of Israel," or looking for the first coming of Christ in the flesh. He longed for it; he prayed for it. He was not merely contented to tarry on earth till it came to pass, but he ardently desired so to tarry. And "it was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ."

Mark, the revelation was by the Holy Ghost; and there is no real spiritual saving revelation by any other but the Holy Ghost. Revelation is peculiarly His work. All other revelations are vain and deceptive; they are all fleshly, visionary, and will not only leave the soul open to every species of "cunning craftiness," whereby men, prompted by Satan transformed into an angel of light, "lie in wait to deceive," but will at length, if so be the Holy Ghost openeth not their eyes to discover the cheat, plunge all such hapless votaries of, it may be, popular and far-spread delusions, into everlasting and irretrievable destruction.

Beloved, in this day of great religious excitement it is absolutely necessary to enforce this grand and leading feature of our most holy faith—namely, the

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person, work, and ministry of the Holy Ghost ; and we must insist upon it as a thing not in name merely, but as a great and indisputable reality. True it is that meetings by the hundred, and almost by the thousand, have been called of late, professedly to invoke the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. We are not going to raise an objection against it. We rejoice to hear His person, and the necessity of His divine power and gracious operations acknowledged ; still, we must beware of resting merely on that acknowledgment. Not in name, not in the letter merely, must be our motto, but in *power*. And sure we are that where there is this *power* there will be meekness, humility, tenderness of conscience, a coming out from the world, a putting off the sins of the flesh, a love to the word, communion with saints, sympathy with the tried and the tempted, closet communion, heart-work, pantings, breathings, holy and ardent longings after renewed discoveries of the person of Jesus, feeding upon the word, pleading the promises, and looking and longing after His coming and glory. Where the Holy Ghost is in reality dwelling, and where He is bedewing the soul with His rich and benign anointings, there will be the fruit of the Spirit, which is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Reader, permit us to pause, and to ask, are these the fruits of your faith ? In what does your profession consist ? Is it nominal ? Have you a "name only ?" or are the blessed effects of the life of God in the soul, Christ being formed in your heart, the hope of glory ? and the Holy Ghost having made you His temple wherein He dwells, are you, as a matter of course, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, which are to the praise and glory of His great and adorable name ?

We are not asking the standard of your joy ; we waive, for the moment, your amount of comfort ; we say nothing about enlarged and rapturous views of the glory that is to be revealed. It may be in all these respects you are the merest babe, but a timid and a trembling follower, if, as you say, you may venture to presume upon being a follower at all. Still it is worthy of remark, that of all the fruits of the Spirit just quoted, there is but one that denotes *ecstasy*. All the others comport with deep humility, tenderness of feeling, and brokenness of heart. They may exist, and they commonly do exist, where the possessor is very little in his own eyes, and is wont (as it behoves him) to consider others better than himself.

Of all the fruits of the Spirit, we believe *humility* to be one of the sweetest, and most to be desired. And how rich are the promises to such. "God resisteth the proud," we are told, "but He giveth grace to the *humble* ;" and again : "To that man will I look, and with him will I dwell, who is humble and of a contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my word." Those are precious lines of dear HART's, and well, reader, may we desire that they should be uppermost in our hearts :—

"Let me well my vileness know,
Keep me very, very low."

And when thus low, when in very deed passing through the valley of humiliation, how much sympathy is there with the lowly and the contrite ! what a coming down there is from all vainly-imagined heights of knowledge or attainment ! what a crouching down at the feet of Jesus ! what a creeping towards His bosom to whisper one's woes, and to sigh out one's sorrows ! Oh, sweet spot, enviable position—the feet of Jesus !

Reader, we shall not travel long in the wilderness without a something or other proving to us the necessity of our seeking to be found there! The interval is inconceivably short in which we shall even fancy we can rest upon light, or life, or grace received. We scarcely know of a more dangerous spot, and one which in all probability is speedily to be succeeded by some special trial, the which shall drive the poor sinner, with greater trembling and more thorough self-abasement, to his Stronghold!

Now, to us it appears that, as the sweet effects of the Holy Ghost being upon him, and that special revelation which was made to him, "that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ," there was upon the part of Simeon a closeness of walk, a cleaving to the Lord with purpose of heart. He knew blessedly and experimentally what "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ" was; as Enoch, he "walked with God." There was an interchange, holy communion, blessed intercourse. It was what dear Dr. Hawker called "visits to and from Jesus." If Jehovah opened secrets to Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob—if He communed very specially with Moses and Joshua, and Samuel and David—if He made known His divine purposes to prophet after prophet—so, when the fulness of time was almost come, would He usher in the same by the gracious intimation to His servant, that his eye, should see "what kings and prophets had desired to see and had not seen, to hear and had not heard." Moreover, he felt that what the Lord had promised, that He was not only able, but would most assuredly perform. He "staggered not at the promise through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." He rested, yea, and rejoiced, in the sure and certain accomplishment of Jehovah's covenant pledge.

Beloved, this is a sweet resting-place. Hath the Lord made thee a promise? Has a word been sealed home upon thine heart with Divine power? Has thy soul been moistened and mellowed under the sweetness and dew of that application? Did it for the time being draw thee off from all creature props and all human dependencies? Wast thou caught up on high? Was the third heaven for a season thy dwelling-place? Again, wast thou led into the holy of holies? and was all that was there spoken to thee as sure and as certain in thy mind of accomplishment as though already done? and has since a peculiar deathliness rested upon that word? Are there less probabilities of fulfilment now than before? Do Satan and unbelief whisper it was a delusion? And canst thou say withal that, as the Lord liveth, thy one aim and end was His glory? not thine ease? not thy fleshly gratification? Ah, beloved, if this be indeed the case thou shalt see it brought about. Thy God (who is never at a loss, nor ever unmindful of His word) will cause it to come to pass, though ten thousand devils stood in the way to resist Him. We would unhesitatingly say, that the greater the difficulty and the denser the darkness upon thy pathway, the surer the accomplishment; because thy God, and not thyself, nor thy poor puny fellow-man, is to be the Doer thereof.

Oh, reader, think you that Simeon had no fleshly struggles with respect to what he had so long and so anxiously anticipated? Think you that *his* faith was not assailed? Can you imagine that Satan would any more let *him* rest than he would *you*? Does not the significant "Now" that he afterwards uses imply a previous waiting, watching, and perhaps ardently wrestling posture? And was not the boon the greater and more glorious when bestowed?

Be assured that that experience is extremely blessed which brings the soul to ascribe to Jehovah all the wisdom and all the strength which have been

needed for any particular path. It is so sweet to trace His hand and handiwork, and, in the precious warmth which His gracious and fatherly interpositions enkindle, to declare "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in mine eyes."

Do you know anything about it, readers? Ah, many of you do, we know, and we rejoice in our God on your behalf. And depend on it, you to whom He has given grace to acknowledge and to watch His hand shall "see greater things than these." We have not a doubt about it. It is our God's gracious method of leading deeper and deeper in self-knowledge and self-abasement, but higher and higher in a discovery of His marvellous mercy and astounding loving-kindnesses. As of old, our adorable Jesus "keeps the best wine" until last. Like a father or a friend, He never opens the best gift first; each article in the cabinet is yet more striking; and so, believer, 'twill be to all eternity. His resources will never be exhausted; but new beauties, fresh glories, yet more wonderful discoveries, shall be opened out through vast eternity.

Oh, the matchless mercy of a poor sinner having an interest in God, and God an imperishable interest in him! How mutual the joy! how rich the mercy! how wonderful the revelation of that mercy day by day! Reader, art thou on the look-out for it day by day, in the gracious leadings and interposings of His dear, fatherly hand? Where art thou living, reader; and how? Art thou "dwelling on high?" *in* the world, and yet not *of* the world? Is Christ thy life, thy light, thine all? Art thou clinging to Him, leaning upon Him, rejoicing in Him, having no confidence in the flesh? Is thy daily cry, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory?" With regard to the world, dost thou feel thyself to be but a passenger through it? Hast thou no wish to dwell, to loiter, or to tarry in it? Dost thou feel increasingly, "this is not thy rest, it is polluted?" and art thou saying, on this account, "I would not live away?" Canst thou in very deed say, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?" Canst thou say, as the Psalmist again said, "O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee; my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is: to see thy power and thy glory so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary?"

Be assured these were the pantings, these the heart-breathings of good old Simeon, whilst "waiting for the consolation of Israel." Many and many a time did he doubtless go up to the temple, with a watchful eye and an ardent desire to behold that "sign which should be spoken against." In waiting, he watched; and this, beloved, is alone our safe and becoming position in these momentous times, to be watching, waiting, to see—to hear—what our Lord shall do and say. In proportion as the Holy Ghost is upon us, as He was upon Simeon of old—in proportion as He is graciously and sovereignly pleased to reveal to us His holy will and pleasure—will this be our attitude, watching, waiting; exclaiming, as did the Psalmist, "I will hear what the Lord will speak, for he will speak peace unto His people and to His saints; but let them not return again to folly."

Be this, dear reader, your position and our own yet more and more; and may we realize in such position the strengthening hand and unfailing presence of our precious Lord and Master. Amen, and amen.

Here again, for the present, we leave the subject.

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedfordminster,*
Bristol, Jan. 19, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

A NEW YEAR'S WORD TO MY LATE PARISHIONERS.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—You have been—of late especially—very much upon my mind. I am sure you will know *why* you have occupied my thoughts more particularly at this season. The meetings which we held at the close and the commencement of each year must ever make similar seasons times of special remembrance.*

My mind has been reverting to those opportunities, and forcibly am I reminded of many who then met with us. Some there are separated from us by thousands of miles of sea. Wide-spread ocean rolls between them and us, and the next time we meet must of necessity be in vast eternity. That is a solemn thought—each then to “appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad.” Others there are who have already passed into that eternity. They have preceded us in the valley of the shadow of death; yea, and most sure I am that in some happy instances that valley was but a *shadow*! Death to them had no substance, but proved to be only the kindly messenger to introduce them to the mansions of the blessed. Oh, glorious privilege, far surpassing all that heart can conceive—all the changes and vicissitudes of life—the trials and afflictions of our common

humanity, issuing at length by grace divine in an entire release from all sin and sorrow, and an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom and joy of our Lord! Oh, beloved people, be this your mercy, and my mercy also, in God's good time.

And to this end—that this may be our happy privilege—“suffer the word of exhortation;” allow me to “stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.” I would bring before you once again, though now far distant from you, those cardinal truths which, when united in the endearing bonds of pastor and people, we were wont continually to consider.

The first great doctrine, then, that I would bring before you, is that of *Regeneration*. The New Birth, beloved, is indispensable. There are minutiae in doctrine wherein we may differ, but in this never! Every believer is—must be—of one mind in this grand particular. Our Lord, in his conversation with Nicodemus, as recorded in the third chapter of John's Gospel, insists upon this. He introduces it with His “Verily, verily;” and He repeats the declaration in almost the same language, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God:” and then, having repeated the same sentiment, He says again, in the 7th verse of the same chapter, “Marvel not that I said unto thee, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.” Now, why all this, but for the purpose of insisting upon the vast importance of the subject?

Under these circumstances, beloved people, I am sure you will allow me affectionately to press the question, “Have you been born again? Have you undergone that momentous change from darkness to light? Have you been translated from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son?” Oh, be assured that this is the simple pivot upon which everything turns. It matters not what our profession, if we know nothing experimentally of the New Birth. To have “a form of godliness without the power” is worse than to have no form at all. To have “a name to live whilst at the same time

* At our recent Midnight Meeting, which commenced at eleven o'clock on the last night of the old year, and lasted till a quarter-past twelve, we had between four hundred and fifty and five hundred persons present. It was a deeply solemn hour, and will, I trust, be long had in remembrance. Within three or four minutes of twelve o'clock, and for a minute or two afterwards, the most solemn stillness pervaded the whole assembly. Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock and the bells of St. Mary Redcliffe, announcing the departure of one year and the dawn of another. In those solemn moments, I trust and believe a spirit of silent petition was poured out upon the people, as they bade a lasting adieu to the receding year, and mentally exclaimed, as they stepped over the threshold of the new one, “If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence.”

dead"—dead in trespasses and sins—is awful beyond expression. God, in His mercy, preserve each and all of us from this!

Another great doctrine which from time to time was brought before you was that of the *Atonement*. Whilst among you I endeavoured, according to the ability which God gave me, to show, from His Word, the utter ruin into which by the fall in Eden mankind at large was plunged; that a wide-spread—yea, a universal misery—was the hapless result of the one act of disobedience by our first parents. I was accustomed to show that, as a consequence, the entrance of sin contaminated our whole nature; the result was, "the whole head became sick, and the whole heart faint." "From the sole of the foot," says the prophet Isaiah, "even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." How hapless, then, were our condition, but for that hope which was held out in Eden, when Jehovah declared to the serpent that had beguiled Eve, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman; and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," and which was confirmed on Calvary, when Christ, the great Substitute and Daysman, was "wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Oh, glorious Deliverer He! Oh, boundless deliverance this! Beloved people, have you been made to partake of the blessed fruits of this release?—this holy pardon? this gracious discharge from all the dreadful consequences of the fall? Has it been said of each of you (for mark, the application must be *personal*, or the benefits can never be so), "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom?" This said by grace and power divine of you and for you, then shall the Holy Ghost lead you likewise to know experimentally that "whom the Son makes free shall be free indeed,"—free from all the direful consequences of the fall, and free from all the demands of Jehovah's righteous law.

This introduces us to another equally important doctrine—that of *Justification*,

or how a sinner can stand, not accepted merely, but pure, and holy, and unblameable in God's sight; for so he must stand if ever he would see God without shame, or fear, or confusion of face. Now, this doctrine, great and glorious as it is, is rendered very clear and very simple when the Holy Ghost is pleased to take the scales from off our eyes, and to reveal to us the truth as it is in Jesus. To *justify*, I would remind you, is not merely to *acquit*, but to pronounce INNOCENT. Now, how is this to be done, seeing that we have *all* "sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" seeing that "there is none righteous, no, not one?" Beloved, the Scriptures answer the question. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, says, "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." This great truth is confirmed by the same apostle, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." And again, thus redeemed by Christ, washed in the blood of Christ, and clothed in the righteousness of Christ, His people are "presented to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but are holy and without blemish."

I cannot doubt, dear friends, that the quoting of these Scriptures will bring to your remembrance those subjects which we were wont to contemplate, and that they will serve to bring twin passages to your mind, still further to confirm you in the same great doctrines of our most holy faith.

And may I not remind you of the satisfaction, and the consolation, and the peace, they are calculated to afford? Am I loved with an eternal love? Am I bought with a price? Am I redeemed from the curse of the law, Christ being made a curse for me? Am I by Him "justified freely from all things from which I could not be justified by the law of Moses?" Am I "accepted in the Beloved?" Am I adopted as a son—an heir—a joint-heir with Jesus Christ? Oh, then, what have I to fear? Is not God my God? Am not I His child? And hath he not pledged Himself to conduct me in safety through all the journey of life? Though "man is born

to trouble as the sparks fly upward;" though "in the world we shall have tribulation;" "though this is not our rest, it is polluted;" yet, notwithstanding all, what have I to fear? Has not the Lord my God said, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go, and I will guide thee with mine eye?" "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee;" "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;" "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be;" "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy waters shall be sure." "The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Moreover, beloved, in addition to a safe conduct, and a sure provision through all the way of the wilderness, what hath the Lord said concerning that blessed eternity to which His redeemed and adopted ones are hastening? "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go away, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also." "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." The apostle (exulting in these glorious declarations) could say, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."

Dear friends, my sojourn among you was too long, and my interest in your present and eternal welfare too sincere, to allow me to forget you. I am still with you in heart; and therefore venture to offer you these few observations as a remembrance and a stimulus, that you may seek more and more for grace to "lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race that is set before you, looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of faith."

Oh, consider how short our time is.

Dwelling as I did, year after year, among you, it seemed as though our connexion as pastor and people was never to be broken; but even eleven years at length ran their rounds, and a separation came. Before another such period shall have gone, how many of us will be numbered with the departed! Some of you will remember, I am sure, the comments which on one occasion I was led to offer upon the fifth chapter of Genesis; that, in after days, when the question was asked who occupied this or that pew, and who the pulpit, the answer would be (as repeatedly and significantly expressed in that chapter) "*and he died.*" Oh, my dear friends, how soon will that apply to each and all of us. It may be already said of some of you whom I left behind—they are gone to their great account. Their state is now irreversibly fixed. If they slept in Jesus, all with them is eternally "well;" but if they were not found in Christ, 'twere better far, ten thousand times, that they had never, never been born.

Beloved Friends, the only apology I have to offer for trespassing upon you with these observations is the long period I passed among you. Nearly one-fourth part of my life I spent in the midst of you. Hence I wish to encourage the thought, that this brief address will not be unwelcome. I would, therefore, sum up what I have said, in the stirring language of the Apostle Peter, as expressed in the first chapter of his second epistle, from the tenth to the fifteenth verse, "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth. Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me. Moreover, I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance."

May God the Holy Ghost, of His great mercy, apply these thoughts to your hearts and minds, for Jesus Christ's sake; Amen and amen.

I am, my ever dear friends,
Your faithful Friend and former Pastor,
DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY.
Bedminster, Bristol, Jan. 1860.

THE EXECUTION OF AN ALDERMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE execution of the unfortunate Mr. Alderman CORNISH, attended with circumstances of the most revolting barbarity, excited at the time the deepest commiseration, and a few particulars of his sad end may not be uninteresting to your numerous readers, who take concern in ancient civic history, at a period, happily, differing entirely from the present.

On the accession of James II., his resentment against the Protestants was soon manifested by the most cruel persecutions, and shortly after the commencement of his tyrannical and blood-thirsty reign, he caused proceedings to be instituted against Mr. Alderman CORNISH, a most active magistrate, and a man of much energy in the fulfilment of official duty. During his Shrievalty, in 1680, this Alderman had greatly exerted himself to detect and prosecute those who had been concerned in the Popish plot; in consequence of which, on Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1685, he was arrested, and committed to Newgate, and ordered to be confined in the closest possible custody, and that even the use of pen, ink, and paper should be peremptorily denied him. On the following Saturday, he received notice that an indictment for high treason had been preferred against him by the Crown-officers, and that he was to be tried on the ensuing Monday. During this infamously short interval of time, Mr. Alderman CORNISH most earnestly entreated that an opportunity might be afforded him to prepare for his defence; but he was informed by the inexorable Attorney-General, that his crimes were so heinous, that he must not expect such an indulgence, or indeed any favour.

On the Monday he was accordingly brought to trial, and, although it was strongly urged, on his behalf, that his most material evidence and witnesses were then more than 150 miles from

London, and could not be obtained in less than three or four days, the trial was ordered to proceed. He was indicted for conspiring with other false traitors to raise a rebellion in the kingdom, during the late reign, to destroy the king, and to subvert the constitution.

The principal witnesses against the Alderman were Colonel ROMSEY, who had himself been really implicated, and upon whose confession the unfortunate Duke of MONMOUTH had also been proclaimed a conspirator, and one GOODENOUGH, an abandoned and profligate villain, who had been outlawed, but was pardoned for the express and iniquitous purpose of giving his testimony against the unhappy Alderman. Notwithstanding the evidence of these two perjured conspirators did not in the least inculpate the Alderman, he was (as a matter almost of course, in those days, in all State prosecutions) found guilty by a packed jury, and condemned to the death of a traitor, with all the additional ignominy, regal and judicial, malice could suggest.

On Friday, October 23, being only ten days after his first arrest, he was taken from the condemned cell at Newgate to the scaffold, which, to aggravate his doom, had been ordered to be erected opposite his own residence, at the end of King-street, Cheapside, and there, under the very eyes of his own family and servants, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, with all the brutal cruelties incident to a traitor's punishment at that sad period of English history.

Thus perished, most unjustly, the unfortunate Alderman HENRY CORNISH, with a resignation and calmness well becoming a martyred patriot; for the pretended trial was but a mockery. Alderman CORNISH served the office of Sheriff in 1680 and 1681, with SLINGSBY BETHELL, Esq., during the Mayoralty of Sir PATIENCE WARD, knight.—*City Press.*

A FULL SAVIOUR FOR EMPTY SINNERS.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty."—Ruth i. 21.

SUCH was the plaintive language of poor Naomi as she once again came in sight of her native land. Ten years before she had journeyed with her husband Elimelech and two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, to the land of Moab, because she heard the Lord had visited the people there in giving them bread. Soon after she had wended her way thither, Elimelech died, and her two sons married women of Moab. Mahlon married Orpah, and Chilion married Ruth; but, alas for human expectations, both Mahlon and Chilion died. The afflicted widow now determined to return to Bethlehem, her native place, and arose and went forth for that purpose with her two daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth. When partly on the way, Naomi thought it would be better for the worldly prospects of her two daughters-in-law that they should return each to their mother's house, and urged them to do so. Orpah consented, and, kissing Naomi, returned; but not so Ruth; she clung to her mother-in-law, uttering those well-known and familiar words:—"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Naomi, seeing Ruth thus steadfast, urged her no longer to return. So the two went on till they came to Bethlehem. Here all the city was moved, and rejoiced to see Naomi, exclaiming, "Is this Naomi?" and the afflicted parent responded, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me back again empty."

And now, beloved, we want to leave the bare history and get into the mind of the Spirit on this sweet subject, just pouring out what He has poured in, and no more and no less; for herein we see the unregenerate child of promise going

forth from the womb of time full of sin and earthly expectations, and after being starved out in the land of Moab, brought back again to the feet of Jesus, and to "the land of bread;" and with this, perhaps, untrodden view of this subject:—

Notice 1. Where did poor Naomi go to? *To Moab.* 2. Where did she come back to? *To Bethlehem.* 3. How did she go to Moab? *"Full."* 4. How did she come back to Bethlehem? *"Empty."* 5. Who brought her back? *"The Lord"* she says, hath "brought me home again." 6. Which way did she come? *Through Mara.* And lastly, *The blessed consequences of her return.*

I. Where did poor Naomi go to? Why, full of earthly expectations, leaning upon the arm of her earthly husband, and doubtless proud (with a mother's pride) of her two sons, she went to Moab—a race under God's curse—the signification of which is "a Father," and in which we may see, if not typified, exemplified—the old Adam nature of sin—the headship, which is under the curse of God. And that we are not writing more than Scripture warrants, read the 48th chapter of Jeremiah's prophecies. Therein we shall find that the people of Moab were full of confidence in their own work, bloated with "pride, arrogance, and haughtiness of heart," "trusting in their own works and in their treasures," "at ease from his youth, and settled upon his lees;" and furthermore, the Psalmist tells us, Moab is among those lands "that are confederate against the God of Israel," Ps. lxxxiii. 5; and elsewhere do we find its punishment and destruction predicted by the stronger man armed, who shall reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. This, then, is the land which, for a time, became the home of poor Naomi and her family. And, beloved, have not you and I been to Moab?—do not we in our unregenerate state fall under the foregoing description?—did we not strive hard to drink into the pleasures of sin, and did not we do all we could to merit Jehovah's just condemnation? Had he

rewarded us according to our sins, would hell have been too great a punishment for us? Oh, no! we deserved it all—so we must acknowledge that, like Naomi,

“Far, far from home, on husks we fed,
Puffed up with each fantastic whim;
With swine a beastly life we led,
And serv’d God’s foe instead of Him.

“But O, the goodness of our God,
What pity melts his tender heart;
He saw us weltering in our blood,
And came and eas’d us of our smart.

“While we were yet a great way off,
He ran and on our necks he fell;
Our short distress he judged enough,
And snatched us from the brink of hell.”

Yes, beloved, He brought us, secondly, back again to Bethlehem; drew us from a land of starvation to “a house of bread,” which is the signification of the word Bethlehem, from which land of bread, as Micah tells us, should spring one who was to be “Ruler of Israel,” whose goings forth have been of old from everlasting, and who shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, the result of which should be that those thus fed “*should abide*” (Micah v. 2–4).

Surely, here is “the living bread” for a poor famished Naomi, and the granaries of our spiritual Joseph are all full of the finest wheat, so that a poor emptied sinner need not fear coming with an empty sack, nor ever be afraid that he will come too often. “Give us, this day, our daily bread,” may be his daily prayer; and so every poor child of promise, after he has run his length in sin, and, in an ungodly course mixing with the wicked and imbibing their spirit, is brought home again to Bethlehem, home again to Jesus. Mark the expression, *home again*, when she had lived there before. Oh yes, every poor child of God has lived in the bosom of his Father from all eternity, and though not manifest, a daughter or citizen of Zion in God’s purpose, he is so from all eternity; so that when divine grace brings the poor foolish wanderer on his knees at the feet of Jesus, as a starving, lost sinner hungering for that which the land of Moab never could give him, it is but bringing such an one “*home again*” to his Father’s presence; at least, so I read my Bible, and so I live under this gracious assurance. My Father saw me when a

stranger—watched over me and my ungodly course—was my Father still—fell upon my neck when He saw me returning—killed the fatted calf when I did return, and brought me “home again” to enjoy family privileges and a Father’s presence—so that poor Naomi says, The Lord brought me “home again”—did not leave me to starve and perish in that foreign land—but, making me feel that it was indeed a land of poverty, drove me, from sheer necessity and dire need, to Bethlehem, where no longer I had to go to the world’s trough for my wretched husks, but to the table spread with gospel provisions “in my Father’s house,”—and He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich He hath sent “empty away.”

But, beloved, it requires a mighty and strong hand to bring the wanderer thus back—which brings us further to notice How Naomi went to Moab—she says, “I went out full.” Full of earthly expectations and worldly calculations, determined to carry out my own plans and feather my own nest; I looked around and thought it a suitable spot for creature comfort, and a fair prospect seemed to open for the welfare of my family. I leaned with perfect confidence upon the arm of my earthly husband, and having him I thought I possessed all things—but alas! alas! I beheld him soon torn from my fond embrace; I followed him to the cold grave. But this was only the commencement of my cup of sorrow, for soon was I called upon to part with my two boys also, and cruel death left me a lone widow in a chilly land. So that like poor Job, this afflicted widow might well have said, “surely the mountain falling cometh to nought.” But the cloud, though black, was “big with mercy,” though she could not believe it, while with sorrow of heart she set out with her two daughters-in-law to return to Bethlehem. She thought to return thither empty was the greatest calamity that could befall her, instead of which showers of blessings were in store, as we shall presently see. But, beloved, notice—she returned “empty,” just as every poor sinner must be brought to a full Christ; and the Lord the Spirit will take all means completely to overturn and turn out the vessel, so that the emptied sinner may verily feel the

need of a full Christ, and have all other dependencies completely removed; for Moab props will not do for a sinking soul—"none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." Beloved, do you know anything about this emptying work—this feeling sense of very nothingness in the presence of the Most High—this blessed poverty of spirit that compels you to creep to the feet of Jesus—this craving after a something that the world cannot afford? Has a mighty power overturned the earthen pitcher and drained it of its impurities, and made you ready and waiting to be filled with the water of eternal life? Have you been thus riddled, thus turned inside out, so that the things once loved are now hated and starved out in the land of Moab? You are compelled to seek your native land where dwells the Joseph of plenty, who will never send a seeking Benjamin away empty. Well, furthermore, who was it brought you home again? "The Lord brought me home again," said Naomi; no other power could. It was His drawing influence that led me to Bethlehem, and He was at work making me poor in Moab that I might become rich in Bethlehem. Flesh and blood did not give me the desire to seek for my (kinsman) Redeemer; it was the real need I was brought into that compelled me to forsake all and fly to Jesus. It was the Lord that brought me home again. Poor sinner! you, too, are where you are and what you are, through the grace and favour of a covenant God. Satan would never have brought you to Bethlehem; nay, he was pleased enough when he saw you a wanderer far from your Father's home, and did all he could by various temptations to keep you at a distance from him; but when the set time came he could hold you no longer. The Lord put it in your heart to pack up and turn your back upon the land of starvation, and seek the land of living bread. Oh, what a mercy, dear reader, if it is so with you and I: and if we can recognise our spiritual Boaz as the Almighty restorer of our fallen nature, even as He declares—"then I restored that which I took not away." And, then, notice which way Naomi came back again to Bethlehem. Through Mara? perhaps not; literally, indeed, we imagine this,

from its position, highly improbable—but certainly spiritually, for she says, "Call me not Naomi (beautiful), call me Mara" (bitterness); call me not one deserving the least notice, nay, call me by my own character—a poor, helpless, lost, undone sinner, obliged to come to Bethlehem for bread. I might once have been fair to look upon in the flesh, the admiration of my Elimelech, and the pride of my boys; but the flesh it is corrupt, and all fleshly things must pass away. Oh, exalt not my human nature, talk no longer to me about the dignity of fallen man—no, look at me in the flesh, and you see me a poor, polluted black creature, and my name Bitterness; for my vile heart is the spring-head of sin, and every action of my fallen nature is tainted with the same ingredient. Ah! but Naomi blessings are in store for thee—the tree of life is about to be cast into the waters of Mara in thy experience, and though thy name will be no longer beautiful Naomi in the flesh, it will be beautiful Naomi in the Lord; for you will soon be able to sing—I am black, but comely through the comeliness He hath put upon me.

Naomi thought it a sorrowful fact that she should be brought home again to Bethlehem empty; hence she says, "the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me," instead of which crowning mercies were at hand; the poverty of spirit was preparing her for the riches of Boaz, and the wretchedness of soul for joy in the Lord. Which brings us, lastly, to think of some of the blessed consequences of her return. And first notice—The city rejoiced at her coming home again—"and it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?" why we thought she was lost, we never expected to see her at Bethlehem; we thought she was wholly given over to idolatry, and under the influence of Moab pride, and arrogance, and high-mindedness, had so drunk into their spirit, as now to be completely one of them. Is this Naomi? Can it be possible! Beloved, the Church militant rejoiceth, when a poor sinner seeks of the porter admittance through the wicket gate; the faithful minister of the Gospel and the brethren and sisters of the Lord rejoice with joy unspeakable when they

behold a poor prodigal coming "home again," joining the family of the Most High, and showing concern for their immortal souls; but what is this joy compared to the pure joy of heaven, "and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" so that the Church militant but takes up the shout of the Church triumphant, and the whole city is moved about the gracious fact. Secondly, Contact is gained with a near kinsman, "a mighty man of wealth." How suitable for an impoverished spirit and an empty sinner, the very thing that is needed; a miserable woman of poverty brought into contact with a mighty man of wealth, and that man proud to be a near kinsman; so that, wonderful as it may appear, the pauper can lay claim to some of the wealth of the prince, because of the relationship which exists between them; and, beloved, how aptly is our precious Jesus described in this expression—"a mighty man of wealth!" Oh, the depth of the riches that are in Him! If we repair each moment of a long life and ask Him for a supply, at the end of that period he remains as inexhaustible as ever; there is enough in Jesus to satisfy the spiritual cravings of every member of the blood family. Surely the Church's Boaz is indeed "a mighty man of wealth," so that a poor returning Naomi and a gleaner Ruth need not be afraid of asking too much of this "mighty man of wealth," in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. So that we see, beloved, that Jesus is a mighty man of wealth for poor sinners; yea, that he is their *Redeemer*, the meaning of which is, their kinsman. And this brings to notice a further benefit which Naomi gained on returning to Bethlehem. This near kinsman married her daughter-in-law—Boaz married Ruth. Surely, beloved, we do not err in considering poor Ruth was typified of the Gentile Church, as our dear Redeemer said, "them also I must bring, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd"—while she, Naomi, a kinswoman before, but typified the Jewish Church in Christ; for we are told that "Boaz had children before he married Ruth,"* so that in bringing Ruth back, the elect Church among the Gentiles was

* Josephus.

brought in holy contact with their covenant head, and married to Him in an indissoluble union, which no power on the earth nor under the earth can ever sever. "Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess;" but the kinsman who held the land said, "I cannot, lest I mar my own inheritance; redeem my right to thyself, for I cannot redeem it." So Boaz drew off his shoe and gave it to his neighbour, saying, "Ruth the Moabitess have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." And oh, dear reader, what a mercy if we poor Gentile sinners are thus raised from the dead and spiritually united to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our mighty Restorer, Kinsman, and best Friend. And then, the last blessed and glorious result of Naomi's return we can now mention is, Ruth bare a son, and they called his name Obed—he became the father of Jesse—the father of David thus perpetuating, according to covenant arrangement, the genealogy of our precious Christ from Abraham to Joseph.

And now, beloved, the length of our article bids us, once again, lay down the pen. We can say we never drop a manuscript into the post without earnestly desiring that the Lord would clothe His word with power to the comfort and encouragement of some poor seeker in Zion.

Dear reader! has the Lord brought you "home again to Bethlehem?" Oh, then, the treasures and benefits he has in store for you. If you can say, I went out full, but the Lord hath brought me home again empty, as a poor penitent sinner, to his feet, depend upon it, if you cannot realize it this moment, blessings are in store for you; and our spiritual Boaz will prove himself to be a *mighty man of wealth* to you. The emptying process may be painful, but it is necessary. The waters of Mara may be very bitter, but the sweets are approaching; and then, by-and-by, in a still higher sense, when we reach the pearly gates, we shall have to say, The Lord has in very deed brought me "*home again*," no longer to be emptied, but to be filled with an eternal weight of glory,—

"There thou mayest fear no thief,
No racking rust, nor moth;
Thy treasure and thy heart are safe,
Where one is will be both."

Forward, then, let us press, beloved,
seeking to know more of a precious

Christ by the way. That this may be
so to both reader and writer is the
earnest prayer of

Your well-wisher,

G. C.

Bury St. Edmunds.

"'TIS A POINT I LONG TO KNOW."

BY NEWTON.

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;—
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?
If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard His name?
Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—Is it thus with you?
Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
Lord, decide the doubtful case:
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

BY DANIEL HERBERT.

WHAT is the point you long to know?
Methinks I hear you say, 'Tis this,
I want to know I'm born of God,
And heir of everlasting bliss.
Is this the point you long to know?
The point is settled in my view;
For if you want to love your God,
It proves that God has loved you.
I want to know Christ died for me,
I want to feel the seals within,
I want to know Christ's precious blood
Was shed to wash away my sin.
I want to feel more love to God,
I want more liberty in prayer;
But when I look within my heart,
It almost drives me to despair.
I want a mind more firmly fixed
On Christ, my Everlasting Head;
I want to feel my soul alive,
And not so barren and so dead.
I want more faith, a stronger faith,
I want to feel its power within,

I want to feel more love to God,
I want to feel less love to sin.
I want to live above the world,
And count it all but trash and toys;
I want sweet tokens of God's grace,
Some foretastes of eternal joys.
I want—I know not what I want—
I want that real special good,
Yet all my wants are summ'd up here,
I want, I feel I want my God.
Is this the point you long to know?
The *dead* can neither feel nor see,
It is the *slave* that's bound in chains
Who knows the worth of liberty.
So where a want like yours is found,
I think I may be bold to say,
The Lord has fixed within that heart,
What hell can *never take away*.
However small thy grace appears,
There's plenty in thy precious Head;
Those wants you feel, my Christian friends,
Are never found amongst the *dead*.

GRACE is the silver link that draws the golden link of glory after it.—*Dyer.*

THE "APOSTLES' DOCTRINE" AS TO REGENERATION.

PART I.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF AN OLD READER OF THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE."

GENERATION is the act of begetting: to be regenerate is to be "begotten again." All men are subjects of the former; some of all men of the latter.

Man that is born of a woman possesses a body that, being "conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity," is barren of all spiritual good. He is born naturally, and therefore has nothing but nature about him. His material is flesh and blood; his immaterial, soul and life; and such an one being "of the earth," is earthy: "that which is born of the flesh is flesh;" "flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" and "the soul that sinneth it shall die," &c. Thus, as all that is natural, earthly, and fleshly, is sinful and corrupt, the body, with all it possesses, is subject to sickness and death.

Now, all these sons and daughters of "Adam the first"—the generation of the dead as unquickened of God—emphatically called the "children of this world," are clearly defined and distinctively set forth in the Scriptures of truth. *So also are the "children of God;"* that "chosen generation; that royal priesthood; that holy nation, and that peculiar people." They are "*the quick,*" as the other are "*the dead.*" And I would that the dear family of heaven should never lose sight of the blessedness belonging to their new and spiritual birth.

A natural body is born "*of man;*" of the "*will of man,*" and of the "*will of the flesh.*"—a triple sinful origin.

A spiritual body is born "*of God;*" of the "*Son of God,*" and of the "*Spirit of God;*"—a triune holy original; and, thus it is written, "As the FATHER raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the SON quickeneth whom He will" (John v. 27); and then in the next chapter, 63rd verse, "It is the SPIRIT that quickeneth."

So that we have the divine testimony of the holy and eternal Three, in the raising from the dead, and quickening into life of every child of God. And no man can see the kingdom of God but he that is *thus* "born of God:" no man

knoweth the will of God but he that is *thus* begotten by "God's will;" and no man hath the "Spirit of God," but he that is *thus* "born of the Spirit." This truth is plain to him that understandeth; a secret known to them to whom it is revealed.

Now, seeing that it requires no less a *will, power, and spirit* to create or regenerate a soul, than that of the Almighty Jehovah in His trinity of persons, how important is it that we should have a well-grounded assurance *that* we are, and *how* we are, born of God.

In order to ascertain which, let us trace the onward course of this heavenly stream as it flows down into our earthen vessels. As there are "three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost;" so there are three that "bear witness in the earth;" that is, in our hearts, by

1. "THE SPIRIT."
2. "THE WATER;" and
3. "THE BLOOD."

There is *the Spirit* of God to create, to call, and to sanctify; *the water* of life, or outpouring of the Holy Ghost, to quicken, to cleanse, and renew; and *the blood* of Jesus Christ to atone, to redeem, and save. Can you do without either my brother, and reader? Are not each and all of them essential to thy soul's salvation, comfort, and peace?

Take these two Scriptural and Apostolic "EVIDENCES," then, (as the prophet calls them), the "*sealed one*" (of the Three Divine Recorders) "*in heaven;*" and the "*open,*" or manifested one (of the three holy Witness Bearers) "*upon earth*" (Jer. xxxii. 14). And may the Lord Jehovah give you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of thy interest in Jesus by these infallible unerring testimonies.

[For my own part I reckon it as the greatest of all my blessings, that I am led to believe in the eternal settlements of salvation by the predestinating enactments of the covenant of grace and peace entered into before the foundation

of the world, between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and then added to this (or rather following upon the purpose of it in the fulness of time, that the same Divine and Holy Three that bear record in heaven become witnesses also upon earth by the Spirit, the water, and the blood, that threefold testimony of love that I can rest upon and rejoice in all the days of my life.]

Oh, believer, how safe for time and eternity if thy conversion is "of God;" and "of God" it must be, by His "law," which is "perfect;" and His "testimonies," which are "sure," if ever thou art saved by the Spirit of Him who came both by water and by blood. It is only those who are "born of God" that shall see His face and behold His glory. Thy state, O reader, *as a sinner* is one altogether "*of the flesh*." By nature thy father was an Ammonite, thy mother an Hittite, and the land of thy nativity the Canaan below. By grace thy birthplace is above, and thy parentage of God. And in the day thou wast born He took of the water of life and supplied thee by the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." And when by the quickening power of His Word He said unto thee "Live!" thou didst arise from the dead by the resurrection of Christ into the marvellous light of the Gospel of God. He also decked thee with the golden ornaments of grace, and thy raiment was "fine linen," even the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus wast thou perfect from the day thou wast born; and why? Ah, here is the divine secret; and I would also draw especial attention to this blessed truth, Why is the church so comely in its creation? Because every mystic member thereof is quickened "*together with Christ*" (Eph. ii. 5). All is done in union with the Lamb; and I speak it with full solemnity when I say, God the Father can do nothing to His church and people separate and apart from His Christ. For being ONE FROM ALL ETERNITY, nothing in time can divide or dissolve the union. Because He lives, they live; and where He is, there they shall be. As blessed in Jesus before the world began, they are blessed *with* Jesus in all He is, and has, and does. Thus, they are not only heirs of God from all eternity past, but joint-heirs with Jesus

Christ to all eternity to come. And as to time; such is the interest and inheritance which the Lord hath in His people; and such a portion and possession have His people in Him, that they are "crucified" and "buried;" "quickened" and "raised;" "joined" and "builded;" "*together with Christ*." Nor is this all; but if so be that we suffer with Him, we shall also be "*glorified together*" (Rom. viii. 17). This is the blessed doctrine of Christ in His Word, which is according to the godliness of God.

Now, if the reader is begotten again by the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, he hath, *at least*, a hope; *at most*, a "lively hope;" at any rate, that "hope" which will endure to the end, that he is made a partaker of the mercy that flows through the merits of the above specified "*good works*" of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto which every child of God is created. For sure I am, that all who are reconciled unto God by the one atoning body on the cross will walk in the works to which they are ordained; nor is there any other way of walking "*worthy of God*," but in the righteous acts of the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed this is "the way of regeneration."

But as to "baptismal regeneration," the thing is only true as it refers to "the believer" in union to Christ; and *this* in the saving efficacy of its administration is not literal but spiritual. It belongeth to the threefold witness which the Three that bear record in heaven bear also upon earth.

1. By the "*Spirit*" of the living God.
2. By the "*water*" of life, or outpouring of the Holy Ghost.
3. By the "*blood*" or sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And yet there are not three baptisms, but "one." Just as there are three that bear record in heaven, and these three are *one*; and there are three that bear witness in earth, and these three agree in one; so with the "divers baptisms" under the dispensation of the Gospel of the grace of God—they all centre in and are summed up in one—"one baptism," which Peter says, "doth now save;" regeneration's baptism; the effect of which is crucifixion and death to the old man and his deeds, with the burial of all our sins.

Oh, the blessedness of thus dying

unto sin and the world, that we may live unto righteousness and God; for we never begin to live till we are born of God. In our nature-state existence we are "dead" whilst we are alive; and a *profession* of godliness gives us no more than "*a name to live,*" whilst we are "dead;" and all are "dead" but the quickened of God, whose life is then eternal.

It is at the new birth that we are made "new creatures in Christ;" not possessing His attributes, but being made partakers of His holiness. And as the recipients of a divine nature we are capable of knowing, of loving, and of serving God. "God is a Spirit," and therefore it is only "*the spiritual*" that can worship Him. Moreover, this Spirit of the living God—this life of eternity, is so holy that it cannot commit any of earth's sins; it is so heavenly that it cannot dwell and rest anywhere but in Christ the heavenly. All the old things of this old world, so suited to the nature and desires of the "old man," have "passed away" to the regenerate: to their *resurrection life* all things have, with that life, become entirely "new." Hence they have a new heart given to them, and a right spirit put within them. They speak with "new tongues," are called by a "new name," and bring forth new fruit; yea, they walk in a "new and living way" with their faces Zionward, their affections heavenward, and their hearts Godward.

Now, as no man can be born again of the same nature, and none can quicken or keep alive his own soul, it must be the sovereign act of God to create anew in Christ Jesus; and the man who is thus born of God must be like unto God in his creation; such are therefore called *the godly*.

Thus, the regenerate are the righteous; and none are righteous but they who stand in divine relationship and joint-heirship with the Lord Jesus Christ. The children of God are "born of God," as the children of men are of men; the one are the children of the flesh, and the other the children of the Spirit. There is the "spirit of man" in the "old man," and there is "the Spirit of God" in the "new." There are *the "dead,"* and there are *the "living;"* and these two are an entirely distinct

generation, having different headships, origins, and natures. The "first Adam" formed of the dust of the earth, is made a living soul, and in the likeness of such he begets all his children in sin; the second Adam—the Lord from heaven—is a quickening Spirit, and which Spirit quickens into *life eternal* after the image of Him that created him. There is the image of the earthy, and there is the image of the heavenly. "That which born of the flesh *is* flesh," and can never be made spirit; "that which is born of the Spirit *is* Spirit," and can never become flesh. There *is* a natural body, and there *is* a spiritual body. The natural is earthy and will return to the earth; the spiritual is heavenly and will go up into heaven. The spiritual does not quicken the natural, or the natural carnalize the spiritual. They are two distinct existences. Neither doth the grace and power of spiritual life alter anything in our corrupt and sinful natures, though the Spirit crucifies the flesh. Grace reigns to keep down sin; and Christ dwells in our hearts to destroy the works of the devil. Grace, I apprehend, does no such thing as says the Dr. WATTS,

"New models all the carnal mind."

But the truth is rather as JOHN KENT sings,

"Not mending old nature but forming a new."

New indeed is the life of God in the soul, to a man who was born "*dead*" (Isa. xxvi. 19); and such were some of you; but ye are quickened by the "*Spirit*" of God, and washed with the "*water*" of life, and cleansed by the "*blood*" of the Lamb.

Now, of what we have said, this is the sum—that man, by nature, is dead in trespasses and in sins; that "in him," that is, in his flesh, "there dwelleth no good thing;" and, therefore, as the regenerate sons and daughters of "Adam the first," who are *all* "after the flesh," being also *de-generate* through sin, must of necessity become *re-generate*, or born again of the Spirit, or they can never enter into the kingdom of God. Furthermore, that it is the sovereign act of Jehovah of Hosts, in His holy trinity of persons, to create the saints anew in

Christ Jesus the Lord. That being the elect, "according to the foreknowledge of GOD THE FATHER," they become "obedient children," by the sprinkling of the blood of JESUS CHRIST HIS SON, through the sanctifying operation of GOD THE ETERNAL SPIRIT (1 Pet. i. 2).

That they are saved by "works"—not by works of righteousness, which they have done, but by the works of God which He hath wrought in Christ Jesus for them (Eph. i. 20), and the works of God which He hath wrought

by Christ Jesus in them (Isa. xvi. 12). That mystical baptism both by "water" and by "blood" are the scriptural and apostolic evidences of our being born of the Spirit. And, lastly, that the "way of regeneration" is by Christ alone, the only way to glory and to God.

May the Lord bless this feeble testimony of the pen, that it may prove beneficial to the soul of both the reader and writer.

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

"We should expect some danger nigh,
When we possess delight."

OFTEN and often have I thought of those lines of Dr. WATTS, so much so that I always tremble if I feel anything like unusual or undue pleasure in regard to anything of earth. I feel it to be dangerous ground, and have in numberless instances proved it to be the forerunner of fresh trouble. And, when that trouble comes, I am struck dumb by the remembrance of my folly, and mentally exclaim, "Hast thou not procured these things to thyself?" I know I have. I feel self-condemned. I can only add, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Pride will show itself: Self will, in some way, rear its accursed head. Old Adam will be meddling; and oh, what trouble and confusion, and sometimes dismay, he brings. How true it is, and that in such a variety of ways, "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." But oh, the wondrous long-suffering and tender sympathies of our God under all. If we were to realize the thousandth part of the fears that at such times present themselves; if the Lord permitted Satan or our own hearts to have their ends; if He did not indeed fulfil His word, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him;" oh, but for these things, what would become of us? I know one that would sink into utter despair if so be the

Lord left for a moment under such circumstances. At such times how precious is such a word as this, "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And then, again, how sweet that word—so suitable, so precious, so exactly the word wanted, "He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble [what a declaration is this!] They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Yes, (blessed be His name!) it is all His doing; and none but Himself can effect it. None but Himself can allay the storm, and rebuke that tempest in the soul which threatens every moment to overwhelm. He speaks, and instantly, as of old, there is a great calm. He says, "Peace, be still!" and the sea ceases from its raging—All is well. Once again, the soul reclines upon the breast of its great and glorious Deliverer, and bears placidly, and lovingly, His tender rebuke—"Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

THE Lord will give to His followers all that He hath promised, and the least blessing is infinitely more than he hath deserved.—A. Barnes.

THE WATERFORD PROTESTANT HALL, AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is now more than a year since I addressed a line to you respecting "*The Protestant Hall and Sunday School Institute*," which we were about to erect in this city. The circumstances which rendered this necessary were because that the Corporation of Waterford violated the promise made by their predecessors, who were Protestants, and refused to renew the lease of the building which was heretofore used for all our Protestant meetings. The majority of the Corporation now in power are Roman Catholics, and we were plainly told "that our lease would not be renewed and that we would not get compensation for our former outlay."

An appeal was made to our county and city for funds to erect a suitable Hall, at a cost of £2,500. It has been nobly responded to. We have now £2,000. We have begun the work, and before twelve months, with God's blessing, we will have it roofed. We have been granted a lease of the old Abbey of St. Catherine, and we have rooted up the old foundations of the monkhouse, to erect upon it a place to proclaim "the everlasting Gospel."

Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, of Geneva, the celebrated author of the History of the Reformation, has been lately married to the heiress of the lands of St. Catherine Abbey in Waterford. His son, and son's sons, are likely to be our landlords, and we have had a lease for 500 years at rent now nearly nominal. Will not our Hall be thoroughly Protestant?

When I addressed my last letter to you, you took up the matter in your own noble and generous way. You promised for the readers of the *Gospel Magazine* that they would raise the sum of £100 for this good work. I have to acknowledge with very deep gratitude to them and to you that you have already made up £75. One-fourth still remains to complete your undertaking on their behalf. I know that they are kind and good, and ever ready to respond to an appeal from you. Do I say too much when I express the assurance that £25 will be made up for us before the close

of the year? I feel that it will be so, and "I thank God and take courage."

The first stone was laid on the 3rd day of November, 1859. It was a noble Protestant demonstration. The speech of the Bishop is well worth a place in your pages. I send it to you herewith.

It is only right that the kind friends who have given their money should know what has been done with it. I doubt not they will peruse the annexed sketch with deep interest; and at this period when Ireland and Italy are attracting so much public attention, it will not be amiss to let the people of England know that there is a Protestant spirit alive in the old city which was their first stronghold in the Emerald Isle. Faithfully yours, dear friend,

Waterford,

Jan. 2, 1860.

THOS. GIMLETTE,

Hon. Sec.

[We feel great pleasure in the progress of the above-mentioned PROTESTANT HALL, and will pledge ourselves, on behalf of our readers, that they will make up the sum named in the time specified. We are engaged in a great work in building ST. LUKE'S CHURCH AND SCHOOLS, and on this account have to draw largely on their kind interest and generosity; at the same time we should be sorry to lose sight of the pledge we gave with respect to the WATERFORD PROTESTANT HALL. Waterford cannot but be a place of deep interest with us to the latest moment of our lives. It was there we received ordination at the hands of the beloved Bishop of Cashel. At the Clerical Meetings held in that city, we have enjoyed much Christian fellowship with some who are now, we doubt not, before the throne of God and the Lamb. There we were privileged to form many undying friendships; and in the identical School-room, the renewal of the lease of which has been so unjustly refused, we, in common with multitudes, have passed many a profitable hour under the sound of the Gospel. We rejoice, therefore, in the prospect of the Protestants of Waterford having a HALL of their own. We think they

have cause for thankfulness rather than otherwise, that they were not allowed to continue in their present room, seeing that it has excited so lively an interest, and fanned the flame of a glorious Protestantism, that shall no longer be dependent upon the petty partisanship to which Romanism is obliged to resort on all occasions when her craft is in danger; and surely if that danger ever threatened, it does now.

With pleasure we give insertion to the particulars of laying the foundation stone of a building in the erection of which our readers have taken so kind and practical an interest. We trust that it may speedily rise, and that beneath its roof many a dear child may be brought savingly to read and hear God's blessed Bible; that within its walls prayer and praise may be heard; and that thousands who shall from time to time meet in that sacred edifice, may at last, when bishop, and clergy, and all who have been instrumental in furthering so great and glorious a cause, shall, like their forefathers, have passed away, assemble unitedly and for ever to praise and adore the great Jehovah "in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—ED.]

THE WATERFORD PROTESTANT HALL, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

"THURSDAY last must be a memorable day in the annals of our city. The first stone of the Protestant Hall was laid by our good Bishop, surrounded by the Mayor and citizens of Waterford. The clergy of his diocese were with them, and the ministers of the various Protestant denominations in Waterford also rallied around him, honouring him for his works' sake, and respecting him as the type of an evangelical prelate. Young and old assembled in crowded numbers. The gentry of the neighbourhood came in to evince their attachment to the good old cause, and to the principles of the Reformation. It was in every respect a most striking demonstration, and in every particular the proceedings of the day were a remarkable success. Up to the end of the business for which they came together the weather was most propitious. The sun shone out clear, and bright, and pleasantly. The most perfect harmony and fellowship prevailed amongst all who were engaged in the work, and nothing

occurred to cast a shade over the happy countenances of those who took the initiative in raising a building which is to be "a standing monument of the Christian zeal and liberality of the Protestant community of 'the untouched city.'"

"*The Side* of the Protestant Hall was decorated with flags and streamers gay. A gallery and platform were erected the whole length of the building. It may be interesting to know that the Protestant Hall is to be erected on the very site of the oldest ecclesiastical building in Waterford, namely, the priory of St. Catherine. The following extract is from Ryland's *History of Waterford*:—

"The priory of St. Catherine was considered the most ancient religious house in Ireland: it was founded by the Ostmen, for Augustine canons of the congregation of St. Victor, but at what period is not exactly known. That it was built and endowed previous to the year 1009 may be conjectured from the following circumstance. A dispute having arisen, in the year 1381, respecting ten acres of land then in the possession of the abbey, it was proved that the grant of this land had been made prior to the statute of mortmain, which is supposed to have been in force at least sixty years before the Norman conquest. This abbey was endowed by Elias Fitz-Norman in the year 1210, and in the following year Pope Innocent III. took it under his especial protection, and confirmed to the prior and canons all their possessions, which he mentions by name. At the time of the suppression of this monastery, Edward Poer, who was the last prior, was possessed of extensive and valuable estates, besides tithes and advowsons, all of which were granted to Elizabeth Butler, otherwise Sherlock, for a term of twenty-one years. This abbey was situated to the south-west of the city, adjoining Lombard's Marsh, and from the grant of Pope Innocent III., dated the 14th of May, 1211, it appears that the ground on which it stood was then an island. A great part of the building remained in tolerable preservation until a few years since, when a part was demolished to open a way to a bridge then built over John's river. An arched or vaulted room, and a small portion of the foundation are all that now remain."

"At the time of the Reformation the abbey passed into Protestant hands, and

the ruin was for a long time most picturesque. A large portion of it was taken down some sixty years ago, and the last vestige of the foundation has now been removed in digging the foundation of the Protestant Hall.

"The procession formed at 12 o'clock, and started from the Court-house in the following order :—

"The gentlemen who were subscribers and friends of the Institution, four abreast, headed by Colonel Roberts.

"The clergy of the diocese, headed by the dignitaries present from Emly, Cashel, and Lismore, three abreast.

"The different ministers of other Protestant denominations.

"The representatives of the Protestant press.

"The Committee, three abreast, headed by General Roberts.

"Abraham Denny, Esq., Hon. Architect, with the trowel and other implements, flanked by the Treasurer, Charles Ambrose, Esq., and the Secretary, the Rev. T. Gimlette, bearing the glass case and medallion which were to be lodged in the stone.

"Churchwardens—Joseph Ambrose and James L. Hickie, Esqrs.

"The Rev. E. Rambaut, carrying the Holy Bible.

"The Dean of Waterford.

"The Archdeacon of Waterford.

"The Chancellor of Waterford.

"The Precentor of Waterford.

"The Mayor, with gold chain of office, and city arms pendant.

"The Bishop.

"The procession moved regularly through the Court-house grounds to the site of the new building. On arriving at the stone, the Rev. R. H. Smyth, Precentor of Waterford and Chaplain to the Bishop, gave out the hymn, "How precious is the book Divine," which was sung by the whole assembly. The Archdeacon of Waterford delivered an appropriate prayer.

"The Dean of Waterford having read Psalm xxvii.—"Except the Lord build the house," &c.—the Treasurer, C. Ambrose, deposited the medallion of the reign of Victoria, and the parchment scroll and scheme of the new Protestant Hall, enclosed in glass, into the cavity. Fine mortar was placed around the cavity in the stone, and the first block of granite was gradually lowered into its position. His Lordship here put on his apron, and

proceeded, silver trowel in hand, to close the jointing, and with mallet, plummet, and square, to formally operate; and, amidst enthusiastic cheering, the first stone of the Waterford Protestant Hall was duly laid. When the cheering had subsided.

"The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of CASHEL, upon mounting the granite block, which now lay firmly bedded in its position addressed the vast assemblage as follows:—'We are assembled here, my friends, having laid the first stone of our Protestant Hall; and I would just say a few words to you, to state why we do lay the first stone of a Protestant Hall—why we want a Protestant Hall; and, in the next place, what should be the characteristics and the marked features of this Protestant Hall. (Hear.) Well, now, why we require a Protestant Hall? The Protestants of Waterford, my friends, want a place to meet in for many purposes; for the Protestants of Waterford are not an insignificant sect. (Loud cries of "hear, hear.") They may be the minority in point of numbers, but I am bold to say they are the most important denomination, in consideration of their wealth, their position in society, their intellectual acquirements, and their characters as members of the body politic. (Hear.) The country that they live in is interested in the progress and improvement of Protestants. If the Protestants of Ireland were to be diminished in numbers and lowered in character, the whole country would suffer by the event. The Roman Catholic portion of the community would suffer, as they would lose the benefit of their example, and would want the wholesome influence of competition with this good sound body. (Cheers.) They may be small, but they have, and ought to have, a beneficial effect upon the whole mass! How, then, is Protestantism here to be kept in health amongst us—as a light in the midst of a dark country? Certainly, my friends, not by putting it as you would put a candle under a bed—not thus, my friends, but by placing it in a position in which men may see the light that is in it, and that it may increase and be made more powerful. (Hear, hear.) Air and exercise tend to health, whereas sloth and hiding in a corner lessens vitality. Protestantism lives and grows by sound religious and secular instruction to all classes and all ages; by the

sound and religious education of the young. That is the way to keep up Protestantism in a healthy state. Protestantism gets strength from the emancipation and improvement of the mind—that improvement which sets it free from base subjugation to man, whoever he may be—that subjugation which can, and does

“Confine the intellect and enslave the soul.”

(Loud cheers). Protestantism is afraid of no height of intellectual attainments—Protestantism never says that “ignorance is the mother of devotion” (hear, hear); but it knows that “knowledge is power,” and, therefore, because it is “power,” it knows that it needs the highest wisdom to guide the movements of that power. No true Protestant, then, will desire to see secular instruction, which would increase the power of the intellect, without introducing that true wisdom which is to be found in God’s Word, and from God’s Spirit, which can sanctify the heart, and enable it to direct the increased powers of the whole man. (Hear, hear). No national system of merely secular instruction would suit the case, and meet the wants of real Protestantism! The Protestants of Waterford want this Hall, in the first place, then, for their Sunday-schools, where the youth of all ranks of society can be gathered together, to be so trained up in the way they should go, that when they are old we may have hope they will not depart from it. (Hear). The Protestants of Waterford could not endure the thought, that when the Corporation would take from them the spacious and convenient room in which so many of them, and many of those whom I now address, have received instruction in their early days—they could not endure the idea, I say, that the rising youth of this city should have no place to assemble on the Sabbath, to read and hear God’s word, and to sing His praise; so that they want this Protestant Hall—if there were no other reason—to have a place for collecting together all their youth upon the Sabbath-day. (Hear, hear). But Protestants are not an unsocial community—they are not a community that think only of themselves, but they take an interest in their fellow-believers, and in their fellow-creatures (hear,) under all circumstances—those

that are lying in darkness and in the shadow of death; and that, whether they be Jew, or whether they be Gentile. The Protestants of Waterford wish to have a place in which they can receive deputations from any of those religious societies that are engaged in doing good to man, whether the Bible Society, to hear of the spread of God’s Word; or whether it be the Missionary Society, to know the progress of missionary work all over the world; or whether it be at home, to know the advance made in giving ears to the deaf and eyes to the blind. (Hear). They desire to have a place in which they can receive deputations from those useful Societies, and from which they can send forth their expressions of sympathy, and more than that, their contributions to carry on the good work. (Hear, hear). These scriptural, spiritual objects are first in the minds of the Protestants of Waterford when seeking to build this Protestant Hall. (Cheers). But Protestants also care for whatever will improve the social interests of individuals and of society around them. (Hear, hear). Yes, they are glad to have a place that may be useful to all their fellow-citizens, by having therein Lectures on various Scientific subjects, and on those subjects likely to improve the social position of their country. They desire to have a place to meet and receive any who shall come, and whose teachings will benefit the temporal concerns of men. (Hear.) Such reasons, then, are fairly sufficient in justifying us in desiring to build this Protestant Hall. I would, secondly, my friends, just allude to what should be the characteristics of our Protestant Hall. I would have inscribed over its entrance, “Stand fast in the liberty in which Christ has made you free, and be not again entangled in bondage; and as you have been called into liberty, use it not as an occasion for the flesh, but by love serve one another.” We claim our privileges and freedom by the Word and revelation of God, and what we claim for ourselves we would accord to others. We allow to others the free expression of thought, and all we claim is that if they do differ from us, they shall differ in the spirit of forbearance and love. (Loud cries of “hear, hear.”) All who admit the paramount authority of God’s

Word, and exercise their judgment in the interpretation of it under God's Spirit, will ever be welcome to this place of religious, social, and scientific meeting. (Hear.) As has been well said this morning by our faithful and respected friend who has been long amongst us—Mr. RYLAND—in this building we expect to see religion, charity, and science advanced, but shall exclude anything that would bring in the contending politics of the day. I do hope that this Protestant Hall may be the means of uniting fellow-Christians by joining them together in those points on which they agree, rather than separating them in angry discussion upon points on which they differ. (Hear, hear.) I have now given the reasons which have actuated those who have come forward to erect this building, and I have put forward what I conceive should be the spirit in which our Protestant Hall ought to be carried on, and ought to influence those who speak and teach within its walls. I hope that as we have begun so auspiciously, with the bright sun coming out after the clouds and storms of which we have heard—that God's blessing will attend this place, and that we will often meet together for the good of our fellow-creatures, and not to do them harm. (Loud applause.) You have been told this morning that we want a large amount to complete the sum we require for the erection of the present building. In this Hall, too, I believe we will be *beggars* also (laughter), for we do not intend to be independent gentlemen living within our means and amassing wealth. At present we require £1,200 to finish this Hall, and I do hope that

the good feeling and liberality of this neighbourhood, and of the many Christian and liberal people that do not belong to us will help us to get this sum, and have this Hall an honour and an ornament to Waterford, and a blessing to Protestantism in general (renewed applause); for I do maintain that Protestantism goes not in the path of illiberal hostility, but in the free spirit of progress and improvement. Protestantism is calculated to be a blessing wherever it is; and where it is not what do we find? In countries where Protestantism has been almost extinguished we see them sunken in degradation and immorality. (Cheers.) I hope, then, that this Hall will be supported and carried on to the end by the liberality of this town, and of the country around; and it only remains for me to pray God that He may pardon whatever has been done amiss in what has been undertaken, and make this building a blessed means for promoting His glory. (Enthusiastic applause.)

Rev. R. H. SMYTH, chaplain to the bishop, gave out the following hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," which was sung by the children and others present. The band then struck up "God save the Queen," and was accompanied by the vast assemblage, who, all standing, sang several verses of the National Anthem. Three cheers, and one cheer more, were called and heartily given for the Bishop, for the Rev. Mr. Ryland, Mr. Gimlette, the admirably efficient secretary, and other gentlemen who took an active part in the proceedings, and the important and pre-eminently successful event concluded.

CHARACTER OF LATIMER.

NOTHING is more remarkable in him than his cheerfulness. Ill in body, tried and persecuted, and cast down by many troubles, he is always cheerful—cheerful as Cambridge, amidst the scowls of friars—cheerful in his parish, under episcopal frowns, and in his diocese, amidst an obtuse and opposing clergy—cheerful in the Tower, when nearly starved to death with cold—cheerful at the stake, in the thought of the illuminating blaze that he and RIDLEY would make for the

glory of the Gospel and the happiness of England. An earnest, hopeful, and happy man; honest, fearless, open-hearted; hating nothing but baseness, and fearing none but God—not throwing away his life, yet not counting it dear when the great crisis came—calmly yielding it up as the crown of his long sacrifice and struggle. There may be other Reformers that more engage our admiration; there is no one that more excites our love.—*Dr. Tulloch.*

A WORD ABOUT REVIVALS.

THE Revivals of the last century commenced, as is well known, under Whitfield and Wesley. Their effects bear a remarkable similarity to those which have been so lately witnessed in America, Ireland, and Wales; and for which the people of God in England are praying, watching, waiting, and asking,—“When will it come to us?” But if the effects of the two periods were similar, equally dissimilar were the causes. The one was *preaching*, the other *prayer*.

In 1730, when light in the spiritual hemisphere began to dawn, England had a name only, to live. In the pulpits of the National Church, here and there and everywhere, it was death—death: nothing better, with a few exceptions, among Dissenting brethren. Socinianism was at the core of all preaching, and the people loved to have it so, for it was like people, like priest. Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Hume were beginning to scatter their infidel principles, and from the court to the cottage there was no light in the dwelling. But God’s set time arrived, the time to favour Zion, when His word, which breaketh the stony rock in pieces, came upon England, and it was said to her, as she lay in her gross darkness,—*Arise, shine!*

From 1729 to 1732, small societies of praying young men were formed at Oxford—the two Wesleys and Hervey among them. These gradually increased, and preaching commenced. Whitfield followed;—then came Venn, Romaine, Berridge, Doddridge, and Fletcher—some with much truth, some with little; more here, and less there; chaff with the wheat, and dross with the gold; but the Lord, scattering the one and refining the other, owned His word for the glory of His own name, and to make His mighty power to be known. These gracious men owed much, spiritually and morally, to the fostering love of Lady Huntingdon, who was raised up at that period as a mother in Israel, a woman who has never been exceeded in usefulness by her sex. It would be well if the desire of George III. was that of every Bishop of the present day, when he said, “I

wish there was a Lady Huntingdon in each diocese of my kingdom.”

Such were the principal causes by which the Lord of the harvest gathered His wheat into the garner; and thus, by the raising up of under shepherds, did the Great Shepherd “revive His work in the midst of the days” of the last century.

It was by Prayer—by the Spirit of prayer dropped into the soul by the God of prayer, that the Revival in America first commenced. In 1857 that country was visited by commercial disasters, and in this wise it began: In the upper Lecture-room of the old north Dutch church in New York, a solitary man was kneeling upon the floor engaged in earnest, importunate prayer. He was a man who lived very much in the lives of others—lived almost wholly for them—but he longed to become more useful, and to reach perishing sinners around he needed a thousand lives.* The constant prayer of this man of God was, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” and the more he prayed the greater became his confidence that prayer would be answered. Then an hour for prayer was set apart, from twelve at noon until one, that men of business, who were in the habit of availing themselves of that hour for rest and refreshment, might attend. At first, only one solitary step was heard at the door,—then two—then three, until Jeremiah Calvin Lamphier writes, “We had a good meeting; the Lord was with us to bless us.” Places of prayer multiplied—numbers increased—sectarianism fell before union, and the little one became a thousand! It spread through the mountains of Pennsylvania; the Spirit of God arrested sailors at sea: men in railway cars became converted; and thus it went on, until of America it was said, What hath God wrought!

In Ireland and Wales the work has been so recent it need not be dwelt upon. It was the day of God’s power there, and not until the day of His

* “The Power of Prayer,” by Ireneus Prime, D.D., a valuable little book on the Revival in America. Simpson, Ludgate Hill.

appearing will it be known how extensively great that work was.

But the effects of these two periods of Revival were marvellously similar, showing that the same Spirit worked in both. That Satan took advantage of each occasion there can be no doubt, or that fanaticism and exaggeration found an entrance by the side of truth and soberness. But is there a day (so far as we know) "when the sons of God come to present themselves before the Lord that Satan comes not also among them?" (Job i. 6.)

The many remarkable instances of sudden conversion, connected with mental and bodily anguish, emanating, it is trusted and believed, with the large majority, from the manifested operations of the Spirit of God, and resulting in a settled peace within the soul, are too recent to be forgotten, and their hold upon our memory can only cease when that memory itself fails. But a few extracts from the journal of Whitfield are now given, to show in what a striking manner the effects of both Revivals correspond with each other:—"Words cannot express the glorious displays of Divine grace which we saw, and heard, and felt. All the congregation were so moved, that very few, if any, could refrain from crying out Some were wrought upon in a more instantaneous way than others, some in a more silent—others in a more violent manner. . . .

Several little boys and girls who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit while I preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., never once gave way; but on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. . . .

A very great concern appeared among the people of Cambustang, with some circumstances very unusual among us; to wit, severe bodily agonies, outcries, and faintings in the congregation. . . . Three of the little boys who were converted when I was last here, came to me and wept, and begged me to pray for and with them. A minister tells me that scarce one is fallen back who was awakened, either among old or young. . . . Persons from all parts flocked to see, and

many from many parts went home convinced and converted unto God. A brae, or hill, near the manse at Camburstang, seemed to be formed by Providence for containing a large congregation. People sat unwearied till two in the morning to hear sermons, disregarding the weather. You could scarce walk a yard but you must tread upon some, either rejoicing in God for mercies received, or crying out for more. Thousands and thousands have I seen, before it was possible to catch it by sympathy, melted down under the word and power of God. At the celebration of the holy communion their joy was so great, that at the desire of many, both ministers and people, in imitation of Hezekiah's passover, they had, a month or two after, a second; which was a general rendezvous of the people of God. The communion-table was in the field; three tents at proper distances, all surrounded by a multitude of hearers, above twenty ministers, (among whom was good old Mr. Bonner) all enlivening and enlivened by one another. . . . The power of God at the Sacrament, under the ministry of Mr. Rowland, in North Wales, was enough to make a person's heart burn within him. At seven of the morning have I seen, perhaps, 10,000 from different parts, in the midst of the sermon, crying *gogoniant!*—*bendyitti!* ready to leap for joy. . . .

"Many prayers were put up by the worthy rector and others for an outpouring of God's blessed Spirit. They were answered. Arrows of conviction flew so thick and so fast, and such an universal weeping prevailed from one end of the congregation to the other, that good Mr. J., their minister, could not help going from seat to seat, to speak, encourage, and comfort the wounded souls. . . . Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding-boards. O for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole publishing the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God."

Thus Whitfield wrote more than a hundred years ago. God worked a work in *his* days—He has done the same in *ours*: and as the power was His, so let His be the glory.

H.

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF UNION WITH CHRIST.

BRIEFLY UNFOLDED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE BELIEVER.

(Continued from page 584.)

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE UNFOLDED.

BUT though the figure of the germinant seed, which we considered in our last paper in connexion with the apostle's words, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body" (1 Cor. xv. 36—38). Though this most beautiful figure, we say, furnishes a complete and exquisite analogy to the *resurrection process*, it altogether fails to enlighten us as to the nature of the change which is to *result* from that process. There is a beautiful similarity, indeed, between the way in which a plant is produced from its seed, and the way in which our resurrection-body is to be developed from our present mortal body; but then the *body* produced in the one case, and the *plant* produced in the other, have in *themselves* no analogy whatever. And hence, while this figure serves admirably to answer *one* of the questions to which this whole chapter is the reply, viz., "How (in what manner) are the dead raised up?" it leaves still unanswered the other question, "*With what (sort of) bodies do they come?*"

Now, the difficulty which this latter question suggests is mainly that of conceiving the existence, or even the possibility of the existence, of *any body different from our present body*; a difficulty which, by the way, strange as it may seem, is still felt by some minds, as appears very plainly in a recent celebrated essay on the "Plurality of Worlds." The error of these Corinthians was, in fact, the old error of the Sadducees (Matt. xxii. 23—30) in a new form; both taking it for granted that our future body must be in all respects the same as our present body: and our Lord's answer to the Sadducees on that occasion, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God," is in fact St. Paul's answer to

the Corinthians on this, only that the apostle puts it in a more elaborate and illustrative form. "All flesh," he says, "is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory" (verses 39—41). As though he had said, "Surely these instances are enough to silence, if not to satisfy the objector when he asks, What sort of bodies are the dead, when they are raised again, to have? What folly to imagine that there can be any real difficulty here! Has not God all the possible modifications of matter at His command? Cannot He who has given the bird a different kind of body from the beast, and the fish a different kind of body from the bird, give us, at the resurrection, a body altogether different from our present one? Nay, to take a wider range, cannot He who has created 'celestial' as well as 'terrestrial' bodies; who has given one glory to the sun, and another glory to the moon, and another glory to the stars, and even caused one star to differ from another star in glory; cannot He change this 'vile body' into a 'glorious body?'" "The flesh in me God has moulded otherwise than in beasts, fishes, birds. And what, then, should hinder Him from moulding that same flesh otherwise than it now is in me, when He raises me from the dead? May not the difference between what I am now, and what I am to be then, as to my body, be at least as great as the difference now between me and a beast, a fish, a bird? If there can be flesh in common between me and a reptile now, and yet my flesh differing from its flesh, as much as my immortal spirit differs from its mortal life, why may there not be flesh in common be-

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tween me as I am now, and me as I am to be hereafter; yet so that my flesh then may differ from my flesh now, as much as my soul, made perfect in holiness then, will differ from my soul now, groaning under 'the body of this death?'"

But do you still doubt? Are you still at a loss? "Then look up. There are heavenly bodies in yonder sky, differing in glory from all you are acquainted with on earth. God gives to these multitudinous stars bodies as it hath pleased Him; and can he not find bodies for His saints to be raised up in? Can He not find for them bodies differing from their present ones, as the glory of the celestial bodies in the firmament above differs from the glory of the terrestrial here below?"*

Such, in substance, is the apostle's answer to the inquiry, With what sort of bodies will the dead in Christ be raised? But he does not stop here. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, he proceeds to point out more particularly, in the subsequent part of the chapter, *wherein* the resurrection-body will differ from the mortal body. "So also in the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body" (verses 42—44).

We have here, first, *the three capital faults* of our present "earthly house of this tabernacle" pointed out, and, contrasted with these faults, *the three prime excellencies* of our "house which is from heaven:"—

1. Our present body is sown in corruption; but it shall be raised in incorruption.

2. Our present body is sown in dishonour; but it shall be raised in glory.

3. Our present body is sown in weakness; but it shall be raised in power.

4. In a word, our present body is sown a *soulical*, but it shall be raised a *spiritual* body.

Let us briefly consider each of these particulars.

1. *Our present mortal body, then, is*

* Dr. CANDLISH. "Life in a Risen Saviour," pp. 149—152.

sown in corruption." This is the first thing which renders it unfit for the future eternal life. Glancing back at his former figure of the seed, the apostle says, "it is *sown* in corruption;" but we are not, I apprehend, to understand him as speaking of the mortal body *only after death*. The contrast throughout is between the two bodies in their normal condition; not between the resurrection-body in *its* normal condition, and the mortal body in the abnormal state in which it is actually committed to the grave. Corruption, dishonour, weakness, are the attributes of my body, not merely when it is dead, but as it exists now, even in its best estate. It were a small thing, indeed, to be told that my resurrection-body shall not be as corrupt, dishonoured, and weak, as my mortal body when it lies rotting in the grave! What I want to be assured of is, that if I am to have a body at all, it will be one exempt from those qualities, or conditions, attaching to my present body, which issue in that state of death. *Corruption*, or *corruptibility*, as the characteristic of our present mortal bodies, is a term which comprehensively expresses the physical effects of the fall. "In the day that thou eatest thereof," it was said to our great progenitor, "*dying thou shalt die*" (Gen. ii. 17, *margin*). And though the death then threatened, and afterwards incurred by Adam, included far more than mere physical death; it did, nevertheless, include that, even as our union with Christ, while it includes the life of the spirit now, includes also the future life of the body. Under this awful sentence, then, man, *physically* as well as *morally*, lives; if that deserves the name of life which is but a constant and unsuccessful struggle with death. For even in a physical sense, we may truly adopt the apostle's language and say, "*we die daily*." Our body is continually wearing out, and we are compelled to provide for its constant repair by the food which we consume. But the machinery by which this repair is effected soon becomes so weakened that it no longer answers its purpose properly, the delapidations of this "earthly house" become visible to all beholders, and at last it falls into a heap of ruins. Then, to use the poetic imagery of the Preacher, "the

silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern. The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it" (Eccl. xii. 6, 7).

There are *three* distinct proofs of the corruptible nature of our present bodies, which may here be mentioned. The first is, *its susceptibility of decomposition*. "It may be broken. And when it is broken up, its fragments, or fragmentary remains, may be resolved into the constituent elements, or compound particles, of which they consist. This process may go on piecemeal even during life. I may lose limb after limb by the cannon's shot, or the trooper's sword, or the surgeon's knife. I may be mutilated and dismembered, while still alive, until barely half a trunk and half a head of me is left. The bones of my severed legs and arms may be bleaching in the sandy desert, or they may have fed the monsters of the deep. And even what remains of my corporeal frame—scarce enough, perhaps, to allow the blood to circulate, and the heart to beat, and the brain to throb—will soon be dust." But a second proof of the corruptible nature of this mortal body is, *its subjection to disease and pain*. In its present fallen condition it is constantly exposed to the inroads of disease and pain. And every pang we feel, every ailment we suffer from, echoes the apostle's declaration, "it is sown in corruption." Few persons, probably, are aware how *very rare* a thing is perfect health in the human frame. But the fact is, that it would hardly be possible to meet with an individual who could, upon a strict medical examination, be pronounced altogether free from disease. Very few in our own humid climate, for example, have lungs in a perfectly healthy state. But the predisposing causes of disease are in fact too numerous to mention. To use the words of Dr. WATSON, "Whatever ministers to life, health, or enjoyment, may become the medium, under changing circumstances, of pain, disease, or death. The atmosphere in which we are constantly immersed is full of dangers. Both the organic and the inorganic world of matter around us abound in poisons; they lurk in our very food, which becomes pernicious

when taken in excess, or when it consists of certain substances, or certain admixture of substances; so that there really was much truth, as well as some humour, in the startling motto to Mr. ACCUM's book on *Adulterations*—'There is death in the pot.' Our passions and emotions also, nay, even some of our better impulses, when strained or prevented, tend to our physical destruction. The seeds of our decay are within as well as around us." Most truly does the poet say,—

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,

To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home."

The greatest proof of all, however, of the corruptible nature of our present body, is *its innate tendency to final dissolution*. It contains within itself seeds which will inevitably ripen to the harvest of death. It is ever tending to its great final change; it is dying daily. The most profound wisdom and the most unceasing care, all the resources of science and all the "appliances and means" of wealth, will not avail to ward off the fulfilment of the irreversible sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." As we have already said, all vital action is essentially temporary in its nature. "The material elements that form our structure lose their power of exercising those peculiar vital actions that characterised them, yield to putrefaction, and serve to furnish food for plants. The presence of two general conditions is essentially necessary, in order that life may be continued in an individual—the circulation of the blood, and the exposure of the same blood to the air. Now, it is evidently one of the intentions of nature, that by diseases, or by that rare malady, old age, obstacles should be put to this circulation of the blood and its aëration. It is these stoppages that terminate our existence in this world. They are the causes of that which we instinctively dread, which we drive so from our thoughts, and which we strive so to avert: they are the causes of death.*

Thus, then, this mortal body is "sown

* Dr. T. L. KEMP, "The Natural History of Creation," pp. 113, 114.

in corruption;" but, blessed be God for the assurance, it shall be "*raised in incorruption*." No longer susceptible to decomposition, invulnerable against all external violence, the ruthless sword shall never lop its fair proportions; the beast of the forest shall never mangle its beauty; the striving elements shall never overwhelm and destroy it. Endowed with all the immunities of incorruption, *pain*, the watchful sentinel of disease shall never sound its note of alarm through the quivering frame. "There shall be no more *pain*" (Rev. xxi. 4), because there shall be no more *disease*. And there will be no more disease, because there will in the incorruptible body be no tendency to dissolution; "death shall no more have dominion over it."

"No sickness then!
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

"No night distils
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;
No morn is needed there! the light which
fills

The land of glory from its Maker came.

"No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep—
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of the awful sleep."

2. But again; *our present mortal body "is sown in dishonour."* There is nothing more strikingly manifested in it than its degradation. From birth to death it is a "vile body"—a body of humiliation. It is not too much to say, with an excellent writer, that "the very conditions of its existence are disgraceful." Its dishonour was manifested to our first parents immediately after the fall, when "the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves girdles" (Gen. iii. 7, *margin*). From that day forward the body of man became a degraded and dishonoured thing. *Often* deformed and loathsome, but *always* a source of shame. As Dr. GILL observes, "Its original is dishonourable; it comes, as the Jews often say, *from a filthy drop*; it is generated and brought forth in a manner we are ashamed of; it is conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity; it is unclean, and born of the flesh. And

when born, it is in such a condition, as is to the loathing of it; some of its members are less honourable, and so uncomely as always to need a covering. It is subject to various blemishes, defects, and imperfections, and few bodies are without one or another; and liable to many injuries and affronts, as the body of our Lord Himself was, who gave His back to the smiters, His cheek to them that plucked off the hair, and hid not His face from shame and spitting."* And then how disgraceful is death! To be reduced to a hideous mass of putrescence; to become the food of worms; to be hurried from the light of day and the presence of the living, as something too loathsome and filthy for the nearest relative, or the dearest friend, to take any pleasure in, or even to endure. Oh, what a sad disgrace of humanity is death! While we gaze upon the cheek of virgin purity and blooming health, we think we see its beauty defiled by crawling worms. While we clasp the dear one to our heart, we think our arms encircle the nauseous abomination of the grave. Ah, lovely one, we cannot blind ourselves to the dreadful fact. "We see thee, even amid thy opening charms, showing symptoms of disease and dissolution. In thy very growth we trace the ominous beginnings of decay. We find thy beauty made to consume away like a moth. Under thy rich and rare clothing of joyous health, of radiant and smiling bloom, we watch the slow and secret gnawing of the insidious element of corruption that is too surely to undermine it all."

Thus this mortal body is also "sown in dishonour;" but, blessed be God again for the assurance, it shall be "*raised in glory*." This word "glory" expresses the very opposite of dishonour; it is associated by St. Paul in another place (Rom. ii. 7) with "*honour*" and "*incorruption*" (*ἀδόνητος*). Our body will be raised in glory, because it will be raised for ever freed from all those circumstances of humiliation which attached to it in its fallen and corruptible condition. It will no longer have any nakedness to hide, but be clothed with a beauty that shall com-

* Commentary, in *doce*.

mand the admiration of angels. It will no longer be made loathsome by disease, or decrepit with age, but the dew of its youth shall endure for ever. "Decay's effacing fingers" shall never more obliterate the lines of its beauty; its beauty shall be that of immortality. For, we are told by Him to whom the secrets of all worlds were open, that "they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage; *neither can they die any more*: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection" (Luke xx. 35, 36).

3. Once more: our present mortal body "is sown in *weakness*." Dost thou rejoice, O young man, in thy strength? remember that "even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall." Dost thou glory, O mighty man, in thy might? remember how soon even "the strong men shall bow themselves." Much as man prides himself upon his physical strength, how feeble and puny is it after all. Let him match it with that of the lion or the elephant; let him battle with it against the unchained elements of nature; and at once it is seen to be perfect weakness. "Look at the poor seaman left alone to buffet the waves of an angry sea. Or see the hunter in stern and solitary conflict with the lion, the tiger, or whatever beastly power claims to be monarch of the scene. Physically, neither the one nor the other can stand his ground. The ocean overwhelms the one. The wild beast overmasters the other. Even when inventive man asserts his most confident command over the stiffest and subtlest forces of nature, he is apt to be crushed among the smallest wheels of his own gigantic machinery."

The tongue of the orator fails him ere he has exhausted his theme; the brain of the student becomes confused ere he has mastered the problem; the strongest arm is wearied ere its work is done; the swiftest foot flags ere the race is won. Even those achievements of skill and science of which no age has seen so many or boasted so much as the present, are but the refuges of man's weakness. He avails himself of the powers of nature, only because of the inadequacy

of his own. He works by machinery, and travels by steam, because his own arm is so feeble, and his own foot so slow. How soon, too, as TOPLADY beautifully says,

"Our frail eyelids refuse,
Continual watching to keep;
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep."

Every night we must submit, as it were, to a temporary death. How large a portion of our short existence is spent in a state of unconsciousness. The man of sixty has really enjoyed only some forty years of *conscious* existence; and even that not in continuance, but subject to this constant interruption. Well may the poet say:—

"Few, few, and *feeble* are thy days,
Man of a woman born!
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways:
Forth, like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, with'ring age, is cropt 'ere night:
Man like a shadow flees!"

But though this mortal body is thus sown in weakness, blessed be God once more for the assurance, it shall be "raised in *power*." We have, indeed, no standard by which to measure the energies of the resurrection-body; but we know at least that fatigue and exhaustion will be to it impossibilities. The glorified, as we learn from the sublime visions of the Revelation, "*rest not day and night*, saying, Holy, holy, holy" (Rev. iv. 8). They "serve God *day and night* in his temple" (vii. 15). Their *power* shall be that of an endless and incorruptible life. No more shall they need "tired nature's sweet restorer." No longer shall the hands hang down, or the knees wax feeble. "The material and structure of that body will be such that no violence can either break or derange it. No weapon aimed against it can hurt; nor the fiercest blow touch it at all. Grosser matter, whether alive or dead, animate or inanimate, will not affect it. All its avenues and inlets for the entrance of sounds, and sights, and sensations of all various kinds of harmony, and beauty, from the outer world shall be enlarged a hundred-fold; and, moreover, its capacity of bearing the mind's *highest and profoundest* cogitation will

be enhanced in some corresponding proportion. It will be endowed with eagle's—with angel's wings; with eyes far-ranging as the sky-sweeping glass, and yet minute and deep-searching beyond the utmost microscopic imagination; with hands that can at pleasure move and mould whatever they may choose to grasp. But we may not speculate." Enough to know that this incorruptible,

and glorious, and powerful body, is to be no clog or restraint, through its impotency, on the free spirit; but apt and able as its minister,—strong to do all its pleasure.

"Thus shall the relics of the just;
In weakness sown, be raised in power;
The precious seed shall leave the dust,
A glorious and immortal flower."
(*To be continued.*)

ONE IN HIM!

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—
Though distanced in locality we meet in Him; and we have received the same anointing, and therefore rejoice with one heart in the work of our gracious God on behalf of Bedminster. What pledges of love and grace He has vouchsafed! You may indeed go on your way rejoicing, in hope of a rich in-gathering of precious souls.

I think the account of your interesting tea-meeting should be circulated far and wide, as it contains a brief record of the Lord's gracious dealings in reference to St. Luke's, that weak hands may be strengthened, and feeble knees confirmed. I have written to Mr. C. for 100 additional copies of the No. 43 of "OLD JONATHAN," which I purpose (D.V.) giving away at one of our meetings for prayer and praise. May the gracious Spirit make them a blessing. How graciously He has manifested His power in the sister isle, and elsewhere. Oh! that He may be entreated for this sinful land, and (if it be His sovereign will)

quicken multitudes of the dead around us, that from the rising of the sun the going down of the same, the voice of melody may be heard in our streets, and joy and gladness in our dwellings. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," is a sweet promise—how rich and full of blessing to many, many souls. I do not think we are about to glide into millennial blessedness, which is the expectation of some, but into the dark, midnight hour of conflict and suffering; and the Holy Comforter would have us lift up our heads, and behold, as in the ancient days, the outstretched arm sealing the redeemed with the blood of the Lamb. We may have to walk through the fire, but it will not be alone; God, even our own God, will save us; He will be our Guide unto death. Amen.

Grace and peace be multiplied to you and yours.

In our dear Lord I am affectionately yours,

Bolton Street.

H. E. A. C.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

WHY should friendship grieve for those

Who are safe arrived on Canaan's shore?

Released from all their hurtful foes,

They are not lost, but gone before.

How many painful days on earth,

Their fainting spirits numbered o'er;

Now they enjoy a heavenly birth—

They are not lost, but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,

And sweet the strain which angels pour;

O why should we in anguish weep?

They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,

By sin and sorrow vexed no more;

Eternal happiness they share—

They are not lost, but gone before.

On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,

And hear the swelling waters roar;

Jesus, convey us safely home,

To those not lost, but gone before.

SUBMISSION ONE THING—SATISFACTION ANOTHER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN JESUS,—I know not how it is with your soul at the present time, but I suppose your path is pretty much like all the children of God since the day He gave the promise of eternal life and salvation to the sinner that ruined the whole world. All the saints since that era have had the same tale to tell—*all sin in self, all righteousness in Christ*. I suppose your path is chequered with many a sorrow, sin, fear, interlaced with gleams of hope, joy, peace, light, love, from the court of Heaven, where in God's decrees these things are laid one over against the other. But it is hard work to give up our wills to God, to resign our hopes of happiness from all that a poor dying world can give, to surrender all that earth and sense delight in, and lay it all at Jesus' feet. Yet, sure I am, these are divine results from divine teaching. The will is a stubborn foe to God, and this must be crossed, broken, subdued, and brought into union with God's will, not merely *submission* to what He does, but *satisfaction*. To submit is a necessity: to be satisfied is a privilege. Devils must submit sooner or later; but the elect of God must be brought to this blessed point, *satisfaction*. But how long it is before the children of God are brought to this point each heart best knows. To be brought to satisfaction with the doctrines of God is a great mercy; to be satisfied of our own personal and eternal interest is a still greater mercy; and then, to be satisfied with the daily appointments of God in all our atom trials or colossal griefs, all the painful details of a wilderness way, "Ah! this is a blessed point indeed." I remember a dear child of God, who possessed unmistakable evidence of childhood, both in her own soul and to the church, and yet so peculiar was the order of her natural disposition, that she seemed as if made to rule everybody, but would be ruled by none. The strangest insubmission to everyone and everything was the leading characteristic of her life. She fell ill at an advanced age, and the day before her death she called her son to her bedside, and

said, "The will of the Lord be done. I have no will left of my own; let the Lord do with me and mine as He sees fit; nor have I a wish to live or die." Her son repeated this to his brother, who said, "God will take my mother home. She never was in this spot before. He has glorified Himself in causing her to give this testimony to His own work in her soul of complete satisfaction with His will, and a thorough surrender of her will to His."

The daily teachings of common life are very useful to observe; and the amount of blessing got from the observation is wonderful. But the point where all believers will find God is at work with them is just this, *their will*; and the amount of pressure put upon the will shows the amount of resistance there is, whether concealed or disclosed. God's people wonder why they should be so afflicted by many insect trials, that seem too insignificant to recount to a fellow-creature; but these trials, like coral-reefs, often become mountains of misery—and why? The will resists them, sets itself in proud defiance against them, and God must heap up atom to atom, till the heart is crushed under the weight, and the soul falls, as a helpless thing, at the foot of the cross. There, one drop of blood dissolves the mighty mass, and the stubborn will melts before a Christ crucified. Surely none but those who have felt it can understand the blessedness of a soul brought into divine union with the divine will. To feel the healing influence of the word that speaks peace; to enjoy a oneness with God in His appointments; to be sensible of a will satisfied with all that is past; contented with all around; reposing confidently in the wisdom that orders all that is to come, is a happy spirit for a child of God. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," said the Psalmist, "and beside the still waters;" and at intervals it is given to the called family of God to know something of these blessed feelings, earnest in grace of all the lasting joys of eternity.

I know you have many trials; an

ailing body, a lonely path, plenty of labour, the absence of gospel privileges, and many a "pricking briar and growing thorn in your road." But what of all this, and a hundred times more, if Jesus condescend to look in upon you, talk to you through His Word, sprinkle His blood upon your conscience, whisper little intimations of His undying love, and give you a Pisgah view "of the land that is very far off." Your soli-

tary position is the one of all others He most delights to visit; and as the Holy Ghost, through Paul, admonished the church thus, "Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak," be assured Jesus, as the elder Brother of the family, will do all that God enjoins upon His people; therefore, the more weak and weary you are, the greater the claim upon His sympathy and love.—Yours sincerely in Him, S. N. R.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE QUADRANT.

A GODLY man, the master of an American ship, during one voyage found his ship bemisted for days, and he became rather anxious respecting her safety. He went down to his cabin and prayed. The thought struck him, if he had with confidence committed his soul to God, he might certainly commit his ship to him; and so, accordingly, he gave all into the hands of God, and felt at perfect peace; but still he prayed that if He would be pleased to give a cloudless sky at twelve o'clock, he should like to take an observation, to ascertain their real position, and whether they were on the right course.

He came on deck at eleven o'clock, with the quadrant under his coat. As it was thick and drizzling, the men looked at him with amazement. He went down again to his cabin, prayed, and came up. There seemed still to be no hope. Again he went down and prayed, and again he appeared on deck with his quadrant in his hand. It was now ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and still there was no appearance of a change; but he stood on deck waiting upon the Lord, when, in a few minutes, the mist seemed to be folded up and rolled away by an omnipotent and invisible hand; the sun shone clearly from the blue vault

of heaven, and there stood the man of prayer with the quadrant in his hand! But so awe-struck did he feel, and so "dreadful" was that place, that he could scarcely take advantage of the answer to his prayer. He, however, succeeded, although with trembling hands, and found, to his comfort, that all was well. But no sooner had he finished taking the observation, than the mist rolled back over the heavens, and it began again to drizzle as before.

This story of prayer was received from the lips of the good Captain Crossby, who was so useful in the Ardrossan awakening; and he himself was the man who prayed and waited upon his God with the quadrant in his hand.

Let us be taught by this striking incident, that we ought to *expect* God to hear us when we pray, and that we should put ourselves in readiness for taking immediate advantage of the answer to our prayers. Let us learn, in effect, to wait upon the Hearer of prayer, "*with the quadrant in our hand!*"

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above."

British Messenger.

THOUGH we may be rooted and grounded in a belief of the essential perpetuity of grace, I am confident, that without constant and intense watching unto prayer, the exercise of grace is liable to a partial and temporary failure. Reader, may a happy coalition of fear and faith, may the most absolute self-distrust, united

with an unshaken confidence in the stability of divine grace, be your portion and mine, till we enter the heaven of everlasting joy; where we shall no longer stand in need of faith to fill our sails, nor of fear to steady us with ballast.

THE SECRET PLACE OF JEHOVAH;

OR, THE PRESERVATION, SECURITY, AND SAFETY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD
IN CHRIST.*"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."*—Psalm xci. 4.

In touching upon the holy ground of this psalm, we do well to keep in view the great design of the Holy Ghost in the inditing of it in the heart of the inspired penman, as being a testimony of His own special work in the economy of redemption—the glorification of the Lord Jesus Christ; the whole bearing of it being in reference to the great Head and Surety of his people, confirming the words of the Lord Himself, that in the Psalms were written things concerning Him, in which is set forth the great love of the "blessed Trinity" towards the "God-man Mediator," whom they had exalted and chosen out from among the people, whose glory was to be manifested in that salvation placed in Zion for the glory of Israel.

The difference of opinion which might be held as to who was the penman, or what was the precise occasion of its being written, is of no moment unto us. If considered as a sequel to the prayer of Moses, when the plague broke out in the camp of Israel (Numbers xiv.), or on the subsequent destruction of the "seventy thousand," when David numbered the people, the sure word of testimony warrants us to conclude the Spirit of Christ was testifying beforehand "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow" (1 Peter i. 11). Moreover, in the days of the humiliation of our glorious representative, the arch-enemy quoted from this psalm when he tempted Him to throw Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple: "It is written," says the Son of the Morning, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone" (Matt. iv. 5, 6.)

The psalm opens with the sublime truth of the union and oneness of the whole persons in Godhead, securing and carrying through the Lord Jesus in the accomplishing the great work he had engaged to do; and referring to the

well-understood shadow of the Jewish ritual, the over-shadowing of the mercy-seat by the cherubims (Exodus xxv. 20), which cherubims did set forth the glorious persons of those who, in covenant with the God-Man, Christ Jesus, had declared "mercy should be built up for ever," intimating that all the mercy needed by the sinner was alone to be found in Him, the merciful High Priest. Hence, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" so, also, His Church, being in Him, are preserved in Him; and as the Lord Jesus, in His incarnate state, was under such circumstances, arising from suretyship, as to need help and assistance from Jehovah, so we find Him, in and through the whole of that conflict with the powers of darkness, taking encouragement from the engagements of His Father: "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and fortress, my God, in Him will I trust." In this confidence, He destroyed the works of the devil, showing thereby that He was the woman's seed that should bruise his head (Gen. iii. 15); thus was He, and His Church with Him, delivered "from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence."

Beloved, do not overlook the soul-comforting thought, that while the Lord Jesus gathered to Himself strength for the day of battle, when His soul was troubled, and he cried unto His Father, yet all His personal sufferings, afflictions, and the pouring out of the vials of His Father's wrath, *due to sin*, upon Him, could not drown His affection for His dear people, who were wanderers in the great and terrible wilderness; thus, in the legacy of peace he bequeaths them, the whole is made over, in oaths, blood, and promises; a most prominent one in the words before us: "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

What a beautiful view is here opened before us of the great care and affection of the Lord Jesus, as manifested to His Church, in the adaptation of those familiar characters. He shows Himself under. It hath been the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, in carrying out His work of glorifying the person of the great Head of the Church, to cull from the emporium of nature those very figures and metaphors which render Him so dear unto their hearts, none of which but are endearingly precious unto them as they are travelling through this land of sin and sorrow, and none more so than the one set forth in our sweet Scripture, by which we are led to behold the threefold blessing of "preservation, security, and safety."

"Preservation." In the whole creation of God, we find no creature manifest so much care and compassion for her young as the hen, who might be truly said to cover her brood with her feathers, and make her wings a place of trust; there is no enemy she will not attack, or danger she will not brave, in her endeavours to save and defend them from the foe; she is ever alert in the time of danger, and has her own peculiar call to them when fearing for their safety, by which they are informed of the safety under her wings. But, leaving the simile, we come to Him who, in ten thousand more instances than the feeble hen, shows the blessedness of His covering feathers in the protection of His people; and, as before observed, the covering cherub over the mercy-seat was symbolical of the Godhead with Christ, of which, as Paul says, we cannot now speak particularly; yet this much we do know, it was Jehovah's meeting-place with His people: "And there will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims, upon the ark of the testimony." Thus, all the revelation that has or can be made to the Church, in time or in eternity, must be in and through the Lord Jesus: "For of Him, and to Him, and through Him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen." Thus He is the propitiation and propitiatory for His whole body—priest, sacrifice, and altar centering alone in Him, "who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness,

sanctification, and redemption: according as it is written, he that glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord."

"Cover" is but another word for "gather;" and is not the declaration of Holy Writ, when making known His mighty acts to the sons of men, that unto "Him shall the gathering of the people be" (Gen. xlix. 10)? and to whom was the commission given, by the "mighty God, even the Lord, who called the earth from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof," for the gathering of His saints unto Himself—those "that had made a covenant by sacrifice or propitiation" (Psalm l. 1—5)? Again, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and gather the lambs with His arm" (Isaiah xl. 11); "For ye shall not escape by running, nor by flying away, but the Lord shall go before you, and the God of Israel shall gather you together" (Isaiah lii. 12).

How comprehensive the blessing, "He shall cover thee with his feathers," or, in other words, "preserve in Christ Jesus;" for as we have been received by Him as the gift of His Father, and betrothed, before all worlds, as His bride, so our choice in Him preserves us, by virtue of union, from the damning consequences of the fall, though not the fall itself; yet it preserves unto us a "holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, given us in Christ Jesus before the world began;" and being by the Word gathered in and brought to know the danger of sin and transgression, are made to enjoy the protection and succour afforded unto us by Him who was made in all points like unto His brethren—with the exception of sin—that as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, so He might preserve and protect all His children from every subtle and crafty foe, it being impossible for the eye of the Lord Jesus to be drawn off from His people.

"Just as the hen protects her brood
From birds of prey, that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes His own arm His people's guard."

Security. "And under his wings shalt thou trust." The metaphor is further carried out to show that singular

defence and protection the Lord is ever affording His people: "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself" (Exod. xix. 4). But now the subject becomes the more interesting unto us when considering that all these characters were taken up and carried out by the Lord Jesus in the assumption of our nature, for it belongs only to Him to give shelter and protection to all those who flee unto Him in the day of trouble; and while the solicitude and care of the hen is carried out, is it not blessed to observe how "He bore our sins and carried our sorrow," illustrated by the figure of the "eagle," an unclean bird (Lev. xi. 13), and riding into Jerusalem upon an "ass," which comes under the same class (Lev. xi. 26). And what was this but to show forth that all the defilements and uncleannesses of His people were put away by Himself, being made both "sin and a curse;" for as the hanging "upon a tree" left the curse undisputed, so, likewise, the riding upon an unclean beast proved uncleanness attached to the person, which is understood of our precious Christ as the Lord having laid "upon him the iniquity of us all." The person holy, and without the possibility of taint; yet on the person the whole weight and responsibility of all the transgressions of His spouse, the Church.

But we cannot dismiss the character of the eagle without a word more upon the unequalled love of the Lord Jesus in this similitude. Moses, in his rehearsal of the past mercies of Jehovah unto His Israel, in speaking of them as being His portion and inheritance, and under what circumstances He found them, shows the manner of His grace and mercy towards them: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him" (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12). From the combination of these two very striking similitudes, as brought home to the experience and enjoyment of the child of God by the Holy Spirit of God, the tried and exercised soul is taught to take encouragement, and to enforce her

claim: "Keep me as the apple of thine eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings" (Psalm xvii. 8); and as they are led into further views of His salvation, and their security in the same, they declare His doings among the people, and talk of all His wonderful works, their own dangers and undeservings are lost in the ocean of his goodness, and with boldness declare the effect of the same upon others: "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings" (Psalm xxxvi. 7). Yea, further, when, by the great "Remembrancer," the soul mounts above and beyond her "information," and meditates upon His "wonders of old" (Psalm lxxvii. 10, 11), her holy triumphs burst forth, "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I trust" (Psalm lxiii. 7). Beloved fellow-traveller, as you enjoy this "security" amidst the troubles of "Achor's vale," does not "the dove of hope" appear before you, and the song, in the present house of your pilgrimage, go forth, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's" (Psalm ciii. 1-5)?

Safety. "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." The word truth is in itself its own comment; and as connected with the Scripture of God, though having various acceptations, all centre only in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life" (John xiv. 6), and is known as the Redeemer of His Church: "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth" (Psalm xxxi. 5); and is one of the spiritual weapons of the children of God: "Having their loins girt about with truth" (Eph. vi. 16). We have it before us as the "shield" and "buckler," terms often used by the Lord when speaking of Himself unto His people, and is most blessed when seen with an eye to Christ: "For thou, Lord, wilt

bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield" (Psalm v. 12); in whom, being chosen and predestinated unto eternal life, are blessed in Him with all spiritual blessings, and known by the name, "The Lord our Righteousness." With the shield was "the father of the faithful" compassed after returning from the slaughter of the kings: "Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward" (Gen. xv. 1); and David, in the day of his deliverance from all his enemies, ascribed unto "the chief musician" the glory of the same: "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower" (Psalm xviii. 1, 2). Thus the Church speaks of her glorious Head in figurative language, as having "a neck like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men" (Song iv. 4); while the full consummation of his joy arises from a well-grounded assurance, "the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Psalm lxxxiv. 11); nor can these upright ones be found but as they walk in and with Christ, as their light and salvation; lying down in green pastures, and coming up out of the wil-

derness leaning upon the Beloved; covered with His feathers, hid under His wings, and finding shield and buckler in His truth.

Beloved, we have only aimed at one object in all we have said—to draw out your affections towards the altogether lovely One; thus we have not passed your every-day's exercise as though you were without them, but rather would the things behind were forgot, and ye found pressing on towards the mark; in other words, that your oneness and union with the Lord Jesus should be ever kept in view, counting yourselves, not strangers, "but children at home," in the rich inheritance we have in Him; for, depend upon it, as long as ye adhere to the measuring reed of feeling, and counting those feelings as evidences, ye will not attain that "unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature (or age) of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. iv. 14).

For this cause I bow my knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus, of whom the whole family are named, that ye be no more children, dwelling on high, and as inhabitants of the rock, saying "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us in His blood;" a little while, and

Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

London.

A STEPHLING.

LINES FOUND IN THE POCKET-BOOK OF THE LATE REV. W. H. KRAUSE, IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING,

AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY HIM UPON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

LORD, what a feeble worm is man,
 A heap of living dust!
 His mortal life is but a span:
 Where can he put his trust?

Thou art my refuge and my strength,
 Thy love is all my stay;
 Its height, its depth, its length, its breadth,
 In every trying day.

Disease and sickness seized my frame,
 To Thee my spirit cried:
 Thy love, with bright celestial flame,
 My joy and peace supplied.

I looked beyond the tottering tent,
 And waited for its fall;
 Faith's wings were fluttering for ascent
 Where Christ is all in all.

My Father smiled, and said, "Not yet!
 Thy work is not yet done;
 Wait till the moment I have set,
 Thou then shalt take thy throne."

My lengthen'd life, my health, my days,
 Lord, I devote to Thee:
 Inspire my soul to sing Thy praise,
 Till I Thy glory see.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF POPERY, &c.

At Breda, it is said, a conspiracy against Bonaparte was discovered. It seems to have been fomented by the Roman Catholic priests, for Bonaparte showed himself ill-affected towards Roman Catholicism in general, and to the priests of Brabant in particular. When the Roman Catholic clergy in Breda were admitted to an audience with Napoleon, during his tour, they were not in their canonicals like the Protestant clergy. Bonaparte turned to them angrily:—"You say you are priests," he exclaimed, "Why have you not your cassocks on? What are you? Attorneys, notaries, peasants? I come into a province where the majority are Roman Catholics, who in former times were oppressed, who acquired more liberty after the revolution, and upon whom the king, my brother, bestowed many favours. I come in order to make you equal to the rest, and you begin by forgetting the respect due to me, and complain of the oppressions that you suffered under the former Government: your conduct shows how well you deserve them. The first act of sovereignty which I was obliged to exercise was that of arresting two of your contumacious priests, addressing the Apostolic Vicar; 'they are in prison, and shall continue there.' On the other hand, he exclaimed, 'the first word I hear from a priest of the Reformed Church is that it is his doctrine to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. This is the doctrine you ought to preach, and from that gentleman," said he, pointing to the spokesman of the Reformed deputation, "you ought to learn it. You have calumniated the Protestants," he continued, "by representing them as preaching doctrines dangerous to the State; but the best subjects I have are Protestants. In Paris I am partly attended by them; they have free access to me; and here a handful of Brabant fanatics attempt to resist my designs. Had I not met in Bossuet, and in the maxims of the Gallican Church, with principles that agree with mine, and had not the *concordat* been received, I should have become a Protestant myself, and 30,000,000 of people would have fol-

lowed my example. But what religion do you teach? Do you know that Christ said, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and would you interfere in my concerns? You will not pray for a sovereign; you want to be obstinate citizens. I have proofs of it in my pocket. If you maintain such principles, your lot will be punishment in this world, and eternal condemnation in the next. You," said he, turning to the chief of the deputation, "you are the Apostolic Vicar. Who appointed you to that office? The Pope. He has no right to do it." Then addressing them again collectively, "You will not pray for the sovereign—perhaps because a Romish priest excommunicated me; but who gave him the right of excommunicating a sovereign? Why did Luther and Calvin separate themselves from the Church? Your infamous sales of indulgences caused them to revolt, and the German princes would no longer bear your sway. The English acted wisely in renouncing you. The Popes, by their hierarchy, set Europe in flames. Perhaps it is your wish to re-establish scaffolds and racks; but it shall be my care that you do not succeed. Are you of the religion of Gregory VII., Boniface VIII., Benedict XIV., or of Clement XII.? I am not. I am of the religion of Jesus Christ, who said, 'Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' and, conformably to the same gospel, I give unto God the things that are God's. I bear the temporal sword—I know how to wield it. God placed me on the throne, and you, reptiles of the earth, dare not oppose me. I owe no account of my administration to the Pope—only to God and Jesus Christ. You, perhaps, think me created to kiss the Pope's slipper. If I depended on you, you would cut off my hair, put on me a cowl, place me in a convent, or, like Louis the Pius, banish me to Africa. What ignorant idiots you are! Prove to me out of the Gospel that Jesus Christ has appointed the Pope His substitute or successor of St. Peter, and that he has the right to excommunicate a sovereign. If you care about my protection, then preach the Gospel as the

Apostles did. I will protect you if you are good citizens; if not I will banish you from my empire, and will disperse you over the world like Jews." He then ordered the Prefect to make the necessary preparations that these people might swear to the *concordat*, and bade

him attend to the seminary at Breda, and take care that the orthodox Gospel was preached there, in order that it might send forth more enlightened men than these idiots, as he called them.—*History of the Consulate and Empire, by M. Thiers.*

STEWARDSHIP—THE POOR FISH-MAN.

I was standing at a doorway, conversing with a friend, when a passer-by was introduced as a certain missionary. Whilst talking to each other, a countryman came up; and, as he passed, looked the missionary hard in the face, and, as I thought, lingered in order to listen to what was said. I was a little annoyed at his seeming rudeness, but the thought was quickly suggested, "The man may be in earnest—perhaps it is of God; and I know not why we should be *ashamed* to be heard speaking of *Him*." Presently the missionary withdrew; and the countryman, who had still lingered, stepped up and asked if he were not Mr. So-and-so? He was answered in the affirmative.

"Ah," said he, "he often comes down to our place."

"And where is that?"

He gave the name of the place, about sixteen miles off.

"And do *you* know anything of the things he talks about?"

"Yes, but I want to know more."

"The Word says, that the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Do you know who the just are?"

He then clearly described them as those who were made so wholly in and by the righteousness of Christ; and spoke as though he evidently knew something of that righteousness for himself.

Fortunately I had a copy of *Old Jonathan* in my pocket, which I gave him.

"How do you get your living?" I asked.

"I keep a horse and cart," was the answer, "and mostly come after a little fish; but it is a bad season, and I had my journey both yesterday and again to-day for my pains."

"Ah," said I, "there's trouble in every state. None are free."

The man looked up as if in surprise; and then, as though recollecting himself, said, "Well, I suppose not. There's a want here," putting his hand upon his heart, and suiting the action to the word.

"But the promise is," I added, "that there shall be bread and water; and this shall never fail."

"Well, now that one is brought up to sixty years of age, and has had twelve children, I can't think that He will leave."

"Oh, no, never. And are these twelve children still alive?"

"No, only eight of them; but I don't see any good in them, and yet it isn't for want of my poor prayers."

There was a simplicity and a straightforwardness about the man which I very much liked; so, dropping a trifle into his hand, I walked on. My heart was warmed, and I thought, "Oh, what a privilege is stewardship, to be thus permitted at any time to minister, however humbly, to the wants and necessities of the Lord's tried and tempted ones." I have no doubt it was of the Lord that we were brought into contact that morning; and, whilst thus grieving over his disappointment in having come a second time to town for nought, I believe it was the Lord that directed him to the spot where he might have a word for his encouragement, and at the same time, in the simplest and most unasked-for way, receive a trifle to help him on his way.

Reader, be on the look-out to render such helps. If a sudden prompting comes over thee, never resist the same; for depend upon it, it is the prompting of thy God, and thou shalt know the truth of His word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE."

AMONG the numerous places wherein witnesses to "the truth as it is in Jesus" are mentioned in history, who "loved not their lives unto death" in attestation of their faith in His holy name, the little town of Amersham, or Agmondesham, in the county of Bucks, can bear honourable record. The descendants of those who in the days of Papal supremacy suffered at the stake are either living now, or at least were not long since, in the above-named town. The names of Child, Harding, Norwood, may be found in "Fox's Book of Martyrs;" individuals who ranked among the sufferers, and who resided at Amersham.

One resident, however, in the town of Amersham at the period of the persecution claims a prominent position. The writer of this article does not immediately recollect his name; but on reference to the large edition of Fox his name will be found. The house in which he lived still remains; it is a farmhouse *now*, and most probably was so *then*, called "the Bury." One of the fields attached to the farm is named "Stanley-field," the very name mentioned in the Book of Martyrs, in which it is also therein said that this man of God was burned. The field can be seen in an oblique direction from the windows of the farm, and consequently the severity of the persecution must have been much increased from the circumstance of his family witnessing the transaction. But an additional horror must be mentioned,—his own daughter was *forced* to apply the torch to the funeral pile.

The actual spot where this witness to the truth for Jesus' sake suffered is still to be seen, *i.e.*, every year, when, according to the usual rotation of crop, the field is in wheat. Why the spot is *only* to be remarked when this is the case is singular; but invariably, when wheat has come to perfection, a circle is most distinctly to be seen, of the size which such a bonfire would make. This the writer himself can safely bear witness to, having visited the place. For years, many of the inhabitants of Amersham were in the habit of making a pilgrimage to the spot, and most probably still do so. At such a season a narrow

path, diverging from the main one, through the field, points out the locality to any stranger who may be desirous to visit it. Not an ear arrives at perfection within this circle, the plants gradually become weaker and weaker, the grains poorer and poorer, till not a grain is to be found in the ears; and at the centre the stalks are not more than a foot in height.

It may, however, be well to explain a point connected with this interesting history, in order to anticipate the criticisms of any who may be ready to raise objections and doubts about this occurrence. A part of Stanley Wood remains to this day, which gives the name to the field in which, according to the "Book of Martyrs," the burning of this good man took place; but *now*, where the circle is to be seen, the field is called by another name—Ruckles; and the adjoining field is called Stanley. Those, therefore, who might be disposed to cavil, would at once say there is a discrepancy. But, be it observed, the circle in Ruckles cannot be more, perhaps, than one hundred yards from the field called Stanley, the very name mentioned in the "Book of Martyrs;" and there cannot be a doubt of these two fields having been but *one* field at the time when this persecution took place, the hedge in *after* times making a division. There is in these days a strong desire in some persons to treat with scorn and ridicule many great facts in connexion with our honoured martyrs, in order to prop up a vain, flimsy theology, a disgrace to all who profess and call themselves Protestants.

A friend of the writer once tried to account for the sterility of the spot by supposing—nay, almost asserting—that a vein of magnesia rested in the subsoil. One would have thought that a little consideration would have led him to a different conclusion; for if the sterility of the spot is produced by the presence of magnesia, how is it that other crops, barley, oats, turnips, thrive *there* as well as in other parts of the field? Moreover, the natural earth has been removed and other soil substituted; yet, when the field is under *wheat*, the same amount of sterility is perceived. Every-

thing has been done and *said* with the view of obliterating this *stoneless* monument of this martyr for Christ's cause—a monument which the Lord will have remain to mark His detestation of those who persecuted one of His members. It is a spot in one sense hallowed, and in another sense cursed; hallowed by the blood of one who in the actual fires of Roman Catholic vengeance manifested strong faith in his Saviour: and who, like the three martyrs in the book of Daniel, found the presence of the Son of God to be strong and mighty to deliver. On the other hand, cursed of God, because that precious *wheat*, or bread, which came down from heaven to be the staff of spiritual life, was trampled under the feet of the cruel persecutors of this child of God, who, to their condemnation, fed upon the same to the salvation of his soul, and to his sustenance under the fires of his martyrdom. Yes, he looked unto Jesus, and "his face became lightened;" he was not ashamed to confess Him who would not be ashamed of him when standing before his heavenly Father. By faith he saw Him whose whole life was a martyrdom; but now "made perfect through sufferings," having entered into that glorious rest of which this brave martyr was soon to be a partaker. For anything we know, he might have been blessed with a vision similar to that of Stephen. At any rate, he saw by faith the same glorious seat which the pre-to-martyr did. For we cannot—we dare not—doubt of his having had the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, without which, dear reader, though thou shouldst give thy body to be burned, thou canst never be accepted.

There are certain marks left to lead us firmly to believe that Amersham and its vicinity were, at the period of history alluded to, blessed with more light than, alas! it now possesses; when we consider the number of those who underwent similar fiery ordeals to that of this martyr, and who were inhabitants of the same town and neighbourhood. Even now the town itself does not contain more than fifteen hundred persons, if indeed so many. The marks alluded to are these: there are now fields in the parish called "*Church-field*," "*Gospel-*

field," "*Chapel-close*;" and these are by no means *near the church as it now stands*, but rather *seem* to derive their names from some past occurrence or association of ideas. Of course the writer is in this instance merely forming a conjecture; but it seems strange that these lands should have these titles handed down if they are not reminiscences—and pleasing ones too—of by-gone times, when faith was more lively than now it is. Perhaps these lands contained hallowed spots, out of which the faithful were driven to suffer at the stake for belonging to the sect of the Nazarenes, which always has been, is now, and ever will be, a sect spoken against and persecuted. The town of Chesham, about three miles from Amersham, is also spoken of in the "*Book of Martyrs*" as having the honour of containing those who were sufferers for confessing Christ, whose names are still remaining among the inhabitants.

And now, dear reader, do you not think it would be an honour to suffer for such a glorious cause if called on to do so? Most true, you may not be so called; but yet you *may*, for Popery, bear in mind, is by no means changed, nor ever will be, while it exists. Its virulence and its persecuting nature are precisely the same. The face it puts on may be most bland—most specious; it pretends to be liberal, but its "tender mercies are cruel." Be not deceived by those who represent Romanism as being more educated—more refined—less barbarous—than in the days referred to in this paper. Only let it have the opportunity, and it will manifest itself in all its native malice, envy, and despotism. Above all things, beware of it when it appears in a *Protestant* garb; we cannot then see its designs so clearly as when it shows itself in native colours. We always look on it as far more to be dreaded in its plausibility than when making advances in open persecution. (There were those who came to our Lord feigning themselves just men.) "They creep into houses, and lead captive silly women." Do you profess yourself to be on the Lord's side? Then pray daily to be *made* strong in Jesus, and in the power of His might; "that you may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."

Think you that the apostle meant nothing when he gave such an exhortation to the believers in Jesus? Certainly not. He saw the need of exhorting those who were dear to him. And, be assured, these present remarks are addressed to the wise, who can judge of what is here expressed. "A brutish man cannot comprehend it—a fool understandeth it not." Remember, there is no promise given that the children of God shall be exempt from trials and sufferings; but there is a blessed promise that they shall be strengthened when under them. When our Lord was drinking the bitter cup, it was taken from Him. When in His deepest agony, an angel was sent to strengthen Him under it, but not to take the agony and load away. The church of Jesus—the believer in His blessed name—never shines and shone forth so beautifully as when in the fierce crucible of persecution for the Lord's sake. Does He not say, "Glorify the Lord in the fires," or in the valleys, *i.e.*, when brought low through persecution. But you will say, "Do we not see peace in our favoured land?" Most certainly. Perhaps too much peace to be wholesome. We admire a rough sea before a "stagnant pool." Satan walks through the length and breadth of the land; yes, this favoured land: and, to the delight of his heart, he sees everything at *rest* and *very quiet*—in the best of all states for forming his deep plans. Yes, Zion is too much at ease.

These things, bear in mind, are solely written to wrestlers; to those who have been *made* a praying people. Earnestly pray, then, that the Lord may cover your head in the day of battle. Look unto Him whose grace is all-sufficient, whose strength is made perfect in weakness. It is one thing to have peace in Jesus, another thing to count on *external quietude*. But He will keep those in peace—yes, in perfect peace—whose mind or imagination is stayed on Him. You will experience the need of this when unexpected trials are at hand; and then, oh! how His faithful promise will show itself to all who trust Him. But trials the Lord *appoints*, in order that the graces *His own hand has implanted* may make themselves manifest in His

people, and that their works are *wrought in God*. Trials have often proved triumphant chariots—as in the case of this Amersham martyr—for conveying the Lord's chosen ones to glory. And so again will it be. You, perhaps, may be saying, "Oh, that I had but the faith of the martyrs gone before me to the land of their rest! Oh, how should I stand such a fiery ordeal?" How? Why, in Jesus; who in the severest trial will never leave you, though the furnace be heated seven times more than wonted. You, in your *present weak* faith, wish to know how you will fare should such and such a trial arrive? We answer, take no thought for this. Rest, *simply rest* in Jesus, and you will find Him strong and mighty to save, come what may. Your faith now is little. Well, never mind, He gave you that little: and He can and will increase it in the day of trial to His glory. As is your day, so will your strength be. Yes, He will increase your faith, little as it now is, whenever the time may arrive for the manifestation of His Almighty arm. Ever bear in mind that it is *the Lord's* engagement, and *not yours*; that you shall be borne up above the billows, supported in the fires, and be brought forth to His honour.

"His word in time *past* forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

Stand still and trust, and you shall see the salvation of God, and how wondrously He will perform what He has promised to do to you. Yes, individually to you, as well as collectively to His chosen ones. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." In whatever shape trials may come, they are the Lord's appointment. If it were probable your death should come by such a fiery ordeal as has been alluded to with regard to the martyr at Amersham, and to others that were there also, it would only be that you might join that noble army of martyrs. No, it is not *probable* that this would be the mode of death you should die. Nevertheless, whatever may be the Lord's appointment, "Be thou faithful unto death," and He, according to His promise, "will give you a crown of life."

H. J. B.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE TIMES UPON THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE POPE AND HIS SYMPATHIZERS.

HAVING laid this foundation, the protesters proceed to dogmatize after the following fashion:—They have no doubt of the permanency of the head of their Church as the successor of St. Peter. This they believe to be a divine truth for all future as well as all past ages, and we should have thought that their belief in such a standing miracle would have relieved them as completely from the maintenance of this divine institution as they are dispensed from fighting, or protesting in favour of the law of gravitation. But they evidently think that Providence needs some little assisting in this matter, and so we are told that it is not to be endured that the Pope should be the subject of any temporal potentate; that his temporal is a necessary safeguard of his spiritual power; and, what is undoubtedly true, that taking away part of his dominions involves the claim, under similar circumstances, to take away the whole. When the Persians invaded Greece, Apollo was said to decline all armed assistance, saying, through his priests, with a dignity to which the Roman Catholic laity seem utterly strangers, that he himself was able to protect his own. Surely, these protesters, if they believe their own creed, might show as much confidence in it as the priests of a fabulous divinity, and believe, even in this age of weak faith, that the power which established the Popedom, if the institution be really divine, is able to maintain it, and with it all things necessary to its permanence and efficiency. There is something ludicrous, were it not profane, in a creed which one moment reposes on the arm of Omnipotence, and in the next on the decision of an European Congress, the harangues of Irish Bishops, and the frothy protests of an Ultramontane newspaper.

SPECIMEN OF SUNDAY ROMISH PREACHING.

THE *Cork Examiner* reports the following remarks made by a Father FIELDING,

at a Chapel meeting at Cloyne, on a recent Sunday:—

"We are told in Ireland that we are not loyal; he told them that the Irish were loyal—were foolishly loyal. They are too loyal for no reason, no object, no protection. (Cheering.) Were the Irish loyal in the Crimea, or in China, or in India? They shed their blood like brave soldiers there; and was it too much to say they were then too loyal? There was a report now—that it was to be feared was too true—that England may soon want soldiers to protect her, and that she cannot get them.

"A Voice—Thank God!

"The reverend gentleman proceeded—There was a report abroad at present—whether it was true or not he could not say—that the English were secretly—they dare not do it openly—arming the Orangemen of the North to keep down the Catholics of the South, lest they might rise in the midst of England's troubles, and give her annoyance.

"A Voice—Well, we're strong enough. (Hear, hear.)

"The reverend speaker went on—That showed the spirit of the Government. If that rumour be true, let the Orangemen come; he asserted they would meet their army and defend themselves. (Great cheering.) And he said, in the face of any Government, they would not allow it to place the charge of the Irish in the hands of Orangemen, to come to the South for blood and slaughter. (Hear.)

"A Voice—Let them try it.

"The Rev. Mr. FIELDING proceeded—The Government knew very well that the people of this country hesitated very little, or would not care much if Napoleon III. would step into this country at any moment. The Government knew very well that the Government of France would be as acceptable to the Irish people as the present Government.

"A Voice—That's a fact.

"The Rev. Mr. FIELDING—We are loyal, and only too loyal; but we would be more loyal if protected. As to the peace of the country, how can the people be expected to protect it? When the

poor man is turned out of his house and holding, and sees his wife and children wretched, what can you expect from any one in his miserable state? Putting myself in such a position, if I saw this, what would I do? I declare I do not know what I would do. When the wild spirit of revenge prompts a man, what will satiate it? It cries out, 'Give me justice, or I will justify myself.' (Great cheering.)"

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE IN A FIX.

TESTIMONY OF A CELEBRATED ROMAN CATHOLIC WRITER.

Of what avail are any illusions? By a combination of many circumstances, by a succession of causes that go far back into history, the temporal power of the Pope is seriously menaced in the conditions under which it is now exercised. It is a great calamity, which we deplore from the bottom of our hearts; but it is also a great danger, which it is the duty of all men of the world and religious men alike to lessen—for the

good of the Church as for the interests of Europe. The Holy See is placed on a volcano, and the Pontiff, who is charged by God to maintain peace in the world, is himself constantly threatened with a revolution. He, the august representative of the highest moral authority on earth, can only maintain himself by the protection of foreign armies. These military operations only protect him by compromising him. They excite against him all the susceptibilities of the national feeling. They prove that *he cannot rely on the love and respect of the people.*

It is a deplorable position that only blindness and imprudence can wish to prolong, but which enlightened and respectful attachment requires should be changed as soon as possible. The change is both necessary and urgent, and only the declared enemies or blind friends of the Papacy can resist it. The question is not that of diminishing the patrimony of St. Peter, but of saving it.

Alas for the infallible Church! Poor Pius IX!

STREET-TALK.—THE COMMERCIAL MAN.

"I WANT to step into such a street," said my friend, "for it is ever memorable to me." "Why?" "Because some years ago I was coming into this city, and, having been recommended to a certain hotel, had resolved to take up my quarters there. On my way, however, I met with a gentleman who urged me so strongly to try another inn, that I changed my mind, and went with him. The first news of the next morning was, that the hotel at which I had intended to stop had been that night burnt to the ground, and that two commercial men had perished in the flames."

Reader, mark the wondrous hand of God! How often is that hand stretched out for our protection and deliverance,

when *we* have no conception of the fact! How many hair-breadth escapes have we, and yet how little do we know of them, and how indisposed gratefully to acknowledge them! How well may we, day by day, thank God for the *unseen* mercies of which we have been so largely the recipients, as well as for those of which we have, in some humble degree, been conscious. What an opening out of these mercies will there be in the world to come, when in the light of eternity we are permitted to look back upon all the pathway of time! What disclosures! What deliverances! How many myriads of escapes of which we have now absolutely no knowledge!

LET a man espouse what system he will, he must unavoidably displease some party or other. But the man who affects to adopt such a system as may render

him obnoxious to no party whatever, very rarely acquires that measure of esteem from any, which he fondly expects to receive from all.—*Toplady.*

THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xiv. 6.

IN the parable of the ten virgins our Lord brings before us the state of the Church in the last days, and particularly at the time of His second advent; and from it, as from the parable of the tares in Matt. xiii., we learn that the visible Church is composed of two classes—professors and possessors; wheat and tares; wise and foolish virgins.

It is often difficult, if not impossible, for man to distinguish the one from the other; but the Lord, who knoweth them that are His, is never deceived, though man frequently is: and doubtless it will be found, in that day when the Bridegroom comes, that many who were considered to be wise virgins will be found to be foolish; and many who were accounted tares will be found to be the precious wheat which will be gathered into the heavenly garner.

Let us learn, therefore, to "judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have praise of God" (1 Cor. iv. 5).

The circumstance that five of the virgins were wise and that five were foolish is not intended to convey to us the idea that of those who constitute the visible Church, half are nominal and half real Christians; but simply that all are not Israel that are of Israel, and that every one who has a lamp is not a wise virgin.

What, then, is intended by the "lamps?" They are symbolical, I think, of the profession of religion. All the virgins had lamps, and all who constitute the visible Church make a profession of religion; there is, however, this difference, that while *all* have the lamp, only some have the "oil in their vessels with their lamps;" and so in the visible Church, there are those who make a profession of religion, but are destitute of that "unction from the Holy One," the anointing and baptism of the Holy Ghost, which is the life and source of all true religion and godliness; while others who constitute the "little flock,"

the wise virgins, the Church within the Church, are blessed with that heavenly unction which teacheth them all things, and by which they are prepared to meet the Bridegroom whensoever he may return from the wedding.

"But while the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." This is a sad picture, but it is also a true one; for it is drawn by Him who cannot err. When first the Bridegroom went away, the Church was in constant expectation of His return; but as time rolled on the love of the Church grew cold, and while the Bridegroom tarried they *all* slumbered and slept. Of late, however, the cry has been heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him." The slumbering Church has been to some extent aroused, and the doctrine of the second advent of Jesus has occupied the attention of His people and servants more than for many hundred years previously.

There have, indeed, been some who have fixed the date of His appearing; but the time has arrived, and has passed, and they have been found false prophets; for the signs which our Lord has given us were not intended to make us prophets, and to enable us to fix the day and hour of His return, but simply to prepare us for that event, and to keep us waiting, and watching, and longing for His appearing.

Those signs, I believe, are coming thickly upon us; the fig-tree is beginning to bud, the conviction that "the Lord is at hand" is gaining ground in the hearts of the Lord's people; and in that growing conviction I think we may see the result of the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

Of course, there are those who ridicule the idea, but this, instead of weakening, should rather strengthen our conviction, because in it we may see the fulfilment of Peter's prediction (2 Pet. iii. 3, 4), that "in the last days there shall be scoffers, saying, where is the promise of His coming?" They forget, however, that the Lord "is not slack concerning His promise," and that He is only long-suffering to the world, because He is

waiting for the ingathering of the Church into the fold of Christ, and that when this has been done, "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

That wondrous revival which has taken place in America and in Ireland, and which I trust is beginning to be felt in our own land, is indeed no ordinary sign; it is as if the Lord were carrying on His short work upon the earth, as if the time for the fulfilment of His purposes was at hand, and it was therefore necessary for Him to hasten on the ingathering of His remnant.

In addition, however, to what is taking place in the visible Church, there are certain events going on in the world which lead us to the same conclusion, namely, that the "Lord is at hand."

On the earth there is "distress of nations, with perplexity; men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking for those things which are coming on the earth." There is among all nations a sense of insecurity—each one distrusts his neighbour; every cabinet is perplexed as to what will happen next, and the impression that we are on the eve of a tremendous crisis pervades all hearts: and in this state of distress, anxiety, and perplexity, I think we may see those signs coming to pass which proclaim that the Bridegroom is near, even at the door.

But other tokens are not wanting; the mysterious, yet oft-referred-to period of Antichrist's dominion must be near its close, and the events of the last twelve months, looking at the wondrous effect they have had on the Papacy, lead us to believe that the day is not very far distant when the Lord, who has been, and is, consuming it with the spirit of His mouth, will destroy it utterly and for ever with the brightness of His coming.

But besides all this, the proclamation of the Gospel in all nations; the gradual decay of the Turkish power, or the drying up of the Euphrates, as it is called in prophetic language, together with the evident fulfilment of St. Paul's prophecy of the "perilous times" (2 Tim. iii. 1—7), all combine to proclaim that "the night is far spent, and that the day

is at hand." If, indeed, this was the case in St. Paul's time, it *must be midnight now*. "And at *midnight* there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

Oh, that, if it please the Spirit of God, this cry might resound through the length and breadth of the visible Church, that the slumberers may be aroused; and oh that he may so graciously revive His work in the hearts of His own people, that the flame of their love to Jesus, and of their devotion to His cause, may burn with a brighter and a steadier flame; and may He pour the oil of His grace into the heart of every sinner who, though redeemed with the blood of Christ, is still a stranger to His love: that so all His people may be prepared to meet Him, and having their loins girded, and their lamps burning, may be ready to go in with Him to the marriage.

But while the prospect of the return of Jesus should cheer the hearts of His living family, and they should look up, and lift up their heads, as they see the signs of their redemption drawing nigh, the very thought of that event should fill the worldling and the mere professor with alarm.

The former will find that all his vain reasoning about "all things continuing as they were" has proved fallacious; and the mere professor will find that his profession, in which he trusted, has failed him at the very moment he most needed it. The cry "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out!" will be in vain; the discovery will have been made too late to be of any avail. All who are unprepared when the Bridegroom comes, whether they be mere professors destitute of the Spirit, or those who make no profession at all, will hear that withering sentence, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

May the Lord be pleased to bless the consideration of these things to our souls, so that we may be found "watching," and He shall have the praise, through Jesus Christ, for ever;

Camberwell,
Advent, 1859.

E. J. G.

To be happy we must be virtuous; and in order to our becoming truly virtuous,

we must experience the grace of God which bringeth salvation.

Reviews.

Hidden Life: Memorials of John Whitmore Winslow, Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. By his father, OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. London: J. F. Shaw, Southampton Row.

WITH a batch of books before him, as a rule the most an Editor can do is to take a summary glance at each. A book must be one of more than ordinary interest that will secure his close reading of chapter after chapter, and page after page. The name, the title, the frontispiece, however, are almost a guarantee to the book before us being read, and closely read too, by whosoever into whose hands it may fall; and we envy not the individual who can peruse its touching pages without emotion. If others can read this volume with a dry eye, it is more than we could do. To a parent, with sons growing up in whom his one prevailing desire is, that each and all may tread in the footsteps of JOHN WHITMORE WINSLOW, such "Memorials" must be read with intensest interest.

Some five years and rather more have passed away, since we spent a most agreeable three days at Leamington. On one of those days there was to be a gathering, in order that the house, the erection of which our kind host had just completed, should be specially dedicated to the Lord. Among those then assembled was a tall, erect, handsome young man. We see him now, in imagination, as we then saw him in reality. In the frontispiece of the work now lying before us we almost call to remembrance the features of that young man—it was JOHN WHITMORE WINSLOW.

This little incident has led us to read with increased interest these "Memorials" of "Hidden Life," and the sacred pleasure which we have experienced in the perusal prompts us strongly to recommend the work to both young and old—the parent and the child. It is a book for both—yea, for all.

In the youth—for he was but little more than a youth—whose character and short, but eventful, career is sketched in these pages, we discover a

mind most deeply sensitive, and at the same time of the very highest order. His keen susceptibility and exquisitely refined taste, metened him, under God, for an early tomb; but we had almost said that both the one and the other disqualified him for the battle of life. His father has drawn the portraiture of such a mind with a master-hand; and, considering that he was a father, and that he was writing the life of a son, we marvel that he has executed so well the immensely difficult task he undertook. Clear it is that the character of WHITMORE WINSLOW is not overdrawn, because repeatedly and at considerable length he speaks for himself. By his letters and his journal we dive deep into the recesses of his own richly-stored and marvellously-matured mind; and thus, from his own words, we arrive at our conclusions, and venture the opinion, that both his keenness of feeling and high order of intellect absolutely unfitted him to combat the world.

In the sudden and apparently premature removal of a son of such promise, Dr. WINSLOW sustained an irreparable loss; still we are pleased to see that every page he penned bears the impress of *submission*. Agonizing as the first shock was—and of the intenseness of that agony we have heard from an eye—an ear—a heart-witness—it would seem that the bereaved one was speedily brought under that gracious influence by which he was enabled "to be still, and know that He was God." But *submission* is one thing; *acquiescence* is another. And now that the keenness of the stoke has passed away, and the once heart-stricken parent can survey with calmness each fond relic of departed worth, and commune afresh with the raptured spirit, we would venture to ask—Was there not ground for apprehension in the beloved departed that that exquisitely-refined and deeply-penetrating mind of his would lead him beyond that boundary which Faith, in its characteristic simplicity, affixes, once overstepping which the inquirer wanders into mazes, and labyrinths, and mystic.

cisms, wherein a Divine arm alone can sustain him, and from which a gracious and compassionate High-priest alone recover him?

Waiving all the considerations of the ensnarements of College-life in their vulgar acceptance, no one could be more sensibly alive to its dangers, in a literary and intellectual point of view, than Dr. WINSLOW himself. These are his words:—

"There are many and peculiar temptations in College-life unfavourable to growth in spirituality. The tendency of scholastic pursuits is not to help the soul heavenwards. There was much point and truth in a remark of LEIGH RICHMOND to his son at Cambridge, 'Christ has often been crucified between the classics and mathematics.' To maintain the life of God in the soul healthful, to preserve the tone of personal religion unimpaired, to keep the heart right with God, in the midst of so much that is alluring; pure where so much from heathen poets is defiling; to hold fast the simplicity of Gospel truth amidst the mystifying and bewildering mazes of philosophical research and metaphysical speculation, demand a constant and vigilant sentinel over the heart, a devotional, not critical, study of the Bible, and a close walk with God in the closet. Oh, what is the real worth of all a man's intellectual and scholastic attainments if upon their altar he sacrifices the life of God in his soul! Who have proved the most eminent and successful preachers of the Gospel? Not the most erudite and accomplished; not the most classical and intellectual; but those the most thoroughly and spiritually instructed in the doctrines of grace, and the most deeply sanctified with the Holy Ghost. Unsanctified learning has proved an untold bane to the Church of God. Let there be learning; let the mind be furnished with ancient and modern lore; let the intellectual powers be cultivated to their utmost extent; but let personal piety be the groundwork, and in the advance of all. Let ardent love to Christ be cherished; let closet-communion be maintained; let thirsting for holiness deepen; let sympathy with men, and compassion for the lost, be cultivated; and let the Christian undergraduate, the candidate for the holy

ministry, be more ambitious of leaving the University an eminently spiritual rather than an eminently learned man. Let him remember that, when in 'orders,' and he ascends the pulpit, he is to preach, not philosophy, nor the classics, nor mathematics, nor English Puseyism, nor German transcendentalism, but the pure, full Gospel of Jesus Christ. And woe unto him if he preach not the Gospel! And yet is not this well-nigh the very last thing in which many aspirants for the pulpit dream of being primarily and thoroughly instructed—a knowledge, experimental and spiritual, of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God?"

Now, WHITMORE WINSLOW's cast of mind, and his laudable desire to stand high in position among his compeers, would combine to lead him into an abstruse, metaphysical research, which, however justifiable in merely scientific studies, is dangerous in the extreme when brought to bear upon Divine truth, and upon the simplicity of that Gospel, simply instructed in which a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err. If not greatly mistaken, we detect a considerable measure of this abstruse reasoning and metaphysical inclining in some two or three pages of this young student's own private and latter thoughts. This encouraged, would have not only damaged his own spiritual simplicity, but have absolutely neutralized his pastoral usefulness and pulpit testimony. Perhaps, therefore, in mercy, even in this respect, the Lord took him to Himself. Again, as we have already said, his deeply sensitive mind little qualified him for "all the ills which flesh is heir to." More readily susceptible of pleasure as well as of pain, as every highly sensitive mind must be, still its possessor, knowing the repeated martyrdoms which in the journey of life he is called to encounter, is furnished with a most powerful motive and argument for submission and acquiescence, when he sees one and another, whose minds are cast in a kindred mould, taken hence without being called to undergo those heart-crushings to which he has again and again had to submit. We can scarcely conceive of any believing parent—himself the subject of this acute sensitiveness—who would not, as soon as the first burst of grief was over, and the heart

began afresh to throb after its stunned and petrified emotions, but would rejoice that his believing child had been spared the anguish that had often rent his own breast.

And how gently was he taken! Yes, with JOHN WHITMORE WINSLOW it was indeed "absent from the body, present with the Lord." Strange and singularly appropriate one of the texts quoted in the family circle on the morning, some two or three of whose moments sufficed to enable him to "depart in peace," "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

During the Midsummer vacation WHITMORE WINSLOW was with his mamma and sister enjoying the delicious air of Dover cliffs and sands, when it is supposed that the nervous system received a shock at the moment he plunged into the water, for the purpose of taking his morning sea-bath. Though many persons were close at hand, not a sound was heard; consequently there is every reason to suppose that he passed gently away in that momentary unconsciousness which his sudden contact with the water produced.

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke,
We scarce could say, 'He's gone,'
Before his ransomed spirit took,
Her mansion near the throne."

The body was not recovered for some hours; and, truly characteristic of himself and of his household, our beloved friend and brother in Christ, Captain J. B. KNOCKER, waited anxiously watching on the beach; and, when found, had it cheerfully conveyed to his own residence; that there the precious relics might find a safe shelter, and bereaved friends and heart-stricken kindred a peaceful though mournful retreat.

Space denies us the privilege of quoting the smitten father's reflections. In the absence of that privilege, we the

more earnestly direct attention to the work itself, as being a precious gift-book at this interesting season.

Remarkable Answers to Prayer. By JOHN RICHARDSON PHILLIPS, Country Association Agent of the London City Mission. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

A MATTER-OF-FACT BOOK, as the author well describes it in his Preface. However the Atheist may scoff, and the worldly cavil, God's word and the daily experience of his children prove, that He is a God-hearing and a God-answering prayer. None can *test* Him too closely; for, as assuredly as a spirit of prayer is awakened, and an object sought at His footstool, in simple child-like desire, and with an ardent wish that God may be glorified in the bestowing or withholding, that prayer will as verily be answered as that the sun shall rise and set. And sure we are that "we have not, because we ask not." Real spiritual prayer is a Spirit-begotten power, begotten in the heart, and the very fact that the Holy Ghost is pleased thus sovereignly to possess with a sense of need, to enkindle a flame of desire, and to draw forth holy importunities, is the clearest evidence that He has blessed, and designs now to bestow. The volume before us is a very precious one. We have but one wish with respect to it—namely, that it could be published in a cheaper form, in order to ensure it a wider circulation.

The Civil List. London: Groombridge and Sons.

A VERY valuable compilation, and contains a fund of information; but multitudes, whose names appear in this Civil List, will not think Messrs. Groombridge very "civil" for publishing to the world at large the secret of their salaries.

Be not hasty in determining your judgments on an important point—view the question on all sides—chiefly keep your eye fixed on the Scriptures, and derive, by humble, earnest, waiting prayer, all your light and knowledge from thence. One thing I am very clear in, that if you reduce your ideas to the standard of the Scriptures, and make this the model of those, suffering the unerring word of re-

velation to have the casting vote, you will no longer dwell upon a random opinion: you will be kept from going to such lengths of absurdity and impiety to which men, even of the brightest talents, are liable, when they unhappily shut their eyes against that revelation, which so kindly holds the lamp to benighted reason.—*Toplady.*

[MARCH 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 39,
NEW SERIES. }

MARCH, 1860.

{ No. 167,
OLD SERIES.

PRAYER ABOUT TO GIVE PLACE TO PRAISE; OR, FAITH'S TRIUMPHS IN A DEPARTING HOUR.

"Then took he Him up in his arms, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Luke ii. 28—30.

It was the climax with good old Simeon, beloved. The "now" had in very deed come. He had waited and watched for it long. Many and many a time had he gone up to the temple, and had anxiously looked, and ardently longed, for some manifestation which he had as yet only seen with the eye of the mind. It was as yet a hidden sight, a secret beholding, a knowledge confined to the inner man, that which no eye but his had seen—nought but his ear had heard; a revelation exclusively his, and that by the express and sovereign power of the Holy Ghost. Yet he enjoyed it—yet he feasted upon this heavenly banquet which the Holy Ghost had so graciously spread before him. He was a lone guest, he was in the best of company, nevertheless; his communings were above. He was caught up on high. He tabernacled in flesh, and yet he had fellowship with the skies. His heart was there! his thoughts were there! his prospects were there! his very all was there! and yet he tarried—and willingly too, for he wanted to see, and that others in common with him should behold, that glorious revelation which was yet to come.

To this end he resorted to the temple day by day, not as a true spiritual worshipper merely, who delighted with other such to be found in the house of the Lord, in order to worship the Lord in the place where He had covenanted to be found; but he went up thither from time to time with a special expectancy. He wanted to see a sight which the Spirit had pledged Himself he should see; and, in consequence of that revelation, he tarried, and he travailed too, under an all-absorbing weight and influence. He was drooping and dying of very age; but, notwithstanding, these expectations of his carried him above and beyond all the frailties, and infirmities, and droopings, and despondencies of the flesh that is sighing, from very weariness and exhaustion, to return to its mother earth. He rose, by virtue of the revelation he had had, superior to all this.

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But long as he had waited, and anxiously as he had watched, there comes the "now" at last. Though late not lost. He rises on a certain morning as for a lengthened period he had been wont to do. An unusual calmness pervades his mind, and, it may be, a peculiar lifting up of heart. Something is coming. It is to be a *special* day. He knows not what. Earth had but little attraction before, it has less now. His mind is carried above—beyond—all minor things. It is a season peculiarly sacred. At early morn he wakes, and at once is caught up in holy communion. Whether in the body or out of the body he scarcely knows. Suffice it, he leaves his bed; once more he casts about his frail body the garments that soon he shall need no longer, and bends the knee, that he might again seek the privilege, in humble and becoming posture, of holding communion with his God. A special power comes over him, and superior to all he has ever yet experienced is the glimpse of glory which he realizes. He looks within the veil. The pearly gates are open, and he stands upon their threshold peering within the celestial city. His sight is dazzled with the rapturous vision, and sounds the most harmonious, sweet, and blessed, fall upon the ear. The sight is glorious, the sounds seraphic. He tarries long, he knows not how long. Once again, however, the curtain drops, and he finds himself still the occupant of the body of this death. He is still on pilgrimage, and that across the wilderness of time. The vision, however, has left its savour on the spirit, as all such visions do. It eclipses earth, and stamps vanity of vanities on all its bauble-offerings.

Under the sweet influence of the revelation of that early morn, once more the aged Simeon seeks the spot whither it was his delight to go. To the house of God he once again repairs. Scarcely has he o'er-stepped the threshold before he realizes anew a measure of what before he had experienced. A solemn awe pervades his mind, and yet a sweet and holy calm. He feels, perhaps, more than he had ever found before, "Surely the Lord is in this place: this is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." The language of his heart once again is this, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord." "I will make my boast in the Lord," is the secret whisper of his soul, "the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." "Oh, thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel, unto thee all flesh shall come." "The heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord; thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints. For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?"

Whilst absorbed in these thoughts and holy aspirations, fresh worshippers enter the temple; instantly the mind of the good old Simeon is directed unto them, and, by an inward and irresistible sustaining, such as that which possessed the prophet Samuel, when the Lord, upon the entrance of the stripling David, said, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he," he goes to the parents, and with the most undoubted conviction that the child they have brought to the temple is He of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, "he took Him up in his arms, and (doubtless in presence of them all) blessed God, and said—Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Yes the "now" had verily come. All he had waited for, all he had wished for, was come. He who was for salvation; yea, He who was em-

phatically salvation itself, had come. The child born and the Son given, was now revealed. It was no longer a promise, but a glorious reality. Simeon had believed; Simeon now beheld! Faith had given place to sight! Oh, the preciousness of faith; never does it disappoint its possessor. "According to your faith so be it done unto you." Faith is always "according to thy word," such was Simeon's faith. It came from God, and, as such, it took God at His word. It plied with God, and as it is ever wont to do in due time, it praised Him. There was no disappointment, no failure. God had promised, and He also fulfilled. Simeon had waited anxiously—but he waited successfully. And now, having realized all he wanted to realize, as far as what he would see and hear on earth were concerned, he had one more desire, and but one; it was that he might "depart in peace." He would go home now. Messengers had come from the skies to him, and that again and again. He, in turn, would be a messenger to the skies. Tidings had come from heaven to earth, he would now carry tidings from earth to heaven. He would close his eyes on time and time-things, and, borne on angels' wings to heaven, would now, in contrast with the sight his fleshly eyes had just beheld, gaze in holy rapture upon the King in His beauty, and enter in very deed the land which long had been a very far off. He would now cast himself before the throne in adoring wonder, love, and admiration.

Having feasted upon these celestial sweets, and drank at the fountain-head full draughts of bliss, he looks around upon that blessed company who are basking in the sunshine of their Redeemer's presence: espying Adam amid that blissful throng, and himself no longer trammelled with frail flesh, he cries—"Adam, the seed of the woman that is to bruise the serpent's head is brought forth; Abraham, I have seen in yonder world Him whose day *you* saw—you saw it and were glad." "Moses, 'the prophet whom the Lord would raise like unto His brethren,' has appeared." "Jacob, Shiloh has come." "Isaiah, 'the virgin has conceived and brought forth a son,' but He is 'without form or comeliness' that men should (naturally) desire Him." "David, he is a stranger and an alien;" there was 'no room for Him in the inn.' He appears 'as a worm, and no man.'" "Job, thy Redeemer lives." "Daniel, Messiah has come." "Zechariah, the BRANCH is verily brought forth." "Micah, out of Bethlehem-Ephratah He has come forth who is to be ruler in Israel." And afresh the blessed company shout the Redeemer's praise; and sing in holy triumph; though He has barely entered upon His sacred mission, yet so well satisfied are they of its accomplishment, that they sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." They know that He was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" and therefore they exult in His triumphs over sin, death, and the grave, e'en though He had but just entered on the battle-field.

But, reader, we must now leave Simeon and his glorified associates. We can go no further.

"Thus far, and this is all we know,
They are completely blest;"

and we may add,

"Our tongue fails, our heart complains,
For want of their celestial strains;
And in such feeble notes as these
Must fall below his victories."

Still there is an interest, and a special and peculiar interest too, in Simeon. He was but flesh, poor frail flesh, like our own, when a dweller upon earth. "Just and devout" in his new or heaven-born nature, but only a poor fallen son of Adam in his first-born or natural condition; and, as such, subject to all our fears and frailties, sins and sorrows. Notwithstanding he experienced a peculiar blessedness, that blessedness was grounded upon revelation. That revelation was of the Holy Ghost, and it was apprehended by faith; that faith being begotten and implanted by the self-same Spirit.

Beloved, it is to this faith we want for a moment to call your attention. We are so fearful of substituting faith itself for the object of faith, which is Christ, that we dwell less upon its nature and operations than perhaps we otherwise should do. Faith is too often regarded as an act of the creature; and, in man's self-sufficiency and proud desire to have some hand in salvation-matters, he seeks to lay claim to faith as a principle and a power with which he himself has somewhat personally to do. Now, as a connecting link, if we may so call it, between God and the soul, it is very blessed; but do not let us lose sight for one moment, or in any degree whatever, that that link is wholly of and from God-Himself. It is of and from Him both as to its origin and its operation. How carefully does the apostle insist upon this, in his epistle to the Ephesians—"By grace ye are saved, through faith, *and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God*; not of works, lest any man should boast." How distinctly, too, does the same apostle, in his epistle to the Hebrews, declare Christ to be the "Author and Finisher of faith."

Now, keeping this fundamental principle prominently in view, how sweet, how strengthening, how God-glorifying and Christ-exalting is faith, in its precious and powerful operations. What could have been more so in the life-time of Simeon? A fallen son of Adam, a man of like passions with ourselves, a pilgrim and a stranger here, yet upheld, yet comforted, yet made willing and anxious to tarry on earth, in order that he might personally see the fulfilment of Jehovah's promise, and behold the Babe of Bethlehem; and having so done, then—and not until then—made equally willing and equally anxious to "depart in peace."

The lesson here taught, beloved, is faith and patience. This is the page our gracious Teacher has laid open before us. This is for our study—this our example. We have our sorrows—we have our cares. We are the subjects, doubtless, of numberless trials and temptations. Our pathway is through a wilderness. The Canaanite is still in the land. We have every-day proof that "this is not our rest, it is polluted." Much brings us to the conclusion, that "we would not live away." Internal conflict and external pressure may oftentimes extort the cry, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But, to say nothing of the ten thousand interminglings of mercy, to set aside for the moment the sweets that are dropped by the tender hand of our gracious Physician into the cup of bitterness which He sees it absolutely needful to administer, is there no purpose to serve, no object to be obtained, by the position we are called to occupy, and the circumstances in which we are placed? Is that position of chance? those circumstances a contingency? Again we ask, is no end to be answered by both the one and the other? Has that word of our God nothing whatever to do with the matter, "Unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to *believe*, but also to *suffer* for His sake?" Shall we then, in our acknowledged anxiety to *believe*, despise

the *suffering*? Is not the one as much a part of God's will as the other? Has not His will and His purpose to do with *both*? Yea, more, are not the two mysteriously but at the same time essentially united?

Seeing, then, such to be the case—and the more closely we investigate the subject the more we shall find it to be so—shall we in our love of ease, in our carnality, or in our cowardice, seek to be beforehand with our God, or to anticipate His deliverance? Is not His time and His way, in all respects the best time and the best way? Do we not see this to be the case throughout His word? Has not the testimony of the people of God in every age confirmed it? Yea, have we not proved it in numberless seasons and numberless ways in our own happy and heartfelt experience?

Now, if this be the case in all minor considerations, shall it be less so with regard to the great climax, the winding up of our entire earthly career? If the Lord's time were the best in the detail, in all the varied straits and difficulties, and trials and temptations of the wilderness, shall the Lord's good time and the Lord's good pleasure be less wise, and less gracious, and less satisfactory as to the time and the manner of our finally quitting the wilderness, and bidding a last and a long adieu to the scene of our conflict?

Oh, then, beloved, be it our mercy to wait and to watch—to be in the mean time about our Father's business; so thoroughly occupied, so intensely interested, as in a sense to forget ourselves, our travail, our toil: His mind so to become our mind, our interest so interwoven with His, as to have but one heart and one way. Then, when *His* time shall verily have arrived, depend on it we shall find it as easy, as agreeable, as blessed, as good old Simeon, to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." A sight of Christ as that salvation will compose; a sight of Christ cheer; a sight of Christ raise us above all the frailties and fears of the flesh in our departing hour, and enable us, in the holy confidence of the Psalmist, to exclaim, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for *thou art with me*; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Beloved reader, the Lord, of His mercy, give us faith and patience—a holy steadfastness and zeal—to wait and watch for *His*—not *our*—"NOW!"

Peace be with you. Amen.

1, Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,
Bristol, Feb. 16, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

MORTALS are at present too short-sighted, entirely to comprehend, and fully to discern, how the efficacious purposes of Heaven are perfectly consistent with the moral responsibility of man. It is plain, from meridian evidence of Scripture, that they are so: and this ought to satisfy those who believe that the Scriptures are of God. Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker: let the potsherd strive with the potsherd of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioned it, What makest thou?*

Shall we labour to quench the light we have, and fly in the face of Scripture, and give God Himself the lie, by way of desperate revenge for His not having made us omniscient? Nay, but may we, with fear and trembling, adore the deep things of God, until death takes off the veil. May Divine grace make us believers on earth of what in heaven we trust to be comprehenders; nor suffer us to be carried away with that delusion which represents God as unaccountable to man, under pretence of making man unaccountable to God.—*Toplady.*

* Isaiah xiv. 9.

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF UNION WITH CHRIST,

BRIEFLY UNFOLDED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE BELIEVER.

(Continued from page 78.)

4. All, and more than all, that we have said, however, is included in the statement in which the Apostle sums up the preceding particulars—"It is sown a *natural* (soulical) body, it is raised a *spiritual* body" (1 Cor. xv. 44). That it is sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; that it is sown in dishonour, but raised in glory; that it is sown in weakness, but raised in power: all this, we say, is included in the fact that it is sown a *soulical* body, but raised a *spiritual* body.

"There *is*," the Apostle distinctly tells us in the same verse, "a soulical body and there *is* a spiritual body." In other words, he intimates that there are *two* totally distinct states and conditions of the human body, both normal indeed, but so different that our knowledge of the character and qualities of the one can afford us little help towards understanding the character and qualities of the other. And, in the 46th verse, he further informs us that there is a certain invariable order of development between them, not simply in point of time, but in distinction of character: "Howbeit that (was) not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and *afterwards* that which is spiritual." A general law is here laid down. The lower must precede the higher; the imperfect the perfect. This, which is true of all the works of God in which there is development, is true also in this. For as the green blade must precede the full corn in the ear; and as the grub must precede the butterfly; as we ourselves must be born before we can be regenerated; so must the spiritual body develop itself from the soulical body, and the perfect and glorified condition of our nature hereafter be preceded by its imperfect and humiliated condition now. And in considering this subject we are indeed called upon to echo the Psalmist's expression of admiring wonder; "What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels (in his present soulical con-

dition), thou crownest him with glory and honour" (in that spiritual condition to which he is to be advanced).

Now, when the Apostle speaks of a "*spiritual* body," in contradistinction to a "*natural*" or "*soulical* body;" there are just *three* senses in which it is possible to understand his language:—

1. First, we may understand it in the sense of *spirit-like*. That is to say, that it will be a body of an immaterial kind, thus using the word "*spiritual*" in its usual and primary signification, as opposed to "*material*." In a word, that our present body is to be so refined and etherealized that it will no longer partake of the gross and tangible forms of matter. But, taken in this sense, the very expression "*a spiritual body*" would be a contradiction in terms; for if it be spiritual, and just in proportion as it partakes of the nature of spirit, it must of necessity cease to be "*a body*;" and, on the other hand, if it be a body, and just in proportion as it partakes of the nature of the material, it must of necessity cease to be spiritual. Besides, were it not to anticipate, it might be shown that this interpretation of the expression is completely set aside by the fact that the resurrection-body of Christ was clearly material: "Handle me and see," said the risen Jesus, "for *a spirit* hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have" (Luke xxiv. 39).

2. But again; we may understand the expression, "*a spiritual body*," in the sense of *spirit-serving*; as being the perfect vehicle of the spirit-life, and ministering without interruption or failure to all its wants and powers. Our present bodies, as we have seen, are corruptible, dishonourable, and weak, but they shall then be incorruptible, glorious, and powerful. Now, "*the flesh* (in its material as well as its immaterial part) lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. v. 17). But *then* the body will be the willing servant and efficient agent of

the heaven-born spirit. To use the language of Dr. CANDLISH, "As we are at present constituted, at any rate since the fall, the two principles of which the body is the minister—(the higher spirit and the lower soul)—are not in harmony. On the contrary, they are at variance; often at strife. And as Michael the archangel and the devil contended, disputing about the body of Moses, so these two strive about the body which each claims a right to use as its own. As no man, however, can serve two masters, so neither can the body serve its two masters rightly. It is a case of divided allegiance. In such a case, when a servant has two masters to serve, he usually hates the one and loves the other; nor is it difficult to see to which of the two masters his heart inclines. The body, as now fashioned, indicates its preference not ambiguously. It is in the interest of the lower principle, the animal soul. It must be so; for it is a natural body. It is a body adapted to the purposes of the natural life, or the natural principle of life. If we call that principle the "soul" (as in 1 Thess. v. 23), then, to give the epithet exactly, it is a "soulish" body. It is a body of or belonging to such a soul, congenial to it, accommodated to it, in harmony, and, as it were, sympathizing with it. To that higher spirit, or soul, or mind, in man, which is the inspiration of the Almighty giving him understanding, the present body stands far more distantly and doubtfully related. When required to serve this diviner lord, when he would make use of it, the body is by no means so much at home. It is not so apt, so pliant, so plastic a minister by far. Reluctantly, and as the saying is, against the grain, it submits and obeys—if it submit and obey at all."*

But all this shall be changed in the "spiritual body." Like those "more excellent" angels who wait at the bidding of Jehovah, and rejoice to do His commandments, the spiritual body will be ever ready to execute the behests of the spirit. Like the "wheels" in Ezekiel's vision, "whithersoever the spirit is to go, it will go; when the spirit goes, it will go; and when the spirit stands still, it will stand still; and when the

spirit is lifted up, it will be lifted up."

For as, to reiterate once more our fundamental proposition, there is given to the believer in his new creation or second birth, a new principle of nature which, as being Christ's spirit, is infinitely more excellent than the principle of the soul, received in the old creation or first birth, by natural descent from Adam; so, of necessity, the material garment of that heavenly principle must be of an *essentially* higher character than the material garment of the earthly principle. It would not be sufficient, therefore, even that the body of the child of God were given back to him in the hour of the resurrection, merely purified from all taint of sin, and restored to the pristine glory in which it first came from the Creator's hands; for *that*, goodly and beautiful as it doubtless was, and exquisitely adapted for its destined use, was but the instrument of the inferior essence. But while that which is laid in the grave is "a soulical body," that is, a body in its best estate only fitted to the requirements of the soul; that which shall be raised at the last day, will be "a spiritual body," that is, a body prepared for everlasting ministration to the spirit. In a word, we might render the passage we are considering, somewhat freely indeed, but yet in accordance with the spirit of the original, "It is sown a *soul-serving* body, it is raised a *spirit-serving* body."

This is the meaning attached by many of the most sound and able commentators to the Apostle's language; and without doubt it is not only a meaning most true and important in itself, but one strictly *included* in the phrase he employs. Still, as we apprehend, it does not *exhaust* the meaning of the phrase. For,

3. Once more; we may understand the expression, "a spiritual body," in the sense of *spirit-formed*; that is to say, not merely adapted to the requirements and powers of the spirit, but actually developed by its own outworking energy. For, says St. Paul, in a passage we have already considered in reference to this subject, "if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that

* "Life in a risen Saviour," pp 171, 172.

dwelleth in you" (Rom. viii. 11). Upon these words Dean ALFORD remarks, "Even of that phrase of the *ζωοποιεῖν* (or "quicken") which takes place in the body, there are two branches—one, the quickening it from being a tool of unrighteousness unto death (eternal)—the other, the quickening it out of death (physical) to be a new and glorified body. And the *καί* (also) joined with *θνητῶν* (mortal), here, signifies that the working of the *πνεῦμα ζωοποιοῦν* (quicken-spirit) shall not stop at the purely spiritual resurrection, nor at that of the body from dead works to serve the living God, but shall extend *even to the building up of the spiritual body in the future new and glorious life.*" That this, and nothing short of this, was in the scope and intent of the Apostle, in speaking of "a spiritual body," is also the opinion of the great CALVIN, who says, on the place we are considering, "That is called *animal* (or *soulical*) which is quickened by (*anima*) the soul: that is *spiritual* which is quickened by the *Spirit*. Now it is the soul that quickens the body, so as to keep it from being a dead carcase. Hence it takes its title very properly from it. After the resurrection, on the other hand, that quickening influence, which it will receive from the Spirit, will be a thing more excellent. . . . Let the present quality of the body be called, for the sake of greater plainness, *animation*; let the future receive the name of *inspiration*. For as to the soul's now quickening the body, that is effected through the intervention of many helps; for we stand in need of drink, food, clothing, sleep, and many other things of a similar nature. Hence the weakness of *animation* is clearly manifested. The energy of the Spirit, on the other hand, for quickening, will be much more complete, and, consequently, exempted from necessities of that nature. This is the simple and genuine meaning of the Apostle."* And still more explicitly is this view stated by OLSHAUSEN, "As the spirit first *earthwards* clothes itself with the body, so afterwards *heavenward* is the body glorified in the spirit. Regeneration does not destroy the old man, but as the spirit causes the new to proceed from him as the parent, so the

power of the Spirit creates from the covering of the earthly body a spiritual one. The natural body is the clothing which the unenlightened *ψυχή* effects for himself, thence *σῶμα ψυχικόν* (a soulical body), the spiritual body, is the garment in which the soul, having become celestial and glorified through the Spirit of Christ, arrays itself."* Of course, the spiritual body being thus "*spirit-formed*," it must also be, as we have seen, "*spirit-serving*." Indeed, the latter is simply the necessary result of the former. It will be a house not only built for its divine inhabitant, but built by him. Not one to whose structure and limitations he must conform himself, but one itself conformed in every respect to his will and service. Sleepless, unfatigued, needing neither food nor rest; serving no longer the earth-born soul in its animal passions and animal weaknesses, but the heaven-born spirit in its glorious capacities and heavenward aspirations; how shall the redeemed in glory, with these spiritual bodies of theirs, be ever plying the glad and busy task of acting out to the full the impulses of their spiritual nature, and doing the pleasure of the Lord that bought them! "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Such then, beloved, is the full extent of the Apostle's meaning when he says, "it is sown a soulical body, it is raised a spiritual body." But we must not fail to notice, further, how he connects the existence of this spiritual body, and its possession by us, with the fact of Christ's possession of resurrection-life: "And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Here the important truth

* "Commentary on Corinthians," *in loco*.

* Biblical Commentary," *in loco*.

emerges, from which more than aught beside we may receive light on the interesting but mysterious subject of the nature and characteristics of the spiritual body; the truth, namely, that **THE RESURRECTION-BODY OF CHRIST IS ITS GLORIOUS EXEMPLAR.** The testimony of Scripture upon this point is singularly full and explicit. Not only do we read here that "as we have borne the image of the earthy (*i.e.*, 'the first Adam' who is 'of the earth, earthy'), *we shall also bear the image of the heavenly*" (*i.e.*, "the second Adam," who is "the Lord from heaven"); but we are elsewhere expressly told by the same apostle, that the Lord Jesus Christ, at His second coming, "*shall change our vile body (or, more literally, 'the body of our humiliation') that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body (or, 'the body of his glory')*", according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. iii. 21). "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, *we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection*" (Rom. vi. 5). And his testimony is confirmed by St. John, when he says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, *we shall be like Him*; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). And that this, and nothing less than this, is the ultimate end and design of God's electing grace, is made manifest by Rom. viii. 29, "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to **THE IMAGE OF HIS SON**, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren." Not merely, understand, "conformed to the (*moral*) *image* of His Son," as this passage is commonly too narrowly and partially interpreted, but, as in the passages we have just quoted, even in

the external form and material constitution of our body. The *image* of Christ here spoken of is not His moral purity, nor His sufferings, but as in 1 Cor. xv. 49, that entire form of *glorification in body and sanctification in spirit* of which Christ is the perfect pattern, and all His people shall be partakers.* And truly, we need not wonder that this truth should be thus dwelt upon in the Sacred Oracles. For what more or better than this could they tell us? Is it not "enough for the disciple to know that he shall be thus *as his master*, and the servant *as his lord*?" Is it not a thought of unspeakable blessedness, yea, almost of overwhelming rapture, that we—frail dwellers in these poor "houses of clay"—vile sinners whom sovereign grace alone has plucked from hell—that *we* should be conformed in our entire nature, even its material part, to the image of God's risen Son; and be crowned with the same glory and honour wherewith now, at the right hand of God, He irradiates even heaven itself? Oh well, well surely, may we with adoring wonder, as well as with perfect confidence, echo the conclusion of the Psalmist, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be *satisfied*—oh, how fully and eternally satisfied!—when I awake *with thy likeness*" (Ps. xvii. 15).

I shall be like Him! oh how sweet

That thought is to my soul;
Onward I press with joyful feet,
To reach the glorious goal.

I shall be like Him! like my Lord,
In soul and body too;
Made like Him by His mighty word,
That maketh all things new.

* ALFORD, "Greek Text," *in loco*.

(*To be continued.*)

THE remaining corruptions of a regenerated heart dim the prospect of salvation, and damp the fervour of inherent grace. Nothing can again brighten the former, and warm the latter into lively exercise, but the splendour of God's repeated rising on the soul. Happy it is for His benighted people, that, as mists and clouds may seem to obscure the sun, but cannot extinguish him; nor even

hinder the access of his rays beyond a certain time; so that faithful Jehovah who knows what is in man, and who is still greater (in mercy and power) than our hearts can be in point of sinful depravation, will finally subdue our iniquities, shine away our fears, purify us from all our dross, and perfectly conform us to the image of His holiness.—*Toplady.*

THE SAINTED "M. E. L.," LATE OF DUBLIN.

MY DEAR SIR,—It causes my dear wife and myself mingled feelings of grief and joy to see, from what you say in the last page of the Magazine, that our beloved sister, M. E. L., is fallen asleep. We have lost a bosom friend indeed. For the last four or five years she has been a mother in Israel to us. We know she was often "speaking to Himself" on our behalf, begging for blessings to be poured down upon us; and this we value more than any earthly good. But our loss is her eternal gain. Her days of mourning are, indeed, ended. She is now enjoying those blessed realities of which she sweetly writes in the enclosed verses, which she sent me some few years since, which you will, I have no doubt, feel a pleasure in inserting in our family Magazine.

She had her share of conflicts and trials. But now she has reached "Emmanuel's land." No arrow can pierce her there. Yes, she is now drinking from "that ocean of love." And by-and-by her body will be raised a glorified body. Yes, manifestly covered with the robe of His glorious righteousness, in which she will shine forth as the sun in her Father's kingdom. Oh! wonderful truth, that such poor, unworthy worms of the earth should ever be,

"One with incarnate Deity."

May the Lord, of His mercy, raise up some anointed ones to succeed those whom He has taken from our Magazine family. May much of the precious anointing be poured down on you, dear sir, and all the writers in the Magazine, during the coming year; and may all the writers and readers, if it be His blessed will, feel that they are *one* in Him, and be enabled to look forward with an holy longing to that time when they shall together cast their crowns at His feet, who alone is worthy of all honour, praise, and glory.

I have copied out and enclosed our dear departed sister's last letter to us. We should be very glad to see it inserted if you, dear sir, think proper. It may be a means of comfort to "R. C.," of Liverpool, whose letter appeared

in July number, when he sees what our departed sister says concerning herself. I hope to enlarge on that part some day.

I cannot doubt but what the Lord gave her a "*clearer manifestation*" of His love at the *needful time*. Yes, I fully expect He fulfilled His own promise in the 3rd verse of the 41st Psalm in her happy experience.

You will not, dear sir, fail to observe how very applicable our dear sister's own verses were to herself, when she wrote the enclosed letter.

I am, dear sir, yours very affectionately and respectfully, G. H.

Martock, Dec. 5, 1859.

MANY thanks, dear brother and sister in Him "who is our peace," for your kind letter. I thought it long since I heard from you; as I have few correspondents now, it does cheer my heart to get a word from a dear child of God. Oh, dear brother, my case and yours resemble each other more than you are aware of; it has often been a source of comfort to my mind when I find my heart knitted to those who love the Saviour, as it is one mark of discipleship given by Himself (John xiii.), for I cannot tell of the thunders of the law, nor the time when I first received spiritual life; and in consequence of that, *how much doubting, and fearing, and mourning*, it has caused me, particularly when I find my heart so cold and dead, so that I can only groan and sigh before Him; then how precious the 26th and 27th verses of the 8th of Romans are. But, surely, if we know anything of our own hearts, we will be repenting of, and mourning over, our sins to the last, although at the same time believing they are atoned for, and washed away in the precious blood of the Lamb. We have a very subtle enemy to deal with, and *he finds out our weak points*: still we have *One* on our side who has conquered every foe, and through Him each tempest-tossed soul shall come off more than conqueror. Oh, yes, dear brother, what are those longings you have for a larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit but a *certain proof of spiritual life?*

No unrenewed heart felt thus. As to your not receiving an answer to your prayers in this respect, it is for some wise purpose that both you and I are kept waiting. The Psalmist had to wait: he says, "I wait on the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope." It has long been my cry for a clearer manifestation of His love to my soul; and yet, notwithstanding all, I cannot, I dare not doubt it; and at times I do get a drop out of that ocean of love that dwelleth in Jesus, and a saint glimpse and smile that refreshes me and enables me to go on my way for a while rejoicing; and so do you.

You ask me, can I take a verse and write on it at any time? I answer, I cannot; I have no talent for that; but sometimes a passage will come with more than ordinary force and preciousness, and the mind will dwell upon it; and then I ask the Lord, if it is His will, to direct my thoughts aright, and enable me to put them together, and then to grant His blessing. But I cannot tell you the agony of mind my little writing has caused me, for when I get a view of my vile, deceitful heart, and feel so much that is wrong there, I am led to fear, lest all I have written should rise up in judgment against me.

Oh, dear brother, I have had many sore conflicts on this point; but that is a precious promise, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." O for a constant realization of our Beloved's love to us in all our weakness and conflicts; this is what we want; but He is faithful that hath promised.

I do greatly like Mr. M.'s pieces, they are so very clear and beautiful. He has a large mind; it grasps much of the precious things of the Gospel; and the "Wayside Notes" are very precious also.

I cannot but think, now that our dear

Editor's work was done in Ireland, the Lord had a larger sphere of usefulness preparing for him: but His servant had to wait for it; his faith was to be tried. The Lord's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Our dear Editor was brought to cleave closer, and to lean heavier, on the arm of his Beloved in consequence of this trial of faith, that he might be the better able to administer comfort to others.

Oh, what a precious link there is in the Lord's dealings with and for His people. Many of the Lord's servants are tried, and that trial will not only be found good to themselves, inasmuch as they will see their Father's hand, and feel the preciousness of promises they could not otherwise know, but will be able to comfort others.

As it regards my health, I know I have much to be thankful for. I do not often suffer from great pain, but I do from great weakness. This is the first day for some weeks that I had the degree of strength to write to you. O for a heart to praise my God!

Do I judge right in thinking the Dialogue in this month's Magazine, is yours? I am longing to see a continuation of it. Go on, the Lord will give His blessing.

Have you heard of or from dear Mrs. MOENS lately? I hope to write to her soon; we are both the Lord's prisoners; but His dealings must be in wisdom and in love.

I hope you are both in health and enjoying peace. I have a few thoughts in my mind on the 3rd and 4th verses of the 26th of Isaiah.

May we know more of that perfect peace which must be the result of a fixedness of eye on Jesus as our all.

I remain, dear brother and sister, yours in the best of bonds,

M. E. LUSHER.

Dublin, Aug. 30, 1859.

"THE DAYS OF THY MOURNING SHALL BE ENDED."

CHEER up, fellow-pilgrim,
The day is at hand,
When thine eyes shall behold
Emmanuel's land;

The days of thy mourning for ever shall
cease,
And thou shalt enjoy abundance of peace.

Cheer up, fellow-pilgrim,
Though tears may yet flow;
They only are known in
This region below;

In heaven they're wiped for ever away,
No sorrow, no sadness to darken that
day.

No more shall thy spirit
Be grieved for thy sin;
It is *then* thou shalt be
All perfect within;
Not a blot shall be found thy soul to disgrace,
Or mar the bright work of Sovereign grace.
Cheer up, fellow-pilgrim,
Thy Saviour is near;
He has promised that thou
His glory shalt share;
He will not desert us, while still on our way,
Though dangers may threaten and hopes may decay.

Oh, think of the riches
That's treasured above!
The weight of that glory,
That ocean of love;
The *presence* of Him who sits on the throne,
Thy Jesus, thy Lord, thy own beloved one.
No more shall the trials of
The wilderness press;
No Satan to harass,
No world to distress;
But in heav'n thy conflicts for ever shall
cease,
And *then* thou shalt have abundance of peace.
M. E. L.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 18.)

Mary.—But it is said also that believers are justified by the Spirit (1 Cor. vi. 11).

George.—I thank you for reminding me of that text, for I do not wish to forget, as, if we may judge from what we hear, is too often the case, that there is a Holy Ghost whose office it is to quicken, to enlighten, to revive, to comfort God's people. What God the Father wills, that God the Spirit does.

"His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine,"

by bringing the people of the Father's choice to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. God the Father works by His Spirit; therefore justification is ascribed to both, as well as to God the Son. And oh, my dear friend, let us never forget that the Holy Spirit is promised to them that ask for it (Luke xi. 13). I know you and I feel we need His teaching greatly. We feel it to be of more value than anything else. Do we not long for much of His teaching? I know we do. Are we not, then, the very characters to whom He is promised? I am persuaded we are, and so are all others that are like-minded. Will not the faithful Promiser, then, fulfil His own promise? Most certainly He will. We have another of His "shalls" to depend on in Isa. liv. 13, "All thy children *shall* be taught of the Lord." And though for a time we may seem to be going backward instead of forward—more and more blind, more and more ignorant, more and more helpless;

yet, when the "set time" is come, we shall, by the Spirit's precious teaching, be enabled to rejoice in this precious truth, that though we are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, yea, nothing in ourselves, that we are "complete in Him," and that "He, of God, is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" then shall we glory in the Lord only.

Mary.—Oh, that that "set time" may quickly come,

"I want to live above the world,
And count it all but trash and toys."

through the knowledge of what I am in Him, whom our souls thirst after.

George.—Well now, Mary, since Jesus, your Maker, your Husband, has Himself, by His own suffering unto death, paid your debt to the uttermost farthing, so that the righteous demands of the law are fully satisfied, and since you and your heavenly Husband are considered one, so that what He has done may be considered to have been done by you also; and since God the Father has justified you over and over, and has, as it were, given you a living receipt, by raising Jesus, your Surety, from the dead, which clears you from every charge; and since God the Holy Ghost bath, by virtue of what Jesus hath done, justified you by working in you precious faith, so that Jesus is now your only refuge, are you not, as well as all God's people, as righteous, in that sense, now as you ever will be? A righteous person is a

just person; and if every farthing of the debt is paid, what can you be in the eye of the law but a just person?

Mary.—Well, George, great and wonderful as it is, it must be true; for what such great and glorious Persons unite to do must be done perfectly and for ever. Oh, that the Holy Spirit may enable me to rejoice in this precious truth by working in me a large measure of precious faith “through the righteousness of God our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

George.—And since Jesus has, by the sacrifice of Himself, “put away sin” —“made an end of it,” so that He says to every one who has fled for refuge to Himself, “Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee;” and, as God the Father says, “The king’s daughter is all glorious within,” are you not, as well as all God’s people, as holy, in that sense, now as you ever will be?

Mary.—Well, it is the words of Him who cannot err, and therefore that also must be true. But, oh, it is too much, too great, too glorious, for such a poor unworthy worm as I am.

George.—Ah, Mary, He did not take your worthiness or unworthiness into account when He set His love upon you. Oh, no; it was not for your sake, but for His own name’s sake that He did it; and I know you will give Him all the praise.

Mary.—“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth’s sake.” Is there such a passage as this in the Bible,—“As he is, so shall we be in this world?” for those words were often coming into my mind yesterday?

George.—Yes. But the words in the Bible are, “As He is, so are we in this world.” And that great, glorious, and precious truth confirms all we have endeavoured to prove; and on it hangs all the blessedness of those truths of which we have been speaking, as well as of those of which we may hereafter speak, for it implies oneness, union, and therefore fellowship. It is not in vain that Jesus is spoken of as the Head and Husband of His body, the Church. For the wife, as we just now said, and the Husband are one, and therefore the wife shares in all that the husband is or has. And the head cannot be exalted unless the other members of

the body are also. Oh, that we may be enabled, through this year, to receive, and to rejoice in, this precious truth, that though we are poor, helpless, sinful worms in ourselves, yet that we are one with Him, who is the Creator of all things, and He with us; that He is our Head, our Husband, our Portion, our All. Then shall we, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, be able, very often, to join in singing that precious hymn of dear Dr. HAWKER’s, which we read last Sunday:—

“How precious that truth to my soul,
That ‘Christ and His people are one;’
He, the life-giving Head to the whole,
They, members, e’en bone of His bone.
A union so firm and so sure,
Nor Satan nor sin can undo;
In Jesus the whole is secure,
And since He lives, they shall live too.

“This union brings with it all bliss,
Secured as it is by Christ’s powers;
We take part in all that is His,
And Jesus in all that is ours.
Hence I a poor creature so mean,
And in myself nothing but sin,
In Christ become perfectly clean,
And holy and righteous in Him.

“Moreover, this love is so meet,
’Tis human, ’tis also divine;
I call it ‘My Jesus’ love sweet,’
Which flows from His heart into mine;
Not the love of the Godhead alone,
Nor that only human in heart;
But the union of both forming one,
In the person of Christ to impart.”

We have now seen that God’s people are made righteous, as well as holy, through the suffering obedience of their heavenly Husband, the Lord Jesus Christ. But that is only one part of the righteousness which they have in Him. They are righteous also through His active obedience. By His passive obedience their debt of suffering is paid; and by His active obedience blessings are secured. The one part would not do without the other; both make up a perfect righteousness, which will surely bring down every blessing which those, who were given to Jesus by the Father before the world was, and who, therefore, in time are led to flee to Him as their only refuge, can possibly need for time and eternity. For grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Since we began our conversations I have met with part of one of Mr. WHITFIELD'S sermons on "The Lord our Righteousness," which bears so much on this point that I shall gladly read it to you: "Behold, what man could not do, Jesus Christ, the Son of His Father's love, undertakes to do for him. And that God might be just in justifying the ungodly, though He was in the form of God, and therefore thought it no robbery to be equal with God; yet He took upon Him the form of a servant, even human nature. In that nature He obeyed, and thereby fulfilled, the whole moral law in our stead; and also died a painful death upon the cross, and thereby became a curse for us. As God, He satisfied at the same time that He obeyed and suffered as man; and, being God and man in one person, wrought out a full, perfect, and sufficient righteousness for all to whom it was to be imputed, or should hereafter believe on Him. Here, then, we see the meaning of the word Righteousness. It implies the active as well as passive obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ. We, generally, when talking of the merits of Christ, only mention the latter, viz., His death; whereas the former, viz., His life and active obedience, is equally necessary. Christ is not such a Saviour as becomes us, unless we join both together. Christ

not only died, but lived; not only suffered, but obeyed, for, or instead of, poor sinners. And both these jointly make up that complete righteousness which is to be imputed to us, as the disobedience of our first parents was ours by imputation. In this sense, and no other, are we to understand that parallel which the apostle Paul draws in the 5th of Romans, between the first and second Adam. This is what He elsewhere terms our being made the righteousness of God in Him. This is the sense wherein the prophet would have us to understand the words of the text; therefore (chap. xxx. 16), she, the Church itself, shall be called (having the righteousness imputed to her) the Lord our Righteousness. A passage, I think, worthy the profoundest meditation of all the sons and daughters of Abraham."

E. B. M.'S HEART-BREATHINGS FOR
GEORGE.

Gracious Lord, thy servant bless,
Ever give him joy and peace;
Overcome his doubts and fears,
Rule his heart and dry his tears;
Give him, when his race is run,
Everlasting life begun.

Hold him in the grasps of love,
All Thy goodness let him prove;
Raise his heart to things divine,
Thou art his, and *he is thine*.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

THERE are two kinds of fear; one that the Christian ought to cherish, the other that he should seek to be altogether delivered from. The one is servile—the fear of a slave; the other is filial—the fear of a child. The one is a fear that "bath torment;" the other is a fear that hath hope. To illustrate the difference between them, let us suppose a servant entrusted by his master with a precious vessel of some fragile material, which he is to carry to a certain place. If he knows its value, and if he would be really sorry to grieve his master, or deprive him of his property, he will have a wholesome fear, lest by any carelessness on his part that costly vessel should be endangered or destroyed; and therefore he will, in Scriptural phrase,

"let his eyelids look straight before him," and "ponder the path of his feet." But, on the other hand, if that servant, by his carelessness, or, still more, by his wilfulness, *has* stumbled and broken the vessel with which he was entrusted, then he will feel a very different kind of fear. It will no longer be a fear lest he *should* offend, but a fear of the *consequences* of having offended. It will no longer be a hopeful fear, inciting to obedience; but a hopeless fear driving to desperation. "I am *afraid* of thy judgments," says the Psalmist; therefore, "Depart from me, ye evil doers; for I will keep the commandments of my God." "I was *afraid*," said Adam, "because I was naked, and I hid myself."

Wavertree.

W. M.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—GOODNESS.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."—Gal. v. 22, 23.

THE next fruit of the Spirit that engages our attention is that of *goodness*. As if the bough were not yet heavy enough, another rich fruit, and that a comprehensive one, is added. And yet, beloved, there is no fear of the bough being overladen, nor of its breaking with the weight. No, for our Father is the husbandman; He digs about us, and prunes us, and there can be no danger to the welfare of the fruit-bearing bough that grows up under his watchful care—that is an offshoot of the true root and stock, even of the very Branch Himself. The Lord is our keeper; and He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. What manner of grace is it that He should give us strength to bear and to enjoy the weight of glory that He delights to lay upon His children? It is incomprehensible and past finding out; tremblingly grasped by Faith, but not to be sifted and weighed by Reason. The love of God, and the power to love God; the pleasure at His right hand, and the capacity and power to enjoy those pleasures, are all of Him from first to last. Again, there are flagons of different sizes, but all full, all satisfied—"filled with all the fulness of God." Poor timid one! dost thou sometimes experience a feeling akin to fear when more than glimpses of the glorious person of the only begotten of the Father are revealed to thee? Does the thought arise, "Is it deception, or is it truth? Is it all mine? Am I His, or am I not?" At the same time with an inward conviction that it is all true, and that He is thine; and this testified by the swelling joy in thine heart? At such times has there not been a momentary doubt lest the overladen bough break under its accumulated treasures? lest there should not be room to contain all thou feelest in the flagon of thy soul, and that it ~~must~~ overflow? Has a cry ever gone up, "Lord, now stay thy hand—it is enough?" Has this, and more than this, been thy experience? Then thrice blessed art thou, for flesh and blood

hath not revealed this unto thee, but our Father which is in heaven. Nor will He mock thee by the sight of that which thou art not able to bear or enjoy; but He will enlarge thy flagon that it may hold much more, and strengthen thy bough that it may support its "exceeding and eternal weight;" for with thee the children are come to the birth, and there is strength to bring forth. He would have thee know and own that as yet the half hath not been told thee, and not be satisfied with present attainments, but to go forward daily from strength to strength, and to plead, "Lord, I am not straitened in thee, but I am straitened in my own bowels; enlarge thou me."

"And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Grace corresponding to each grace in Him. Obedience and happiness, conformity to His image and blessedness go hand in hand. "The law is holy, and the commandment is holy, and just, and good." I understand the law in its broad sense, as comprehending *all* that relates to the actions of the creature with regard to the Creator; in fact, his every thought, word, and deed. Now, we are *freed* from the law as a covenant of requirement by God from man, for our justification has nothing to do with *our* legal obedience. Mark, not *free born*, but *freed* from the state we were in by nature. The flesh was weak and could not obey God, and be blessed in obedience. Hence, once guilty and condemned sinners, we now rejoice that we are saved by grace—by the astounding love of God in Christ, and not by the works of the law. But does our being saved from the curse of the law make the law evil, or are we saved by the infringement of that law? Certainly not. The law was so good and perfect, and was and is so absolutely necessary, that the Lord Jesus himself came to carry it out, and that amid all the jar of a ruined and condemned world. True, His life was one of perfect faith, by which all the just live in God's sight;

and it was in this perfect faith that the Lord performed all the works of the law in all their spirituality. The least faith is saving, because it lays hold of Christ its salvation, whose faith *was* perfect, and vindicated and established the law in God's sight (Rom. iii. 31). And in His obedience of faith we rejoice to stand—freed from the curse and requirements of the broken yet holy law by the precious outpouring of the cleansing blood, and the perfect righteousness of the life of the Lamb of God. The law has no terrors, for it only opens its mouth to commend those who are accepted in the Beloved One. And the more that we see that the everlasting law is fulfilled, and that we can now draw nigh freely to God, the more we shall see and experience in our own souls that we are one with Jesus, and that He is working in us His divine graces, the more we shall realize of communion with God, and the blessedness of His presence, the more we shall see and handle of the Word of Life. The infinite law of righteousness has been performed for us, and in His obedience we stand complete and justified for ever in God's sight; but to *realize* all we possess—to praise Him for it aright—we must be made conformable to His image, and to this, blessed be God, we are predestinated. And the gracious Spirit, in covenant faithfulness, carries on the divine life in the believer, in the performing of the precepts and the exhibition of the graces involved in the fulfilment of that divine and necessary law of holiness which always encircles the Creator, and must be reflected in the created ere they can enter His presence. Language is poor, especially in the mouth of a babe; but to the simple it will be more readily understood when I say that I conceive that it is according to the degree of the inwrought righteousness of the blessed Spirit that we can comprehend the eternal glory which arises from the *imputed* righteousness of Christ; wherein by *righteousness* I understand the perfect character of obedience to God's holy law. Beloved, though by grace we are taught much in this life, yet it is always a state of *going on*, and *pressing toward* the mark, and it will not be till hereafter, when we see Him as he is, that we shall be like Him,

and be able to serve Him without fear, because made perfect in love and free from all the motions of sin; for "he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin."

Such considerations as these tend to show us the exceeding sinfulness of sin as a transgression of the law, and a bar to service and happiness; and at the same time to fill us with an earnest desire to be filled with the fruit of the Spirit, and with His fulness, grace for grace: not as a source of justification in God's sight, but as a means of realizing all that our justification and sanctification in Christ signifies, and of pleasing Him. Now we see what law and precept constitute—not a stern unbending taskmaster—but, as now infinitely satisfied, a tender and loving guide, by the power of the Spirit, into the paths of righteousness and peace—cannot we say with the Psalmist, "How love I thy law?"

There are three pitfalls, beloved, which I have lately come across connected with this subject, from which, if I am right in my designation, I pray you may be preserved. The first is, that the law is a curse and an enemy, from which having been delivered in Christ, we have now nothing to do with. Such an idea makes that a curse which only becomes so when infringed, and otherwise a blessing. There being, then, no law whereby the relations of God and man are defined, the latter lives as he lists, and gives free rein to his lusts. The Antinomian heresy comes under the first head. The second is, that, although the law did and does exist, yet that its requirements are vague and its penalties uncertain; since all who are saved are saved in spite of the law, being freely forgiven and accepted by God, the broken law and the just decree—"the soul that sinneth it shall die" notwithstanding. Such a system aims at the dignity of the law—would demoralize creation. Ethical laxity is encouraged, for sin is not so exceedingly sinful, and may be passed over the second time as well as the first. The sufferings of Christ were not expiatory; expiation not being needed. He only suffered for righteousness sake, sympathetically, and as an example. This sad heresy is held by various sections of Rationalists of the

present day. The third is more subtle—less glaringly contrary to sound doctrine, yet is most unsatisfactory and dangerous, being opposed to the letter of Scripture. It is that the vicariousness of Christ's life extended only to that part which was *passive*. His blood was shed for us, but His life was not for us, but for Himself, to prove that He was the fitting Lamb of God. If the *penalty* of the law is paid, its *requirements* can have no claim to be fulfilled. The robe of Christ's righteousness in which we appear before the Father is the blood of Christ simply, whereby we are constituted righteous, and henceforth are seen to be in Him, and partakers with Him of His own abstract righteousness as God. And as the requirements of the law need not necessarily be fulfilled either by the believer himself or his deputy, so, of course, after believing, he has nothing whatever to do with the law as a rule of life and conduct in God's sight. By this system the term "law" is utterly misunderstood, and represented as something evil, to be got rid of, instead of something infinitely holy and indissolubly connected with communion with God Himself; and the creature is seen restored to the presence and favour of God with the demands of His holy law still calling for accomplishment. Those who hold these views think they thus magnify the life of faith which our Lord led, and which we lead in Him. But the essence of faith is love, and love shows itself by obedience. Obedience to what? Why to the will of God which is revealed in His holy law. The law of faith was coeval with the law of works; for without faith it is impossible to please God. The Jews overlooked the matter of faith, by which their fathers were justified, and went about to get a righteousness by the works of the law. This was Saul's case; but when his eyes were opened to see the breadth and spirituality of the law, he was immediately condemned by it, and his self-righteousness slain: and afterwards, as Paul, by faith he was enabled with his mind to serve the law of God, and to delight himself in it after the inner man. Those of whom I am writing, in their desire to avoid the semblance of justification by the deeds of the law, have run into the

opposite, though not equally fatal error, of supposing that the law is not good even though a man use it lawfully. Rendered thus without a law, they must grope in the dark after God, if haply they may find Him, or rather be found of Him, whose appointed guiding star to His presence they disregard and ignore. I think I have not overstated the consequences of the views of Mr. DARBY and his party among the Plymouth Brethren, who call the active part of the robe of that righteousness of Christ in which we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, by way of opprobrium, a legal righteousness.

But the blessed Spirit in covenant faithfulness will work in all the members of Christ's body the precious fruits of union with Him, and they will delight in following His footsteps and serving Him; not to justify themselves in the oldness of the letter, but to please Him in the newness of the Spirit. Then will each saint know more of his calling and election—more of Christ—more of that fellowship with the Father and the Son which is his—more of what he is, and what he has—more of what God is, and what God has given him. The Spirit's work is thus one of sanctification, but it is not that sanctification, or setting apart in Christ Jesus, which is perfected and complete, and has made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints. The sanctification of the Spirit is the carrying out of the fore-ordained purposes of grace in the person of each individual saint (Comp. Eph. ii. 10). It is all of free, sovereign, distinguishing grace. It apportions the relative position of each member of the body in time, and perhaps its consequent standing throughout eternity. (Comp. Phil. ii. 13; 1 Cor. xv. 41). All are sanctified and set apart for the Master's use; but some are appointed for one service and some for another, and each is *prepared* for his destined position by the sanctifying operation of the Holy Spirit.

The fruit of *goodness* is that which blends together and harmonizes, and, in a certain sense, comprehends all the other fruits of the Spirit. It is that loveliness of character which is seen in all God's dealings with man, and which is reflected back again in all the gracious actions of His own people. As in the

building, the cement and mortar fills every crevice, and binds the whole together, so does goodness smooth off every corner, and pervade every action with an indescribable sweetness in him who is a temple of the Holy Ghost.

The world can boast of a certain goodness in some of its children, and "peradventure for a good man (one who shows this goodness) some would even dare to die." But it is distinct as night from day from that which is of God, both in its aim and end, and in His sight it stands open and unmasked in all its hideous and selfish deformity. Our Lord rebuked the young man who, considering Him to be a mere man, hailed Him, "Good Master," by saying, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God." There is none good but God; and there is no real goodness but that which dwells in Him, and which He works in His people. And what grace is it, beloved, that He should deign to show us His goodness, and impart it to us that we may rejoice in it, and thus show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light! What love is this that works in us "both to will and to do His good pleasure," which is the fulfilling in us of all His work of goodness! (2 Thess. i. 11). Even according to His promise by the prophet Jeremiah, "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness" (ch. xxxi. 14).

And the goodness of God is His glory; for, in answer to the request of Moses, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory," the Lord answered, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." He is indeed "abundant in goodness and truth," as all His saints can testify. And if His glory is involved in His goodness, what should be our feelings when we know that we are called to be partakers of this goodness—what our desires, manifested by our efforts to abound more and more in every good word and work? Unmingled love and gratitude should lead to unceasing efforts to show forth, in dependence on His promised assistance, the goodness and glory of our God in our lives and conversations.

And all this glory of God, all this goodness, is seen in the face of the Lord

Jesus Christ. It is in Him who is the express image of His person that we see the attributes of God; and, as we live by the faith of the Son of God, so shall we show forth His goodness and all His other perfections. The Lord Jesus is the manifestation of the goodness of God. It was the riches of His goodness in Him that led us to repentance, and bore with us while we were despising His long-suffering; and when it pleased Him to reveal His dear Son to our souls, then we knew that He, in all His goodness, was "in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." And when, beloved, Jesus was made precious to our souls, and we realized Him to be indeed the goodness of God, so that His absence was grievous to us, have we not often looked back to such times of absence, when our eyes were weary with looking up, and our hearts were well nigh in despair with unsatisfied longing, and exclaimed with the Psalmist, "I had fainted, unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living?" And, in the realization of a perfect and precious Christ, have we not daily cried out with the same sweet singer, "Oh, how great is thy goodness!" And if so be that we have tasted of this goodness, and have "obtained mercy," ought we not daily to delight in showing mercy, and to be "kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love," that the goodness of God may be manifest in our lives? And should any say, "What is the goodness of which you write?—the term is so indefinite; and I want to know exactly how it is to be carried out;" I would answer, "Ask your own conscience; go down deep into the recesses of your own heart, and see what the goodness of God comprehends, and what it has done for thee. It is this, though thou canst not tell all its wonders, that I would have thee, strong in the power of thy God, even the love of the Spirit, strive to show forth."

The more we know of what the goodness of God has done for us, and is still doing, the more we shall be constrained to show forth the same goodness to all around us, not only to the kind and gentle, but also to the froward and ungrateful. There is a love to the house-

hold of faith, which is peculiar, and which leads us to do many things according to the mind of Christ, not selfishly, to receive as much again, but with a single eye to the glory of God, and directed by the love of God which rules in our hearts. This love cannot be shown to the enemies of Christ, but a sympathetic love for their persons can and will be shown, and out of this love will spring up a goodness of disposition which will shine with bright and enduring lustre toward the poor creatures "who are without." Is the accusation true, that many Christians check and chill those they meet in the world by their sternness of character, and their lack of goodness and kindliness of disposition? I fear it is, for we all come

very, very short of the Christian standard; and some appear to consider goodness misplaced if evinced towards the world. All this requires prayerful thought, that we may be stirred up, and gird up the loins of our mind. Separation from the evil of the world and its vain pleasures and conversation is a Christian duty; but goodness towards all is a Divine precept. Let us follow in the footsteps of Him who was separate from sinners, and yet who went about doing good, that the name of the Lord Jesus may be glorified in us, and we in Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

T. B. L.

Lindfield, Sussex.

PASSING OR LASTING?

How truly reasonable it is for an immortal being—a man, a woman, a child—to ask, in regard to everything that he sees, hears, thinks, possesses, hopes, and seeks, Is this *passing* or *lasting*?

How does the Word of God commend itself to every truly reasonable individual as a guide to the correct answer of the above-mentioned question! True piety is our "reasonable service," says the apostle Paul; and now the year 1859, now just passed away—is already called "the *old* year,"—it is certainly a most appropriate season to place the question *Passing* or *Lasting*? before the beloved readers of the *Gospel Magazine*, and beg them to ask themselves whether they have the proper rule, the right standard, to apply to their feelings, hopes, and fears?

That standard can be no other than the Word of God. That is the only book in the world that enables us to solve the question, because there is no other that contains anything about futurity, about abiding, eternal things. You may find the chambers of the earth described and opened in many books; there are many that tell us all that man has discovered and knows relating to this earth; many unfold the mysterious course of the celestial bodies; but what book has ever been printed that tells us the least thing about the *world to come*, invisible, eternal?

No! He alone who is "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity," can give us any information respecting the lasting things, the realities of eternity. He, whose "throne is for ever and ever" alone can unfold the mysteries of the unseen kingdoms—the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell. He it is that says, by the mouth of His servant Peter, "All *flesh* is as *grass*; and all the *glory of man* as the *flower of grass*. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." These, then—the world, and all it gives, or can give—are *passing*; man, and all his glory, power, strength, honour, riches, wisdom, is *passing*.

The grass that but lately decked the earth, and made our eye rejoice, has withered; the flower of that grass, still more fragile, has fallen away; we see it no more; it is passed, and is gone. This is the image God employs to teach us the truth in regard to "flesh" and "the glory of man." Ah! how poor, how unspeakably poor, then, must that being be who possesses nothing more; seeks only the *passing*; knows not the enduring, the *lasting*!

"All that is in the world," says the apostle John, "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world; and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof." Dear reader, pray

put down this paper for a single moment, and ask yourself the question, "Are those things that I have sought, that I have hoped, that I have attained during the year gone by, *passing* or *lasting*?"

The apostle Peter continues, "But the word of the Lord endureth for ever." And John adds, "But he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." Yes, here we find what is really *lasting*—"The word of the Lord endureth for ever," and all that that precious word promises and gives to all who humbly and sincerely receive it (just as a poor, sick man, receives the medicine his physician prescribes, truly believing and implicitly confiding in its healing efficacy.)

The one great promise of the Bible is that of a Saviour—a Redeemer. The apostle calls this "the unspeakable gift." If we are truly reasonable, "sensible sinners," we shall not be contented with the *passing*; we shall seek the *lasting*; and God's Holy Spirit will be given to all who thus seek. The criterion of all true Christians is, they "look not at

the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." So we can soon find out what is *passing* and what is *lasting*, if we do indeed wish to do so.

This is the will of God, that we should seek Him whose gift is eternal life and eternal glory.

"This is the will of Him that sent me," says the Lord Jesus Christ, "that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "He that doeth (this) will of God abideth for ever."

The people of God have likewise experienced that the last year was *passing*; but they have brought with them into the new year faith, hope, life, that is *lasting*—yea, *everlasting*. They exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

Reader, dear reader, may you be among the happy number!

Cologne.

NATHANIEL.

LITTLE HELPS.

A poor and needy one, but a true lover of the blessed Gospel, I have for a long time been wishing to send a trifle to help in the building of that church so much needed in Bedminster; if but one nail, that one nail may be of some use, as without it, it could not be complete;—and yesterday a friend gave me ten shillings. Oh, thought I, I can now send five of it to that cause, and the other five for our own, which is now in a state differing from what it was a short time since, from the enemy getting in his cloven foot. But I believe the Lord is for us; then who can be against us? Pray for us, that the Lord may strengthen and bless His dear servant who preaches the Gospel faithfully unto us. You do

not know me, but I have heard you with much pleasure and, I trust, profit; and the *Gospel Magazine*, I think, I have constantly read for twenty-four years with some savour, and *Old Jonathan* for nearly three years. May God bless you in your work and labour of love is the sincere prayer of an aged, saved sinner, through sovereign grace, chosen in the Lord before time; called to the blessed knowledge of him fifty-three years since. The more I know of Him, the more lovely He is to me; so that I long to be with Him. He has said I shall; so I am waiting until He shall say, "Come up higher."

Yours in the best bonds,

DEMÉRIT.

DAVID was ambitious to build the temple: the Holy Ghost overruled him. He penned his psalms. His son built a fabric, which seemed to defy destruction. The ark, the tabernacle, the temple, the ancient walls of Zion have vanished away. The sceptre of Judah is broken—the very ground of Mount

Zion has lost its original aspect—but the songs of Zion, and the melodies of David, and the enraptured strains of the prophets, have outlived time and destruction, and the very enemies and oppressors of Israel sing their songs in strange lands.—*Dr. Gilly.*

A WORD FROM AFAR—A VOICE FROM INDIA.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have long wished to write to you, but never could sum up sufficient resolution; nor do I think I could even now, were it not that I have a something that, as it were, drives me to it.

I was in England a few years ago, and was given a few numbers of the *Gospel Magazine* by a Mrs. LETT, of Camberwell. Since then she had been kind enough to send me a few more, but these, with several other books that I prized very much, were all lost to me in 1856, for I was on my way to Madras, to fetch my daughter to Jolna, to be with me during her husband's absence in Burmah, when, on waiting at Secunderabad for a letter from my dear husband, I got one from the Colonel of his regiment to say that he was that morning discovered dead in his bed. I was thrown into a dreadful state at this appalling letter, and it nearly took away my senses. I regretted so deeply having left him, and the fearful cause of his death (drink) so filled me with consternation, that I could not sleep for thinking. Added to this, a little dog bit me the same week; and from that time nothing possessed me but that I was mad; and death so stared me in the face that neither myself nor any one else thought I could recover. I fancied I had all the symptoms of hydrophobia. Nothing can ever obliterate the remembrance of the horrors I went through; and besides all this, I was in a state of despair in spiritual matters. I continued in this state four months. The doctor in Madras then gave me very strong opiates, which at last acted on the system, causing me to sleep; but I do not believe that any medicine would have acted on me had not the Lord been pleased to restore to me the joys of his salvation again. It was indeed a bringing my soul out of Doubting Castle. Blessings on His dear name, He restored my soul, and blessed me again with the light of his countenance.

One year and a half since I married my present husband. Immediately after our marriage he had to go with his regiment to the war; and the long, forced marches and great privations he was

forced to endure during the campaign has greatly shaken his constitution, and mine is in a very debilitated state. Twenty-two years in India has left its marks, I assure you.

Had my husband a trade, or if we had anything to depend on towards our support, we should have taken the opportunity of getting his discharge; for I cannot tell you how much I long to hear some of the dear ministers of the Gospel. The last two sermons I heard in England were from dear Mr. ABRAHAMS, in the City-road. I had to walk from the Commercial-road to hear him. One sermon is deeply graven on my memory from these words: "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me;" and also another, from "The king's daughter is all glorious within," &c. Ah, that was a precious feast to my soul! Many precious ideas too, have I heard from Dr. HAWKER, Mr. DENHAM, COLLYER of Footscray, REED of Fetter-lane, GADSBY, EVANS, SILVER, TRIGGS, and others; for each time that I went to England I went to hear all that I could; and the prayer-meetings at a Baptist chapel down at the bottom of Cannon-street-road (I forget the minister's name) were very precious opportunities. The remembrance of this makes me long to be in England again; but with no means of subsistence it would not do. Little as is the pay of a private soldier, it is sufficient, with the daily rations; and I felt convinced that the Lord's will is that I should not return yet a while, or He would have furnished me with means of living there.

I nursed the wife of the Rev. Mr. KIDD, of Veppery, in her first confinement, some time ago; and finding that I greatly prized some few numbers of your Magazine which he had, he kindly gave them to me: and I assure you that sometimes I am so tried and tempted, and so sorely distressed, I seem as though I was quite forsaken of the Lord; present troubles seem to obliterate all past deliverances; but sometimes I take up one of the numbers, and some poor soul that I read of seems so like me at the time, and I find how they were brought through, and then a groan

seems to escape me, "Lord, look in pity on me, though I be such a monster! I would live to thee, and thee alone, but thou seest how this wretched heart of mine bids me listen to Satan's suggestions, and how every trifle irritates me. Surely I cannot be a child of thine, or I should not be as I am; I should be able to conquer and overcome difficulties with humility. Lord, only give me to see that thou art with me, and I can bear anything; but thou hast withdrawn thyself, and I sink like a stone."

I was in a very dark, dead, benumbed state the other day, when I took up one, and "Trust, may I," took my attention, and the dear Lord was pleased to bless it greatly to my soul. Another, "Why should I fear?" was also very precious to me. It is just in this way that I get a bite here and a nibble there, amid all my troubles. I wrote to a Mr. COWELL (whose "Wayside Notes" had often been blessed to me); I told him I had thirty rupees, which I wished to be received by some one who would be kind enough to send me one year's numbers of the *Gospel Magazine*, a copy of *Hart's* and *Kent's Hymns*, and the remainder to be shared between the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society and the poor blind Warwickshire widows. I received an answer directing me to send the money to him, and he would act for me. I sent it in January, but find it did not leave India till March; but as that is five months ago, I fear something may have happened, as he has not written. I also wrote to a Mrs. LETT, whose direction was inclosed in Mr. COWELL's answer to me, but have had no reply from that lady either.

My husband reminded me this morning that it was in the same letter that I mentioned having written the letter to Mr. COWELL, and the one to Mrs. LETT, that I told him of Serjeant ABLETT's attempt to stab his poor wife, and I dare say that your two letters, that you took to him to get signed by the officer, were lost, torn, or destroyed, and so, perhaps, never went. Now, if this is the case, it will account for getting no answer. At any rate, the Quartermaster assures me that the money is in London, but he also tells me that I ought to have received a duplicate, which I ought to have sent to the person who was to receive the money. I told him no such document had been given me; so he said he will give it me, and then I shall write again to Mr. COWELL, and enclose it in my letter. And, dear Sir, I am sending fifteen rupees to you, out of which you will oblige me by taking for one year's subscription to your *Magazine*; and if you will kindly send them out to me monthly you will be doing me a very great favour. I should also like some of *Old Jonathan*, if they can also be sent, and the remainder I wish you to take for your schools. I shall not get the duplicate for the fifteen rupees till next month, and as soon as I get it I will forward it to you. This will be time enough to get the *Magazine* from January next, if we are spared. And now may the dear Lord's presence be ever with you and yours, and may He abundantly bless you for your labour of love, is the earnest prayer of your unworthy servant,
Jubbulpoor,
 A. HANNAY.
 Sept. 1, 1859.

SUPPER OF THE LORD.

VIEW the ordinance as appointed for the strengthening and refreshing of the soul. The Lord's Supper is spiritual food; and as all food supposes a principle of life which is to be supported thereby, so the Lord's Supper supposes spiritual life to exist in those who come to partake of it; for strength and refreshment cannot be conveyed where it is wanting. The best food will not make that alive which was dead before; nor will spiritual food communicate spiritual life where spiritual death prevails. We are not to expect life, but growth, from it; it is not a converting,

but a confirming ordinance; and if we only remember that wherever it is worthily received, the soul is "strengthened and refreshed by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine," and recollect at the same time, that where there is no life, bread and wine will not strengthen nor refresh, we cannot but conclude, that to come to the Lord's table with the best preparation, short of a passage from death unto life, is but to bring a finely dressed corpse to a sumptuous banquet.
 —Rev. F. F. Trench.

Reviews.

Songs of Heaven. London: The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

SWEET songs: heart- uplifting, feet-prompting, Christ-endearing.

Parley's Forget-Me-Not for the Young.

Edited by S. G. GOODRICH, author of "Tales about Europe," &c. London: Darton & Co., Holborn Hill.

Few have the happy gift of writing for the young; but where that gift is possessed a great responsibility is entailed, inasmuch as what is read in youth is deeply imbedded in the mind, and is remembered for good or evil in after years. Peter Parley, as a miscellaneous writer for the young, is exceedingly happy; hence his world-wide notoriety.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Crown 8vo, large type, with Portrait of the Author; cloth, 2s. 6d. W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street, London.

We are never better pleased than when we see announcements of a reproduction of these good old standard works; that is, when the source through which they come can be relied upon. There is at least one edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which has been most fearfully mutilated. No greater injustice can be done to an author, no greater imposition upon the public. The feature to which the publisher particularly invites attention in the present edition are the Scripture references, which are not only a valuable assistance to the teacher, but which are a very desirable substitute for defective notes and comments. This edition is exceedingly clear and readable.

The Poor Man's Hymn Book; intended for the use of the Poor in Spirit. Selected by the Rev. WILLIAM LUSH, Curate of Great Dolby, Leicestershire. London: J. Teulon, 57, Cheapside.

This is a small, but an exceedingly valuable selection of hymns. There is truth, power, unction in every page and line. The hymns are heart-warming, home-telling. The whole savours of these grand declarations, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound."

The Religious Power of the Sunday School. Birmingham: Richard Matthison, 71, Edgbaston Street.

A Brief Memoir of Emma Ash, who died suddenly. Birmingham: Richard Matthison, 71, Edgbaston Street.

In Memoriam. "M. D. M." London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

Brief Memoir of Martha Drakeford, of Leicester. Written by her father. London: W. H. Collingridge.

TOUCHING records of the power of the truth over the hearts and minds of four young females, called to an early tomb.

The Monthly Medley for Happy Homes. Conducted by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Derby. London: Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street.

WITHOUT doubt, Mr. Clarke has the happy knack of interesting children. His "Medley" is a pleasant mixture, and calculated to make many a young home happy.

Revision of the Liturgy. By "INGOLDS BY." London: Partridge and Co.

REPRINT of Letters to the "Church Chronicle" and "National Standard." Well worth reading.

A Tract for the Times; being Remarks by the Religious Poor, respecting the Unrighteous Rich.

HYPOCRISY unmasked by a master-hand.

Brief Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of a Young Disciple of Jesus. By the Rev. JAMES COTTLE, M.A. Taunton: James Barnicott.

THE young disciple whose brief history is comprised within the pages of the book before us, has for some years been at rest; but "though dead, she yet speaks" to those who survive her. "I am not seeking, but resting," she said, within a few hours of her departure; and, having at length taken a final leave of those so dear to her, she exclaimed, "Now let me die." She then lay with perfect composure, her head reclining on the pillow. "So happy," she said, once more, and then in a few minutes fell asleep.

Hymns and Sacred Poems, on a variety of Divine Subjects ; comprising the whole of the Poetical Remains of the Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, B.A., Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devon. London : Daniel Sedgwick, 81, Sun-street.

BLESSED TOPLADY ! We long to visit the spot where he laboured, and do (if the Lord will) promise ourselves that treat some day. His hymns and poems, as well as his "Jesus Seen of Angels," and many other of his precious and powerfully-written pieces, must ever keep alive his memory in the hearts of the Lord's living family. This edition is very clear, and well adapted to the reader whose sight, like our own, is failing.

Daily Bible Teachings. Designed for the Young. By THULIA S. HENDERSON. London : Knight and Co., Clerkenwell Close.

A VALUABLE gift-book for young people, tending greatly to interest and pre-occupy their ardent minds with the precious truths and teachings of the Book of books.

The Young Student's Monitor ; or, Words of Counsel to a Young Man upon his Advancement into Life. By RICHARD GOUGE, formerly of Christ's College, Cambridge. London : James Paul, 1, Chapter-House Court.

A REPRINT of an old and valuable work. Gouge's are weighty words. His chief

counsels are embodied under the following heads :—Study Yourself—Begin to Seek God betimes—Study the Scriptures—Study Christ—Keep up an Honourable Esteem of Religion—Take heed of Sinful Beginnings—Shun Bad Company—Go to the Throne of Grace for Grace—Frequently call to mind the practice of your pious father—how praying—how reading—how hearing the word.

Rills from the Fountain. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. London : Knight and Co.

A BOOK for the little ones, and a very nice little book it is. Its contents are :—The Pleasant Way—The Great Man in God's Sight—The Lily's Lessons—The Gift for God—The Wonderful Lamp—The Child's Fortune Told—The Lesson Jesus Teaches. We have read "The Wonderful Lamp" with a great deal of pleasure. Dr. Newton's style is easy and telling, such as the dear children will delight in.

Psalms and Hymns, based on the Christian Psalmody of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth. Compiled anew by his Son, the Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead. London : Dean and Son.

A SECOND edition of upwards of 500 hymns, selected from our best hymn writers, and forming, as a whole, a valuable collection.

JESUS IS MINE.

Why should I despond or fear ?

Jesus is mine.

Why should start the anxious tear ?

Jesus is mine.

Now His gracious work completed,

He above all power is seated,

And by hosts in glory greeted :

Jesus is mine !

Mine, from danger to protect me ;

Jesus is mine.

From my wanderings to correct me ;

Jesus is mine.

Mine to fill my soul with pleasure ;

Mine a priceless, peerless treasure ;

Mine e'en now, and mine for ever :

Jesus is mine !

Mine through life's tempestuous journey ;

Jesus is mine.

What, though it be rough and thorny,

Jesus is mine.

Now He spreads His banner o'er me ;

Sets the "blessed hope" before me

Of His coming soon in glory :

Jesus is mine !

Till that day I'd fain be telling

Jesus is mine.

On His love be ever dwelling ;

Jesus is mine.

Thus I'd wait His blest appearing ;

His own voice my spirit cheering,

Till I sing, the palm-branch bearing :

Jesus is mine !

LITTLE saints and great saints are equally acceptable to Christ—small faith is sufficient.—*Hawker.*

SPOTLESS CHILDREN IN A POLLUTED WORLD.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"Children in whom was no blemish."—Dan. i. 4.

JOHN WESLEY tells us that he lived like an angel for two months, neither sinning in thought, word, or in deed. Beloved, we can make no such pretensions; and while taking up our pen as these precious words that head our paper come pressing home upon the heart, must acknowledge that instead of experiencing this sinless perfection we feel the old Adam nature gets worse and worse: and though the thoughts of the heart may not be put into action, it is only through the invincible, sovereign, and restraining grace bestowed by a covenant-keeping God. All the Old Testament and New Testament saints felt the full power of sin after conversion; hence David cried, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity—my sin is ever before me." And the great apostle of the Gentiles, who could rejoice in being in vital union to a precious Christ, yet exclaimed, "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is *in my members*. O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death;" and Solomon declares that the very thought of foolishness is sin. Oh, beloved, do not foolish thoughts and vain imaginations o'er-top each other in daily inward experience? and thus we sin in thought every moment of our lives; and if we are kept from putting those thoughts into exercise, it is nothing but the restraining power of God's grace which keeps us from so doing. If the intents of the heart, even in the most exemplary Christian, could be turned out and exposed to the sunlight of Christ's perfect righteousness, would not the sight indeed make us shudder, and cause us to call upon the rocks and mountains to come and hide us? No, beloved, sin is mixed with all we do. If we pray, in the very act how often we sin; hence Isaiah in approaching the throne acknowledges, "O God, I am a man of unclean lips;" and in ceasing to pray we sin, as Samuel says, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord, by ceasing to

pray" (1 Sam. xii. 23). And surely, beloved, the very deceitfulness of sin is shown in the fact that some dare to say they sin not, while the only man who "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," was the man Christ Jesus. "If therefore we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we CONFESS our sins, He is faithful to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." There is no such a thing as a sinless perfection out of Christ. "I have seen," says the Psalmist, an end of all perfection;" and yet, while he looked away from the creature, he could elsewhere assert, "Out of Zion the *perfection of beauty*, God hath shined." True, the apostle Paul's earnest desire for the Corinthian church was, "this also we wish, even your perfection." But it was the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ that he desired they might possess, knowing and stating that "by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

Well, then, beloved, you will at once understand that while the precious passage before us refers to "Children in whom was no blemish," that we are not going to insult God and deceive immortal souls by writing about "a sinless perfection" which we do not inherit, and which we do not believe any fallen fellow man this side of the grave ever did or ever will possess. Well do we know what it is to mourn over sin; to loathe it, and to hide ourselves in the dust of self-abasement on account of it, crying with the Psalmist, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, cleanse me now from my secret sins; for I need this moment, and every moment, a fresh sense of thy pardoning love and mercy, and a fresh application of thy precious blood.

"'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
Though we feel it rise within;

G

To believe that all is finished,
Though so much remains to endure :
Find the dangers undiminished,
Yet to hold deliverance sure."

This is the clinging work which drives us to the throne, makes us feel no confidence in the flesh, and keeps us at the feet of Jesus; and it can only be as seen "*in the Beloved*," that the children stand before their covenant Father without blemish: for verily in their flesh they are altogether black and polluted, there is none clean (righteous), no, not one. Discarding then, beloved, altogether a sinless perfection in the flesh, we will now proceed, in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, to dip into this gracious assertion, "Children in whom was no blemish," in a spiritual view; nor need we stay to look at the connexion of the passage historically any further than to observe that it was the practice of eastern kings to select persons for various offices connected with their Court, who were "without blemish" or spot as regards their persons, so that their retinue might appear the more imposing and grand. Hence the selection of these so-called children without blemish to appear in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. But, beloved, the King of kings also has about Him children in whom there is no blemish, and therefore let us notice,

First. The endearing relationship—"Children."

Secondly. Inquire who these children were that were said to be "without blemish;" because we think from their very names we shall gain encouraging views of their characters, and be able, unworthy as we are, to put in our claim to be "children of the heavenly King."

Thirdly. How came it to pass that these children became without blemish? For surely the process must be significant that brings about such a hallowed position—spotless children in a sinful and polluted world. And,

Lastly. Trace some of the blessed consequences of these children being without blemish before the King. Blessed Spirit, unfold a precious Christ to our faith's view; that as the pen proceeds His person may be presented to the mutual refreshing of writer and reader. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

First. The endearing relationship—children. *Are the children of God children by eternal choice?* This is an important and much disputed inquiry. We think they are, because we believe that the whole tenor of Scripture proves it. Hence such sweet and soul-comforting assertions as these—"God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth" (2 Thess. ii. 13). "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world." "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts" (Gal. iv. 6). If no covenant children, no covenant choice; and if no covenant choice, no covenant love: and what then is to become of our dear Redeemer's prayer to the Father, "I pray that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them;" or of the assertion of the eternal Father Himself, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." And if the children only became so when converted, how could they be said to be heirs of God, or joint-heirs with Christ. But, beloved, because they are sons, and because they are heirs, at the set time they become converted by God's grace; for "whom He did foreknow, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also called." And without such facts are laid hold of, beloved, surely we shall have very feeble realization of the real endearing relationship which exists between a covenant God and Father and a covenant people, who throughout His blessed Word He calls distinctly, "my people," "my children," "my family." They shall be all taught of God, and great shall be the peace of my people. And such a standing shows us that our God is a covenant Father, whose interest is bound up in the welfare of His children; and *if children*, all is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. There is the precious little link, *if children*, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, of all the treasures which are in Him. Oh the depth of the riches both of the knowledge and wisdom of God. Well then, beloved, the children are the objects of a Father's love; and if love be the moving cause of all an earthly father does for his

children, what will not our heavenly Father do for His children, when clearly He is the God of love to them? Why, they will, beloved, be the objects of His constant solicitude. And we might notice,

1st. He will protect them.

2nd. He will provide for them.

3rd. He will pity them.

First. He will protect them. No weapon that is formed against them shall prosper. The shafts of the enemy shall do them no real harm; nay, rather shall drive them into a Father's arms, and keep them near a Father's throne. They are hedged about with covenant verities, and a wall of God's fire shall consume all who attempt to destroy them. He has promised to keep them as the apple of his eye, and to carry them as an eagle does her young, between His shoulders. He says He will "bear them up," lead them on, and bring them in peace and safety even to Himself. He has charged His angels to guard them, and plagues and pestilence to keep far from their dwelling. Their stronghold is under the shadow of the Almighty, and their God is their refuge in times of trial and distress. Beloved, is He not in very deed, then, a covenant God and Father? and then, not merely has He promised to protect them, but furthermore, to *provide* for them. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and *all things* shall be added unto you." Oh, beloved, do we not know what it is to doubt Him upon this point. When we see such a number surrounding our earthly table, as heads of families, do we not sometimes think within ourselves, surely the "barrel of meal" will fail, and "the cruse of oil" will run out; but no, it has not done so yet. And,

"He that hath helped us hitherto,
Will help us all the journey through."

"The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." And do thou, O child of promise, consider the ravens; God feedeth them: consider the lilies, thy God causeth them to grow: consider the grass of the field, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith. Seek not, then, what ye shall eat,

and what ye shall drink—all the nations of the earth do this—nor be of doubtful mind; for your covenant God and Master knoweth you have need of these things, and they shall be added unto you according as He seeth best for your eternal good and His glory; for His name is Jehovah-Jireh, the Lord who will provide. But again, our Father will pity the objects of His love; for like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. They struggle against His mind and will, think they know best, plan and devise according to their puny judgment; and are peevish and fretful when with a strong hand but a father's love He brings them to nought. How often does an earthly parent see what ill effects must spring from gratifying the wish of his child, and suffers the child not to have its way. And how much more does our heavenly Father withhold for our good; and in pity and forbearance show us by gentle means the folly of our requests, and the foolishness of our demands. His way is in the deep, ours in the shallows. He sees and knows all that is ahead, while we see not an inch before us. Oh that, knowing this, we could oftener roll our burdens at His feet, and leave them there. And so, beloved, we see the advantage of having a covenant God and Father, who in love to every member of his family watches over them continually for their temporal and eternal good; and we do believe that if it were possible to remove the eternal choice and love of the Father from the grand scheme of salvation, the whole must be a failure. Cut one stick of this beautiful "raiment of needlework," and the whole would be disarranged. But God be praised, dear reader, if He has taught you and I to say with the Preacher of preachers, "I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it that men may fear Him" (Eccl. iii. 14). But we must pass on to inquire,

2ndly. Who these children were that were said to be "without blemish." We find they were Daniel unto whom the prince of the eunuchs gave the name of *Belshazzar*; Hananiah, to whom was given the name of *Shadrach*; Mishael;

surnamed *Meshach*; and Azariah, who was named *Abednego*. Now, beloved, we shall see something very characteristic in these names. For,

1st. Belteshazzar signifies "*one who has a treasure in secret.*"

2nd. Shadrach means "*soft and tender.*"

3rd. Meshach is "*one drawn.*"

4th. Abednego, the signification of which is "*God is my light.*"

And it is added, "As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." And among those that surrounded the king, there was none like Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Well now, beloved, the first of these significant children was Belteshazzar, which signifies "one who has a treasure laid up in secret." And is not that precisely so with the real child of God—

"A something secret sweetens all."

He has a treasure which the world can neither give nor take away; and in secret he takes this treasure out of his bosom, and the more he examines it the more he sees its beauty. And is not this treasure a precious Christ, the Pearl of great price? It is, too, in secret that he is mostly obliged to enjoy it; for when he tells to sinners that surround, what a dear Saviour he hath found, they laugh him to scorn, think him mad: so that, like a sparrow alone upon the house-top, he has silently to live and be one whose treasure is in secret. Then another of these children was Shadrach, which signifies "soft and tender;" just, too, a strong characteristic of the real child of God. His heart, once as hard as a stone, has been broken to pieces by the hammer of God's holy law. The lion has become a lamb; the stout-hearted, who walked abroad in creature strength and greatness, has discovered that he has "no might at all;" yea, with the prophet Daniel when the angel touched him, he is brought to say, "there remained no strength in me, for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." The heart is thus broken to pieces, and becomes an acceptable sacrifice when sprinkled with precious blood, and the unbending nature is softened by the restraining grace of God, made willing

in the day of His power, and Shadrach is brought as a suppliant at the throne of grace, with a tender heart, crying "God be merciful to me a sinner." Then another of these children in whom was no blemish, was Mesech, signifying "one drawn;" drawn up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and the feet set upon the rock of ages—an immovable position. Drawn away from the vanities of this world, no longer to find pleasure therein; and made to aspire after things on high. Drawn with the cords of love to a Father's throne, the promise being fulfilled in the experience "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Oh, this is hallowed drawing work! You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins. Dear reader, are you a Mesech, thus drawn away by the spirit of the living God, and showing thereby that you are one of the children in whom is no blemish; for ye are complete in him. Lastly, Abednego—a servant of light; no longer a slave of darkness, but a servant of light: divinely illuminated—enabled to say, "Once I was blind, but now I see." I see my own pollution, I see the spotless character of my Saviour, and I see that without the imputed robe of His righteousness a poor vile sinner never can appear in the sight of a righteous God. I was walking in the dark, mistaking the reality of things altogether; but now the Sun of Righteousness hath arisen upon me with healing in His wings—He is my light and my salvation. Reader, then, are you inquiring, Am I a child of God? Bring thine experience to the foregoing tests—Have you a treasure in secret? a precious Christ. Is your heart softened by divine grace? Are you being drawn away from the beggarly elements of time, and aspiring after God? Has a ray of divine life shone into your soul, and shown you yourself in contrast with the perfection of a spotless Saviour? God be praised if it be so. Furthermore, how came it to pass that these children were "without blemish?" We reply in few words, *all through precious blood*. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin; but our precious Jesus through His blood-shedding hath perfected for ever a righteousness for

the travail of His soul, and they are thereby seen by God the Father as children in whom there is no blemish; for the Church is complete in her Covenant Head, and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Oh, gracious fact, beloved, for our joyful contemplation; may we realize it; may it cause us to cast aside the weights that so easily beset us: may it make us press onwards and homewards—may we lay hold with a lively faith of the fact of our exaltation in Christ, of what His precious blood has done for us. Yes, beloved, well may we say to you in the language of Scripture, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Precious sacrifice! blessed atonement! What a Friend! what a Saviour! Here is love incomparable—devotion unsurpassed! Oh, to love and live upon such an one more and more.

And then lastly, beloved, some of the great and glorious results arising from their being children in whom is no blemish. Three only we dare name. Such will be—

1st. Preserved in time.

2nd. Prepared for heaven.

3rd. Presented by their Surety, as without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

First. Preserved in time. They had to enter the furnace heated seven times; but did it hurt them? No, they walked about it without having a hair of their

heads scorched; for there was present with them a *fourth, like unto the Son of Man*, while when their enemies approached they were immediately consumed. God is a consuming fire to His enemies, but a covenant Father and Protector to His children. Complete in the Covenant Head, who is ever present with them in all the fiery trials they are exposed to.

2nd. Prepared for heaven. The fiery furnace, while destroying their enemies, purifying them, and making them meet companions for the Son of God, and meet to be partakers with the saints of the inheritance of light.

3rd. Presented to the Father a spotless Church at the last great day of account, without blemish, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Beloved, what shall we say to these things? "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"Jesus, our Redeemer, shed

For us His vital blood;

We through our victorious Head,

Can now come near to God:

Sin and sorrow may distress,

But neither shall us quite control;

Christ has purchased holiness,

For every sin-sick soul."

That you may realize this gracious position, and live daily in the enjoyment of it, is the sincere desire of your fellow-traveller Zionwards,

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

A FELLOW-LABOURER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN OUR DEAR LORD,—Permit me, a poor sinner saved by free grace (known to Jesus, though unknown to you), to say that through God's love your Magazine fell into my hands the other day, and I found it to be a cup filled with the sweet wine with which the Son of God gives to His own dear ones; it is the *new wine*, which the flesh does not desire; it says the "old is better." There are few who love the new; and there are few, very few, books in this day which I can read, so few seem to me to

contain the truth. This causes me to go often to the Bible and to keep to it.

I pray that God may still sustain and bless you; and that you may feed the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock. I ask your prayers for me. I am engaged in going from place to place in this county, seeking to spread the truth, and God gives me much blessing. I am not employed by any one except the Lord, who is pleased to feed me and use me.

Yours, in His love,

Duffield, Derby.

G. R.

THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE REST-DAY.

SOME years ago (says a recent writer), it was my privilege to work as a District Visitor in one of our populous London parishes. In a cellar, in one of the courts assigned me, lived a pious old soldier, who had lost one of his legs in fighting for his country. This, however, did not afflict him; no, nor yet his deep poverty, nor his dark, damp lodging; but his wife was ungodly, and this lay as a heavy burden on his heart. He had a trifling pension, which, with the scanty product of a mangle, scarcely sufficed for their maintenance. They had fifteen pence a week to pay for the cellar, where rats ran over their wretched bed at night. The simple faith and piety of the old soldier at once won my heart. I often visited him, to be refreshed and edified by his remarks while reading the Word of God to him. One morning, the post brought me a letter from a friend, to whom I had written about this aged couple: She had been interested with their history, and sent me 5s. in stamps, to be laid out for them as I might judge best. I set out at once to carry them the good news. In vain, however, did I stand at the top of the dark stairs this morning, and call aloud to Mrs. G. to open the door, that I might find my way down. It was of no use; she was scolding aloud, and was deaf to every other sound. I groped my way, and, making for the door, gave a loud rap, which soon brought Mrs. G.'s voice to a momentary hush, and an expression of regret that she had not heard me. I replied, that I was greatly surprised and troubled to find her scolding so loudly. "It is enough to provoke a saint," she said, "to see him go on as he does." "Oh, don't trouble the lady with them things," said her husband; "let's have some of the words of God, for truly we need them this morning." Mrs. G., however, was not to be so silenced; she would give vent to the anger that swelled her breast. I will relate her grievance in her own words:—"Now, here's a man for you, ma'am, without a bit of care for his wife. The other day, we had only one penny in the house, and I sent him to get in a bit of bread; but instead of that, he goes and gives it

away to a tramp he knows nothing of." The old soldier looked deeply grieved. "My dear lady," he said, "there are two ways of telling every story;" and then, with much emotion, he gave me his version. It was very true, the penny was all he had; and he was proceeding to the baker's, when a travelling man, with his wife and three children, sitting on a door-step, arrested his attention. He found that, like himself, they were natives of Scotland, sick and hungry; he spoke to them words of consolation from the Bible, and found, to his joy, that they were fellow-believers in the Lord Jesus. On parting, he slipped his penny, with a thankful heart, into the hand of his afflicted brother. It was not until he had done so he remembered, with dark forebodings, "What will wife say?" Here Mrs. G. interrupted him with an exclamation, that "He must be a pretty husband, who would rob his wife to give to a stranger." "Let me finish," said he; "and you shall see, ma'am, how the Lord returned the little offering tenfold." He then went on to relate, that, not daring to go back empty-handed, he walked up and down, asking the Lord to supply his need, not for himself, for he was now no more hungry, but for his wife's sake. While walking to and fro, a gentleman inquired of him the way to the Post-office. The soldier offered to show him the way; and, while walking together, the gentleman entered into conversation with him, and asked if he were not old G., whom he had known years ago? G. replied that he was; upon which the gentleman put a shilling into his hand, and bade him God speed. "Now," added this old Christian, "is not our Master ever true to His word? and does He not bless a hundredfold all we do for His sake?" I was deeply touched with this narrative, and felt solemnly impressed with the fact of God's individual providence, and with the wondrous links in that great chain of life which reveal, to those who look for them, the unceasing care and love of Jesus for His people. I recalled to mind, also, the letter I had received this morning; so I inquired what was their present trouble. Here

Mrs. G. once more broke forth in complaints. The landlady had demanded their rent by twelve o'clock that day, as she had a payment to make up. They had but a few halfpence in the house, and the old woman was for hastening off her husband with some things from the mangle, which would bring them sixpence more. "But I could not get him to go," exclaimed she; "he said he must first ask the Lord. So instead of doing as I bid him, there he has been sitting over the Bible; and, as if he had not lost time enough already, he must needs go down on his knees; and all my shaking and scolding him could not get him up till just before you came, and now it is within half an hour of twelve." Old G., I should have observed, was standing with his stick and hat in hand, and a bundle under his arm, when I came in, as if ready to go out. "How much do you owe?" I inquired. "Just five shillings," replied she. "It's fifteen pence a-week, as you know, ma'am; and it is just four weeks last Saturday." I said nothing, but opened the letter. I read to her that portion which related to her husband, and then gave him the five shillings' worth of stamps. It was a moment never to be

forgotten. The old man stood speechless with joy, with his beaming eyes lifted up in sweet thankfulness to his heavenly Father; while Mrs. G. sank down upon a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, wept tears of shame and sorrow. "May God forgive me," said she; "I am a wicked woman. Yes, I see it all now. I didn't believe it; but it's just as G. read it out of that very Bible, not half an hour back, 'Before they call, I will answer.' Oh! I didn't believe it—I didn't believe it. May God forgive me!" God's love had at last melted her stubborn heart, and the overpowering sense of the fact, "Thou, God, seest me," made her tremble with fear for her unbelief. From this time a brighter day began to dawn upon old G.'s night of sorrow. His wife, so long the hinderer of his peace, and the object of his agonizing intercession, would now often sit by his side when he read the Bible, which had become more needful to him than his daily bread—accompany him to church and to the school-room weekly lectures; and, when I left the parish, I had the comfort of believing that this work in her heart was the work of the Holy Spirit.—*Particular Answers to Prayer.*

LEARN YOUR BIBLE.

A HINT FOR THE YOUNG.

LAST November, if you had peeped into a room in a Parsonage-house in Wales, you would have seen a young girl sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, but with her eyes closed and her hands clasped, and one or two pearly tear-drops breaking their way from under those closed eyelids. Poor girl! why did she look so sad, and why those tears? Ah! she had many troubles, which I hope you will never know, dear young readers. She was thinking of days gone by, of a sweet mother who lived to her no longer; and then she thought of a brother who was far, far away; and that was the reason the tears came, and why she looked so sad. Stop! the door opens; and who comes in? Ah, 'tis her little cousin Richard, and he steals softly to

her, climbs on her knee, and kisses her tears away. Little Richard was a messenger of comfort to her. This is what he says: "Now cousin Lisa, let me mop up your tears, and then I will tell you something that will make you feel glad; mamma taught it to me to-day." And then he repeated calmly and slowly, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Lisa smiled, and looked glad again; and who may say what joy it was to her to know that God's presence would be with her, and that He would give her rest? And now Lisa has a word to say to you, dear children,—would you comfort the sad, and dry the orphan's tears, *learn your Bible, and don't forget it!* Do as Richard did.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

INSEPARABLE LOVE.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Ah, who indeed! Who shall move His *will* who loves us because He *will* love us? Who shall find a reason to urge successfully to our hurt when He finds none? This is a comfortable truth indeed to all who are interested in that love—that it is *inseparable*. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God." If children, will He cast off His children? Nay. Will He forsake the work of His own hands? Never! Will He cast away His people? God forbid. No, as the poet sings—

"Whom once He loves He never leaves,
But loves them to the end."

Wonderful love! And what are we that we should be the objects of such love? Well, said one, "Who am I, and what was my father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" Tribulation may set us alone as the sparrow on the house-top, but it severs not from Christ's love. Distress may cut off acquaintance and friends, but it severs not from Christ's love. Persecution may remove us far from the enjoyment of place and favour in this world, but it shall not separate from Christ's love. Famine, nakedness, peril, and the sword, may successively assault and even drive the poor trembling soul from its clay tenement; but these combined shall fail to separate us from the love of Christ. Nay, in all these, through Jesus our unchangeable Friend, we shall be more than conquerors. Take heart, then, thou way-sore pilgrim; cheer up, ye down-cast ones; look up, ye that are tempted out

of measure, beyond strength, despairing even of life,* here is consolation for you, here is a word of comfort. In Jesu's love there is something to support the tottering step, to strengthen the failing heart, to invigorate the sinking spirit. Jesus lives, and He loves unalterably. He will not despise thy poverty, nor scorn thy rags. He will not look shy upon thee in thy distresses, nor upbraid thee for thy foolishness. His love is so great to thee, that all thine enemies shall be dumb before Him. All iniquity shall stop her mouth; thine accusers shall be cast out, and the multitude of thy fears quelled by His gracious smile, by His outstretched hand, by the word of His power. "Be still," then, comfortless one, and hope to the end; then it shall appear that the love once shed abroad in thy heart is still the same. All thy sins, unbelief, trials, and afflictions, have been the occasions of the display of His unutterable love. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Not life, with its toils and sorrows; not death, with all its agony and terrors; not angels, good or bad; not the rulers of the darkness of this world, nor any of their wicked devices; not things present, with all the corroding and corrupting influences that attend them; nor things to come: yea, *nothing*, no creature can—and the Creator will not—separate the redeemed family from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus—that love which cheers us living, comforts us dying, and feasts us eternally, Amen.

Blackmore.

WILLIAM.

* His "lovingkindness is better than life."

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Can you, or any aged reader of the *Gospel Magazine*, oblige me with the *christian* and *surname* of an old writer in the *Gospel Magazine* who composed many pieces of poetry with the signature of "Ebenezer — A—y" to them? I think he was a Minister, by some of his prose writings.

In the year 1804 there are thirteen of

his poetic pieces. I should be glad to know if any more appear in other volumes, my copy of the *Magazine* being short of several years'. Should you not be able to answer this, perhaps it might meet with an answer through the *Magazine*, if you could oblige.

Yours truly, DANIEL SEDGWICK.
81, Sun St., Bishopsgate, City, E.C.

THE "APOSTLES' DOCTRINE" AS TO REGENERATION.

(Continued from page 65.)

PART II.

In speaking further and somewhat more fully upon the precious doctrine of regeneration, which is so fragrant with the dewy perfume of Christ's resurrection, we will proceed with the subject by observing, that Jehovah the Father, upon a foreview of the finished salvation of Jehovah Jesus, says, "Thou art my Son, *this day* have I begotten thee."

Now what day, think you, dear reader, was that? Not the day when he was born of a woman, for that is nowhere called a begetting; neither could it refer to the day of His crucifixion and death: but as the apostle Paul bore witness in the synagogue at Antioch, it was the day of *Christ's resurrection from the dead* (Acts. xiii. 31).

"This is the day that the Lord hath made" (that is, to be so great in Zion), "we will rejoice and be glad in it." This is the day of triumph to the believer, when He (Christ) the first begotten of the Father from all eternity, became also the first begotten of the dead, and the first-fruits of them that slept in Him.

I say, "in Him;" for it is evident to my mind that the sleeping dead unto whom the Lord of life and glory became, according to promise, the first begotten of, are the elect of God; and not those elect only who, dying in the Lord, were laid in the grave, but the dead in Israel, of whom it was prophesied, "they should *live*;" and that "together with the dead but quickened body of Christ" they should "*arise*" (Isa. xxvi. 19). Hence they are called "*the children of the resurrection*;" for it is unto *them* that the promise of a raised Jesus was made (Acts xiii. 23), of whom David, when he was raised up to be king, was a type (Acts xiii. 22). Indeed, all the quickened family of God are, as the apostle so blessedly says, "*raised together with Christ*;" for the resurrection of the head without a resurrection also of the body, would be fruitless and insufficient. Therefore we can never speak of the *Church's regeneration*, but in conjunction with *Christ's resurrection*; for the one is founded on the

other: thus He Himself declares, "because I live, ye shall live also."

Now this divine truth of eternal union and holy association with Jesus (and as a consequence being with Him "in the resurrection," and "following Him in the regeneration") is made abundantly plain by the apostle Paul, when he says of the Father, "Who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope *by the resurrection of Jesus Christ* from the dead. Ah, this is the secret of the soul's resurrection unto life. With the blessed hope of eternal life in our hearts we attain unto the knowledge, and inherit the power, of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Moreover, as He was raised from the dead by the power of the Father, so are we; and blessed and holy is he that hath part in this fruitful revival.* Yea, and wise and happy is he that is living in the enjoyment of Christ's victories over the grave, and who is not looking for a *first resurrection* at Christ's *second coming*; but who, having *already* "passed from death unto life," Christ (as the apostle says) hath *now* become (by His resurrection from the dead) "the first-fruits unto God." Oh, my soul, shall the ancients of Israel honour the Lord with the first-fruits of their increase, and thee be lacking with an offering in righteousness? Nay, our God shall be honoured in our "life from the dead;" and if Christ the first-fruit be holy, so also shall the "lump," or body, the Church, be holy too.

The godly doctrine of the gospel is life and righteousness by the obedience, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Indeed, "Jesus and the resurrection," is the life and strength of our regeneration; and thus the apostles went everywhere preaching "Jesus and the resurrection." For Jesus had Himself declared "I am the resurrection and the life."

* Of what use is a Revival among men, unless it be a resurrection by Christ from the dead unto God? Now, as both go together in His word (Rom. xiv. 9), let us try the spirits of the Revivalists by the test and testimony of Scripture truth.

Now, when we speak of Christ coming in His resurrection power to a sinner as the dawning day of life, and the shining day star of eternity in his heart, it is not simply of Jehovah Jesus as the second person in the Holy Trinity, but as the embodiment of the essential Three in His own most sacred person. Take an illustration by that which was "first and natural," of that which was "afterwards and spiritual." As in the first creation it was *God the Father* who "spake and it was done;" so it was the *Spirit* that moved upon the face of the waters: and "all things were made by Him (Christ), and without Him was not anything made that was made." In like manner with the new creation of God; it is the Father, it is the Son, and it is "the Spirit that quickeneth." As each and all the divine persons of the Deity are conjointly concerned in the material and earthly creation, so are they in the immortal and heavenly. But as to from whence our glorious Christ, the voice of life, doth come; and how the celestial power of the quickening Spirit of God is carried out in a poor sinner's heart, none can comprehend among men. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Now "regeneration" is this spiritual birth—a recreation, all of God—the celestial life of Christ, the re-creation heavenly, let down into a sinner's soul. We cannot tell from whence that breath divine doth come, when it comes in its life-giving energy; or leadeth to, when we go forth under its spiritual influence and power. We hear the sound of the wind, but cannot trace its source; we feel the effects of its blast, but cannot follow its track. So we breathe the breath of life, but cannot perceive its incoming; we are "born of the Spirit," but cannot comprehend its outgoing. What we can understand of first causes is by their consequences or second causes; just as a tree is known by its fruit.

We may know, then, whether we are "born of God," by whether we live unto God. Tell me where the treasure is, and then shall I know the place of your heart. We may test the reality of the regeneration of our souls, by the effec-

tual renewing of our minds; for the latter is a consequence of the former. With regeneration unto life there will be the transformation of our lives. We shall no longer live unto ourselves, but unto God. Our life in the flesh will essentially be "by faith upon Christ the Son of God." There will be a cessation from the creature, and a serving the Creator. The "old things" of the "old man" will pass away, and the "new things" of the "new man" be ever present and pursued. The "*time to be born*" (of God), and the "*time to die*" (unto sin) will have come; and there will be a spirit or spirituality in our breath and desires that never existed before: a going out of soul after God that is altogether holy and new. Yea, and we shall feel the daily, hourly, need of the renewings of the Holy Spirit to supply our souls, to sustain our lives, and to keep us "faithful unto death." On the contrary, if there be no translation from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son; if there be no transformation of the will, and renewing of the mind, there is no regeneration of the heart. Unless "old things" pass away, nothing will become "new." If we retain our natural lives in all their sin-born vigour, and never lose them till we die; if the affections of the flesh know nothing of crucifixion, or the lusts of being subdued; if the "old man" is never "put off," and the new man never "put on;" if the works of the devil are not being destroyed in our hearts, and nature's enmity to God been slain; if pleasure is unchecked, and conscience unconvicted; if sin is not mourned over, and mercy never sought, our lot at the last day will be that sad and sorry doom of the wicked—"resurrection unto damnation."

Oh, what a thought! how it brings the subject of a future judgment into present remembrance; how it pushes into irresistible prominence the necessity of our Lord's words unto Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." The generate must be re-generate before they can become other than by nature they are; for flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of God, and there is no fitness *in the flesh* for God or angels, saints, or heaven.

Moreover, as the matter of the new

and spiritual birth is of such vast and unparalleled moment, so also is the method of its accomplishment. It is the work of no creature to create; and it is in the will and power of no man to be created. Indeed, man in his Adam nature is as much a nonentity to spiritual life, unborn of "the Spirit," as he is to natural life when unborn of the flesh. And this it is that makes salvation to be such an "IMPOSSIBLE" thing with men (Matt. xix. 25, 26). Nothing is simpler than the Scriptures of truth. The regenerate of God must be born of the Spirit. The raised by Christ must be "*created anew*." It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. And therefore it is only the spiritual who can worship God, who is a spirit; and none but the "true worshippers" who can worship Him "in truth" and holiness.

Then why do the ritualists "rage" about the "laver of regeneration!" What a vain thing do they imagine, and how heathenish doth it make men of rationality appear, when they say that "an infant is regenerate of God's Holy Spirit, and incorporated into His holy Church," by being unconsciously sprinkled with the cold element, water. If that is the way of becoming "dead unto sin," how easy a thing to "die;" if such is the mode of being "buried with Christ," how small a matter to be interred.

Nothing of man, or materially, appertains to the soul's regeneration: for that which is spiritual is in the

power and performance only of God who is a spirit, neither can any man keep alive his own soul, when it is "born again" of God. The almighty Creator is the great Sustainer; and it is by the constant supply of His Spirit that we live and move supernally in time, as well as have our eternal "being" in Him.

Now, in these and the many other matters of salvation, Christ is the Church's all. For all that He is, and has, and does, is for His body's sake, which is the Church. In His life and death is seen His love; in His resurrection and ascension His glory and power. If we know Him, then, in His sufferings and death, we shall know Him also in His resurrection and life. This was the apostle's doctrine, and it was also the apostle's desire; and if our fellowship with Christ is *as* true and spiritual as the apostle's (and it must not be *less*) our salvation of God is as safe and certain. Oh, then "to know Him and the power of His resurrection." This is the key to unlock the secret of the soul's regeneration. "Death unto sin" by the death and obedience of Christ, "new birth unto righteousness" by the life and resurrection of Christ. Christ in His person, and work gives life and godliness to every doctrine and precept in the holy word of God. May we then learn "*the truth*" of Him by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, which is always according to the prophecy and testimony of Scripture.

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—I have felt anxious for some time to inform you of the happy departure of our dear brother, J. B. GIBSON, knowing you were well acquainted with him, as he always endeavoured to get to hear you, and also to see you, when you were preaching in London; and I know he has had many sweet seasons when reading the *Gospel Magazine*. I know he dearly loved you as a servant of God, and used often to speak of you, especially about the time of your leaving Ireland, and sympathized deeply with you in your heavy

trials. No doubt he had mentioned to you of his delicate state of health, having for some years suffered much in body, and often much harassed by the enemy of his soul; but with great patience and resignation to the will of his heavenly Father did he bear all his afflictions. He really felt that he could go through fire and through water when his covenant God was with him. Some years ago he would frequently faint away when at family prayer, when he enjoyed so much of his Lord's presence, that for a little it seemed to overpower him. I

remember one instance of this when at prayer, that his heart seemed melted down with love and gratitude to his heavenly Father, that he went off into a faint; and when coming out of it, he looked up to us and suddenly exclaimed, "This is covenant love," and again went off. He had been greatly harassed for some time by Satan, and when the light of God's countenance shone through on his tempest-tossed soul, his joy was so great it seemed too much for his poor body to bear. For many years he sat under and enjoyed the ministry of his beloved pastor, Mr. ABRAHAMS, of Regent Street Chapel, City Road, whose ministry was much blessed to him, and whom he dearly loved. It was under his ministry (about thirteen or fourteen years ago), that he was brought to seek for salvation through the blood of the Lamb. Deeply did he feel that it was not by works that he could be saved, but by *free grace* alone, which made him often exclaim, "Why me, why me? why such a wretch as me?" He joined the above church, and continued a most devoted and warm-hearted member up to his death. He was brought through many a trial and temptation, both inwardly and outwardly, which I believe none but himself and his God knew anything about. He has often told us he longed to go home. Once, when much cast down, those words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee," came with such power to his poor soul, that he went in the strength of it for many days. In the summer of 1858 he told us he knew some severe trial was about to come upon him, but he did not know what it would be, as he had had such a visit from his dear Saviour as he never had before; which indeed was the case, for more than one trial was approaching. Soon after this he became much worse in bodily health, and continued so until his poor body was reduced to a skeleton. Every means was tried for his recovery, but no earthly physician could do him any good. Yet he bore it all with remarkable patience and resignation, never complaining. A few weeks before he died he was almost closely confined to bed, during which time he uttered many sweet words. At one time he said, "Ah, what should I do now

if I had my salvation to seek here; but my hope is fixed on the Rock. I desire to leave all my affairs in His hands." He enjoyed some favourite hymns very much, and often asked them to be read to him. Sovereign grace was all his theme.

A few days before he died, his dear pastor, Mr. ABRAHAMS, called again to see him, when he asked him to preach his funeral sermon. Mr. A. asked him if he had any particular text; he said, "Exalt Jesus, and crown Him Lord of all." On the Sunday following, Oct. 2, 1859, he was taken much worse, suffered great inward pain; and in the evening of that day, about an hour before he departed this life, when a few of his sorrowing friends were standing around his bed, he said, "Oh, dear Jesus, do take me home—do take me home to thyself. Oh how pleasant it is when thou art with me. Sweet Lamb! sweet Lamb!" And in a little he said, "Oh that precious chariot—precious chariot! I see it—I see it," he exclaimed. A dear friend that was standing by his side, wiping the cold sweat of death off his face, said, "You see the chariot waiting to convey you home then, do you?" "Yes," he said, "to glory," and in a few minutes again he said, "He is come—He is come; see the cross." And looking upwards he again exclaimed, "Oh what a sight! oh what a sight!—Glory! glory! glory!" and shortly after this his ransomed spirit took its flight in the precious chariot of love up to the realms above, there to drink at the fountain-head of everlasting bliss.

Thus departed our dear brother, aged 32, leaving a widow and three little children to mourn their loss. Though sorrowing, yet rejoicing. His remains were interred on the following Friday, Oct. 7th, in Abney Park Cemetery, where that sweet hymn was sung over the grave—

"We'll sing o'ercome at last."

Our dear pastor, Mr. ABRAHAMS, preached the funeral sermon on Sunday the 9th, from Zech. vi. 11; and one of his favourite hymns were sung—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Islington.

E. FORBES.

“GRACE! GRACE! UNTO IT.”—LETTERS FROM A RESCUED ONE.

DEAR EDITOR,—About two and a half years ago I sent to *Old Jonathan* an interesting account of the marvellous rescue from destruction of a poor girl, who, under distress of mind, from having been allured from her parental roof and then deserted by her sinful paramour, had taken laudanum, not in sufficient quantity to destroy life, but, under its stupefying influence, she had descended from Shakespeare Cliff point, and rested in sleep on a most perilous ridge. *Old Jonathan* gave a very excellent illustration of it; it was in his fourteenth number.

The poor miserable girl was then received into the Female Home, a refuge for unfortunates at this place, and was eventually restored to her forgiving parents.

This led me to speak of the value and importance of such institutions; and now, after this lapse of time, I am more and more convinced that there is no institution, within or without the country, that is more deserving the consideration and support of those who, having experienced forbearing mercy themselves (Rom. iii. 9), can sympathize with humanity in its most degrading form.

How many there are, the dupes of villainous man, who would gladly escape from their wretched position! And from the lips of many a reclaimed one I have heard, “but for this place, under God, I must have continued and perished in my wretched course of life.”

It is very remarkable how comparatively few return as the sow to its mire, or the dog to its vomit, and how many instances we have of incontrovertible evidence of a saving change of heart. And what encouragement is there in the Word of God, even of recorded names of rescued ones; and the number of such may be proved to be very great on that day when the Lord maketh up his jewels (Matt. xxi. 31, 32).

The Dover Home is entirely managed by an independent lady, who devotes much of her time and substance to it. It has usually more than twenty inmates; and the aim of the excellent mother (as the matron, Mrs. Chawckley, is called), and all associated with it, is, to evince kindness and sympathy. Everybody who visits it speaks of its being the best con-

ducted of its kind; and a lady, after inspection a little while ago, inquired, in the presence of the group, “by what law is the establishment governed?” and one of them immediately replied, “the law of kindness and love!” And that, indeed, is the grand secret of appreciable management. It is the principle of government of the institution in London with which this is associated, whose office is at No. 11, Poultry, for its very many branches; and I feel assured that all who can commiserate the poor and the wretched, that would take the trouble to inform themselves upon the subject, their efforts would be to increase the number of such Refuges, or to support those already established.

Contributions for this might be sent to the lady adverted to; Mrs. Hyde, No. 3, Marine Parade, Dover, or to myself. I interest myself so much in this (not interfering in its management) as to devote two evenings of the week to it, I trust in a missionary spirit; and sometimes those that have experienced the benefits of the Home, when placed in situations, favour me with an interesting letter, one of which, recently received, I think would interest our Magazine family, and I send a copy, not allowing of any alteration in the orthography or composition, that its genuine simplicity and apparent spirituality may speak for itself.

Yours in the best of bonds,

JOHN B. KNOCKER,

Dover.

Captain R.N.

As about to send this off I received a second letter from A. H. I must send you a copy, that, if you would consider it would interest our friends, it also may be inserted. To my soul they draw forth adoring praises, whilst I trace the work of sovereign grace over one that was very back in outward conduct. I give names, for I consider they increase the interest of narration.

J. B. K.

DEAR SIR,—You will, not, I hope, be displeased with a poor, simple *girl*, whose intentions are pure and sincere in writing. My desire is that I, a weak vessel of God's grace, may seek to glorify His blessed name for all His mercies to me. You, kind sir, I have great cause for gra-

titude to God for the saving *change* wrought in my heart, in my *life* by the Spirit of our God: to him shall be all the praise and glory for ever. I cannot find words to express my feelings; suffice it to say, Jesus—yes, the ever adorable Jesus—is my all in all. It is true I am afflicted (outwardly), but *willingly*; He has no more pleasure in my sufferings than a doctor has in his patients' *groans*. Does not God cast His people into trial for the same reason that the refiner commits his silver to the furnace? He tries them to purify them. May it ever be mine to lay still in the chastening arms of a loving father, saying, in meek subjection, Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor my eyes lofty, neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. . . . My soul is even a weaned child. I believe the Christian who is tried in the furnace of affliction will praise God more hereafter for all the *losses and crosses*, for sickness and sorrow, and other tribulations below, than for all the fine pleasing things put together. Resignation is my privilege, my interest and duty; 'tis but a short way farther, and we shall be at *our journey's end*. If we are pilgrims, we must be Gospel pilgrims. Let us rejoice in the Lord, if the world is vile and wretched, it has reasons; but why should the Christian be sorrowful? Have we not a 1000 sweet promises for this world, and all the heaven of heavens *before us*; besides, Christ is with us, and we are going to His God, and *our* God. Sometimes I am caled to pass through heavy trials, with no human creatur to say one kind word to me—trials wick are hard for flesh and blood to bear: the cloud often is dark. It is then I am abel to feel the sweetness of that beautiful promis, "I will *never* leave thee, nor forsake thee;" it is then I am abel to feel the preciousness of Jesus. How could I testify of His love to me, were I not brought close to Him by trials (though at times it is hard to bear); but not my will, O Lord, but thy will be done. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. What I know not now I shall know hereafter. Submission to His will He alone can give. Like Mary, I must sit at the feet of Jesus, willing *only* to learn of Him. Lord, increas my faith, keep me from the tempter in *whatever forme* he

may *asaile me*. Oh, for more humility of heart, more confidence in God! Oh for that holyness without which none shall see the Lord. I am sorry I cannot say my deafness is better; but why should I say sorry; my ears are closed to all wickedness. How often is the servant of God grieved, as it were, to listen to profanity, and although he may shut his eyes against the pomps and vanities of the world, he cannot at all times his *ears*; thereby he is perhaps lead into sin. God as for a wise purpose closed my ears, for not one word can I hear; but He as given me additional blessings in place of the lost one. I have a great delight in reading pious books, *especially my beloved Bible*; (once I used to be fond of reading novels and romances—all that was wicked used I to delight in); but now not so much as touch them with one of my fingers I would not no more. But this *change* did not come from any of my own merits, but by the Spirit of God. I am a wonder to myself, I am, am I not, and a *monument* of God's mercy to *save hell-deserving sinners*. I am sure God has done great things for my soul, through the blood-shedding of Jesus Christ.

I would say I hope you continue your beloved labours at the Home for young Women. Be not discouraged; in due season ye shall reap your labours abundantly. It was at that Home were I learnt to see Christ and Him crucified; at that Home I learnt the value of my immortal soul. To those dear Christian friends I owe, under God's blessings, my spiritual happiness. Oh, that every dear girl knew and felt in the Home the love of God that I feel in my heart; they would, I am sure, rejoice. Oh, sir, exort those to flee to Jesus, *now* we have just passed the year of 59, 60 is just dauned upon us, we know not if we shall see the *end*. Our days are numbered. Soon we shall have to stand before the Judge of all the *earth* (then my ears will be unstopped). Oh, tell them Jesus can save to the uttermost, since He as saved *me*. Tell them they must pray in faith. Believing they shall receive, they must pray themselves, or they will never get to that glorious land. I am sure I have seen many in the Home; were are they now? and some are, I hope, faithfully telling others by there conduct what great

things God as done for their souls. Perhaps I shall never meet them again (these that are left the Home) until the resurrection morning. Oh, may we all meet at the right hand of God, and spend eternity in teling to listening angels the mercy of God to our *souls*.

May I ask you to write to *me*, sir, as it is the only way I can understand anything. (I do not want to know the news of the world) but of Jesus. I hope, sir, you will forgive me if I have erred in writing.

May God bless your works of faith, patience, and love, is the prayer of your humble servant,
ANNIE HARVEY.

T—, Jan. 8, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—Most thankfully I received your kind letter. Oh, sir, it is kind of you to write to such an unworthy girl as me, but God will reward you for it; for has not Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me?" Oh, sir, I do indeed hope I have "fled for refuge to the only hope set befor us." I can surely say, "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new in Christ Jesus." But not of myself; it is no merit of mine; that "chainge has been wrought in my heart, my life, my character, my all, by the Spirit of our God." God has called me out from the poor sinful pleasures of the world. What honour He has conferred upon me, to be called His child, through the blood-shedding of Jesus, justified, adopted, saved; to Him shall be all the praise and glory for ever.

If I was to trust to *self* I should soon make shipwreck of my soul. Jesus, and Him crucified, is the only hope of my soul's saifty. He is the foundation of all my joys, and all my sorrows too; for no sorrows can overtake me without His permission (although my trials are numerous, and of the *severest kind*); I cannot always see the why nor the wherefore of them; but "not my will, but thy will, O Lord, be done;" "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

"The cup which my Father as given me, shall I not drink it?" Often when our trials seem sharpest, God is about to remove them; may it be so with me now. Trials seem less sharp by keeping an eye of faith on the Lord

Jesus—by keeping an eye steadfastly fixed on him. All things were a different aspect. Sin, then, appears black indeed and exceedingly hateful. But we look with greater pity on the unconverted; we are apt to think we are few in number, and that we are solitary pilgrims; Elijah thought so too. "I, even I only am left," he said; but God Himself testified that He had yet "seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal;" and the "redeemed of the Lord are a great multitude, so that no man could number it." We sometimes think any other trial we could bear.

Whatever may be my trial here, I am sure it is for my good. I know God still watches over us; *He will* wipe away all my tears (for I often have cause for tears), not by increasing my sorrows.

It is said of the redeemed, "they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "They shall come to Zion with song, and everlasting joy upon their heads," &c. Sometimes I am a long time without the sweets, and the thorns crowd in sharply; and then, at the very time I am lowest, my wishes are more than realized. But this is not the case with every bitter; not at present, with regard to my *parents*. No; I must pray on in faith and patience, and wait God's own good time. Oh, sir, when we sit down at God's right hand, and think of our short passage through this world, and our trials heare, they will seem *nothing*. We know when we have surmounted any difficulty *now*, and gained the reward, we think how foolish we have been to murmur at the few obstacles that lay in our way; and laugh to think how small they seem now all is over; much more then shall we rejoice that we *were* "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name," "seeing all things work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." My deafness is a great trial in many ways; first, I am prevented enjoying the means of grace in God's house; secondly, I am obliged to be an unwelcome burden upon my friends; and lastly, I wish I could converse with every one I see of their soul's best interest; or, in other words, I wish I could hear them and their answers to these important questions (as I can talk to any one, but can-

not hear the reply). I *believe* all this is prevented for a wise purpose; "What we know not now we shall know hereafter." That is a mercy to know, when we get home we shall find, it was a loving Father's hand that led us through the thorns and rivers of this ungodly world. One glance at our lovely Redeemer's face will amply repay for all the trials on the road. If I am shut out from hearing what is good, I am also preserved from hearing what is bad; still it *is* a privation; and it needs that I cultivate diligently the means of grace within my reach. The Word of God contains mines of precious wealth which I have not yet explored; and especially the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, which remain yet to be discovered. *Now*, indeed, I can say with the blind man, "One thing I know, that whereas I was once blind, I now see." But there is much more to be known, and so shall I know it, if I follow on to know the Lord. It is my desire to shine as a light of Gospel truth; and, if God's mercy to save hell-deserving sinners, particularly are those who are ignorant of Christ's most precious salvation, and perhaps prejudiced against it. I am often very happy, and can use the words of David, "Great peace have they that love God's law." "Come ye that love the Lord, and I will tell you what great things He hath done for my soul." Oh, magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His name together. "I sought the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." The more I think of God's mercy to my soul, and of my unworthiness toward Him, the more does gratitude spring up in my heart. Ought I not to feel grateful that a kind and gracious God has so mingled mercy with my heavy affliction that I can rejoice even in tribulations, "knowing that tribulation worketh experience, and experience hope," and "hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is spread abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost."

I have, I fear, gone into too great a length with my note; but as you so kindly permitted me to write I have opened my heart, although it is very imperfectly.

I have not a hymn-book, to which

you mentioned in your kind letter. I should like to have one very much, if you please, sir. Ah, I am so glad to hear there is a work of grace going on in the Home that was my spiritual birth-place. I think often of the Home, and of my dear, dear mother. Please to remember me to all at the Home; my love to dear, dear mother. I should like to see her. My humble duty to dear, kind Mrs. Hyde. Oh, what a blessing she conferred upon me in receiving me under that roof; the Home is indeed a work of love, and it will surely bring a sure reward on this side Jordan.

Dear sir, I hope I shall not only be a truly good girl (as you said in your letter), to gain your respect, but to strive daily to please my heavenly Father, in much humility treading in the footpath of our blest Redeemer, boldly confessing whose I am and whom it is my happiness to serve. I will try now to bring this to a close, or I fear I shall be in error, if not so already, in writing so much; but I cannot do so without craving your prayers for myself and also for my dear parents, who are heedless of their own and their children's immortal souls. This is the ground of my tears and trials.

I humbly ask your forgiveness in all that is wrong in this, as written by one who constantly prays the Almighty to bless and reward your faithful labours of love, so that in "that day when He makes up His jewels" you may have many for Him to adorn the crown which you shall receive from the hand of the King of kings, when you shall receive your palms of victory, and shout with all the ransomed in glory till Heaven's high arches ring. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive all glory and honour for ever; when we shall see His face and never, never sin; there from the rivers of His grace drink endless pleasures in, is the prayer of a poor, and afflicted, and humble servant.

Sir, I am much obliged for the tracts; after I read them I distribute them. Mrs. Hyde sent me some by the van a short time since distribute in the village. I love to do something for my Master. Your very respectful Servant,
ANNIE HARVEY.

T—, Jan. 30, 1860.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE."

WHEN do you think it was, dear reader? Why, very nearly a century ago. Talking to a friend to-day about the *Gospel Magazine*, he said, "Why, I have the first volume ever published; would you like to see it?" I replied, "Indeed I should." So I brought home my treasure, and here it is before me; and I think it would not be uninteresting to the present readers of this invaluable periodical just to give them a few facts in connexion with the birthday of their cherished favourite. Well, its date is January 1st, 1766, and the motto on its title-page is "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (Rom. i. 16; John xvii. 3).

Who the editor was does not appear throughout—probably this is well known to many—but it was printed, we are told, at the "Globe," Paternoster Row, with a design, it states, "to promote religion, devotion, and true piety from Evangelical principles." Its prominent feature at that time appears to have been the biographies of those good and great men who were the happy instruments of our Reformation from Popery. Hence, in the first number, there is the Life of JOHN WICKLIFFE, the, so-called, Morning Star of the Reformation, who was born near Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1324, and died at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, in 1384, aged 60. Then commences a series of very valuable articles illustrating, in a spiritual manner, Scripture metaphors, and also casuistical divinity, or religious questions answered. Some of these questions are indeed important, and very lucidly answered; as, for instance, "What are the evidences of effectual calling?" "How to know if Christ be revealed in us?" "How to distinguish the suggestions of Satan from the corruptions of our own hearts?" &c. &c. In the February number we have two biographies given,—first, that of JOHN HUSS, D.D., pastor of a church near Prague, in Bohemia, who was condemned for maintaining the doctrines of

the Reformation, and was burnt to death in the year 1415. Poor JOHN HUSS; when he came to the place of execution he fell on his knees, sang portions of psalms, and, looking steadfastly towards heaven, said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O most gracious and faithful God." When the chain was put about him at the stake he said, with a smiling countenance, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake, and why should I be ashamed of this old rusty one?" When the faggots were piled up to his neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said HUSS, "I never preached any doctrine of any evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood." Precious, precious faith! Thus died JOHN HUSS. The other biography in this second number is that of JEROM, of Prague, that devoted companion of JOHN HUSS, who was condemned by the Council of Constance for maintaining, too, the doctrines of the Reformation, and was burnt to death in the year 1416. When bound to the post, the executioner went behind him to set fire to the pile. "No," said the noble martyr, "kindle it before my eyes; for if I had been afraid of it, I had not come to this place, having had so many opportunities offered me to escape." And at giving up the ghost, he said,

"This soul of mine, in flames of fire,
O Christ, I offer up to thee."

In the next number we have the Life of the famous MARTIN LUTHER, D.D., founder of the Reformation in Germany. He was born at Isleben, in Saxony, in 1483, and died there in 1556, aged 63 years. LUTHER used to say "that three things made a divine,—meditation, prayer, and temptation." In this number, also, is a singular dialogue of a controversial character between "Foundery and the Tabernacle," occasioned by the publication of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY's Sermon upon Imputed Righteousness. [We think the wisdom of our esteemed brother, the present

editor, is seen in his strict avoidance of controversy.] In the April number we have the biography of another famous Reformer, namely, JOHN CALVIN, so eminent for his knowledge and piety. Many of the reformed churches declaring the doctrines he preached to be in accordance with the Holy Scriptures, on that account are called Calvinists. He was born at Noyon, in France, 1509, and died at Geneva in 1564, aged 54.

In the May number we have, further, the Life of the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury—THOMAS CRANMER. He was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, in 1489, and suffered as a martyr, for the glorious doctrines of the Reformation, at Oxford, in the bloody reign of Queen Mary, in 1556, aged 67. As long as he could speak in the flames he cried, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit. June number contains the biography of HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Winchester, and a sincere and zealous preacher of the Gospel, burnt to death, also at Oxford, in 1536, at the advanced age of 80, uttering that memorable statement, completely fulfilled, "Brother Ridley, we shall this day light such a candle in England as shall never be extinguished."

July number follows with the Life of NICHOLAS RIDLEY, Bishop of London, burnt also at Oxford, with his brother and companion in tribulation, CRANMER.

In the August number the Life of EDWARD VI., King of England, is introduced, we presume on account of the Reformation being greatly forwarded in his short reign. He was a young Prince of excellent qualities. With his latest breath he prayed for the good of England, and against her return to Popery, in these words, "O my God, defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake." So, turning his face and seeing some by him, he said, "I thought you had not been so nigh." "Yes," said Dr. OWEN, "We heard you speak to yourself." Then said the king, "I was praying to God. O I am faint; Lord have mercy upon me, and receive my spirit." And in so doing, he yielded up the Ghost, on the 6th of July, 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign.

September number presents us with the painful career of another martyr, namely, Dr. JOHN HOOPER, born in Somersetshire, in 1495, and burnt at Gloucester, in the reign of Queen Mary, in 1555, aged 60. One cannot think of the torment that this dear man of God endured at the stake without exclaiming, "When, O God, will the time come when thou wilt destroy this vile church thus drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus?"

The October number gives us the Life of Queen ELIZABETH, who with great honour and dignity was England's Queen above 44 years.

In the time of her sister's reign, when a Popish priest pressed her hard to declare her opinion of Christ's presence in the sacrament, she truly and warily answered him thus:—

"'Twas God the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

In this part of this venerable book, as indeed throughout, there is some lengthy poetry of a very meagre description.

The November number contains the Life of that learned Reformer, PHILIP MELANCTHON, the intimate friend and successor of the famous LUTHER. He was born at Britten, in the Palatinate of the Rhine, in 1497, and died at Wittenberg in 1560, aged 63 years; while the December part furnishes us with the biography of THEODORE BEZA, another great defender of the Reformation, famous for his learned works, particularly his Latin Translation and Notes on the New Testament. He was born at Vezelai, in Burgundy; and after great usefulness in the church of God, he died at Geneva in 1605, aged 86 years.

Thus was the *Gospel Magazine* of olden time inaugurated; the prominent features of its infantine state being lengthy biographies of the great Reformers, controversial dialogues, and long doctrinal articles. Its present mission seems to be of rather a different character, namely, to comfort the mourner in Zion, and to prove a help by the way to the weak and discouraged, as well as to build up the

advancing pilgrim in the faith of Jesus. Surely we may well desire God speed to this (if we mistake not) *oldest religious periodical in existence*; and may the Lord in His goodness long spare the valuable life of the present Editor, the Commander of this good old Victory Ship. Many have been the lesser barks that have crowded round her, and many

a broadside has she received from the enemy's guns; but after 94 years' hard service, thank God she still holds on her way, the secret of her endurance proving that "It is the Lord's work, and marvellous in our eyes." We salute her this year as she appears in new trim, rejoicing to remain one of her crew,
Bury St. Edmunds. G. C.

THE MORNING POST AND THE MORNING PRAYER.

How various the news brought us by the morning's post! Beloved, do not the contents of our letters oftentimes constitute the burden of our petitions at the family altar? We felt it especially so this morning, when uncongenial news drove us with a burdened heart into the presence of the King; as Nehemiah tells us, "I was sad in the presence of the King." But oh, the blessed relief when a precious promise is laid hold of. It was so this morning, as these blessed words rolled in upon the mind, "Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And it was as if the Spirit added, "Come now, let us reason together." Did not the Lord marvellously help in that time of need, at such and such a period? Did He not prove, as He said He would, mighty to save? Has He failed you yet? Why then this trembling at the contents of that letter? Go and spread it, like Hezekiah, before the Lord, and believe Him faithful who hath promised. Oh, beloved, when the Holy Spirit thus breaks in upon us, and reminds us of past Ebenezers, are we not obliged to rise from our knees, exclaiming, It is enough, Lord; I will believe; this burden shall be left at the throne? I dare not doubt thee, oh, thou Great Deliverer, but must believe

"He that hath helped me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey through."

And then, what a smiling through one's tears! What a softened spirit! How light the tread and elastic the feelings,

as one goes forth to the day's duties after such a re-assurance that the Lord is the faithful God. Beloved, has not such a lifting up of soul made us meet the difficulties of the day with a bold front, and with the firm conviction that the Lord will bring us through? and when the evening of the day has arrived, have we not been obliged to acknowledge He has been better to us than our crowding fears? Surely, beloved, poor trembling faint-hearted ones that we are, we are constantly losing sight of the gracious injunction, "Be careful for nothing, but in all things by prayer and supplication make known thy requests to God." By which we understand, let not any anxiety press too heavily, nor anything of an earthly character engage so much of your thoughts; but lay aside the thoughts which so easily beset you, roll them at the feet of your Burden-bearer, spring thou clear of the clods of clay that would cleave to thee, and press on at all times, making known and laying bare thy present position and exigency before thy God. Yea, in all things, and at all times, tell Him all about it who is able and has promised to deliver, succour, strengthen, and support thee. Well then, beloved, when the morning post comes in, do not forget the morning prayer; spread the burden of thy letters before the Lord, and He will prove the lifter-up of thine head: the God of the present day as well as the God of the past day. We can earnestly advise you to put your trust in Him; for none have tried and proved Him more than

JESSE.

HAVE patience! Slanders are not long lived! Truth is the child of time, and ere long she will appear to vindicate thee.—Fuller.

A WORD FOR THE BEREAVED.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR FRIEND IN THE TRUTH,—I have been requested to send a copy of a letter written by one of your old correspondents, for insertion in the *Gospel Magazine*. It was written upon the peaceful departure of the wife of one of your constant readers, and was very acceptable to the family.* If you can find room for it, you will oblige the family. It may be (God grant it) a blessing to some sorrowing one; and you will also bestow a favour on one who is unknown to you, although you have been for many years well known to him. May Israel's God, Father, Word, and Spirit, still bless and prosper you, is the prayer of

Yours in covenant love,

Coventry.

W. R. G.

"I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

DEAR MISS B—, Mr. N. has informed me of your great loss, and your dear mother's great gain. He also said that he thought you would have no objection to a line from the friend of her childhood, if I felt disposed to write. I therefore venture to express my sympathy with you all, under this important breach in your family circle. I, too, have suffered deeply under bereaving strokes, and know the pang of parting, and the painful chasm which remains, and can therefore feel with you as well as for you; but also have felt so precious the sweet consolations of Christ under a bereaved and a bleeding heart, that I can encouragingly tell of the tender love and sympathy of this precious Friend, who loveth at all times, who was born for adversity, and who has the endearments of every relationship bound up in Himself. He can comfort you; He will; and I trust will draw you and your dear sister nearer, to Himself, by the loss of this endeared domestic comfort. He is a refuge and very present help in times of trouble. Am rejoiced to hear that my dear friend was favoured with such peace in the valley of the shadow

of death. I know she had had many doubts and fears during her pilgrimage; but she was on the Rock, and therefore when the last storm came her faith and hope failed not: her Lord was with her, and made the storm a calm, so that her soul was quiet in His love, and thus He brought her speedily to her desired haven. And now she rests in the bosom of Jesus. Oh, what a haven is that! No more clouds or storms, no more sins or doubts, no more fiery darts from the enemy; but ever with the Lord, beholding the beauties and glories of the Lamb in the midst of the throne, without a veil between. Oh, happy saint! Dear sister in Jesus, you have got the start of me; we have wept together below, but now your tears are lost in eternal smiles, your clouds are scattered by eternal sunshine. May the Holy Spirit quicken our souls, that we "be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience are inheriting the promises."

Dear young friend, I had a great esteem for your beloved mother. I remember her convictions for sin in childhood, and the progress of the Spirit's work as we grew on in life. She was taught her own utter helplessness, and that salvation was all of grace, sooner than I was; though it pleased the Lord afterward to school me deeply in the same lesson, and to bring my soul into liberty before my friend. But she has ripened the quickest, and Jesus has come into His garden and gathered His lily, because the Lord had need of her. I cherish her memory affectionately, and beg you to receive these few lines in token of respect to her and sympathy with Mrs. B— and yourselves. May the dear Lord grant you all the support and comfort you will so much need, and sanctify the event to each one of you. This is a dying world, and the most close and tender ties are but of short duration; but what a mercy that our best Friend ever lives, and that from Him even death itself cannot separate us. When I lost my own precious mother, Isaiah lxvi. 13, was given me

with great power and sweetness, and has been blessedly fulfilled. May you experience it also, and your dear sister too; and in all future storms, within and without, may you be favoured to find Jesus experimentally your shelter and hiding-place.

Please give my kind Christian love

and sympathy to your father, though unknown in the flesh, with Isa. xliii. 1, 2; and will you and yours, dear sister, accept the same sympathizing love for your mother's sake.

From yours affectionately,

RUTH.

Nottingham.

LETTERS OF THE LATE DR. HAWKER.—No. I.

DEAR SIR IN THE LORD,—I greet you in His most holy, blessed, and precious name, the Lord our righteousness. May a fulness of all covenant blessings abound.

Your letter would not have remained to this hour unanswered, but from its having been hid from my view on my writing table, amidst many others placed there to be noticed in due order, and by some means it escaped my eye; this morning I have found it, and have taken up my pen to acknowledge its receipt.

I have read over the contents with attention, and find cause to bless the Lord from the relation you give me, in the assurance that our gracious God is fulfilling in your instance that sweet covenant promise, Isa. xlviii. 17. The circumstance of the death of your sweet, unconscious child, and the life-giving demand to your heart that followed, were solemn dispensations. When parts of the body are benumbed, blisters, or some more powerful vesications must be applied; and when the soul is palsied by reason of sin, nothing short of some sovereign administration from the hand of the Lord Himself can rouse to a sense of feeling. That God spake to you in both providences, the death of the child and the alarm of your mind in returning from the house appointed for all living, cannot be questioned. And doth not that same Lord that spake then, speak now? See if that precious Scripture

which hath suited such numbers of His people, doth not suit you, Isa. lvii. 17. Pause and read 18, 19. Oh, that God the Holy Ghost may sweetly make application of the whole to your heart.

I should be glad to say more and write more on the subject of your letter, but I am up to my elbows in papers, added to the daily charge of my church, sick-rooms, and various calls besides. I would indeed say thus much, from the general complexion of what you state of the Lord's dealings with your soul, it appears to me that the Lord is making deep the foundation in deep exercises; and if I err not in this judgment, it will ultimately be to your spiritual welfare, in being brought into deep waters as David was, that from those waters you may call the louder to the depths of divine mercy (Psa. xlii. 7).

It is my intention (the Lord so appointing) to be in London in May; if so, you will hear of me at Mr. Cox's, 13, Haymarket. Come to me in the vestry at whatever church you hear of me, with the freedom of a brother; very glad shall I be to see you, and commune with you concerning our glorious Lord.

In the mean time I commend you to the Lord, and to the word of His grace, who is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.—Yours in the Lord Jesus,

ROBERT HAWKER.

Plymouth, March 8, 1816.

UNRENEWED nature spurns the idea of inheriting eternal life as the mere gift of Divine Sovereignty, and on the footing of absolute grace. Therefore to admit and relish a system so diametrically opposite to the natural pride of the human heart, is, with me, an incontestible proof,

that a man's judgment, at least, is brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ; and to every such person those words may be accommodated, "Flesh and blood have not revealed this to thee, but my Father who is in heaven."—*Toplady.*

THE PRAYER-PRESS; OR, CRIES UNDER THE CROSS.

"Turn you to the Strong Hold, ye prisoners of hope."—Zech. ix. 12.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,—I once more salute you in the name of the Lord. I am, through the mercy of our God, still living in the land of hope, and I do desire the dear Lord may still go on and bless you in the new sphere of action to which He has called you, and make you an honoured instrument in turning many poor sinners from the error of their ways. Without flattery, I hope I can truly say that if I be not deceived my soul has often been refreshed by reading the *Gospel Magazine*, among which the leading pieces form not the least part. The Lord has so enabled you to trace the ins and outs of a poor child of God, that often, when I have been cast down in soul feeling, there has been a lifting up. Although I cannot yet call myself anything more than a prisoner of hope, yet I cannot give up that hope. I do desire to be clinging to and hanging upon that blessed Jesus who is the only pillar and foundation of my hope. Take this away, and I am undone for ever. I daily feel that

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

Whatever consolation others can draw from their own doings, I confess I can find no consolation there; feeling my own righteousnesses to be what the Word describes them, only "filthy rags," I renounce them with both hands, and desire to draw all my hope and all my consolation from the blood-shedding of the dear Lamb of God. Many of the dear children of God have during the past year been deeply exercised with troubles and afflictions. One has lost a husband, another a wife; one a sister, another a brother: whilst some, like myself, have lost a beloved child. In my own affliction I besought the Lord either to spare the child, or if not, to grant me resignation to His will. He did answer my prayer—not in sparing the child, but in enabling me to support the afflicting bereavement. I do not know how it is with others, but I never go to the Lord with that earnestness

which I could wish, only when my soul is bowed down with trouble; and it is only such prayers as I am enabled to make under such circumstances that are answered feelingly and manifestively to my poor soul. And no wonder, for we often go to the Lord with a multitude of words, and ask for various blessings, and scarcely ever think of watching to see what the Lord will answer. But when the Lord lays a burden, a weight of woe, upon our shoulders which almost presses us down to the earth, ah, then only it is we offer the sacrifice of our hearts; then only we pour out our very soul in plaintive cries for the Lord's deliverance, saying, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me: do, dear Lord, appear for me in this extremity; open a way, Lord; do deliver thy poor worm; do help me. Thou knowest thou must help me, or I am undone. I cannot take a denial, Lord; thou must appear for me this once; I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And as sure as we are enabled to offer such a prayer from a felt sense of our burden, the Lord will appear, and send us a speedy deliverance. And shall we not know when it comes? Yea, and bless the dear Lord, too, as we never do at any other times. And who is it, dear brethren, does all this for us? Why, it is our blessed Jesus, who was sent to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.

Take courage then, beloved brethren, and may the Lord enable you to follow the exhortation, and turn again to the strong hold. And who is this strong hold? Why, none other but Jesus; there is not such another strong hold to be found either in nature or grace. Talk of Milner's holdfasts being a security from fire and thieves—here there may be a failure, but in Jesus never. All the elect of God are safely locked up, so to speak, in the heart of Jesus. They are kept so safely, that all the fiery persecutions of the world, or the

fulminations of God's most holy and righteous law, cannot come at them, or unlock the heavy bars. Nor can Satan, or any of his imps, ever steal them; for

"All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

Our dear Jesus has given His word for it, that none of His sheep shall ever perish. This is sufficient for faith to rest upon.

Ah, but says one, I am so cast down at times with a sight and sense of my sins, so hard hearted, and so little of the life of God in my soul, that I fear I am not a child of God at all. Why, now you cannot say there never was a period in my life when I had reason to hope the work of grace was begun in my soul. If not, why should you doubt it?

"He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too."

Ah, but sometimes I do not believe. Don't you? What do you make of that passage? it has often been made a blessing to me—"Though we believe not, yet He abideth faithful." Jesus is such a loving, faithful Saviour, that if He has once manifested His love to thy soul, opened thine eyes, enlarged thy heart, and led thee to Himself as the only ark of the covenant—the only strong hold—has given thee, I say, at any one time to hope in His salvation, He will never leave thee nor forsake thee, but will in mercy again manifest Himself to thee as a sin-pardoning God and a Saviour, and enable thee once more to lay hold upon Him as the only hope set before thee in the Gospel. Oh, then, as poor prisoners of hope, may He again enable us to turn again from all refuges of lies to Him as the only strong hold and only refuge of the distressed.

Denholme.

T. B.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

THE excellent Mrs. HAWKES, the spiritual daughter of the Rev. RICHARD CECIL, writes in her Diary:—

"August 9, 1789.—I have been shutting myself up in my dear departed mother's chamber, the very walls and furniture of which are sacred. A thousand times have I marked her retiring into it for purposes of devotion. Often have I heard her strong cries and tears to God, and often caught the sound of 'MY CHILDREN,' as if that interest was uppermost. At morning, at noon, and at evening, she never failed to retire to read and pray. Thousands of tears has she shed in this chamber, where I have sometimes had the privilege of kneeling down by her side. How *present* is her image! how sweet my communion with her departed spirit! Little did I then know the value of her intercession for her children; or the weight of her character or example as a Christian. Thank God, I know it *now*; and abhor myself in proportion as I estimate *her*. Oh that I might but tread in her honoured steps! Oh that her prayers for every one of us may be like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days! Oh, may my dear mother's God be *my* God! He graciously carried her

through many years of weakness and sorrow. He enabled her to walk worthy of her high calling; and He stood by her in a dying hour. Her last words were, 'For me to die is gain;' and, '*I will pray for my children while I have breath.*'"

The late Rev. RICHARD KNILL, of St. Petersburg, has left a similar testimony on record:—

"September 30, 1836.—Proceeded to Branton, my native place, and found my brother alive, but weak in body; and, I trust, improving in spiritual things. My soul was greatly comforted by his conversation, especially on the majesty and glory of the Saviour. At night I was accommodated with the same bed which I had often occupied before. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy. But my busy thoughts would not let me sleep; I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of morning streamed through the little window, and my eye caught sight of the very spot where my sainted mother, more than forty years ago, took my hand, and said, 'Richard, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' I seemed to hear the tones

of her voice; I recollected some of her expressions. I burst into tears, and rising from my bed, fell on my knees just on the place where my mother kneeled, and adored the Divine goodness for giving me such a parent. Bless the Lord, O my soul, at every remembrance of this mercy."

Reader, I believe we shall never know till, by God's grace, we get to heaven, what honour God has put upon a pious mother's prayers. There is something in the yearning of a Christian mother's heart for the soul of her child

almost divine; it comes nearer to the love of Christ for His sinful and rebellious people, than anything else a creature can feel. *There is hope for any man whom God has blessed with a praying mother*; for any, that is to say, but the man who can scoff at a mother's prayers, and despise a mother's tears, for the salvation of his soul. *That man's heart must be so hardened, his conscience so seared, he is so "past feeling," that if he is saved it will be a miracle of grace indeed.*

Wavertree.

W. M.

E. B. M.

[We have, on previous occasions, called our readers' attention to the sweet poetic pieces of the Widow of our ever-to-be-revered aged friend and father in Christ, the late Old Pilgrim, of Birmingham. He has left a Weeper in the Wilderness, tried much on account of the way; labouring day by day as a teacher of the young, as much on their behalf (for she delights in teaching) as on her own, to secure a humble share of the bread that perisheth. But God, in addition, has imparted to her a sweet gift for writing; and the score or so of pieces she has penned has brought her help by the way, as well as afforded much comfort to others on their lonely pilgrimage. We shall subjoin a couple more pieces from the same pen, and merely give our readers the hint, that by forwarding a few postage stamps to E. B. M., 57, Bath Row, Birmingham, they will receive by return of post a packet of these precious Songs of Zion, which are admirably adapted for district visiting, sick-room calls, or enclosure in letters.—Ed.]

CONFLICT.

I'LL take my harp down from the willows,
Sweet Spirit! come tune it afresh;
Oh! raise me from sin and corruption,
From Satan, the world, and the flesh.
I'm often in doubt and dejection,
Entangled by many a snare;
But looking to Thee for protection,
Who knowest my every care.

I'll take my harp down from the willows,
Nor longer be silent and sad;
For goodness and mercy surround me,
Oh! let me rejoice and be glad;
These conflicts will shortly be ended,
This heart be deceitful no more,
And I, to my Saviour ascended,
Shall joy and rejoice evermore.

I'm journeying on to the kingdom,
Where harps are prepar'd for the saints;
There sin shall no more have dominion,
And banish'd will be my complaints:
Oh! *then* never more on the willows,
My harp shall be silently hung;
But tun'd to the praise of Jehovah,
Shall every chord be strung.

Birmingham.

"WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?"

PEACE be to thee! child of sorrow,
So thy Father hath decreed,
Fear not, therefore, for the morrow,
Help will come in time of need:
Let not unbelief confound thee;
Let not faith and hope decline;
Love and mercy still surround thee,
For a faithful God is thine.

Credit what thy God hath spoken;
Listen to His loving heart:
Not one promise can be broken;
Never will His love depart;
Oh! remember how He *found* thee,
Wand'ring in a maze of sin,
Cast His arms of love around thee,
Broke thy heart and took thee in.

Canst thou doubt Him any longer,
Let thy tears be turned to joy;
Confidence in God be stronger,
Nothing can thy life destroy:
Thorny paths of tribulation
Lead thee onwards to thy rest;
Thou shalt realize *Salvation*,
And with life and light be blest.

E. B. M.

[APRIL 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 40,
NEW SERIES. }

APRIL, 1860.

{ No. 168,
OLD SERIES.

THANKSGIVING.

"It is a good thing to give thanks un'to the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High."—Psal. xcii. 1.

PERHAPS none more than ourselves are wont to feel such wretched deadness, coldness, thorough heartlessness in prayer. Probably nineteen times out of twenty—aye, more likely ninety times out of a hundred, it does seem to us the merest mockery to attempt to pray with all the heart, the soul, the understanding. We bow the knee, and attempt to lift up our hearts in prayer to God; but, in a moment, and ere we are aware, our thoughts are carried away to the very ends of the earth. The train and the telegraph can bear no comparison to the speed with which our thoughts travel to and fro through the whole habitable globe. We compass sea and land in the twinkling of an eye; and, in a moment, embrace all sorts of schemes, and devise all kinds of plans. Never is the mind more active than when the body is in a kneeling posture. Never are such wonderful things about to be accomplished as when we rise from our knees, if we may judge from what has been darting through the mind like so many phantoms, as so many dissolving views passing before the eye of the spectator. And such is the medley—such the jargon—such the perfect absurdity of even attempting to pray, that one is half-inclined at times to decline that attempt altogether, deeming it the veriest mockery, and considering it only adds condemnation to condemnation. The only wonder is, that anything like a string of words has been kept together, sentence succeeding sentence, in something like order, whilst at the same time the mind has been in such a confused, disordered, miserably-bewildered state. Then comes a word which seems to cut up the would-be worshipper root and branch. "God is a Spirit, and those that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." And again, "These people draw nigh unto me with their lips whilst their heart is far from me." This is followed by the memorable lines of Dr. Watts, that

"God *abhors* the sacrifice
Where not the *heart* is found."

Well, now, beloved, notwithstanding all this daily contention and truly painful experience of what poor fallen flesh, and a deceitful, thankless, wandering heart are, we are wont not unfrequently to say, "*Preface prayer with praise.*"

H

We acknowledge with you, that at first it may seem a very cold and heartless kind of thing, and practically we can understand your fearing it to be mere mockery; but now let us test the matter for a moment. We will presume you wake at an early hour of a morning; aye, and with that waking what distressing thoughts you for most part have! Depressed to a degree, harassed beyond measure, full of dread of the day about to dawn, you are ready to turn upon your bed, and seek once more to forget, in a little sleep, what may be coming; and yet you fear to indulge in this, lest you should add to your present condition the condemnation of the sluggard! Well, now, though you may have overlooked it, we doubt if you have not begun the day already with a heart-felt petition; the language of that sigh of yours was, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;" that groan meant, "Lord, help me;" aye, and the Lord understood it as such. It did not escape His ear, though it did *thine*, poor soul. And, though you may not have heard nor regarded the reply, yet the gracious promptings of the heart of Him who had so tenderly watched over thy midnight slumbers was, "I *will* help thee. Fear not, my child. Be not dismayed. Yea, I will help thee; yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Ah, fear not! for no weapon formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue rising in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn."

Our God has been pleased to set Himself forth in the tender and endearing character of a Father; yea, he has distinctly said by the psalmist, that "like as a father *pitieth* his children, so the Lord *pitieth* them that fear Him." We pray you not to overlook that word fear—godly, reverential fear; a fear that *desires* to honour Him, to obey Him, to love what He loves, to hate what He hates; a fear that in reality expresses itself thus:—

"Do not I love Thee, dearest Lord?
Oh, search this heart and see;
And from my bosom tear the part
That beats not true to Thee."

But, with regard to a father, we will suppose a case. Bear in mind, first, the relationship—a father, the begetter, the child an offshoot of himself—a part and parcel of his own life; bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh: so that every feeling and emotion of that child vibrates in his own heart, convulses his whole frame.

Well, that child we will presume to be in difficulty: he has a duty to perform, or an engagement to fulfil. He feels his weakness, he mourns over the fact that he is unequal to the task. That duty or engagement he knows is in strict accordance with his father's will, and knowing this, he is most anxious to fulfil the same: hence the conflict between a felt *inability* and an equally felt *inclination*. He is looking at two objects—himself; his father; the powerlessness of the one, the pleasure or will of the other. Hence the struggle. Now, however that child may fail in the accomplishment of the duty or the task, is not the very effort, and the desire and inclination which prompt that effort, a proof of reverence, esteem, love? Are not the very promptings of that child totally distinct and adverse to the rebellion and self-will that at once reject the directions and demands of a parent, because such directions and demands are un congenial and distasteful to the child? Do not the two cases widely differ?

Moreover, what parent but would deeply feel and as deeply sympathize with the child whom he knew to be thus struggling between inability and

inclination? Has he commanded him to go here, or to go there; to do this or to do that? The child goes, but he fails; the child attempts to do the thing, but he is unable; and yet in both cases he has thrown his whole heart and his whole power into the matter. Would not both the attempt and the failure prove the sincerity of his love, and the *extent* of his obedience, in that he had put forth his powers to the utmost, though that utmost proved a failure? There was no *reserve* of strength, and therefore there was no *lack* of obedience. Surely, this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost by the apostle (2 Cor. vii. 11, 12), "As there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have. For if there be first a *willing mind*, it is accepted according to that a man *hath*, and not according to that he *hath not*."

Again, when under the failure which we have contemplated, the father flies to the relief of the child; and, in place of upbraiding him for that failure, removes the burden and carries it himself, or does the thing which the child was unable to do; regarding the child at the same time with pity, love, tenderness, accepting the *will* for the *deed*; what, think you, would be the emotions of that child? Not self-satisfaction certainly, not the disposition to say, "How well I have said this; or how well I have done the other; my father has a just right to be pleased; I have *merited* his good will." No, the very failure prevents the indulgence of this self-gratulation. But in place of it there is gratitude, admiration, love! "What a father! how tender! how loving! how kind! He is not *angry*, but he *pities* me."

Beloved, spiritualize these ideas; take them in the highest, largest, fullest sense; they apply to our Father-God, and to His tender, loving, gracious devotion towards His children. He sees the struggle, knows full well the conflict, beholds more comprehensively by far than we can all that His dear children have to battle with between a fallen nature, a corrupt heart, an enemy ever watching, ever striving to lead astray, and the recognized declaration of His righteous mind and will. Infirmities and short-sightedness cleave to an earthly parent, and those infirmities may occasionally lead him to overstep the boundary which dictates prudence and pity. Through his own personal infirmities, he may be betrayed into a "provoking his children to wrath," or "chastise for his own pleasure," and that a sinful pleasure, because of the frailty that followed Adam's fall. But these infirmities, whether of short-sightedness or self-will, can never cleave unto our God. He is wisdom itself, compassion itself, tenderness itself—our God is LOVE! Whilst, therefore, His wisdom so infinite penetrates into the innermost recesses of our hearts, His tenderness compassionates our condition. Hence the *desire* to pray is an acceptable desire, the *attempt* to praise is an acceptable attempt. If an earthly parent takes the *will* for the *deed*, how much more the Heavenly! He knows that it is in sincerity, and simplicity too, His children bow the knee at His footstool. Whatever the intention there, whatever the struggle there, whatever the failure there, He recognizes the great fact that their very resorting thither is a practical expression of a felt wish to acknowledge His past and present mercies, goodness, love; and to appeal to Him for the further manifestation of kindness and compassion; and whilst their wanderings and waywardness in the very attitude of prayer prove the depths of human infirmity, and cause them to sink into the utmost self-loathing and detestation, under the wise and gracious orderings and over-rulings of the Holy Ghost, it leads them into a corresponding acknowledg-

ment and admiration of the sympathy, the tenderness, the marvellous forbearance and grace, of Him who of His sleeping disciples testified, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Dear reader, whatever thy fears and discouragements with respect to prayer and praise, the Lord help thee to persevere, morning, noon, and night, in season and out of season, wheresoever thou art or howsoever thou art. For thine encouragement we would remind thee of the sweet words of the blessed KENT, once on pilgrimage, and the subject of all that thou dost feel and fear, but now before the throne and ceaselessly singing the praises of Immanuel. Thus sang KENT when on pilgrimage:—

"Tis well when Zion's breast
No consolations give;
But better far *by faith* to rest,
And on the promise live.

"Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

"Tis well when at His feet
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

"Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove."

1, Devonshire Buildings, Bedfordminster,
Bristol, March 17, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE IN INDIA.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am sorry that you or friend Collingridge did not think to affix to Mrs. Hannah's letter (which appears in the number now to hand) the fact that her 30 rupees had been received, and all her requirements executed. Will you do me the favour now to insert in your next the following extract from my diary, Nov. 22, 1859:—
"Forwarded this day to Mrs. Hannah, Jubbulpoor, depôt 3rd M.E. regiment, East Indies, all the numbers of 1858 *Gospel Magazine*, all the numbers of 1859, ditto; 2 copies of *Hart's Hymns*; 2 copies of *Gospel Cottage Lecturer*; 1 copy *Hawker's Portions*—amounting to £1 5s. 10d. Also paid to Mr. Box for Aged Pilgrims' Society, £1 ls., placing the balance, 14s. 5d., into Mr. Collingridge's hands for further Magazines to be forwarded. The facts which led to the appropriation of the above 30 rupees are exceedingly encouraging to my soul. A soldier's wife in the East Indies hav-

ing fallen in with a copy of the *Gospel Magazine*, the Lord the Spirit gave her a little lifting up of soul while reading one of our own poor feeble 'Wayside Notes.' She wrote to us very touchingly, and gave us sundry commissions, all of which I am thankful to say I have been able to perform. After great delays, principally caused from Mrs. Hannah's not sending a draft from India, so that application could be made in the proper quarter, we have received the 30 rupees, and forwarded her the foregoing works. May God grant she may thereby get many a meal. Surely we ought never to grow weary of casting the Bread of Life upon the waters, but rest in the promise, 'It shall be found after many days.'"

I will now enclose one of her letters, if you think well, dear Editor, to add it to this,

Remaining yours, in Gospel bonds,
GEORGE COWELL.

THE ordinances of the Gospel are to be numbered among those streams, which gladden the Church of God, if, and when, He makes them the vehicles of His own presence and power to the soul. Abstracted from the converting

and cherishing operations of the Holy Ghost, the best means of grace would infallibly leave us (as a sunless atmosphere would leave the earth) no less cold and unanimated than they found us.—*Toplady.*

THE FIERY CHARIOT; OR, THE CHILD CALLED HOME.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR D.—You have doubtless heard of the mysterious, yet peaceful, yea, triumphant departure of our esteemed friend, Mr. THAINE, from this world of sin, sorrow, and conflict? I have been waiting for some time to obtain the account of his last days in this vale of tears, with the funeral sermon Mr. HOBBS preached on the occasion. As, at my suggestion, Mrs. THAINE has expressed her free concurrence with its being inserted in the *Gospel Magazine*, should you feel inclined thus to make it public, I herewith send you a copy either to review as a whole, or to insert the "Memoir," as you may feel disposed. It will be as well to inform you there have been 1,000 copies of the Sermon, &c., printed, 500 to be sold on Mr. HOBBS' account, and 500 for the benefit of the poor of the flock to whom Mr. THAINE had been accustomed to minister. A gentleman in the congregation having paid all expenses of printing, &c., of the 500, they are sold at 3d. each.

It has struck me, that, in whatever way you may put it in the Magazine, it would give additional interest to the Memoir, if a short account of the way in which the fire broke out, &c., was subjoined by way of note, and the time also, the night of Christmas Eve. For this purpose (if you should see it needful) you will insert the brief notice I extract from *The Standard* newspaper of the 26th of December, 1859.*

* During Saturday night and yesterday a great number of fires, some of a serious character, happened in different parts of the metropolis. One took place in the premises of Mr. J. Thaine, linen-draper, at Nos. 41 and 42, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell. The premises were nearly 40 feet wide, and were filled with goods of a miscellaneous character for the Christmas holidays. All of a sudden one of the customers called out "the goods in the window are on fire." This proved unfortunately to be correct, and the fire spread fearfully round the shop. The proprietor of the building, two female assistants, and a shopman, made an attempt to tear down the burning things,

I have just been reading with much comfort your article for this month, and was struck with your concluding remarks, especially in connexion with dear Mr. THAINE's departure; of the sudden, mysterious, and unexpected appearance of the fiery chariot, and his prepared frame to meet it. He had just been giving little Mr. Russel (Mr. HOBBS' door-keeper), as he was wont to do, his Christmas dinner, and had had a sweet conversation with him before he came down-stairs to meet his last trial. Dear Mrs. THAINE has been most wonderfully supported. I have not had a personal interview with her yet; but I have had one sweet little note from her. A letter from dear Mr. KERSHAW to my brother E. was a great comfort to her. I

and they succeeded to some extent; but we regret to state that in their praiseworthy attempts to subdue the conflagration they became completely encircled with fire, and one by one fell upon the floor under the flames, until the whole of the five occupants became prostrated, and there they remained on the floor, the flames raging over their heads. The parish engine having been sent for, was promptly set to work from an abundant supply of the New River Company's water, but in spite of which the flames continued their ravages, and the various engines having arrived, the firemen went to work in their usual daring manner; but as they were unable to reach the fire hanging about the stock, Fogo, the chief officer of the B district, entered with his engine, lamp in hand, and discovered the proprietor of the premises nearly suffocated and terribly burnt. This gentleman was taken to an hospital. Engineer Bernier and the men under him, upon being called by Mr. Fogo, next found the shopman and three females on the ground, also seriously burnt, and nearly dead from the effects of the heated smoke and hot water. They were likewise taken to the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's-inn road, where they remain in a precarious state. In spite of the strenuous exertions made, it was a long time ere the flames were extinguished. The loss, which must be considerable, will fall principally upon the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company.

think she would esteem a line from you, if you find your mind led to write to her. I must take her this month's Magazine; there are several things in it to comfort her. What a blessed account that is of a Mr. GRISON, of Islington; and how sweet those letters from a "Rescued One." Oh, there is none teacheth like Him! How sweet it is to hear the pure genuine language of Canaan, though it be but the first lisplings from the stammering lips of a mere babe; yet there is melody in the tones.

I thought much of you on what I believe is your birthday, the 8th inst. The dear Dr.'s "Portion" always reminds me of you. It is a very precious one—"From this day I will bless you." But this blessing did not commence on the day of your natural birth; and methinks it more clearly began to develop itself on the day of your spiritual birth. But does not Isaiah (lxv. 8) throw some light upon this blessing as applied to your natural birthday? I trust the Lord's work is prospering through your ministrations, and that when the Lord writeth up his people, that it may be said of many in Bedminster, that "this and that man (and woman) was born here!"

Believe me, dear D.,

Yours in the best of bonds,

Holloway, March 16, 1860. L. S.

[With a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction we subjoin "the Memoir" before referred to. It was our privilege to be acquainted with the beloved departed for nearly thirty years, and we were ever wont to regard him as one of the most consistent, well-wearing, and wise-walking of believers. It is a mercy, in a dangerous world, and engaged in the business of the world, to be enabled by grace to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith" the Lord's beloved ones are "called," to give none occasion of offence, so that the ministry be not blamed; to shine as lights in the world, and as a city set on a hill. And then how blessed to close one's earthly career as this dear man of God closed it. The flame of divine love lit up and burning bright in and o'er the soul, prior to and in the midst of the unlooked-for and temporary conflagration that was intended, as it were, to convey his ransomed

spirit to the regions of the blessed. In the contemplation of his removal, how well may we exclaim, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—ED.]

MEMOIR.

Those who have been in the habit of hearing Mr. Thaine will remember that, for some time past, his preaching has been very peculiar. His mind seemed to be especially led to dwell upon the death and resurrection of the saints, and their eternal inheritance. He scarcely ever preached a sermon without alluding to the first beginnings of the work of grace upon the heart, the carrying on and perfecting that work through the tribulations of this life, and the certainty of the prepared mansions in heaven, and of the Lord Jesus coming himself to fetch his saints to dwell with him for ever.

He had been particularly happy in his mind for some months, although the death of his son was a wound never quite healed; he had found great consolation from the words he was enabled to speak from on first receiving the tidings, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Also from these words in the 16th chapter of John, "And ye now, therefore, have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." He used to say that those words were given to him for himself, but that what he earnestly desired was, some assurance that it was well with his son; and not long after he found great comfort from having the short passage, "Taken from evil to come," spoken, as he described, almost with an audible voice to his heart, and opening to him with such light and certainty, that it was not only temporal evil, but spiritual and eternal also, that his dear son was so early taken from, that it produced a sense of resignation and submission in his soul which he never lost.

He had been also very much gratified with the love and affection shown to him by his congregation in Titchfield Street, and the unity there had been amongst them in the alterations of the chapel—the gift of the Bible by the young people,

and all the tokens of their love, he constantly alluded to at home, and in his family worship was most earnest in praying especially for the "little church," the "little hill of Zion," that he so loved, and for the young amongst them, that they might be kept unspotted from the world, and that there might be a seed raised up to serve the Lord in that place, when those who were now there were laid in the silent grave. He was also full of thankfulness and praise for the blessings that had appeared for him in a temporal point of view; he looked forward to devoting himself more to the work of the ministry, in which he took such delight, that he frequently said, his happiest moments were in the pulpit, he felt at times so filled with the love of God, and such a power and sweetness in the words that were given him to speak, that, returning home he would say, "Whether any one has profited or not, I must leave; I only know that I have preached what I have felt and experienced, and the Lord has been with me so abundantly that I could have continued for hours." On the Saturday morning he was in a rejoicing frame of mind, and expressed strongly his sense of God's love and goodness to him in every respect, finishing though as he had latterly always done, that notwithstanding all the blessings and comforts of this life, his great desire was "to depart and be with Christ, which was far better." He read at family prayers the 3rd chapter of the 1st Epistle of John, and prayed especially to be prepared either for life or death, for "to him to live was Christ, and to die was eternal gain;" but he desired in all things that God might be glorified, and his people instructed and edified. He continued in the same happy frame of mind throughout the day, and had but just come down-stairs into the shop when the fire broke out. He tried to save his nieces and two assistants; but finding it impossible to go through the flames, he knelt down, committing himself, and all who were with him, to the mercy of God; hearing his prayer was the last thing they remembered before becoming suffocated with the smoke. He was found by the firemen on his knees, and, on being told so, said, "Yes, I remember surrendering my soul to

God in the flames, and recollect nothing else until I found myself in this place" (alluding to the hospital). On the Sabbath morning he was much concerned for the friends to whom he was accustomed to minister, and expressed himself grieved at his separation from them. He had his text and sermon quite prepared, and said he was ready in his spirit to preach to them, had God in his providence ordained that it should be so. When his wife first saw him he was exceedingly moved, and said, "See, child, in what a condition I am." She replied, "I know you find God's supporting power and presence with you." He answered, "Oh! yes, that I do; I have surrendered myself into the hands of God, and when I found myself here, I felt, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" She said, "Then you find peace with God?" He replied, "Child, I am full of peace, and have the answer in my own soul; 'I will keep that man in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me.'" and repeated several times, "Because he trusteth in thee."

Mr. Thaine was seen from the first, not only by all the hospital surgeons and his own medical attendant, but also by many medical gentlemen belonging to the parish in which he had lived so long, who knew and respected him; all agreed in saying that he must be kept very quiet, so that none but his nearest relatives were permitted to be with him. At first no danger was apprehended, except by those who were aware of the extreme delicacy of his constitution, and the natural weakness of his lungs, and it was the great anxiety of his family to get him well enough to be brought home. He said several times "Give my love to all my friends, and ask them not to come to see me till I am at home;" feeling from the first exhausted and unfit to converse much. He lay quiet and peaceful through the Sunday, expressing himself very comfortable in his mind, and seemed to be quite above the pain and suffering in his body. He had a peaceful night, and early on Monday morning asked for a chapter to be read to him. The 14th chapter of St. John was chosen. He commented upon it a little, and when it was ended said, "That is most comforting and beauti-

ful; much as I have loved that chapter, I see a beauty and glory in it now that I never saw before." He afterwards had the 15th and 16th chapters of the same Gospel read to him, on which he again commented with evident satisfaction and enjoyment, saying frequently, "How beautiful! that will do for me;" and through the day continued under the same influence of peace and joy in believing. On Monday night fever came on, and he was restless and exhausted. The hymn beginning—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"

was repeated; it quieted and soothed him. He followed it to the end, and then dwelt especially on the second verse:—

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest,"

saying the last line over many times, and that rest, bodily rest, was what he wanted. A short time after, being unable to sleep, he was asked if he could now repeat his favourite Psalm, the 103rd, and bless the Lord with all his soul under his present condition. He paused a moment, and then said, "I thank God I can say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thy iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.' Yes, I can say it in faith, and hope, and love. I can say it in love, believing that the Lord hath done all things well, that He in love has laid this affliction upon me, and that His love will carry me through. I can say it in hope, that the Lord who has forgiven all my sins, redeemed my life from destruction, and crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies in this life, will crown me with glory in the life to come. I can say it in faith, that though dark and mysterious this providence of God's is, His word stands sure, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love Him;' and I believe that some great good, that none of us can now see, will come out of this affliction. Is that an answer to your

question?" He lay still for a little while, and then said, "'Unto you that believe He is precious;' His name is precious, His righteousness is precious, His life is precious, His atoning blood is precious, and His death is precious; and having the preciousness of all this in my heart, I can bless the Lord at this present time." During the night he began the first verses of several hymns, requesting they might be repeated to him; "Afflictions make us see what else would 'scape our sight," was one; "Cheer up, ye travelling souls," was another; and the hymn, "Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near," he said, had been a great comfort to him, for he had always found strength equal to his day. On Tuesday he seemed to feel great weakness, and said, "I have often preached of the weakness and helplessness of man, but never felt it as I now do; and I have often preached of tribulation being the way to the kingdom of heaven; this is tribulation indeed, great tribulation; but the Lord hath done all things well." This text he frequently repeated through the day, adding, "*Whereof I am glad*" with great emphasis. He also said, "Last night I had a solemn question asked me" (alluding to the one about the 103rd Psalm), "but the Lord enabled me to answer it in faith, and hope, and love, and the answer still abides with me." The same evening he went over the heads of a discourse he had lately preached (Nov. 6) from this text in Haggai ii. 7, "I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come;" and then said, "It is what the true Church and people of God will find; they shall be shaken from all false religion and delusion, they shall be shaken from a form of godliness without the power; they shall be shaken from all confidence in the flesh, and from their own self-righteousness; and the desire of all nations shall come and make them to know that He alone is their salvation, and to Christ shall they give all the glory." He passed a restless night, and danger became apparent from the difficulty of breathing, and frequent torpor, but he was still calm and happy in his mind, and spoke in allusion to the two sermons he had preached from Revelations the last Sunday he was at chapel; the

morning one, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever," of what the crowning in heaven would be; and spoke also of the evening text, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy:" of the certainty that those who had walked with the Lord in this life should be arrayed in the white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and dwell with Him for ever and ever. On Wednesday morning, the 46th Psalm was read to him, and he repeated each verse with fervour, dwelling especially on these two, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High," and "Be still and know that I am God;" also the last verse, saying, "The Lord, the Lord of hosts is with us, *with me*—yes, that He is—the God of Jacob is *my* refuge." Through Wednesday, the fever increased, and he slept a great deal during the day; his mind wandered at times, but on spiritual subjects he was clear, animated, and even joyful. He remembered that it was the evening for service at chapel, and on being told that the people had sent word they would read and pray amongst themselves until he was better, he said, "They are very kind, give my love to them." He continued much the same through the night, constantly repeating texts expressive of the love and mercy of God; he felt his bodily weakness very much, and spoke of the utter helplessness of man; but this text he found much comfort from, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed;" and repeated, "*the glory, the glory, that shall be revealed*," many times. On the Thursday morning an unfavourable change took place, and all began to fear that he would sink rapidly; his voice became so low that it was difficult at times to understand what he said; but his mind was peaceful and calm, his lips moved in prayer, and he repeated many texts, the substance of which was praise and

blessing. Through the day he became rapidly worse, but to the last knew all his family, and whenever spoken to answered clearly and sensibly. On complaining of great weariness, it was said, "Look to Jesus, kind and strong; mercy joined with power." He answered, "Oh, yes! that will do, that will do, that will do. Look to Jesus." The nurse brought him some refreshment, and he declined taking as much as she wished, saying, "Thank you, nurse, I do not need so much of your food. Jesus is with me, and He feeds me with lovingkindness and tender mercies."

About five o'clock in the afternoon he seemed to be conscious that his end was approaching, but there was no fear of death upon his mind. He asked for his family and took leave of them, one after another, saying, "I am *going home, going home*. I shall see Robert soon." He sent many messages of love to absent friends, and, alluding to those in Titchfield Street, said, "I have loved the truth, and preached the truth to them, and I preached it because I loved it; and now give my love to the people, and tell them I shall see them again." The 90th and 91st Psalms were read to him; he smiled, and said, "Beautiful, beautiful." This verse of the hymn—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
Whilst on His breast I lay my head,
And sweetly breathe my life out there,"

was repeated, and he smiled again, and said, "He does so, He does so;" and soon after he said, "Jesus Christ Himself is coming to fetch me." The hymn, "Heaven is that holy, happy place," was repeated, and he said out strongly, "They sang that last Sunday at chapel;" and then said, many times, "Love for ever reigns, love for ever reigns." One present said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." He turned quickly round and said, "Do you know it for yourself?" On being asked if he was happy, he answered, "Oh! yes; oh! yes;" and said a great deal that it was impossible to understand, but the words, "Bless the little church in Titchfield Street—I have always loved that little

church—give my love to them," were heard distinctly many times; and from the smile upon his face, and the brightness and peacefulness of the expression, there could be no doubt that an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom was ministered unto him. The last words he was heard to utter were, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God;" and after this he gradually sank, until about twenty minutes past nine, when he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Much more might have been written: and it has been very difficult to select from such an abundant testimony; for Mr. Thaine was in his last illness, and death, as he had been through life, full of spiritual matter; and to those around him it seemed, all through his sufferings, as if the Lord held him in his everlasting arms, kept him in perfect peace, and took him to himself so gently that they could, for the time, only think of his having gained what he had so long and earnestly desired—eternal rest.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The three following hymns were sung during the service:—

Beyond the world a city stands,
A city this, not made with hands,

Where God the Saviour reigns;
'Tis built for sinners bought with blood,
Redeemed and sanctified to God,
And cleansed from all their stains.

The cities of the world must fall,
However solid, they must all

The common ruin share;
But yonder city still appears,
Unchangeable, to endless years,
For God himself is there.

Blest are the saints who now abide
Within those walls, and there reside,
For ever with their King;

In heaven there are no prayers, but all praises. I am apt to think that there cannot be a clearer nor a greater argument of a man's right to heaven and ripeness for heaven than this—being much in the work of heaven here on earth. There is no grace but love, and no duty but thankfulness, that goes with us to heaven.—*Brooks.*

The saints on earth shall surely share
Their joys, and join the thousands there,
Who Jesu's praises sing.

With such a prospect, should we grieve
When call'd this wilderness to leave,

Where sin all nature stains?
Brethren, be willing to remove
To those prepared realms above,
Where Christ in glory reigns.

See! while the saint expiring lies,
Upwards he lifts his longing eyes;
In praise he spends his latest breath,
Triumphs in pain, and sings in death.

Oh! who can tell what secret power
Supports him in the gloomy hour?
What unseen hand sustains him now,
Or who creates that peaceful brow?

This is the death that Jesus gives;
Dying in Him the sinner lives;
Each fear removed, each sin forgiven,
Death is to him the door of heaven.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above; how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears,
And wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask'd them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His love inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
They gained the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Some are brought to Christ by fire, storms, and tempests; others by more easy and gentle gales of the Spirit. The Spirit is free in the work of conversion, and, as the wind, it blows when, where, and how it pleases. Thrice happy are those souls that are brought to Christ, whether it be in a winter's night or on a summer's day.—*Brooks.*

The least sight of Christ is saving; the least touch of Him is healing.—*Wilson.*

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF UNION WITH CHRIST,

BRIEFLY UNFOLDED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE BELIEVER.

(Continued from page 105.)

If, however, we desire to carry out the inquiry somewhat more in detail; if we would learn something of the specific characteristics of the glorious spiritual body with which we are to be clothed hereafter; it is obvious that our attention must be directed mainly to the material constitution of our Lord's resurrection body, so far as it has pleased the all-wise Inspirer of the sacred penmen to afford us any information regarding it. "Forty days," as we know, was the risen Saviour "seen of His apostles, speaking to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts i. 3). And in the history of those forty days, together with that of His subsequent appearances, first to St. Paul on his memorable journey to Damascus (as recorded Acts ix. 3—7; xiii. 6—9; and xxvi. 12—14), and finally to the beloved disciple in Apocalyptic vision, we have the—not slight—materials for such an inquiry. Let us, then, for a little while, reverently contemplate the risen body of the Saviour as the great exemplar of the spiritual bodies of His saints. That we may, by faith, realize something of the divine import of the blessed assurance, that Christ, at His glorious appearing, "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21); that we may discern some faint outlines of the predestinative purpose and design of Jehovah "to conform us to the image of His (risen) Son; that He might be the first-born among many brethren" (Rom. viii. 29).

1. We may notice, in the first place, that the resurrection-body of Christ differed from His body "in the days of His flesh" (as the inspired author of the Epistle to the Hebrews significantly calls them) in being *bloodless*. It was no longer composed, like our present bodies, of "flesh and blood," but of "flesh and bones." The humanity which the Son of God assumed when He was "made of the seed of David according to the flesh" (Rom. i. 3), was, without

doubt, in all respects identical with our humanity, sin only excepted: since we are expressly told, that "forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same" (Heb. ii. 14). But that in the article of resurrection a great and important change was effected in the constitution of Christ's body is equally certain. To this fact we have not only the testimony of express scriptures, but also that of necessary inferences from the revealed circumstances of our Lord's post-resurrection state and condition. As regards the former, we are told by St. Paul, that "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him" (Rom. vi. 9). By which, as we apprehend, we are not simply to understand that death, judicially considered, has no more dominion over Him as the bearer of His people's sins, but that, being raised "after the power of an endless life," it is no longer possible for Him to be subjected even to natural death. And hence, in another place, the same apostle says, that "though Christ was crucified through weakness (*i.e.*, the weakness of 'flesh and blood'), yet He liveth by the power of God" (2 Cor. xiii. 4). Or, in the still more express language of St. Peter, He was "put to death in the flesh, but quickened in (not 'by') the Spirit" (1 Pet. iii. 18). Upon which latter passage Dean ALFORD excellently observes—"His flesh was the subject, recipient, vehicle, of inflicted death. His Spirit was the subject, recipient, vehicle, of restored life. But here let us beware, and proceed cautiously. What is asserted is not that the flesh died and the Spirit was made alive; but that '*quoad*' the flesh the Lord died, '*quoad*' the Spirit, He was made alive. He, the God-man Christ Jesus, body and soul, ceased to live in the flesh, began to live in the Spirit; ceased to live a fleshly mortal life, began to live a spiritual resurrection life. His own Spirit never died, as the next verse

shows us. 'This is the meaning,' (says Luther) 'that Christ by His sufferings was taken from the life which is flesh and blood, as a man on earth, living, walking and standing in flesh and blood and He is now placed in another life and made alive according to the Spirit—has passed into a spiritual and supernatural life, which includes in itself the whole life which Christ now has in soul and body, so that he has no longer a fleshly but a spiritual body.' **

With this interpretation the recorded circumstances of our Lord's post-resurrection history exactly harmonize. "After his resurrection," says Bishop HORSLEY, "the change is wonderful; inasmuch that, except in certain actions which were done to give His disciples proof that they saw in Him their crucified Lord arisen from the grave, He seems to have done nothing like a common man. Whatever was natural to Him before seems now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural." But in nothing, perhaps, is this change more strikingly intimated than by the studied silence which the Scriptures observe as to the local residence of the Saviour during the forty days which intervened between His resurrection and ascension. He mingled not as in the days of His flesh with other men. It could no longer be said that "the Son of Man came eating and drinking." He is no more to be found in the streets of Jerusalem, or on the shores of Galilee; at the Mount of Olives, or where—

* "Greek Testament," *in loco*. In order that the untheological reader may not imagine that we are broaching some "new and strange doctrine," it may be mentioned that the view we advocate has been held substantially by many of the early fathers, as Irenæus, Tertullian, and Cyprian, in the third century; by Hilary of Poitiers, in the fourth; and by the immortal AUGUSTINE and Gregory the Great, in the fifth. In later times it numbers among its advocates, Luther (as above), Bengel, and Bishop Horsley; and in our own day, not only the great German commentators Hengstenberg, Olshausen, and Stier, but in our own country, by men of such widely different general views as Dean Alford, Dr. Candlish, and Dr. McNeile.

"—fast beside the olive-border'd way,
Stood the bless'd home where Jesus
 design'd to stay,
The peaceful home to zeal sincere,
And heavenly contemplation dear;
Where Martha lov'd to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary linger'd at His sacred feet;"

but He seems to have become the denizen of a new and supernatural region, from which He only emerged on certain special occasions. True, indeed, He was seen by His disciples after His resurrection; and so seen as to afford them "many infallible proofs" that He was the very Jesus who died upon the cross. But these occasions were few (1 Cor. xv. 5—8), and the interviews for the most part only brief; and as to where He abode at other times, for example, on the night after His resurrection, the Gospel narratives afford us not one ray of light. "The place of His abode for any single night of all the forty days is nowhere mentioned; nor, from the most diligent examination of the story, is any place of His abode on earth to be assigned. The conclusion seems to be, that on earth He had no longer any local residence, His body requiring neither food for its subsistence, nor a lodging for its shelter and repose; He was become the inhabitant of another region."*

All this has a close connexion with the fact which it is our more immediate business to establish—the bloodlessness of our Lord's resurrection body. For if we remember that the life of the flesh is in the blood (see Gen. ix. 4; Lev. xvii. 11, 14; Deut. xii. 23); then the fact that Christ after His resurrection was not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, necessarily involves the conclusion that His body was not kept alive by any such corruptible medium of circulation as blood. There are, however, other considerations leading to the same result. There is, for example, the circumstance of our Lord's body presenting *open wounds* after His resurrection; "Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side" (John xx. 27). "The words,"

* Bishop HORSLEY, "Sermons on the Resurrection."

says ALFORD, "imply that the marks were no scars, but *the veritable wounds themselves*—that in His side being large enough for a hand to be thrust into it. *This of itself would show that the resurrection body was bloodless.*"* Again, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, we find Christ's blood spoken of as separate, in heaven, from His glorified humanity; "Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, *and* to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, *and* to God the Judge of all, *and* to the spirits of just men made perfect, *and* to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, *AND* to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel" (Heb. xii. 22—24). Here the blood is regarded as much as a separate objective reality as "God the Judge of all," or "the Mediator of the covenant," or "the innumerable company of angels;" and hence BENGEL and some other great commentators hold strongly that it remains, as it was poured out, incorruptible in the presence of God. We know at least that our blessed Lord's blood was shed upon the cross. And as His body did not see corruption, so it is only reasonable to conclude that His blood did not see corruption. What really became of it we have not, perhaps, evidence to determine; but that it was restored to His risen body seems a legitimate inference from this passage.

Taken in connexion with these considerations, the peculiarity of a phrase which is used by our Lord Himself, in reference to His resurrection body, becomes deeply significant; "Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not *flesh and bones* as ye see me have" (Luke xxiv. 39). Mark! "*flesh and bones*," not "*flesh and blood*!" "In this passage alone does this phrase occur. In many places we find '*flesh and blood*' (*σὰρξ καὶ αἷμα*), as a synonym for our present fallen nature; but only here do we find '*flesh and bones*' (*σὰρξ καὶ ὀστέα*). This is a peculiarity to be accounted for. To assign as a reason for it, that the disciples could see and handle His bones, but not His blood, does not seem to me

to be satisfactory; because in looking at and touching an ordinary human body, the blood is as truly seen and handled as the bones. Neither the one nor the other is literally touched or seen, but the skin only. Why then did our Saviour say here '*flesh and bones*,' but because He spake with infallible accuracy under the circumstances of the case."*

The matter may also, perhaps, be decided by the following test. Our main position is that the body of Christ, after His resurrection, is the exemplar of our future resurrection bodies. Now is there any evidence in Scripture that our resurrection bodies are to be destitute of blood? for if so, it will follow, *mutatis mutandis*, that Christ's resurrection body was so also. Most certainly there is; for in the very chapter we are considering, at the 50th verse, we find the apostle stating with emphatic explicitness, "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." The expression "*flesh and blood*," wherever it occurs in the New Testament, signifies human nature as at present constituted; and in this passage, as is obvious from the entire context, it refers especially to the human body. That the phrase cannot bear the sense of "*sinful human nature*" is proved from Heb. ii. 14, where it is applied to our Lord's humanity. Besides, while it is true that our unsanctified nature, the unrenewed man, cannot inherit the kingdom of God, this has no bearing whatever on the argument of the chapter, and its introduction here would be a mere irrelevant truism. In its strict form the apostle's argument stands thus:—

"Flesh and blood"—"corruption."

"The kingdom of God"—"incorruption."

"Corruption cannot inherit incorruption."

Therefore, flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

That "*flesh and bones*," however, can inherit the kingdom of God, is proved by the fact that these appertained to our Lord's risen body. It follows therefore that the corruptible element in our

* "Greek Testament," *in loco*.

* Dr. M'NEILE, quoted by Pollock—"Foundations."

fallen human nature, that which unfits it for a higher sphere of being and for an endless existence, must be the blood. And this general principle applies equally to the case of our Lord's resurrection body and to our own; of the one as well as the other, it may be affirmed with equal certainty that blood cannot be an element in its constitution.

There is instruction to be gained here. The phrase "flesh and blood," as we have just said, denotes human nature as at present constituted; but the phrase "flesh and bones" is quite different, and is, designedly, differently applied. "The corresponding Hebrew phrase," says Dr. CANDLISH, "is used frequently in the Old Testament, and always, as I cannot but think, with a very definite meaning. The following examples may suffice:—1. Gen. ii. 23, Adam says of Eve, his wife, 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh.' 2. Gen. xxix. 14, Laban salutes Jacob as a kinsman, 'Surely thou art my bone and my flesh.' 3. Judges ix. 2, Abimelech reminds the men of Shechem of his relationship to him, 'Remember also, that I am your bone and your flesh.' 4. 2 Sam. v. 4 (1 Chron. xi. 1), the tribes of Israel claim a family interest in David, 'We are thy bone and thy flesh.' 5. 2 Sam. xix. 12, David reproaches the elders of Judah, because, although they were his kindred, they were the last to bring him back as king, after Absalom's defeat and death, 'Ye are my brethren, ye are my bones and my flesh.' 6. 2 Sam. xix. 13, the king appoints Amasa to be captain of the host in the room of Joab, on the ground of relationship, 'Art thou not of my bone and of my flesh?'

"In all these instances, the idea of affinity, of close personal union and relationship, is implied. A certain oneness of nature is indicated. The uniting principle or element—the seat or tie of union—is not blood, or flesh and blood, but flesh and bones.

"In regard to this matter, it might almost seem as if there were a difference between the Scriptural or Jewish notion, and that of the Gentiles; with which last the modern notion more nearly coincides than with the other.

"In our reckoning, community of

blood, or consanguinity, is the chief connecting bond. So it was among the old Gentiles. And hence Paul, at Athens (Acts xvii. 26), speaks of God as having 'made of one blood all nations of men.' Such a way of expressing the unity of the race is Gentile or Grecian, not Jewish, nor according to the Jewish Scriptures. There, oneness in respect of marriage, or in respect of the unions of family and of race that flow from marriage, is expressed by a reference, not to blood, but to flesh and bones. Indeed, it would also seem as if, in this connexion, the idea of blood was studiously avoided.

"The blood, let it be borne in mind, was understood to be the principle of the animal life. . . . If there be anything (therefore) in this view, the Jewish mode of expressing kinship, by unity of flesh and bones rather than of blood, bears the trace or mark of a higher conception than our Gentile phraseology embodies. To say that you and I are of one blood, is to put our unity upon low ground; on the ground of our being joint partakers of the same animal nature and lower animal life, the 'life which is the blood.' To say that we are one bone and one flesh—that I am bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, or you of mine—if the origin and original meaning of the language is realized—is to elevate our affinity, our kinship and brotherhood, into a higher region. It is to extricate it from the conditions of the lower economy, in which we are partners with the brutes which perish, and to give it a direction upwards to the state in which humanity is to be perfect, incorruptible, and immortal."* And hence it is a remarkable and significant fact, that while in all the writings of the New Testament we never find *consanguinity*, or sameness of blood, affirmed of Christ and His Church; while we are never said to partake of His *blood*, save in a symbolical sense (as in John vi. 53), we find it plainly asserted in Eph. v. 30, that "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones."

(To be continued.)

* Dr. CANDLISH, "Life in a Risen Saviour," pp. 236—239.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 110.)

Mary.—Who are the sons and daughters of Abraham?

George.—Our beloved brother Paul says, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed." They are also called "the children of Zion" and "the city of God." And we shall see by-and-by these names have very precious significations. Well might Mr. WHITEFIELD say that that passage, "She shall be called the Lord our Righteousness," is a passage worthy the profoundest meditation of all Abraham's sons and daughters. For, oh, what a glorious state are they brought into through being united to their heavenly husband, the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Zion, bearing His name, and covered all over with a garment of His own providing. The mind of man, with its mightiest grasp, cannot comprehend it. The beloved disciple, when favoured with a sight of his Lord's bright and glorious countenance, fell at His feet as dead. A full view, even by faith, of that glorious state to which we poor worms of the earth are raised, through union to Him, would be too much for us while in the body; but we can catch a glimpse of it through what is revealed. We have already seen the children of Zion, the bride, the Lamb's wife, cleared from every charge, and made perfectly holy and righteous in and through their heavenly husband, so that each one of them who have fled for refuge to Him, though it be only a seeking after Him ("the low indeed") in cries, and pantings, and groans, may now take up their "beloved brother Paul's" triumphant language and say, Who shall lay anything to my charge?

"Now free from sin, I walk at large;

My Jesu's blood's my soul's discharge."

Yes, through Him, all His dear people, the weak as well as the strong, are got far beyond the reach of Satan, sin, and death. But I want, my dear friend, for you and I to get a step higher to-day, even to Pisgah's top, so that we may take a view of that glorious inheritance, called, by "our beloved brother Paul," "the purchased possession;" and by

Peter, "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," of which we have now only the earnest.

Mary.—I can very well understand our being made perfectly holy and righteous, through the righteous suffering obedience of our heavenly husband; but then, what is it that gives us a title to this glorious inheritance, of which we find so much spoken in the scriptures? for it is said, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." And I have no doubt the saints' inheritance lies in that city. I often think of that precious hymn,—

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,

Zion, city of our God;

He, whose word can not be broken,

Form'd for thee His own abode;

On the Rock of ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose?

With Salvation's wall surrounded,

Thou may'st smile at all thy foes;"

and I am often ready to take up the last verse, and say,—

"Saviour, if of Zion's city

I, through grace, a member am;

Let the world deride or pity,

I will glory in thy name;

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,

All his boasted pomp and show;

Solid joys and lasting treasure,

None but Zion's children know."

George.—Our title to that glorious inheritance—"the purchased possession,"—is the meritorious righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ, "which is unto all, and upon all them that believe." Great was the grace which, as we have seen, came to His spouse, the Church, through His passive obedience, by which she is made for ever righteous, free from every charge, through His paying her debt. But He does far more than that; He covers her all over with that everlasting righteousness which He wrought out by His active obedience; therefore we read, "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." And that passage in Daniel, from which we have often quoted, is very striking; for by it we find that, not only is sin put away and

reconciliation made for iniquity, by His suffering obedience, but we see also that He hath brought in "everlasting righteousness." Therefore, He not only delivered His spouse from the awful consequences of her disobedience in Adam, but actively obeyed His Father's holy law, that blessings might be poured down upon her throughout eternity, for it is "*everlasting* righteousness." That is a precious contrast drawn by St. Paul in Rom. v. 17: "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace," by which they are freely justified; "And of the *gift* of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ." So you see, Christ not only *makes* His bride *eternally* righteous, but *gives* her also an *everlasting* righteousness, by which she becomes, not only precious in her heavenly husband's eyes, but in God the Father's also. Therefore He says, not only that "the king's daughter is all glorious within," but also, "her clothing is of wrought gold," which, I have no doubt, is most precious and valuable. She stands by the king, it is said also, "in gold of Ophir;" and again, it is said, "She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework;" and again, "thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and brodered work; . . . exceeding beautiful." All of which is intended, I have no doubt, to set forth the preciousness of that glorious robe—the robe of Jesu's righteousness—with which His bride is covered; for it is expressly called in the 19th of Revelations, "fine linen, clean and white, or bright."

Mary.—But what do you think the possession or inheritance spoken of consists in? For, methinks to be covered all over with the glorious righteousness of the King of Righteousness, the Sun of Righteousness, the Mighty God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, must, of itself, be a most glorious inheritance.

George.—Well you may so, my dear friend, for it is of infinite value; it possesses a redundancy (a superabundance) of merit, which brings the redeemed into favour and acceptance in Jesus, and with such a title to everlasting felicity, as eternity itself can never exhaust; no, nor fully recompense, nor pay. But I should say, the inherit-

ance and possession consist in being made like Christ, in being made one with Him, and in being raised up to dwell and reign with Him in that glorious city of God—Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem—which the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple and light of.

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill."

* * * * *

"See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with His radiant bands,
And join th' angelic powers;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours."

"Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past;
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head."

Out of pure, unmerited, sovereign love God the Father gives the people of His choice to His beloved Son as His inheritance; and therefore they are called His portion, His peculiar treasure; and He gives His only-begotten Son to them to be their inheritance. "I am their inheritance," "I am their possession," says the Lord concerning the priests, who were to be clothed with *linen garments* (Ezek. xlv. 17, 28). And God's people are "made priests unto God" (Rev. i. 6). Jesus, out of boundless love, accepts them, and takes all their debt upon Himself; in due time pays that debt by His own suffering obedience, and thus redeems them from sin and Satan, by whom they were held in cruel bondage. But, not only that, He, knowing they were as helpless as before to redeem their inheritance, the favour and love of God, by keeping His holy law, fulfils that law Himself, and, in so doing, wrought out a glorious righteousness, which He freely gives to them—covers them all over with it. And now, sin being put away, the law honoured and fulfilled, God the Father, seeing them standing uprightly in His Son's uprightness, and smelling the smell of His Son's own garment, with which

they are covered, is so well pleased with them that He delights to pour out blessings abundantly on His beloved Son, their head, their husband, and in doing so He pours them down on His people also, for He and His people are one. Therefore we read (Psal. xlv.), "God hath blessed thee (the King of Zion) for ever." And again, "Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above (or as the head of) thy fellows." But, then, we see the queen, His bride, standing upon His right hand (a place of honour) covered with her Lord's own garment; and, therefore, partaking with Him of that glory and honour, "wherewith He was crowned in the day of His espousals and in the day of the gladness of His heart." And there is not a single blessing, or honour, or title conferred on, or given to Jesus as the *God-man*, but what is conferred on, or given to His people also. Is He a King? they are kings also. Is He a Priest? they are priests also. "And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth" (Rev. v. 10). Is He to sit on the throne of His father David? they shall sit with Him on His throne. Is He a Judge? they shall judge angels. Has God the Father glorified His beloved Son? "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them." Is He His beloved Son? "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me." Has He taken His beloved Son home to glory? It is His beloved Son's will, and therefore His Father's will, that they should be with Him where He is; and as He is their head and husband, they are virtually glorified *now*, and by-and-by they will be personally, and with Him for ever dwell in His eternal and glorious kingdom; for He, as their glorious forerunner, has taken possession of that kingdom in their names. He is gone to prepare a place for them; and His glory, as the *God-man*, will not be complete; or, at least, will not be openly manifest, till He has His ransomed Church home with Him. Then will He appear in His glory, and His bride—the holy city—new Jerusalem—with Him, having the glory of God on her; "prepared," indeed, "as a bride adorned for her husband." Then will that precious passage

in Isa. xxxv. 10; be fulfilled, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Oh, my beloved friend, what shall we say to these things? How great the grace! how sweet the song!—

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity!"

Yes, one with Him whom the Father hath appointed heir of all things. Well may St. Paul say, "All things are yours." For they are also, through union to Jesus, "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." Oh, if we lost much through our union to the first Adam, who can pretend to tell what we gain through our union to the second Adam, the Lord from heaven? When we are able to comprehend what is contained in those words, "*an eternal weight of glory*," we may, but not till then. No, beloved, "it doth not yet appear," neither can we fully understand, what we shall be." Soon, very soon, I believe, will the time arrive when the saints shall possess the kingdom; when "the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom" (Dan. vii. 27). Oh, may we have grace to be sober, and hope to the end for the grace—the glory—(Rom. viii. 18) that is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Yes, if it please Him, may He grant us, and all those "dear ones" who join in our heart-breathings, a bright, blessed, and glorious hope; then shall we be looking and longing for His glorious appearing, when "we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Mary.—Seeing then, beloved, that we look for such things, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" May we have grace "to be diligent," that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless. For oh, my beloved friend, if a whisper, or a look, from Himself has such a blessed, melting effect, and is, indeed, heaven to the soul *now*, so that we are continually thirsting after

another look or whisper ; if it is precious *now* to catch a faint glimpse of that glorious state which we are brought into through union to Him, "who is the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person," what must it be to be for ever with the Lord, and have Him for our everlasting portion, our God, our all ?

"We talk of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair ;

And oft are its glories confess'd ;
But what must it be to be there ?

* * * * *

"We talk of the abode of love,
The robe which the glorified wear.
The church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there ?

"Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
Then soon shall we joyfully know,
And feel what it is to be there."

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL UPON THE JUBILEE OF THE BRISTOL AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY, AND UPON THE SUBJECT OF UNION.

If it be a good and a profitable practice with regard to the individual Christian, at certain stated periods of his life, to enter upon a careful retrospect of days gone by, not indeed for the purpose of self-gratulation, not in order that he may praise himself for his wisdom and foresight—far otherwise—but that he may trace God's undeserved mercies to him throughout the whole course of his life, and may find fresh reason to engrave upon his forgetful heart not to be unmindful of all God's benefits—if it be so, I say, with regard to individual Christians, so it is equally, I believe, a good and a right thing in the life of a religious society for its members at times to look back upon the past, to see what God has done for them, that they may be thankful for His ways towards them, and also may be encouraged to work for the future. We all know that the progress of this Society has been really like the progress of some tender plant that has, through the dew of Heaven falling upon it, sprung up as it were in a night or two, scarcely with men being able to discern how it progressed. It has grown into a tree of gigantic proportions, stretching out its arms to shelter, in the wilderness of this world, with its shade, many a weary pilgrim, and to refresh him with the fruit of life. You all know, probably, enough of the Society to know that though its beginning was a very small one—that like so many of God's works, who seems to work in this way, that men may not take the praise of the work—the origin of it was from a comparatively trifling circumstance com-

pared with the work the Society has done. At the close of the last century there was not merely a great dearth of God's Word throughout our own land, but that dearth was especially felt in the Principality of Wales. In Wales, a Welsh Bible could not be purchased with money such as poor men or small tradesmen could afford. A few poor Christians beseeched, with unceasing entreaty, the Christian Knowledge Society to publish a version of the Bible in Welsh, and, after some four or five years' constant importunity, succeeded in getting the Christian Knowledge Society to consent to the publication of 10,000 copies, on the condition—for so great a society thought it was an experiment, and that there was a danger of loss—that the money for 4,000 copies should be paid down before the printing commenced. When these 10,000 copies were sent into Wales, they were received with the greatest gladness ; but the very supply increased the demand. It only showed how great the want was ; and it was found that these 10,000 Bibles didn't supply a fourth-part of those who asked for them and were ready to pay for them. And then again the committee of the Christian Knowledge Society were besieged with entreaties by the same parties, and more earnestly, to issue a new edition of the Welsh Bible ; but they did not dare to enter upon a work which they thought would ensure a large loss, and certainly a very large expense ; and then it was that, at the beginning of this century, those same men, seeing there was no hope of getting the Bibles for Wales

that were so greatly needed, united together to form a society to undertake the responsibility themselves, and to issue a Welsh version of the Bible; and when this little body of Christian men were met together to confer upon the step that they felt it necessary to take, one of them said—"If for Wales, why not for the whole world?" One feels it was a noble suggestion; one feels, looking back, that it was not of man, but that that thought came from Him who inspires all holy thoughts; and yet the task, even of Wales, was a great one: the task of providing Bibles for the world was one of immense magnitude—a work which it would have been impossible to have accomplished unless it were by a combination of all bodies of Christians to carry on this work: and they were able to combine Christians together for the simple object of sending out God's Word without note and without comment. There was in this no sacrifice of any principle of doctrine, of any view about discipline; the Churchman who united in it was fully able to preserve his full liberty of conscience; he was able to give to his fellow-workers the same freedom and liberty of conscience; and yet they could join hand in hand to hold forth to their fellow-countrymen at home, and to their fellow-men abroad, the pure and unadulterated Word of God—that one book, that only book—which can do no possible harm wherever it is sent, just because it is the heavenly truth, and which must do, where it is sent, positive good, because it contains the knowledge of the way to everlasting life: and one feels that if it had not been for this union of Christians of different denominations the work could not have been done which the Society has been enabled to accomplish. Suppose that any one denomination of Christians had undertaken the work, and had been supplied with ample funds for that work, they could not, even if they had had larger funds than the Bible Society, have done a tenth part of the work which this Society has done; because it is to be remembered that the Society is not only a British but a Foreign Society—that it is the handmaid of every missionary society throughout the world—nay, I should not say the handmaid; it is the very right hand of every missionary society. It is to the Word of

God that the missionary appeals for his authority, both in going forth to preach the Gospel and to the Gospel which he preaches; and if, therefore, the Society had been of a denominational character, it could not have had the confidence of the whole body of the Church that were working for missionary objects, nor could its circulation have been anything of the same extent; and every missionary that England, America, and Germany sends out would have been most fearfully crippled in his work if the Society had been carried on on any denominational principle; and, therefore, I cannot but view it as another of the most marked indications of God's gracious providence with regard to this Society, that the founders were guided to build it upon so large a basis, and that those who succeeded them have been able to preserve that basis as firm, as broad, and as perfect as before. Now, I believe, too, that from the very constitution of the Society, it has been a great blessing to the Church of Christ at home. There cannot be a question that it is ever the tendency of the human mind to feel more strongly with regard to differences than those differences deserve, and more especially in matters of religion, because everything connected with religion we feel to be of such importance that even the minor matters of religion we clothe, perhaps too often, with exaggerated importance: and then it is but human nature to bring in human feelings and passions in all that we do, and often, therefore—I may say always—the history of the Church itself has been the history of much that is hopeful, of much that is satisfactory, but of much that is sad, of much that is a blot upon it. It has been too often a history of differences, and discussions, and controversies. In past days—I fear I may say in the present day—the old declaration of God's Word has been too often realized; it has been a record—thank God not only a record, but still a record—of Judah vexing Ephraim, and of Ephraim envying Judah. It is to be deeply deplored. One feels, with regard to oneself, that each individual needs to watch most carefully, in this time of the Church as well as in the past time, lest the spirit of religious controversy should prey upon the very vitals of his own personal religion, and whilst he is zealous

for God, but not according to knowledge, that that very zeal may not destroy the life of God in his own soul. And yet, whilst we watch against it, and whilst we may well mourn over it, the thing will always exist; but I believe we owe it in a great measure to the influence of the Bible Society that the spirit of controversy has not, happily, been so fierce as it otherwise might have been—that those dissensions have not so much divided Christians—that as they have met together in the common object, they have drank together of the spirit of charity and of love. I don't think it is in many cases that different bodies of Christians can join together for religious objects: they can most heartily and consistently for philanthropic objects; but when bodies of Christians differing in their views join together for one common religious object, too often it is absolutely necessary, in order to carry on this common object, that some sacrifice of feeling and of principle must be made; and the very fact of this concession being made by either produces a sense of pain and of irritation which in itself is evil; and therefore I believe that, really, unity of spirit is more preserved by the different bodies of Christians in our own country by their each taking their own individual course of work which they rightly believe to be in the way of their heavenly Master; and by keeping separate in their work they are able to appreciate the work of others, and to provoke one another to a

godly jealousy in carrying on the Lord's work. But it is a decided exception—a marked exception, that in the committee-room and on the platform of the Bible Society, Christians of all denominations can meet together without asking from one another the slightest compromise or the slightest concession; and I believe that these meetings, in consequence, have been a great blessing to the Church of Christ in England. As men of piety and zeal, and soundness of doctrine, but differing in less essential points, have combined together in the work of this Society, they have learnt more truly to appreciate each other's work—they have learnt more fully to enter into each other's feelings—they have learnt heartily to love those who, with them, "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and they have discovered that there can be a deep undercurrent of Christian feeling, hope, work, and prayer, even though the surface which the world looks upon be ruffled often by a wave, sometimes by angry waves dashing one against the other; and so I believe, that whilst Christian men of different bodies have joined together in sending forth that Word of God which proclaims "peace on earth," in this union they have derived peace to their own hearts; the spirit of peace has rested upon them, and they have been enabled in their intercourse to strive more, even when working in different directions, to preserve "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

A VOICE FROM THE SICK CHAMBER.

MY VERY DEAR PASTOR,—What a privilege should I feel it, could I in any way help you with regard to the endowment of St. Luke's. I send the enclosed trifle as a small thank-offering to my gracious God, for His faithfulness and lovingkindness to me in all my trials. I feel ashamed to send so small a sum, but I thought if you could, through the medium of your Magazine, suggest that each reader should endeavour to contribute and collect amongst his friends what he could, it would be soon made up, and you would be relieved, at least of that

burden, and be enabled to give yourself wholly to the ministry, which is, I feel, quite enough for one placed in such a large and poor district. I sincerely trust that He who has said, "the silver and the gold are mine," will open the hearts of many to come forward and help. "Fear not, only believe." Please excuse my venturing to write you, and accept the best wishes of one who truly sympathizes with you.

I remain one I trust with you in the everlasting covenant.

Bedminster.

A. T. B.

THE soldier's spear pierced Christ's side, but the divisions of saints pierced His heart.—*Watson.*

OUTLINE OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, FORMERLY OF BETHESDA CHAPEL,
BATH, NOW OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin."—Rom. iv. 7, 8.

WE have here a quotation from the words of David (Ps. xxxii. 1)—"Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven—whose sin is covered." The apostle introduces this passage to us as David's description of the blessedness of that man to whom God imputeth righteousness without works; and this gift of righteousness without works is given to all God's elect. Now, the first point I would take up is this: to observe the connexion between *faith* and *pardon*; and a most important point this is. You see, the apostle is speaking of justification "*without works*"—by faith alone; for he says (v. 5), "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Here, you see, is justification *without works*; for "believing in Him that justifieth the ungodly" is the essence and enjoyment of the Gospel, with which no works of the sinner can be mixed. Here is a remedy for guilt. Here is good news for a poor ruined sinner. Tell him to go and please God by His works—to try by his doings to obtain pardon—you only increase his difficulties and his misery; but show him that justification *without works* is God's way of pardon—show him that it is "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly,"—this is good news to a poor sensible sinner. The very hope this gives of a free pardon has mercy in it, whether it gains present pardon or not. To hear that one who deserved damnation may yet be *justified freely*—because God justifieth the ungodly—is surely good news for vile wretches like you and me, who feel we deserve hell for our sins. And this faith, "according to the measure of the gift of God," apprehends or lays hold of a righteousness in which the devil can find no place. And it is God's work to drop the faith into the souls of His elect, which He counts unto them for righteousness. And thus David describeth the blessedness of a man in this case, in the

words of my text, saying, "Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sin is covered." But how is this pardon received? By faith. "O (say you), there is not a word about faith in all this." True; but observe, David is describing the blessedness of that measure of faith which is in the enjoyment of pardon; and this gives us the connexion between faith and pardon. Here we see the blessedness of a *believer* whose sin is forgiven, whose iniquity is pardoned, whose faith is counted for righteousness, and whose guilt is not imputed. Is this your standing? I can tell you it is, if you are a believer; for there is an inseparable connexion between faith and pardon. Therefore we may take up this position and say, every believing soul is a pardoned soul, and sin is not imputed to any of God's people. "Well," say you, "I hope I am a believer, and yet I can't come here; I am not a pardoned soul; I do not enjoy all this." Now, so it may be—I believe it is so with the great aggregate of the Church of God. They are strangers to the joys of pardon. But there is a vast difference between *fact* and *experience*; and in this view we are warranted in saying, every believing soul is a pardoned soul; all is forgiven, covered, and the soul saved with an "everlasting" salvation: for so the Word runs, "He that believeth hath everlasting life." There are no degrees of faith as to the security of the saints taken into the account at all; but life, eternal life, must follow the least proportion of true faith. The faith of God's elect can never be shipwrecked. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," is applicable to the whole family, and all who believe are entitled to all the blessings of the covenant of grace, whether their faith can reach to the enjoyment of them or not; but the want of experience does not take from the fact, and in God's time the experience shall be given them, because the blessing is now theirs, only hidden

from their eyes till the set time of revelation is fulfilled. Why, as I am now uttering these things, God might be pleased to drop them into some heart, and give the sweet enjoyment of pardon to some believing soul, and so make such an one say, "Lord, I believe." I know something now, by Divine application, of pardon, precious blood, and glorious righteousness. Those for whom God does this are His elect family, and they shall be kept unto eternal salvation, and realize the blessings of the Gospel in time; the elder shall serve the younger; Nature shall be victor at the last. But it is true I may state all this and you remain just where you are, "shut up in unbelief." God alone can bless the provisions of his house, and "satisfy his poor with bread;" and if the satisfaction does not come from Him, "the root will be rottenness—the blossom go up as dust." And another point we come to is this: the connexion between pardon and the non-imputation of sin. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin." Now this is important, because of the false and pernicious doctrine promulgated by some of universal pardon—an old error, but newly introduced in Scotland and elsewhere—that the death of Christ gave universal pardon. Similar to the doctrines of the Church of Rome, there is a truth and a lie in it; truth in the abstract, but a lie in extent; a lie in the meaning they give it, but truth at the foundation. Our text clears up the point to God's taught people. Sin is not imputed—but to whom?—and it all turns upon this—to the *believer*. Though the man has done sin, yet it is not imputed to him, for he is pardoned. But look at this doctrine of universal pardon, with which sinners go to hell. They are all pardoned, say these divines, and yet suffer for their sins. On a par with this is the error of general redemption. The sinner is redeemed, and yet goes to hell for his sins. So of universal pardon: God forgives all the world their sins, and yet sends the great bulk of mankind to hell to suffer for them. *But so it is not*; where sin is not imputed there is *salvation*. But this is so palpably false it needs no refutation to those before me. "But where lies the truth in the statement?" say some. There is universal pardon, but for whom?

For the Church of God. There is God's great truth. He hath blest all his family with every spiritual blessing in Christ, and not one blessing is left out; therefore they shall all receive pardon—they shall all get the "white stone," which is an allusion to the ancient mode of acquittal—that pardon and peace which belong to every believing soul, whether his faith be weak or strong—the special grace of personal, individual pardon—handled, felt, realized, enjoyed. I heard a man make this statement at a Wesleyan anniversary: "Here you have the Gospel offered you—a universal remedy for universal disease." Now, I believe a people receiving and believing such things are ripe for Popery. What is the root of Popery? Arminianism;—and the truths that are in Popish doctrines are covered over with lies. Now, this statement from the Wesleyan has this Popish character, for it contains a truth and a lie. Where is the truth, then, that this Gospel remedy is universal to the Church of God, but not to the world, as Papists and Wesleyans would have us believe? Popery speaks thus: "There is no salvation beyond the pale of the Church." Well; we believe that, but not in their sense; but wherein do we differ? We regard salvation as extending to the Church of God—the election of grace; they confine it to the Church of Rome. As respects the Church of God, it is most true. Salvation is absorbed by that Church. This is the sponge that taketh up all the water of life, and leaves not a drop for any beside (John x. 15: Eph. v. 25). But to return to the point we are on—the non-imputation of sin. Are you pardoned? Let us go back further; are you a believing soul? If so, you have seen two things—your own vileness and your need of a Saviour. If you truly, honestly, value Christ, from a feeling of need, then you are a believing soul; and if so, sin is not imputed to you, sin can never damn you. You may have many fears, but you shall never go to hell, for you are pardoned. "And who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" There is abundance to lay to your charge I know full well—sins which, as a Father, God may and will chastise you for, to teach you better and make you sensible of what an evil and bitter thing sin is;

but in the matter of *justification* and *salvation*, there is no charge of sin against you, for all *that* was laid upon Christ; sin was imputed to Him, that it might not be imputed to you. So there can be no charge substantiated against you, for Jesus has removed it all, and died for this very end—"to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Now, let us pass on to a third observation, which is a paradox, and there are many such in the Gospel: That the non-imputation of sin arises from its imputation. This needs no explanation to the most here; for this you know, that if your sin be not imputed to Christ you must go to hell for it. The prophet, in Isaiah liii., shows us the doctrine of substitution: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of *us all*." Now, Wesleyans and Papists will tell you that *us all* means all the world; but I hope the Holy Ghost has taught you differently, and that you thence gather that the sin that is laid upon Christ is no longer imputed to the sinner; therefore, salvation must follow. So this shows us who the *us all* are—the Church of God—believers in Jesus. But let us examine this language—"The Lord *hath laid* on Him." Seven hundred years before Christ came the prophet wrote thus. But faith saw the thing as done; faith looked forward to a Jesus to come, as we look back to the deed performed. Saints took God's note-of-hand, as it were, for this matter, and lived and died upon the faith of it. The deed being done in the purpose of God, faith received the blessing and waited for the ac-

complishment, but spake of it as done. Yea, before Adam sinned, before the mischief was done, the remedy was planned: so the Prophet could say, "The Lord *hath laid* on Him the iniquity of us all." The Lord imposed it upon Him, transferred it to Him; He paid the debt, and sets the debtor free; He was put in the law-place of the sinner, "made sin for us," not as some say it should be rendered, "a sin-offering." The same word you find in this passage, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the *sin* of the world." Put sin-offering there and you make nonsense of it. But it is *sin*; Christ was made sin, though He knew no sin; and because He took the sin He bore the curse; sin was reckoned to Him, borne by Him, and consequently the wrath and curse due to sin became His lawful portion. Now, if it were not so, where are you? for *you* must bear it if *He* did not. But if God were to give you a believing view of Jesus as your sin-bearer, as taking away the guilt, wrath, and curse due to you, and give you a happy, feeling sense of this in your soul, you would then have an experimental acquaintance with this glorious truth, which, because you are eternally interested in, you must come to the enjoyment of. And what grace this would be!—what mercy for you!—and what a day to realize when the burden is removed and the guilt taken away! The Lord has done this for some of you; He will do it for all His own. May it be His good purpose to extend this blessing amongst us.

"AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER."

DEAR SIR,—In your sermon last Lord's-day evening, you confirmed an impression I have for some years felt upon my heart. When speaking upon Peter's fall you said (and proved the saying), that the sin of Peter outweighed the sin of Judas; and I inwardly said, "True, true;" for I felt it to be a truth. O the triumphs of grace!

THAT look of the Lord was piercing,
Far more than a barbed dart;

Into life it brought distressing
Thoughts, rending poor Peter's heart:
It created inward anguish,
Set his conscience in a blaze;
And he fled alone to languish
Where no human eye could gaze.
'Twas a look that louder sounded
Than thunder that shook the pole;
It ungrateful Peter wounded
With a deep wound in his soul:
'Twas a look of love so tender,
Fill'd Peter with shame and pain;
And made him in heart surrender,
Nor deny his Lord again.

That look did those fears' bands sever
Which snar'd him to swear and lie;
Nor could he forget—no, never,
The tears it for'd from his eye:
His feelings he could not smother,
For his sin it made him rue;
His own—not that of another—
It was, pierc'd him thro' and thro'."

He thought on that look when bright-
ning,

He felt hope anchor'd on high;
And when his heart was delighting—
In Christ, who for sin did die:
When tribulations trying
In after days he found,
That look he in thought was eying,
And how grace did then abound.

That look, when his foes did murmur,
And surrounded him with strife
It made him hold the firmer
To Jesus, the Lord of Life:
And to triumph o'er the anguish,
Presented in fell array,
This—this did the terror vanquish,
Tho' his life might fall a prey.

That look made him dare not rashly
Follow nature as his guide;
Tho' it friendly spoke or harshly,
Tenderly or roughly chide:
'Twas a look of lovingkindness
On one who deserv'd to die,
Or left in judicial blindness,
For daring his Lord deny.

That look—oh, that look—so tender,
Did o'er his memory roll;
Made him say, what shall I render
For pardon for sins so foul:
And when as a pilgrim wand'ring,
This truth he daily espied,
Rejoicing—yet rejoic'd with trembling,
That the Lord was on his side.

To him that look was a token,
That by fire he must be tried;
And as the dear Lord had spoken,
Be sifted, but not destroyed:
For a time be in the power,
The tossings of Satan's sieve;
Feel hell's darts pour'd in a shower,
To kill faith—yet faith shall live.

That look, when delug'd with sorrow,
He could see, and through his tears,
The storms of to-day or 'morrow,
His present or future fears:
That mighty look it did glitter,
His soul above men elate;
And sweeten men's cruel bitter—
Make him bless them while they hate.

He thought on that look with pleasure,
And ponder'd it o'er and o'er;
It was unto him a treasure,
Worth millions of worlds and more;
Nor could he wish it to vanish,
Or for a moment depart;
Self-reliance this did banish,
Laid bare his treacherous heart.

To self no more dare he pander,
Such cannot be faithful found,
Who follow self always wander;
Trust self, stand on slipp'ry ground:
But by this fall the Lord taught him,
Who depend upon self swerve:
No vows or vowings could bind him,
Himself he could not preserve.

Oh infinite look! this sweetly
Enlarg'd him from Satan's thrall;
And it rais'd him up completely,
From his deep and dreadful fall:
Thou precious God of salvation,
Omnipotent Lord of host,
Of thee with heart exultation,
I all the day long would boast.

Thou wilt not—oh no, no, never,
Unmindful of thine own prove;
Thou hast, and thou wilt for ever,
Love with an unchanging love:
By painful temptations preaching
In us our sad helpless case;
And in experience teaching
The mysteries great of grace.

'Tis a painful school, temptation;
But here this sweet truth we learn,
In our deep-felt heart vexation,
The bowels of Jesus yearn:
Compassion—his heart's compassion,
Will be pour'd on us from on high;
And the power of felt salvation
Fill the soul with holy joy.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT
OF THE G. M.

LET men be vigilant in their stations, and faithful to their trust. Above all, let ministers of Christ not sleep, as do others, but watch as those that must give account of their stewardship to the Judge of quick and dead. It is said of Aristotle, that, lest he should impede his progress in his philosophical studies, by oversleeping himself, he usually slept

with one hand out of bed, and held a brass bell in it, over a vessel of the same metal; that the noise, which the bell must occasion when it fell from his hand, might awake him to what he deemed the principal business of human life. In how many respects may heathen diligence put Christian slothfulness to the blush.—*Toplady.*

"FATHER, YOU HAVEN'T ASKED A BLESSING;:"*

OR, THE EFFECT OF A CHILD'S REBUKE APPLIED BY THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In a certain thoroughfare in one of our large towns lived JOSEPH HOPKINS, a tradesman, who, having been tolerably successful in business, was looked up to by his brother townsmen as a man of no mean authority in the locality. Mr. HOPKINS was of a kind and benevolent disposition, and, withal, we cannot but believe he was a Christian, although, as we shall presently see, he had his weak points, which brought him into much distress of soul and anguish of spirit. Reader, we must not prescribe a certain standard of religion, and say, if a man does not come up to that standard he cannot be a Christian. We have no right thus to judge, and must ever bear in mind that we are what we are, and where we are in divine experience, solely through the mercy and favour of a covenant God; and not unto us—not unto us, but unto His blessed name be all the praise.

Our friend Mr. HOPKINS was blessed with a judicious, careful, Christian wife. Of her the language of the Proverbs was peculiarly applicable: "A virtuous woman, her price is far above rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil: she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life: her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also he praiseth her." With such qualifications, and in simple dependence upon God, two desires had for some years fixed themselves upon her mind, and were the cause of many a broken-hearted cry to God when no eye saw her but His. The first desire was that her dear husband might become more decided for God; the second, that her dear children might prove to be heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ of an inheritance which fadeth not away. With these desires ever in view, she possessed the prudence to guide and not drive her husband, and to train up her children in the ways of the Lord. Oh, what cannot a praying

mother do; and how many sons and daughters must trace the blessings they receive in after-life to a mother's wrestlings with God on their behalf! Well, their family consisted of three interesting children—at this period still young and of tender age;—the eldest, *little Nelly*, was an exceedingly lovely child, and, under the quiet yet effective discipline of a good mother, was giving early evidence of a tender conscience and softened feelings.

We have before said that poor HOPKINS had his weak points, and the most prominent of these was a want of decision of character. He could go on tolerably smoothly when alone with his family, and would fall into the wishes of his prudent wife without much discomfiture; but when in the company of worldlings he was ashamed to stand to his colours; and his weak and impoverishing argument would be: "Well, business must be attended to; I can't afford to lose trade and offend my best customers." He had not learnt the value of that scripture, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added thereunto." He was struggling to amalgamate that which God had placed asunder, and had not been brought through the furnace of affliction to feel the force of the poet's words—

"God and Mammon—O be wiser;
Serve them both—it cannot be:
Ease in warfare—saint and miser,
These will never well agree."

Under such circumstances, what Mrs. HOPKINS most dreaded was the evening parties of gay, worldly-minded men, which her husband said he must have "for the sake of business;" so that it was with painful feelings that she received the intelligence from him that he had invited JOHN NICHOLLS, and several more of his best customers, to spend the following evening with them, adding, "You know, my dear, we must make them as cheer-

* This article, in the form of a little book, can be had for circulation of Mr. W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street, London; or of Mr. George Cowell, 28, Crown-street, Bury St. Edmunds—Price, 1s. per dozen.

ful and happy as we can; and though we may not quite agree with them upon some points, it will not do, as a matter of business, to show them that we are different." Ah! thought Mrs. HOPKINS, would to God that the difference was so manifest that these worldlings would loathe our company rather than court it; still she said nothing, but rested by faith in the belief that God would yet hear and answer her earnest pleadings.

JOHN NICHOLLS was a wine-merchant in the town, whom most people looked upon as very wealthy, because he drove his brougham, had a country house, and was of fine dashing deportment; and, somehow or other, this person possessed a powerful influence over poor HOPKINS—whether it was his rather fascinating appearance, his ready tongue, the extensive orders he gave, or otherwise, certain it was, the wavering HOPKINS was like a child in his presence. Oh! dear reader, what a snare to the soul is the fear of man; and how such a snare causeth us to slight Him "who delighteth not in the strength of the horse, nor taketh pleasure in the legs of a man," but "who taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, and who hope in His mercy;" and who tells us in His holy Word that "it is not good to accept the person of the wicked." May you and I be delivered from such a thralldom—one that is sure to bring the soul into darkness and distress.

And now Mrs. HOPKINS, having received the intelligence from her husband of his wish to entertain his so-called "friends," went about to prepare for the coming evening; for, however much she could wish it were otherwise, she had learnt to live upon that precious proverb which tells us, that "by long-forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone;" and there was a sweet verse she had read somewhere rolled in upon her mind at this season, which says—

"Reflect what trifles ye pursue
So anxious and so heedful;
For after all you'll find it true,
There is but one thing needful."

And oh! how she sighed to God that He would in His own best way soon bring her dear husband into the hallowed position of these two last lines, so that all

might fall subservient to "the one thing needful," a precious Christ. However, as she brushed the tear away, she yet believed such a state of things would come to pass; and at all events she studied to have everything in such order, that the world might never say that religious principles made a neglectful wife; so that when, on the next evening, the company arrived, Mr. HOPKINS had reason to be proud that he possessed a partner whose thoughtfulness was manifest in every nook and corner of their bright best parlour.

But do what you will, reader, a Christian's worldly party is one of the most miserable attempts at deception which can be conceived. The time generally drags on heavily, conversation becomes forced, and the conscience proves so faithful a monitor, that if, with the Christian, there is outward cheerfulness, there is always inward misery.

The HOPKINS party proved no exception to this rule. True, the gay wine merchant was full of talk, and the last play and the latest song were commented upon freely, while poor HOPKINS smiled assent to all he said; but the keen observer could soon notice that neither Christians nor worldlings were in their element. And now we must notice a fact apparently trifling, but yet proving an important cog, in the wheel of God's providence, to bring about significant results in the career of the wavering HOPKINS. Little Nelly was this evening to sit up to supper for the first time, and her heart was joyful in the realization of so great a treat; and now, as she moved about, and won the hearts of the company by her genuine simplicity, all saw that a mother's training was not lost upon her. No; even a child, says the proverb, "is known by her doings," and it soon becomes evident what sort of a tutor she possesses in private.

"Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell."

Little Nelly had a good mother, and was not, therefore, likely to bring her to shame; but she did bring her poor wavering father to shame; and how this was brought about we must now relate:—

The evening had passed as we before hinted, and now it was announced that supper was ready. The company having taken their seats, poor HOPKINS grumbled out a sort of grace, and confusedly commenced helping his friends. Little Nelly, who was accustomed to hear her father, *when alone*, ask a blessing deliberately and reverentially, did not know that these mumblings were intended for "grace before supper," and so kept her little hands clasped until, finding the company commencing their repast, she very innocently looked up in her father's face and said, "*Father, you haven't asked a blessing!*" For almost the first time in his life the wavering parent looked angrily at his darling child, while the truthful child, not understanding the cause, added, "You've forgotten it, father; haven't you?" At this moment poor HOPKINS' eye caught the eye of the gay wine-merchant, and, as it traversed round the room, met the earnest gaze of his prayerful wife; but more than this, the child's words were "as goads and as nails fastened in his heart by the Master of Assemblies," and for the rest of the evening HOPKINS became a miserable man. He tried to talk, but it was a failure; he tried to eat, but the food well-nigh choked him; and it was no slight relief for the poor distressed man when the time came for the company to take their departure. It may be easily conjectured that Mr. HOPKINS did not rest happily that night; no, nor yet the whole of the following day did he gain a moment's composure of mind. Saturday was always a busy day in the shop, but yet poor HOPKINS could not, in the midst of all, banish anxious thought from his mind, but went about with a burdened conscience and depressed spirit, while ever and anon his child's rebuke flashed before him—"Father, you haven't asked a blessing."

Dear reader, when the Lord is at work with the soul, have you not found that all circumstances beautifully dovetail, and that in His own signal way He brings about the purposes of His will; so that, if we only watch His way in providence and in grace, we must stand amazed at His goodness, and the trouble He takes with such unworthy worms of the earth. Now, it was just so with poor HOPKINS. The Lord had, through

the instrumentality of his little daughter, troubled his mind; so that when the family went on the next Sabbath morning to their accustomed place of worship, was it any marvel that the old grey-headed clerk, totally unconscious of what was passing in poor HOPKINS' mind, should give out that sweet hymn:—

"Saviour, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee—
Of Thee, whom highest angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?

"Ashamed of Jesus! of that friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

"Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no sin to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

"Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me."

Oh! how these words sank into his inmost soul. Nor was his trouble lessened when the minister gave out for his text—1st Epistle of James, 6th and 7th verses: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed: *for let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.*" "Oh! then," cried poor HOPKINS inwardly, "There is no hope for me. I am that man; and God says, 'let not *such an one think he shall receive anything of the Lord.*' Oh, what a wretch I have been. I have sinned against light—I have made a profession—but now there is no hope. Oh! God, be merciful unto me, a sinner." Welcome, poor HOPKINS; thou hast crept to the throne now. Long enough hast thou been a wanderer and a waverer; the Lord is bringing you back again, by terrible convictions, to Himself. "As the bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man who wandereth from his place of necessity and rest." And now for days and weeks did this passage ring in his ears and cause him the greatest agony of soul, "Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord," when eventually the Lord began to soften his heart and bring him down upon his knees, and show Himself a God ready to pardon. For a

time he seemed to have made a decided stand; and cheered, indeed, was his anxious wife to see the gracious effect of sovereign grace. But alas, alas, for human frailty; temptation was at hand, which proved the poor wanderer had yet to be stript. There was to be a grand concert that evening at their noble Town Hall, and the gay NICHOLLS had just stepped in to persuade Mr. HOPKINS to meet him and friends and go with them, especially as a certain celebrated singer was to make her last appearance that season. The poor waverer consented, and, shame be upon him, skulked up to his bedroom unknown to his prayerful wife, as he was afraid to face her under such a pretence. O, Satan! Satan! thou subtle enemy of the soul. Enable us, Lord, to reject his gilded baits, for "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy, how deceitful." HOPKINS went, and at the appointed place joined his friends; but just as he was about to enter the concert-room, it was as if a powerful hand grasped his shoulder, while a voice said, "Father, you haven't asked a blessing." For the moment he looked round to see if anyone was there; but ah! it was an invisible One that had brought him to his senses, and he trembled from head to foot, a deadly chill ran through his frame, and, well-nigh fainting, he was obliged to lean against a column for support. When he had sufficiently recovered the shock, he found himself alone, his so-called friends having pressed in at the sound of the flourish of stringed instruments; but, though alone he was not alone, for tormenting thoughts crowded into his mind, and in very despair he rushed home. Perfectly unconscious of what had happened, his tender wife beheld with alarm his pale countenance and agitated frame, and heard him utter words of dire despair and self-condemnation. Ah! it is at such seasons that the value of a godly helpmate is truly felt. Mrs. HOPKINS, drawing from her guilty husband the truth, poured into his heart words of consolation and comfort, bid him not despair, but look once again to Jesus for pardon and grace. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver; and never did Mr. HOPKINS feel the value of so excellent a partner more than at that moment.

But, to trace on further:—

It was approaching Christmas, when, one evening, Mrs. HOPKINS went into the little counting-house at the back of the shop. Her husband was poring over his accounts; and as she stood by his side her eye caught the heading: "Dr.—JOHN NICHOLLS, Wine-Merchant, — street." And, looking down the page to see what JOHN NICHOLLS' account was, what was her astonishment to find that he owed upwards of *seventy* pounds, which had been two years standing. She had noticed that for some time past he had been shy of them, and not anything like so often at the shop as formerly; but she had attributed this estrangement to the more decided tone of her husband's conversation and deportment, and had rather rejoiced that his worldly companions were forsaking him; but now the thought flashed into her mind—Was it all right?—had he not been keeping up a friendship to suit his own purpose? Alas! alas! her conjectures were but too true. A few days after these thoughts had rushed into mind, tidings came that NICHOLLS was in difficulties—indeed, insolvent. At first the blow did not seem so great, as seventy pounds was not a vast amount for them to lose; but, when she beheld her dear husband's pale countenance and trembling frame, she became conscious that all had not been told her; and so it appeared, for the fact was, JOHN NICHOLLS had some time back entered the shop, and, in a dashing off-hand way, asked the poor wavering HOPKINS, as a mere nominal thing, to become security for him for five hundred pounds. Without consideration (ah! and without consulting a godly wife, too), HOPKINS had put his hand to the document, and now had to feel experimentally the full force of that scripture which tells us: "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it, and he that hateth suretyship is sure." And now the anxiety of mind attendant upon these circumstances, as well as the discipline which the Lord the Spirit was subjecting poor HOPKINS to, in order to make him leave go his hold of the world, proved too much for his nervous system, and he became seriously ill, his medical adviser demanding that he should remain in his chamber, and be kept as quiet as possible.

What a comfort under such circumstances is a godly wife. How noiseless

her step, how grateful her presence, as she strives to pour into the troubled mind the balm of Gospel consolation. "Never mind, dear," would she say to her distressed husband, "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." But poor Mr. HOPKINS' sin of ingratitude to God rose up before him in all its magnitude, especially now that he was laid aside from the active duties of life and had time for reflection. And you may be sure, reader, Satan was not idle—oh, no; he wielded passages of scripture with mighty force, saying, Is it not written, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." And again, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven." Oh! what agony of mind did poor HOPKINS experience. Now there was real sorrow and distress of soul, and glad was he to cry earnestly, and with great wrestling, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but the Lord kept at a distance from him, so that he might be thoroughly sifted, though, doubtless, he was watching all the while, and Satan had only power to go the length of his chain. But the time of breaking of bonds was at hand.

One evening, when able again to sit up in an arm-chair, he opened the Bible; and after turning over its leaves as he had been wont to do, in very despair of soul, the Lord brought him to a stand-still at the 15th chapter of Luke's Gospel, and those sweet words broke in upon his soul with power from above: "And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son

said, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found: and they began to make merry." Never did words seem more applicable to the condition of a poor guilty creature. He saw it all; joy flowed into his soul: and, when his dear wife came into the room, oh! what a change did she behold. Now could he sing—

"He says to the mountains—depart,
That stand betwixt God and my soul;
He binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their sore consciences whole.

"Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow and as white,
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light."

Reader, that affliction has proved a lasting blessing to poor HOPKINS; and if he now stands behind his counter, minus his five hundred and seventy pounds and his worldly companions, somehow or other he finds ways and means of giving more than he used to the cause of God; and, above all, he has found Jesus to be to him "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely," while the tear starts in his eye and trickles down his cheek as he tells you: "Ah! sir, to the day of my death I shall never forget my darling child's rebuke—'Father, you haven't asked a blessing.'"

GEORGE COWELL.

Bury St. Edmunds.

DEADNESS IN THE CHURCH.—It was an Egyptian custom at festal banquets to introduce a corpse, and seat it at the table, to remind the guests of their mortality. Its fleshless, skinny hand rested on the board, but moved not the viands; the glassy eyeballs fixed their dead stare upon the guests, but the light of life, in which those orbs once swam, was extinguished for ever. In such a presence the festivities proceeded. In such a presence proceed often the sacred festivities of Zion.

I have seen the corpse at the sacramental supper, *stone dead amid the guests of Jesus*. Not a tear on the cheek, nor a quiver of the lip, when Jesus showed His wounds. The dull, dead, unlighted eye never sparkled, the bosom heaved not, the entombed tongue clove to the roof of its mouth, amid all the outbreak of a Saviour's love and tenderness! Alas! figures are inadequate to set forth the entire melancholy of the case.—*Trenck.*

THE "APOSTLES' DOCTRINE" AS TO REGENERATION.

(Concluded from page 131.)

PART III.

IN treating upon the precious doctrines of God's Word we must ever remember that we are treading upon holy ground; that, being the pure testimonies of heaven, each and all are stamped with the sanctuary inscription "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Of such is the soul's regeneration. "Holy" in its eternal origin, as all of God; "holy" in its time-state execution, as pertaining to the work of Christ; "holy" in its consummation, as carried on and completed by God the Eternal Spirit. And the recipients of this divine and saving mercy are, in like manner, holy too—holy in the holy One; comely in the comely One; and in this their sanctified state they are ever so *towards the Lord*. Thus it was revealed to John (of Christ), "Who hath redeemed us to God by His blood; and hath made us kings and priests UNTO OUR GOD," &c. So that as "all the rivers run into the sea, and unto the place from whence they come, thither they return again;" so with the ransomed soul to God, the desire of which is always "*towards the Lord*," as was Eve's towards Adam. And thus all the affections of the heart are drawn Godward by the attractive influence of divine grace, just as everything in the earthly creation groweth upwards and bends toward the sun.

O my soul, what a destiny! "born of God" to grow up into Christ! Created in Christ to live unto God! Every power and faculty of thy mind; all the thoughts and affections of thine heart; every sanctified passion of thy soul; drawn upward and onward till the whole man is immortalized and brought into the immediate presence of God to be feasted with the eternal delights of Jehovah; ravished with the unfading charms of Christ; and absorbed in the everlasting contemplation of the unfolding glories of the exalted Lamb.

This is our high and heavenly calling; but what is our earthly condition? Iniquitous, traitorous, idolatrous, unthankful, unholy, and evil. By nature we are dead in our trespasses, and lie entombed in the dark grave of our sins.

Thus Ezekiel is taught to describe the whole house of Israel as bones that are buried in a valley, and (as far as they are concerned) hopelessly "dry." Nevertheless, being the bones of Israel, they must be carried out of death's valley as were the bones of Joseph out of Egypt. For this purpose the hand of God is upon the seer, and the Spirit of God put within him, whereby he prophesies to the wind, or breath, or Spirit (in other words, the Holy Ghost), saying, "Thus saith the Lord God."

Ah, my dear brother, it all hangs here. All the *doings* of God depend upon the previous *sayings* of God. "*The thing that hath been*" (that is, the thing that hath been with God from all eternity), "*is the thing that shall be*" (that is, done in time); for "the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure." As in the first creation, it was that which God "*said*" that was "*done*;" so in the second creation, "He commands, and it standeth fast for ever." Yea, and as in the former, that which He said and did, He looked upon, and pronounced to be "very good;" yet this was but a type of the latter and greater works of God in Christ Jesus, which are full of the goodness and love of the Lord. But, to return to the prophet. Now, it is in the confidence of faith upon the Word of God (which "WORD" is nothing short of Christ, by whom all the regenerated are quickened into life) that Ezekiel addresses the Holy Ghost on behalf of the people of Israel, saying, "Thus saith the Lord God," &c. And in very faithfulness to His "word" (upon which He causeth all His elect to hope), the wind blew, the breath came, the bones shook, the slain revived, the dead arose, the "whole house of Israel," to a man, was made alive (in vision); and there stood an army, great and strong, prepared at once to publish the doings of the Lord. This was Israel's regeneration, and a type of Israel's resurrection.

And doth the reader think the altered times of our day hath changed this truth? That God doth not now quicken into

life as He did? That He worketh differently in modern to what He did in ancient times? I tell you, nay. He that is the same "yesterday" (before time), "to-day" (in time), and "for ever" (to all eternity), worketh alike in all with one and the self-same Spirit, everywhere and at all times. And thus it was the same "breath" that revived the "dry bones" in the valley of vision; that "breathed" also upon the disciples in the wilderness, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Oh, that this quickening Spirit would come oftener in our day! How "dry" the bones of Israel seem! "Lord, revive thy work," for it is at *thy revivals* that the true and only "regenerations unto life" take place.

Now, the promise concerning Israel is, "they shall revive as the corn." And how is this? Why, first it dies; nor is it ever quickened into life without first passing through death (1 Cor. xv. 36). Here we have our Lord Jesus Christ for instruction and exemplification. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." Jesus was that corn: and unless He, the true and heavenly wheat, had taken our flesh and fallen under the sentence of God's law, for our sins, and then "died"—the just for the unjust—*He would have abided alone to all eternity*. No ransomed Church from the ruins of the fall would have been with Him in glory, to behold His beauty and sing His praise. But "He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification;" and therefore all the corn which our spiritual Joseph hath bought, with His blood, out of the Egypt of this world, must, in the same manner, be planted in the likeness of His death, that it may (like the corn cast into the ground) "revive," and *that* in the righteousness of Christ; to grow in His grace, and become productive of praise through His fruitfulness. The glory of God is the secret of this scriptural doctrine, whilst the good of the soul, that it may not "abide alone" for ever, but be reunited to its glorified body, is also included in it. Another type of the regenerative power of the Holy Ghost we have in the resurrection of Lazarus; another in the raising of Jairus's daughter; and an especial illustration of the whole Church's

"*revival*," by the raising up unto Israel of a Saviour, even Jesus Christ.

Minor evidences we have in ourselves. Our sleep at night is typical of the sleep of death: and as oft as we arise in the morning, we do set forth our resurrection from the dead. Also, every rising desire in the heart of a believer towards God, is an evidence and fruit of our resurrection by Jesus Christ.

Finally, our God raiseth not up to destroy, but quickens that we may live, and that for ever. For "whosoever," saith Christ, "believeth in me shall never die." Certainly not. For as that which is born of God cannot commit sin; so that which is begotten of God cannot die. No sin, no death. Where there is no law to condemn, there is no transgression to impute. Christ's death is sin's death to those for whom he died. Christ's resurrection is our justification. Christ's obedience covers Adam's sin and all ours. Christ's blood and suffering secures our blameless condition before God; and a reception of Christ's atonement in the heart acquits us of all condemnation. This is the appointed "*lot*" of the regenerate, and Christ is their appropriated "*inheritance*."

Thus, in conclusion, it was clearly "the Apostles' Doctrine as to Regeneration."

1. That it was a new and spiritual birth supplanting the old and natural.
2. That it was effected by the power of the Jehovah, God, in His trinity of persons, according to the good pleasure of His will; and that this was purposed in Himself before the world began.
3. That the object and design of its accomplishment was "that we should be to the praise of the glory of His grace;" being fitted and qualified for the presence and enjoyment of God.
4. That our Adam-fall transgression altered not the eternal purpose of God, or hindered the work of His power; but rather added to, and aided, the carrying out of all the intentions of infinite wisdom and everlasting love.
5. That the new creation of the soul in Christ Jesus is that we should stand perfect and complete in all the will of God; possessing His holy Spirit, and being made partakers of His divine nature.
6. That the knowledge of Christ, by the teachings of the Holy Ghost, furnishes

us with a scriptural evidence of possessing eternal life in our souls.

7. That our hatred of sin and abhorring of ourselves; our turning from darkness unto light; and a loving and serving of God; is a proof of our being "renewed in the spirit of our minds."

8. That it is by the resurrection of Christ that we arise from the dead; and by the "power" thereof that we live unto God.

9. That the regenerated soul hath an eternal "record in heaven," and a time-state witness in the earth, by the personal testimony of God the Father.

10. That the renewed and raised from the dead have also the "Word of God" for a divine recorder in heaven, and the blood of God for a witness-bearer upon

earth, as the personal evidence of God the Son.

11. That the quickened spirit hath likewise the personal testimony of the Holy Ghost, both in heaven and in earth, in perfect agreement with the Father and the Son. And,

12. That the whole revelation and transaction is primarily and pre-eminently for the eternal Glory of the Christ of God; and secondarily, though savingly, for the everlasting Happiness of the Church of God.

May the reader learn therefrom to be wise in discriminating between the "living" and the "dead;" and attach greater importance than ever to the divine and imperative declaration, "*Ye must be born again.*"

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

GOD'S METHOD OF ANSWERING PRAYER.

Most Glorious, Great, Omniscient God,
How high thy thoughts above our thoughts; thy ways
Above our ways! How great our ignorance
Of what we need! How wise art thou to give!
We ask to be made pure, yet dread the fire;
Like Israel passed the sea which drowned their foes,
They of the milk and honey sweetly sang;
But loath'd the manna which sustain'd their lives:
For Canaan's vine-clad hills they sighed,
But in the desert murmured and rebelled;
Yet that was the right way for them to go:
So we, great God, oft know not what we ask;
We seek to sit with thee on thy right hand;
Yet when we taste the cup our Saviour drank,
And feel the humbling process of thine hand,
We doubt thy loving-kindness to our souls,
And dread the very answers of our prayers.
Oh, how we misconstrue thy chastening rod!
We read thy wrath, where only love 's inscribed.
Affliction's gloomy cloud we view with dread,
Though pregnant still with purity and peace.
Ease and prosperity our flesh desires,
Though these will only make us *fat and kick*.
Then let our heavenly Father ply the rod,
Since we the humbling process so much need;
And we His *wisdom* and His *goodness* hold
With faith's firm gripe.

New Brunswick.

METRIOS.

It is no novelty for the doctrines of grace to meet with opposition; and, indeed, few doctrines have been so much opposed as they. Such is the imperfect state of things below, that the most important advantages are connected with

some inconveniences. The shining of truth, like the shining of the sun, wakens insects into life which otherwise would have no sensitive existence. Yet, better for a few insects to quicken than for the sun not to shine.—*Toplady.*

WORDS AND DEEDS.

"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world standeth."—1 Cor. viii. 13.

THE apostle here is evidently referring to that brotherhood the members of which are united by the most sacred and indissoluble of all ties—the children of their heavenly Father, whose elder brother is Christ.

As affectionate filial children in this world would not only seek to please and obey their parents in all things, but would also try by every means to lead and direct into the right path their younger brothers and sisters, and to set before them an example worthy of imitation, how much more ought the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty to live, not only in personal love and obedience to their gracious and merciful Father, but so to speak and *act* in the sight of their fellow-members in the family, that no stumbling-block by them be cast in the way of weaker brethren, nor any encouragement given to worldliness. Would that every follower of the great and holy St. Paul were only as ready as he to relinquish, if necessary, even the very requisites to daily comfort or to bodily strength! How willingly does he resolve to put aside, for the sake of a brother, a most important part of his natural sustenance, rather than he will by his partaking of it throw a barrier across his path, or cloud his mind with doubts. If St. Paul lived in our times, he would see in many a shining professor—aye, and not in professors only, but in many true children of God—far greater reluctance, to make slighter sacrifices than those which marked his own course, or the course of thousands who have lived in times of deeper spiritual darkness, and under circumstances of greater disadvantage than we do:

Ours is no course of worldly glory, neither is our goal one on arriving at which we shall be crowned with the fading laurels which are bound about the brows of earthly conquerors. We are to be (and *must* be, if we are the children of God) a peculiar people, walking contrary to the course of this world, doing many things which appear ridiculous, and which will bring down upon

our heads the scorn of the worldling, and excite the jeer, and the laugh, and the contemptuous title of "righteous over-much." But among brethren and sisters, the family circle, we are to walk as *dear children*, loving one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; and in following out this rule we shall often feel it our duty to relinquish some things pleasing to self for the aid or encouragement of our brethren, every one of us pleasing our neighbour for his good to edification (Rom. xv. 2). And as in a family of children we notice different ages, tempers, dispositions, and constitutions, so in the spiritual family we observe those who are grey-headed fathers, veterans in the service of Christ, who can wield the sword of truth manfully; while others are but babes, who are as yet but weak, and who as infants will trustingly take the hand of an elder brother or sister, to seek for guidance for its tottering footsteps, so many babes in Christ look up to Christians more advanced in knowledge and experience, and venture to mould their own actions after the model of such. Now, how careful ought these who are advanced and experienced to be, lest they should do or say anything which may prove a hindrance to any younger member of the family, who, having had his eyes opened by the Spirit of God, having been plucked by the hand of Omnipotence as a brand from the burning, from the very midst of the follies and vanities of the world, and his feet set Zionward in the narrow way, is ready, in the strength of his first love and the energy of his heartfelt zeal, to give up any thing and every thing which may have the appearance of evil, or savours of the world. He has pictured to his mind's eye the robe of righteousness, in all its dazzling purity and beautiful spotlessness, flowing around every one of the Lord's people, *distinguishing* them from those around them, and marking them as pilgrims who are journeying through this world to their home above, untouched by a stain of worldli-

ness, although surrounded by it on every side. But, to his infinite astonishment and disappointment, as he has become acquainted with one family after another among the band of Christians scattered here and there, he finds many a spotted garment, many an earth-defiled robe; for instance, he finds in one family that the father, Eli like, restrains not his children from any public amusement to which their inclination may lead them: the concert and the dance are attended without a word of reproof from the godly parent. In another circle he is surprised to find that books of a most volatile and censurable character are read; and although the father himself refrains from the perusal of such works on the Sabbath-day, the children are not checked in doing so. Another friend thinks nothing of taking *four* journeys by rail or omnibus on God's own day, that he may hear two Gospel sermons. At first the youthful and zealous disciple almost doubts the Christianity of those who can do such things; and we have been sketching no fanciful, but real characters. But upon more intimate association the first disgust which he felt on finding no such *very* great external difference between the church and the world, gradually wears off, and (in too many cases) he learns to look without a feeling of sorrow on the blemishes and spots.

But it is not only because of the influence these things have upon the minds and conduct of Christian brethren that we think they ought to be checked and avoided as much as possible; but also because of the effect produced on the minds of those who are without, and who eagerly watch the steps of Zion's pilgrims, and who joyfully hail anything like a slip, or a stumble, or anything which appertains to worldliness, whereby they may speak against *them*, and bring a disgrace upon the holy doctrines they profess. And nothing escapes their vigilance; many actions which are passed by without a word of reproof, and possibly even without notice, in the Christian circle, are seized with avidity by the world, and handed about from one to another as clear evidences that "these Christians, who profess and preach so much, are no better than others."

A Christian lady once spoke to a man

who was in the habit of keeping his shop open on the Lord's day, warning him of the terrible judgments which awaited those who thus set at nought God's commands; he replied, sneeringly, "Surely if your vicar can go riding up to town on a Sunday to preach a sermon—which I know he does, for he drives by my shop—there can be no harm in my selling a few apples and oranges to support my family."

Again, a Christian minister was one day seen by a group of idlers, as he ran after the omnibus. A godly man, as he was passing, heard one exclaim, "There goes Mr. —; he don't mind having a ride in the 'bus on a Sunday." This remark was accompanied by jeers and laughter as they watched this truly God-fearing man take his seat—laughter which fell chillingly on the ear and heart of him who heard it, as he thought of what the example of such a man *should* be, and of how far short, not ministers only, but many others, came in performing the law of God. Both the vicar and the minister were professed servants—nay, even *priests* of the Most High God—but where was the mark which distinguished them from those around them? Who could say, judging from their actions, that they were of God, and separate from the world that lieth in wickedness? How can he who knowingly and willingly engages in things which are stumbling-blocks in the way, either of their brethren already manifested, or those who are still walking in the broad way, or which put arguments in the mouths of the blaspheming multitude, say that he is in the light, while these things prove that he hateth his brother, and is in the darkness even until now (1 John ii. 9). What a beautiful contrast to this is embodied in the next verse, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is *none* occasion of stumbling in him." Would that the love which prompted these strong expressions, and which reigned so universally over every action and word of the beloved disciple, dwelt in the hearts of all the Lord's people, and that every one would see to it that there was nothing in him which should prove an offence or hindrance to another. We are too apt to wrap ourselves up in the idea, that, if doing a certain thing is not

sin to ourselves, we may do it. Something presents itself to us as pleasant, and apparently necessary to be done: in too many cases we have allowed our inclinations to lead us into the performance of similar things without consideration at all, but this time we pause a moment, and ask, "Can I do this thing without contracting a spot of guilt? Will the doing of it interfere at all with my peace of mind, or cause me to be less constant and happy in communion with my heavenly Father?" We look at the question on every side, and in the light of God's word, perhaps, and with regard to ourselves, the answer arises, "No, it is a thing in itself perfectly harmless, and I feel that I can do it without any injury to my own soul." And here too often the inquiry ends, and the thing is done, and we are satisfied that our garments are still pure and unspotted; but instead of selfishly ending the matter here, ought we not to proceed a step further, and ask this ques-

tion, "It is true that this thing is free from harm to myself, that there is really no sin in doing it; but how will it look in the eyes of the world? Will not others misjudge my motive, and will it not bring upon the cause of Christ a reproach and an ill-name? in short, *is it* entirely free from the appearance of evil?" "No," is the conscientious answer, "it is not free from this; it certainly has the appearance of evil." Then, if we come to this decision, let us not pander, nor argue ourselves into the idea that there is no harm, for we have received the admonition—(may we not say the command?)—*to abstain from all appearance of evil.* Oh, that all the dear people of the Lord would seek to live, not as near to the boundary line which is drawn between them and the world, but as far off, as they possibly can, not pandering to the fleshly appetites, but, as strangers and pilgrims, abstaining from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.

Stratford.

H. E. W.

A MEMORIAL

IN BRINGING TO REMEMBRANCE THE FAITHFULNESS OF HIM WHO HATH PROMISED NEVER TO LEAVE NOR FORSAKE HIS PEOPLE.

(Found among the writings of one gone home.)

"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."—1 Tim. vi. 8.

AND does my dearest Lord say this to me in common with every one of His blood-redeemed family? Oh that it might please Him to enable me to be indeed content, having food and raiment for the sustenance and preservation of my poor sinful body. The Lord, if it please Him, keep me from coveting more than He graciously is pleased to give; the more especially may I be content and thankful, since my deserts are hell, my accommodation in the world more than many others, and very, very much more than had my precious Lord when He was a pilgrim in this desert land. Lord, keep down the unthankfulness of my murmuring heart, and drown in silence my complaining tongue, when I would wickedly impeach thy kindness to me in either what Thou givest or withholdest.

I bless thy name I have an abundance in Thee I never can be deprived of. Having made thyself known to me, and precious to me, Thou assurest me by

these infallible tokens that Thou art mine for ever. 'May I now sing of thy love, that "the Lord is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup; and that the Lord maintaineth my lot." Oh most gracious Saviour, I desire both now and evermore to bless thee for thy great mercy towards me, so great a sinner. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the praise!

"Content and glad, oh, may I be,
To have salvation, Lord, from thee,
E'en as a sinner poor;
I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure's wholly in the Lamb,
Both now and evermore."

It hath often struck my mind that the blessed Spirit would teach His people contentment from the possession, not only in regard to temporal food and clothing, but also from their possession of that precious food of the soul, the flesh of Christ, and that glorious clothing, His spotless and immaculate righteousness.

A STRIPLING.

GERMAN SILVER.

THE volcanic eruptions—if we may be allowed the expression—of our day, have thrown up a mass of material that compel the people of God to get upon the watch-tower, and see what use the Lord will make of these up-turned elements, and into what form He will mould the vessels, whether for honour or dishonour. When God is pleased in His sovereignty to work, Satan is sure to copy; therefore the Church of God is not unprepared for the clumsy or clever imitations that are now afloat in the world, and have been in all ages; but we must wait the issue, and take our stand by the words of Him who said to His disciples, and speaks to every individual case still—"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

The volume before us, entitled "The Higher Christian Life," by Rev. W. E. BOARDMAN—edited, with a Preface, including notices of the Revivals, by the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," and of "English Hearts and Hands,"—is a curious specimen of ignorance and knowledge combined; truths and errors being cast together with that blindfold warmth that is as dazzling as it is deceptive. The introductory chapter is headed "The Book Wanted;" and the need is thus expressed—"Some disciples of Christ live life-long under a sense of condemnation, and know no better. They are always doubting, and think they must doubt. To all these a book which should bring the knowledge, as really reliable and true, that there is actually a sunny side of the Christian life, such an experimental knowledge of Jesus as would place the soul as a vineyard in the southern slope, under the sun and the rain of heaven, to ripen its fruits in abundance for the glory of the Master. Ah, how such a book would be hailed as glad tidings from God."

Truly a book that would, both in its doctrine and by individual experience, point out the path of peace, and take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of God's people, is at all times a valuable addition to the treasury of Zion; but in the book before us we only find the old Arminian line tracked, and the idol of the day, creature ability, dressed up in a new robe. The writer and editor

evidently deem they have discovered some new theory, the introduction of which to the world will produce a new era in Gospel experience. From our Lord's word of caution and counsel to fallen Peter, "When thou art converted* strengthen thy brethren," the writer takes up the position, not by any means new in the Arminian or Wesleyan world, that every child of God must pass through two conversions; and this second conversion he calls "the higher Christian life:" and to prove his point gives examples from well-known Christian characters to prove that each of them were the subjects of this second conversion, and up to that point their first conversion was unavailing in the production of those rich and ripe fruits that grow on the lofty branches of the second conversion. As the examples rise before us, this *second conversion*, in plain Gospel language, is neither less nor more than the spirit of adoption, whereby the regenerated child is taught to cry, Abba, Father; the liberty of the Gospel enjoyed; the realization of pardon and peace; the heirs of promise brought into possession of their birthright. "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." It is the revelation of Christ to the soul, sealing home by the power of the Spirit the blessedness of the work of Christ, with a sweet assurance of personal interest in the love and blood of a dear Redeemer. The instances quoted are so many living testimonies to a great Gospel fact, that all God's people being made alive in Christ, and brought to feel their need of a Saviour through a sight of their ruined state by birth and practice, shall, sooner or later, be brought out into the liberty of the Gospel, and shall come to the enjoyment of pardon and peace. But life and liberty in the experience of God's children are placed in various degrees of distance

* The Greek word for converted, *ἐπιστρέφω* (Luke xxii. 32), simply meaning "Thou hast turned thyself;" i.e., turned thyself or returned to thy former ways.

The same word is made use of in 2 Peter ii. 21, 22, in exactly the same bearing, but in an evil sense.

The different tenses of the same verb are usually employed to signify, conversion, either active or passively.

Sometimes the verb simply means to turn towards, or to turn round.

according to the sovereign pleasure of God, who marks out the way from first to last according to His own will. The interval between regeneration and the Spirit of adoption in some cases may be lengthened to years, in others limited to days; but the result is alike in both, *peace through the blood of the cross*. This, in our judgment, is the true meaning of all the examples given us of the new theory of a *second conversion*.

When men begin to get shy of Gospel terms and avoid the phraseology of Scripture, the next step is to explain in human language, and by creature wisdom, the truths of God, and the fatal lurch soon follows that casts overboard the doctrines of the Gospel altogether. In the book before us there is a marked avoidance of the language of Zion; and the Editor in the Preface speaks thus—"Full trust, rather than full faith, is used; because faith has been so philosophised into a hundred shades of meaning, and so hackneyed in use, as to have lost its significance to many." We reply in the words of the Holy Ghost—"For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? The misuse of terms and truths is no argument for their non-use by the people of God; and the substitution of earth-coined words and phrases, instead of the well-understood language of Zion, only bewilders the simple, and, far from enlightening the world, thickens the veil that keeps out the light. As we proceed in the book, we see the development of error; and the theory of a second conversion as worked out by the writer is thus explained—"The second is the higher stage, and more difficult too. It is really harder to overcome sin in the heart than to break away from the world at first; and it is harder to come to the point of trusting in Jesus to subdue one's own heart *entirely* to Himself, than to venture upon Him for the forgiveness of sin. We are slower to perceive that the work of saving us from sin—*of expelling sin* from us—is Christ's work, than to see that he has suffered the penalty of sin, and purchased our pardon." The writer may endeavour to elude the sequence, but the direct tendency of his *second conversion* is neither more nor less than an attempt to per-

petuate the sublime fancies of a Wesley and a Swedenborg over that *Will o' the wisp*, creature holiness and fleshly sanctification; and the lines of TOPLADY, as emended by Mr. BOARDMAN—

"Be of sin the double cure,

Save from wrath, and make me pure,"

disclose the character of the doctrine he unfolds—Arminianism in its length and breadth in doctrine and imaginary experience. The attempts in our day have been as many as they are futile, to assimilate the Gospel to the taste of the worldly, the scientific, and the learned; and all that has been reaped is a plentiful crop of infidelity. Religious literature, as based upon free-will and creature ability, clothed in all the cant of German sophistry, and brought down to please the intellectual taste of the carnal, is one of Satan's most powerful engines to accomplish his own work, and flood the land with rationalism and infidelity. The living children of God who lend a helping hand in adding to the number or circulating such books, range themselves on the side of the enemies of God; and with deep regret we find in the little work before us the calamity has been helped forward through the well-meant, we would hope—but the ill-judged—Editor, who has, through a name and influence of world-wide celebrity, cast a book before the public that will be read by many, but that is calculated only to deceive the ignorant and them which are out of the way.

The experiences recorded, are in themselves blessedly illustrative of Divine truth, but being twisted to support the unscriptural theory of the *second conversion*, only bewilder and perplex the untaught of God's family; therefore the interesting illustrations make the book only ensnaring and dangerous. The doctrines of the book are the old Arminian heresy, and the language of the book is in direct antagonism with the spirit of the apostle when he wrote, under the anointings and inspiration of the Holy Ghost, "Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought: but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory."

THE BELIEVER'S INVENTORY;

OR, SOME OF THE CAUSES FOR PRAISING THE LORD.

"All things are yours; ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."—1 Cor. iii. 21—23.
"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not ALL his benefits . . ."—Ps. ciii. 1—4.

HERE is a comprehensive inventory indeed! "All are yours." Why? "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." In the Lord Jesus an everlasting provision is made for the "Church of the first-born which are written in heaven" by God the Father. For we read "in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in Him." "Of His fulness have we all received, and grace for (or upon) grace." "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, sanctification and redemption." "The God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory—gave Him—the head over all to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all" (Eph. i. 17—23). These, and many other scriptures which might be quoted, fully prove this glorious truth. Well then may we say with the apostle, "All are yours." May God the Holy Ghost enable us to consider this subject, in enumerating some few of the infinite causes the children of God have to bless the Lord (Father, Son, and Spirit) through our one only Mediator, Christ Jesus, the sent Saviour.

First, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for Jesus. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. ix. 15. See also St. John iv. 10); for Jesus Himself in His glorious person, God-man in one Christ. Who "was made of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared the Son of God with power according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Rom. i. 3, 4). Of whom the Holy Ghost teaches us by the apostle John—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Hence then, let every believer say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for Jesus, the gift of God to sinners.

Secondly. For the work of redemp-

tion which Jesus hath accomplished for His people. Oh how should these words resound in our ears, and refresh our hearts. "*It is finished!*" Wonder, O heavens! be astonished, O earth! The Saviour dies to let the sinner live! Fathomless love—unutterable mercy; Oh for hearts to more fully take in this glorious truth. A "finished" work. The redemption of every member of Christ's mystical body was then secured. Let it be ours to seek an interest in it. "I have finished the work," said our blessed Lord, "which Thou gavest me to do" (John xvii. 4); and hence He added, "Father, I *will* that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." As the due reward of His labours, and in fulfilment of Jehovah's promise, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Not one shall be wanting when He shall "make up His jewels;" but they shall all "pass again under the hands of him that telleth them, saith the Lord," to form one complete body; Christ the glorious Head, His people the members, to swell the chorus of choosing love, redeeming grace, and regenerating mercy through the ages of eternity. "Salvation to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen."

Thirdly. The believer also blesses the Lord for Jesus in His characters, offices, and relationships, as the "Prophet" of His people, the "Great High Priest of our profession," "the King of Zion," our "Husband, Brother, Friend." In short, the everlasting "All" of His redeemed ones, the wisdom of God, and the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Jew or Gentile. One fold, under one great, good, chief Shepherd.

But another cause for praise is the love, grace, and mercy of the Holy Three in One to sinners, centred and revealed in Christ, the only way of

access unto God the Father (the truth and the life). And "no man (said our Lord Himself) can come unto the Father but by me." But all whom God the Holy Ghost makes willing thus to come, He will in no wise cast out.

Again, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," will the believer say, for the promise of the Father and the Son, even the Holy Ghost the Comforter, by whose quickening power souls dead in trespasses and sins are raised to spiritual life, renewed in the spirit of their minds, made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and sealed unto the day of redemption. Oh that the writer and reader of these lines may experience His power and grace from one hour to another; that we may know what the apostle Paul enjoyed when he said, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and to experience His illuminating influences in seeing more and more of the preciousness of Jesus, and enjoying that part of His work as His Remembrancer, by bringing home to our hearts what He hath said unto us. May we also know the Spirit's helping our infirmities in prayer and supplication, whenever we approach the mercy-seat of our God (Rom. viii. 26).

Oh for a great out-pouring of the grace and power of God the Holy Ghost upon the Church of Jesus; a mighty turning of hearts unto God, that truth may run down our land like a great river, carrying every error, all superstition and idolatry, all false doctrines, and the love of sin, before it; and causing righteousness, love, joy, and peace to abound!

Another cause for praise is the hope of glory in Christ; for of Him God the Father hath declared, "I have given Him a covenant of the people, a light of the Gentiles." "Christ in you the hope of glory." And hence He is called (Jer. xiv. 8) "The hope of Israel and the Saviour thereof;" the one only foundation which God hath laid in Zion. Without Jesus every hope of future blessedness is fallacious; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

But there are still other causes, and many, which the believer hath for praise; hence that doxology of the apostle Paul's (Eph. i. 3—8), "Blessed be the

God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ; according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath accepted us in the Beloved. In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Here, then, we bless the Lord for *election, predestination, adoption, and acceptance*; redemption in the blood of Christ (the only atonement) and the forgiveness of sins. Spiritual blessings indeed!

Again, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten us again to a lively hope (that hope which I have already mentioned) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you: who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last times" (1 Pet. i. 3—6). Well then may we say that the believer's inventory is a full one; for it includes every blessing for time and eternity—all blessings in Christ.

But the believer will also praise the Lord, as David did, for mercies manifold. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits;" as we read also in the 68th psalm (19, 20), "Blessed be our God, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation; and to God the Lord belong the issues from death"—spiritual, temporal, and eternal death. We are all born in sin and shapen in iniquity; our fallen nature deserving wrath and misery for ever. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, hath quickened us together with Christ; for by grace are we saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 1—10, inclusive). Temporal death passeth upon all, because all have sinned; but the gate of death cannot be opened for one individual until the Lord's appointed time. But, oh what hair-breadth escapes have many of God's dear chil-

dren (chosen in Christ) experienced long before their effectual calling to the knowledge of their adoption character in Him! of whom the Lord hath declared, "Deliver him (or her) from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom." And from eternal death Jesus hath delivered His people, therefore "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory." But in these verses the mercies of the Lord's providence, as well as of grace, are also included. "He daily loadeth us with benefits" in defending us from the snares of sin, Satan, and the world, and the countless dangers and temptations to which we are continually exposed, and crowning us with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

But another class of mercies must not be omitted, and that is the mitigation of pain and suffering frequently vouchsafed to the sick and aged. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who healeth thy diseases;" and hence that blessed title, Jehovah-raphi, rendered in our translation (Exod. xv. 26), "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Who shall say to what an extent these healing mercies are often granted, and sometimes when human hopes are at a low ebb! "There is nothing too hard for the Lord" (Jer. xxxii. 17, 27). Well then might the psalmist exclaim here, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name;" "who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies"

Oh that these few unworthy lines may be a means, if the Lord will, in His hand, of leading, if but one of His

dear children, to greater enjoyment of the believer's inventory—"All things are yours, ye are Christ's, and (glorious truth) Christ is God's;" for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" and "ye are complete in Him." Bless the Lord, O my soul, henceforth and for ever. Amen.

Time is hastening onward. Another year has fled with all its trials and difficulties; for though still in this tabernacle we are the subjects of sin, and must necessarily be the subjects of sorrow and death, and may be called on to pass through similar trials, yet when the last midnight hour of a year shall be gone, not one event in that year will return; each and all its joys and sorrows will have departed with it. Our God is the same, our Jesus the same, the eternal Comforter the same—yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. May He pardon the past in the all-atoning blood of Christ, and prepare us for all that is to come. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ our Lord. "Fear not, only believe." Let this be our motto for every year the Lord spare us to see. Our times are in His hands, and may we, under the influences and teachings of God the Holy Ghost, go on our way rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Blessed be God. Hallelujah. Amen.

G. H. C. A.

REPLY TO INQUIRY.

HAVING received, some years ago, from a former correspondent (since translated to glory), a list of about one hundred of the old writers in the *Gospel Magazine*, I extract therefrom, for the information of "D. S.," the following names, as belonging to the signature "EBENEZER:"—

JOB HUPTON, Baptist Minister, Great Claxton, Norfolk.

WILLIAM FELTON, Baptist Minister, March, Isle of Ely.

I should be inclined to imagine the former was the writer of the poetry referred to by "D. S.," as I find, upon reference to the "Biographical Companion to GADSBY'S Hymn Book" (page 114), JOB HUPTON is spoken of as "an extensive writer of poetry in the *Gospel Magazine* from 1803 to 1809, under the signatures of 'EBENEZER' and 'ELIAKIM,' &c."

Chelmsford.

J. COWELL.

THE Gospel is a box of most precious ointment; by preaching it, the box is broken and the fragrant diffused.—*Romaine*.

Obituary.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

I SAW Mrs. W—— for the first time about the middle of January, and, though she was at that time in a decided consumption, and I believe aware of her danger, yet she appeared little alive to the importance of eternal things; at least, she had evidently more pleasure in complaining of her bodily sufferings than in listening to what concerned her soul. When talked to of sin, and the requirements of God's law, she assented in general terms; but seemed to shrink from anything like individual application, dismissing the subject with a self-righteous "*of course*." When I asked if she had considered these things, her manner of saying it expressed very little consciousness of sin, and certainly nothing of godly sorrow. In my subsequent visits I made it my business to conciliate her regard, by interesting myself in her painful malady, and the circumstances of her past life; and she was gradually led to listen patiently and seriously to all I had to say about sin, and salvation by Jesus Christ—but still with apparent insensibility. The dry bones yet wanted the Spirit's breath to bid them live. Mr. WALLINGER had the same impression respecting her state of mind; she however appeared grateful for his visits, and told me that he was very kind, and had talked to her very much about the love of Jesus; but she did not then know the plague of her own heart, and could not feel the preciousness of that love. She was not a member of Mr. W.'s congregation, but had heard him preach once, three or four Sundays before she was taken ill. Things continued in this state till the 6th of February. I had been prevented, from illness in my family, from seeing her for a whole week, and when I entered her room that morning I found her for the first time confined to her bed; she had become rapidly worse, and the doctor had told her he could do nothing more for her. How justly is it said that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." A considerable change had taken place in her mind, the Spirit

had begun His gracious work in convincing of sin, and the awakened soul was crying out in distress, "What shall I do to be saved?" She said to me, "*I am such a vile sinner!* Oh if I could but feel that I was forgiven." I confess my own faith was very dead at the time. I felt her case almost as hopeless as she did; but I asked for a Bible, and opened it at that remarkable chapter in Zechariah where the angel says of Joshua, "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*" and again, "I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee." My eyes fell on these words, which seemed to reprove my unbelief, and to be a token for good from the Lord. I did not read them to her, but turned to some of those penitential psalms which mingle prayer with confession of sin; and she said they expressed all she felt. We dwelt longest on the 32nd, comparing it with the parallel passage in the 4th of Romans, and its reference to Christ's justifying righteousness. I prayed with her; and when taking leave she said very earnestly, "*When wilt you come again?*" It was the first time she had ever asked me to repeat my visits. The next morning I found her more comfortable in mind and body. She had passed a better night, and told me she had cried much to the Lord for her soul. "I also prayed," she said, "that I might once more be enabled to take a little nourishment,"—(she had taken nothing but tea for several days, the mouth and tongue being so parched, almost excoriated from internal heat, that she could only swallow liquids)—"that I might have strength to pray, and He granted my request, for this morning I was able to eat a piece of bread-cake without pain or difficulty." I mention this circumstance, because, unimportant as it might seem to some, I believe that it was from the Lord, meant as an encouragement to seek for greater things. I pointed this out, and spoke much to her of Christ being our all-powerful Intercessor; that, feeling her own vileness and unworthiness so much, she must put her cause into His hand, and beseech Him to plead with His Father for her forgiveness, and

she would then be sure to get all she desired, for God could deny nothing to the Son of His love. I am inclined to think that this suggestion was blessed to her, and that her heart first laid hold of Christ as a mediator between her sinful soul and an offended God. The next day I went to her about eleven o'clock, and found her again full of distress; every ray of hope seemed to have vanished; her pain during the night from the cough and fever had been so great that she could neither pray nor think. I read to her the history of the Canaanitish woman, pointing out the blessed result of her perseverance: for though the Lord seemed to deny all help, yet He all along intended to grant her petition. She looked up very despondingly and said, "Oh, if He would but hear me, and forgive me all my sins, I should then be so happy to go." In the evening of that day her daughter came down to request that I would come to her mother immediately; as they thought she was dying, and she wished very much to see me. My sister accompanied me, and we found a blessed change had taken place. She was propped up by pillows: When I went to the bedside she took my hand and said, "Oh, I have been so longing to tell you what the Lord hath done for my soul. This morning the Lord Jesus hath Himself said to me, Thy sins are forgiven, go in peace. *He has stood before His Father's throne*, interceding for me; and has obtained my pardon. He had a hard work to do, but He has prevailed. The devil fought hard to prevent it; he tried to prevent my praying. He told me I was too vile a sinner to be forgiven. But the Lord Himself prayed for me. He has washed away my sins in His own blood. He has cast them behind His back. Oh, may I die with His sweet name upon my lips." Then she said, she had seen Him on the wall before her, hanging on the cross, His hands and His feet wounded. This last sounded a little like the excitement of a heated imagination; and her changed countenance and voice, clear and strong beyond what I had ever known it, made me apprehensive for a moment lest the whole might be the effect of fever. She was, however, so collected, that it seemed wrong to question its being the work of God.

There might be the excitement of joy, but I believe it was that of Christian joy, not that of delusive fancy. We are too apt to limit the power of God, and say, Can such things be? The sense of forgiveness and the peace of God never left her. From that hour the joy was, indeed, less vivid, sometimes clouded; but the assurance of her hope was clear, and her faith strong in the Lord up to the period of her departure, which did not take place for nearly a week after. I learnt from a Christian woman that had been with her the whole day, that she had continued in the desponding state in which I left her till about two o'clock, when her doctor came in; and, as she had been hoping and expecting to see Mr. W., she was disappointed, and told him so; and that ~~he~~ could not help her. Now she only wanted medicine for her soul. Mrs. R. afterwards read to her several hymns from Mr. WALLINGER's selection. She asked to have it herself, and, to her own surprise and that of those present, read aloud one which had struck her as most suited to her case (it was the 101st). She assured me she had not been able to read without glasses for years; but now the Lord had so blessed her that she could read as plainly without their assistance as she had ever done in her life. "Ah," she said, as I was leaning down to catch all her words, "this morning you were leaning over a despairing sinner; now you are beside one of God's elect, rejoicing in hope of the glory. The clearness of expression—I might say of her views—was the more remarkable, because she was previously so very ignorant of the Bible, and of divine truth. She manifested a great desire to receive the sacrament that night, thinking she should not live till the morning. "I should like so much for us all to have it together before I die," she said. A message was sent to request that Mr. W. would, if he thought it advisable, come and administer it. He was, however, gone out of town. I remained with her till nine o'clock. Thursday I met Mr. W. there. He declined giving the sacrament, alleging that he had always entertained objections to doing so on a death-bed; because the ordinance was so often abused, and its nature mistaken. She was disappointed,

and said, "You think me too vile a sinner." He explained his reasons, and said, "You do not think receiving it necessary to your salvation?" "Oh no, I don't think that. My salvation has been finished already. My Saviour has done that, but I thought it would be a comfort." She mentioned much of what she had already narrated. When she told him of the wonderful vision she had, he said, "You don't mean that you really saw Christ with your bodily sight?" "No, I saw Him with my mind." Mr. W. asked some very sifting questions, and then said, "Salvation is a great work—it is all of grace. Since the Lord has done such great things for you, we may well praise Him for it. It is all His doing, and He must have all the glory." Having offered thanks, he took leave, saying, "I hope I shall see you again;" meaning he expected it, from her apparent strength. "Don't say that," she exclaimed. "Hope that I may go quickly to glory. Is it sinful," she added, "to wish to be gone?" "If St. Paul," he replied, "were sinful in wishing to depart to be with Christ, it is too often the sin of Christians to wish to linger in this wilderness, instead of longing to be with Jesus." He added, "I will give you a word at parting—'Fear not, thou worm Jacob,' &c., 'I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'" I called again about five in the afternoon. Her friends were gathered round her; as, from the sudden change which had taken place, they thought death near. Her breathing had become painfully short, and it was evidently her own impression that her spirit would soon be released. She said to me, "I am glad you are come. I should like to die with my hand in yours. She frequently ejaculated, "Now take me, Lord; let me not remain many moments longer." I told her rather to pray that the Lord would grant her patience, and enable her to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done;" for I feared, lest impatience of suffering might be actuating her. After two hours she rallied again, and I left her more easy, but much disappointed she had not been summoned away. Friday and Saturday she continued in much the same state, evincing more patience, and still praying that the Lord

would soon take her to Himself; but that His will might be done. I reminded her that she had been saved in the eleventh hour; and that patience and praise could be the only evidence of her faith in Christ. On Sunday I called in and told her Mr. W.'s text in the morning from Isaiah xxxviii., "I am oppressed, undertake for me;" and asked if Hezekiah's prayer did not just suit her. She said emphatically, "*I am oppressed.*" "And has not Jesus undertaken every thing for you, and eased your fears?" "*He has done all,*" was her reply. I repeated to her some of the sermon. She seemed comforted and encouraged, and acknowledged that she had been impatient. I told her of some of God's children who had been more severely exercised, but had never expressed an impatient desire to be released before God saw fit—particularly of dear Anne Rhind; how patience in her had had its perfect work, and that she had glorified God in the fire of most acute and prolonged suffering. The tears came into her eyes, and she said, "I am afraid I have been very impatient; I will pray to be quite submissive." On the Monday she was in a state of great weakness and prostration. When I saw her she could scarcely speak. She whispered to her nurse, "*Tell her I have been talking to Jesus all night.*" She had passed a much quieter night than usual, but the fits of coughing had been very distressing during the day. This was the last time I saw her alive. She dozed at intervals, and, after a sharp conflict of about an hour between life and death, expired at half-past one on Tuesday morning. Mrs. F—— was with her, and could frequently hear whispering ejaculatory prayer to the Lord. She manifested much anxiety for the salvation of her husband and daughter; and was particularly desirous that they should have sittings in Mr. W.'s chapel, and attend his ministry regularly.

[From M. F.'s Diary, Feb. 1837.]

VICTORY.

THE following short account of the departure of a believer in Jesus is recorded as an encouragement to those of the Lord's dear family who, through fear of death, are all their life-time subject to

bondage, but from which fear the blessed Jesus *came to deliver them* :—

The Spirit of God it is believed began early in life to deal with his soul ; but there was no clear manifestation of this until he was brought under a spiritual ministry about sixteen years ago.

He always appeared a quiet man who feared God, and desired to stand right with Him. The work of the Lord in his soul was not attended with any heights of joy or depths of grief ; but discovered itself more in a holy life and consistent deportment in his family, the church, and before the world ; and herein he was an example to many who talk more and act less.

A few days before his death he said, "I have asked the Lord many times to spare me on account of my family ; but He gave me no answer, and now I fall into His will." On the evening of his translation he said to the writer on entering his room, "So tranquil—so tranquil ; peace—peace."

About half-past nine o'clock the powers of darkness appeared to be let loose upon his soul, and terrific was the conflict ; for a little more than an hour, as he entered the trial, the horrors of despair and pains of hell were depicted in his countenance. It appeared as though his poor soul was about to be dragged to perdition, so furious were the infernal legions in their assault. After a little time he looked up, and said, "This is a hard fight ; you have never been here. *Faith alone in Christ now*, everything else is swept away." Shortly afterwards he exclaimed, "Oh such a wretch, such a wretch. I do not

doubt His faithfulness ; but shall I ever reach the shore ?" pointing with his finger as though he beheld it at a little distance. Then, presently, "My faith is stronger than when I entered the conflict." Quoting the words, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, *while we look not at the things which are seen*." After a few minutes, with a smile upon his face, he said, "Grace—grace—grace." He then threw his arms around my neck, with such holy peace beaming in his countenance, and exultingly uttered, "*Victory—victory—victory ! praise—praise—praise !*" and much more that could not be understood, from the difficulty of articulation. To his dear wife he then said, in a whisper, "Stick to your colours, faith in the blood of the cross—we shall soon meet again."

A few minutes before he departed he put out his hand to take mine, pressed it, and with a smile said, "Good bye—turn me on my side ;" and in a few moments gently ceased to breathe.

"Methinks I see him now at rest,
In the bright mansion love ordain'd ;
His head reclines on Jesu's breast,
No more by sin or sorrow pain'd."

G. HART.

[Believing reader, cheer up ; it will soon come to *thy* turn. Then—

"Farewell tempter, death, and sin,
My port 's in view—I'll enter in."

It warms one's heart and animates one's soul to hear of these precious, yea glorious victories !—ED.]

NEAR HOME !

"Near Home !" did you say, my brother ?

What joyful news is this ?
Where saints shall dwell together
In pure substantial bliss.

"Near Home !" did I hear you whisper ?

And is it *really* true ?
Our journey nearly ended,
The goodly land in view !

Sweet Home ! with what holy rapture

We see that promis'd land ;
And long to hear the summons
To join that happy band.

For *Home*, the *home* of our Father,
The children's home shall be ;
Though pilgrims now and strangers,
His face we soon shall see.

Blest Home ! when we reach thy portals,
We'll sing of sov'reign grace ;
And praise that matchless mercy
Which found our souls a place.

At Home ! we shall shout, my brother,
Our conflicts now are past ;
And, through our God and Father,
We've reached our Home at last.
Birmingham. E. B. M.

Reviews.

Sermons on the Divinity of Christ. By ROBERT HAWKER, D.D. Also, *Zion's Pilgrim: to which is added, Zion's Pilgrim past Seventy.* By ROBERT HAWKER, D.D. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street. Price 2s. 6d., cloth.

BLESSED Hawker! His very name is as sweetest music in the ear and heart of thousands in Christendom. We question, if, in any of his numerous writings, the Doctor expressed so much of his own personal experience as in "Zion's Pilgrim." The volume is so precious, that we cannot forbear indulging in an extract or two.

"And there is another very blessed thing, the concomitant of old age, to the Lord's people; namely, that the long intercourse they must necessarily have had with the world, hath tended to wean from things of the world, and to detach them from all creature confidences, and the opinion of men. Lessons of this kind are not soon learnt. We unavoidably retain the early impressions received in our early years; and from the common propensity which we all feel to have the good opinion of our fellow-creatures in the meridian of life, it is not till old age, and then only through grace, that we can rise above it. Nature cleaves to nature: and we are glued by our carnal affections to things of time and sense. The hoary saint begins to see things as they really are. Withering in himself, the objects around are withering also; and while enjoying daily, and sometimes hourly, fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, the reproach or approbation of men are in his esteem no more than the noise of a distant multitude, with whom he hath no concern.

"It will excite no wonder when I say, that having finished my *seventy-second* year, I am precisely in this very state. Indeed, I was matriculated into this divine science for some time before; when, for a while, I considered myself as called upon to contravene the contumely cast upon me. But the Lord hath taught me better. I now feel the sweetness of that holy scripture of our God,

when He said, 'In your patience possess ye your souls' (Luke xxi. 19). Hence I have ceased to answer the numerous attacks of my opponents. Indeed it were impossible I should; for I read none of them. I am told that, amidst their displeasure at my doctrine, they ascribe nothing immoral, or reproachful to my person or conduct. The arrows in their several quivers are levelled at my preaching and writings:—all is well. I have read of some who have found a peculiar sweetness in those words concerning our most glorious Christ: 'for neither did His brethren believe in Him' (John vii. 5). Well may I be satisfied, therefore, under reproaches! Moreover, it is in the exercise of such things the person and salvation of Christ become the more endeared. And if the Lord graciously overrules such dispensations to His glory and our happiness, it matters not the frowns of men, while we have the smiles of God. If some have found a sweetness in contemplating the Lord Jesus, as held in unbelief by His brethren (as no doubt the circumstance itself hath much cause for encouragement to all our lesser conflicts), all the Lord's people should do the same. And what can be so endearing as the consideration, that hereby we are in some measure brought into a situation like Himself, 'whose image we are to be conformed to in all things, that He might be the first-born among many brethren' (Rom. viii. 29).

"But we must not stop here, in the view of this subject; it is not enough to say, that in every providence, if Jesus be in it, and His footsteps are traced in going before us in the path, the issue must be well: we are taught to discover somewhat more than this; namely, the very thing itself is of the Lord's appointment; and this renders it most blessed indeed. When the Israelites were under the oppressions of the Egyptians, and we are told that the Lord commiserated the sorrows of His people; who could have supposed it possible, had not the Lord Himself in after ages declared it, that it was the Lord's own appointment that the Egyptians should thus

deal with Israel? That one precious scripture folds in its bosom a volume in proof: 'the Lord turned their hearts to hate His people' (Psal. cv. 25). So then, the Lord's hand was at the bottom of this dispensation; which, however grievous for a short space, manifested, in the close, the Lord's love by the appointment—in the deliverance of His people, and the destruction of their enemies. Such, in their smaller concerns of life, are the oppositions made to the people of God now, when not only the profane, but the professor, come forward against the distinguishing truths of the Gospel; yea, when even as the church of old complained, 'My mother's children are angry with me' (Song i. 6). And is it so that the dispensation is of the Lord? Is it by such a process of grace, that the Lord deadens our affections to the approbation of men, the more effectually to bring home the whole heart to God: and dashes the cup with bitterness like the waters of Marah, where we had proposed to ourselves much sweetness? Henceforth would I learn the blessedness of that scripture in this as well as a thousand other instances: 'Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?' (Isa. ii. 22).

"It was my mercy that the Lord had brought me into His school, and taught me those salutary lessons, or the events of the past year would have opened so many and so various occasions for polemics, as could not have afforded me space to have defended myself from the several assailants, during the campaign of the annual course, 'when kings go forth to battle' (2 Sam. xi. 1). But independent of these things, and indeed wholly unconnected with them, the Lord in His providence had appointed the greater part of my *seventy-second* year to a very different employment. In the infinite ordination of His wisdom, combined with His infinite love, the Lord called me aside to attend to the long sickness of my youngest daughter; and which His holy will was pleased to terminate in death.

"Here I found, what nothing short of divine teaching could impart, that the Lord's people, when brought by regeneration into communion with the Lord, can, and do daily, more or less, scrip-

turely and spiritually enjoy the visits of the Holy Three in One, and realize the sweet promises of the Lord, when both the Spirit of the Lord, and the word of the Lord, open to the redeemed and regenerated heart a consciousness of divine favour. But added to these *habitual* privileges, which alike belong to the whole election of grace when brought forth into spiritual life, there are actual enjoyments also of a special and peculiar nature, which the Lord seems to have reserved for more than ordinary occasions, for His people; and that of the sympathy of our most glorious Lord is eminently shown at such seasons. Over and above the knowledge the Lord of life and glory hath of our frame as God, He hath a fellow-feeling as *man*; and most blessedly manifests Himself as such, by imparting gracious impressions of the kind. He hath, as God, an everlasting fullness, both in Himself and for what we need. And, as man, that fullness is displayed to us, in and by a nature such as our own; hence, in sickness it is the soothing of one that feels; the hand that turns our pillow; that wipes away the tear, and that makes all 'our bed in our languishing' (Psal. xli. 3). 'I know something of this in myself; and I trust I beheld somewhat of the same in my child. It is blessed when such things the Lord comes to impart, when called aside by Him, 'to the house of mourning' (Eccles. vii. 2).

"But when the bereavement came, and the eye that had seen her was to see her no more, did not nature feel? Yes. It is an ease to grief, when the full-charged bosom can give vent by tears to the sorrow. True, the Lord, by this appointment had inverted the general plan of His administration, which for the most part, is shown in children burying their parents; and where the younger survives the elder; but in the instance of my child's departure, she is gone before me; and the same Lord who ordereth all things in wisdom, and after the counsel of his own will, and who had appointed her my junior in time, had, in a moment, made her my elder in eternity. Solemnly, but sweetly, the Lord's word accompanied the Lord's bereaving dispensation: 'Be still, and know that I am God!' (Psal. xlv. 10).

"It is an alleviation of the highest and most consolatory nature, when in the loss of those who are dear and near to us, we can and do say with one of old: 'The righteous hath hope in his death' (Prov. xiv. 32). An *alleviation* did I say? that is too little upon the occasion, when the believer falls asleep in Jesus. The voice John heard in vision from heaven declared all such 'blessed who die in the Lord' (Rev. xiv. 13). And beyond all doubt they are *blessed*: for they die in union to Christ, and are part with Himself. In relation to my child, there were many precious tokens to this assurance. She knew the Lord. She loved the people of the Lord. She loved the word of the Lord, and the ordinances of the Lord. True, all these were but *effects*. But such effects could not be without a *cause*. And God the Holy Ghost hath most blessedly shown the cause, when saying, by his servant John: 'We love Him because He first loved us' (1 John iv. 19). Oh! delightful consolation, under all bereavements, in separation by death!

"But while I have all the comfort, in respect to the departed, that can be needed, I feel the void, in the chasm made by her flight into the world of spirits. Blessed be God, she is gone beyond 'the lions' dens, and the mountains of the leopards.' Her conflicts with sin are all over. Her anxieties are for ever ceased. Her body will sleep, till the resurrection-morn, in the dust, undisturbed by any of those exercises which those are warring with who survive; and her spirit is for ever with the Lord. For myself, I have one less attraction than I had before to things below! and by so much I have my affections to things below brought into a narrower circle. Such are among the events of my *seventy-second year*: and if the Lord hath other bereavements to call me into, in the *seventy-third*, sure I am, the trial His wisdom may think proper to send his grace will be sufficient for. Take what the Lord may, all He takes was and is His own. In fact, all I have are merely the boons of His bounty, and not given, but lent. One gift indeed is given, namely, Christ; and that for ever. And having Him, in Him I have all things. The Lord hath given, and *will* give me grace, as I

am now daily walking on the confines of the other world, to be loosening connection with this. And while His wisdom is withering my gourds, and breaking my cisterns, and the props of all earthly comforts are taken down, I shall find strength from the Lord to look off from the unsatisfying objects of sight, and realize the glorious objects of faith: and to be endowed with the same spirit as those holy men of old, who by 'always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus: the life also of Jesus was manifest in their mortal body. For this cause (said they) we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal' (2 Cor. iv. to the end)."

What godly counsel has this honoured servant of God given in these extracts. How sweet the example he set with regard to enemies. How much easier his practice of turning a deaf ear to their charges than attempting to answer them, so long as he was enabled by grace so to walk as not to give his opponents an opportunity of bringing aught against his moral character. And how divine the support he experienced by the sick and dying bed. HAWKER! blessed HAWKER! we revere thy memory beyond the power of language to express. In thee was reflected so much of thy blessed Master, whose face thou dost now so ceaselessly and rapturously behold.

*Baptism. Baptism. *Baptism again.*

WE have before us we know not how many tracts, pamphlets, sermons, upon Baptism. Some advocating *much* water, and others *little*. We are heart-sick of the subject, and dare not—cannot—will not—afresh enter upon it. We must leave the contenders on either side. They are welcome to the full benefit of the discussion. If they do not leave off where they began, with the exception (to say the least) of a little warmth of temper, we are not true prophets. Brethren, these things ought not so to be.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Differ, and agree to differ, but do not quarrel. Begin (as one lately said) where you *do* agree; then—and not until then—enter upon the things wherein you *do not* see eye to eye. And, rely on it, if JESUS, in the fulness of His grace, efficacy of His blood, preciousness of His promises, loveliness of His person, be the theme upon which you begin; the warmth of heart attendant upon the mutual testimony of where He met with you—what He has done for you—and what He has covenanted still to do, will be such that you will have neither time nor inclination to canvass matters upon which two opinions will exist as long as man is what he is and where he is.

The Tenderness of Jesus. By the Rev. J. W. RICHARDSON, of Tottenham-court Chapel, London. Second Thousand. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

If this book sells according to its value, it will soon be in its seventieth, and not merely in its second, thousand. It is a delightful book. A more precious and a more suitable work could scarcely be put into the hands of a poor fallen sinner. To those who want to speak a word on behalf of Jesus, or commend His person, grace, and power to the suffering and the sorrowful, this precious little work affords them the readiest means.

Catechisms. By the Rev. T. WILSON. London: Parton and Co., Holborn Hill.

WILSON'S Catechisms have already such a world-wide notoriety, that it is scarcely necessary for us to say more, than that they furnish the young with a fund of knowledge in a few pages.

Sacred Maxims; collected, during thirty years, from the Discourses of the late Rev. William Borrow, M.A., Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Clapham. By an attached Member of his Congregation. London: David Batten, Clapham Common.

THOSE who remember the ministry of the Rev. William Borrow—and how very many do—will—cannot but—prize these "Maxims;" pithy, powerful, precious. We should love, did space permit, to extract these "Maxims" by the score, for the benefit of our readers. Let them, in our inability so to do, possess them for themselves. "Sacred Maxims" is a sweet companion volume for the summer's-stroll or the winter's fire-side.

A New Year's Address to the Church and Congregation of St. John's, Portsea. By the Rev. JOHN G. F. H. KNAPP, Incumbent. London: Banks and Co., Bermondsey New Road.

Bright Clouds and Rain; an Address to my Flock at the beginning of the Year 1860. By the Rev. W. M. FALLOON, M.A., Incumbent of St. Bride's, Liverpool. Liverpool: Benson and Co.

An Address to the Congregation of Christ Church, Clifton. By their Pastor, the Rev. M. BROCK.

THREE affectionate and stirring addresses from pastors to their people, upon the opening of the year 1860. The mind of each such pastor seems deeply imbued with the times in which we live; and each seeks to stir up the hearts of his people in the prospect of the great crisis that is evidently approaching.

NEARER HOME!

ONE sweetly-solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day than
I ever have been before.
Nearer to my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,—
Nearer gaining the crown.

A SAINT may be brought very low, but he can never fall below a promise.—*Col.*

[MAY 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 41,
NEW SERIES. }

MAY, 1860.

{ No. 169,
OLD SERIES.

TWENTY YEARS AGO!

"*Lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing.*"—Luke xxii. 35.

BELOVED, we are perfectly amazed at the flight of time! To us every week, and month, and year, seems to pass more rapidly. It appears next to impossible that all but a third of the present year is actually gone! It is but as yesterday that we stepped over the threshold of the year. It is but as yesterday that, twelve months ago, we were addressing you upon the close of another Editorial year. Yea, it seems but as yesterday, that we *first* saluted you; but, short as the time may appear, twenty years have run their round since that to us most eventful morning. Twenty years! 240 months! 7,305 days! 175,820 hours! 10,519,200 minutes! 631,152,000 seconds!

Beloved, we do not live by years, nor months, nor days, nor minutes, but by *seconds*; and what a thought, that during the time of which we have spoken upwards of 630 million of these have come and gone; but, supposing we multiply these by two, or three, or four. Some of the *fathers* whom we address, who have passed their threescore years and ten, and are permitted to complete their fourscore years; these have lived upwards of 2,500 million moments of time!

Now, there is a thought or two that almost of necessity suggest themselves in reference to this calculation: the first is, the watchful eye of our God. We are quite ready to admit, that that watchful eye must have been upon us in a special way, during infancy, childhood, and youth. Such were their ailments, and hazards, and dangers, that we stood continuously in need of Divine guardianship and care; but if it were necessary that our God, as a God of Providence, should have watched over us *then*, has He not *since* been, if possible, more needed—not as a God of *Providence* merely, but as the God of all *GRACE* likewise?

Reader, in proportion as you know your own hearts you will acknowledge this; for, although in even infancy, and childhood, and youth, there was the seed of every sin and abomination in your poor fallen nature, yet it was only as you advanced in years that that seed by little and little developed itself. Satan and the world, as well as our own corrupt selves, are additionally active as we march onward in the journey of life; and, if we belong to the Lord, it is as we journey we discover more and more the reality, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood (merely), but against principalities, against

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powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Now, to prove this, there must be actual contact, and, as this is realized, there will be a corresponding discovery of the absolute necessity for taking unto ourselves "the whole armour of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

Hence, reader, as we are led by the Holy Ghost into a saving knowledge and heart-felt discovery of what we are in ourselves, as poor fallen sons and daughters of Adam, we shall the more readily acknowledge and admire the astounding mercy, goodness, and faithfulness of God, in those ceaseless watchings and continued preservations which He has vouchsafed to us.

We have asserted that the man of fourscore years has lived upwards of 2,500 million moments of time; now, such has been his dependence as a creature—such the vigilance of the common enemy—such the dangers that have encompassed his pathway, that, had Jehovah's eye been off from him, and he left *one* moment out of that 2,500 million, of that one solitary moment Satan would have taken advantage, and, by some one or other of the many means and devices which he has ever at hand, effected his ruin—sealed his destruction—and secured his prey!

Oh, then, what astounding goodness and mercy are to be seen in this gracious fulfilment of the Lord's own covenant word concerning His people—His Zion—"I the Lord do keep it; I will water it *every moment*: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

But protection and preservation have been only one part of the blessing of which we have been the recipients; there has been provision also, and this not merely temporal, but spiritual likewise.

We are such short-sighted creatures, and so earthly and ungrateful withal, that we see as nothing of the goodness and mercy of our God, compared with what that goodness and mercy really is. Were our eyes really open, could we see things as they in very deed are, had we merely a glimpse of matters as our God perpetually sees them, then we should discover His marvellously restraining power, His astounding preservation and protection amid myriads of dangers; and His peculiar, and gracious, and wonderful method of sending and maintaining supply.

Beloved, we feel the poverty of all human language in the merest attempt at description. The most we can do is to throw out hints, and to suggest ideas for reflection. The subject itself, in all its fulness and blessedness, will be our theme for eternity, only in the light of which, and with the powers that shall then be bestowed, shall we be able to investigate in any humble degree proportionate to its merits.

Oh, what a God is our God! How marvellously gracious! how good! how merciful! how kind!

When we sat down to this paper, and looked back for twenty years of one's pilgrimage, we thought, "Well, the very stones in the street might cry out if *we* were to hold *our* peace." Moreover, we thought there is this one thing we desire to keep in view, the glory and the honour due to our God, and the encouragement of His dear people.

Now, beloved, this is just it. With reference to our God, surely you will admit that all praise and adoration are due to Him for the wisdom He has displayed, the power He has brought into operation, and the grace, the love, the mercy, the forbearance, the long-suffering He has exercised. Oh, how astounding, how marvellous, how matchless has been the whole. Critical

and complicated as may have been the working out of any particular part or portion of the history ; tender and delicate as many of the touches of the picture ; hazarding and endangering as would appear the beauty and the safety of the whole ; yet, how complete and how beautiful the work as a whole ! So worthy of the Divine Operator ! so entirely the handiwork of a God ! No oversight, no failure, not the very semblance of a flaw ; but all so perfect, and so wisely and beautifully defined, as to reflect at once the wisdom, and the majesty, and the power of Jehovah !

Take not a part merely, but the whole life-history of the weakest, the humblest, the most insignificant of the Lord's people, and the whole shall prove to have been worked out by the most consummate skill ; or multiply that life, and let the one become a thousand, still the same wisdom and skill, are attached to the increase. Take the one vast redeemed family—the number that no man can number, gathered out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, from Adam down to the present hour, and from this present hour down to the latest moment of time, and the same great and glorious truth shall apply ; that not in one solitary instance out of every one solitary individual of the myriads upon myriads of the redeemed shall there prove to have been the very semblance of forgetfulness or failure upon the part of our God towards them. All was love—all was mercy—all tenderness and compassion—as infinite as it was unmerited and free.

Now this, beloved, and nothing less than this, is due to our God—to Jehovah in his Trinity of Persons—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It is the very least that we can say of Him. It is a testimony in which the whole book of God will support us. It is a witness that the experience of the people of God, from Bible-days down to our own, will bear. Never, we are persuaded, did a child of His (whatever his previous lot or portion) go out of life with a murmur upon his lips. And whatever may be the privations of any pilgrim now on earth, however dark his pathway, oppressed his spirit, or agonized his heart, in his better moments he will justify his God, and, ere long, will unite in the common and universal acknowledgment, "He hath done all things well."*

Yea, we will go further and affirm, that critical as may be the case of any believer now on earth, and seemingly hard and unenviable his lot, yet, proffer him succour or deliverance, and let him at the same time have reason to doubt whether such proffer be of his God, or according to His approving will, and he will reject it ; or, if not permitted at once to reject it, finding himself (were such a thing possible) freed before the Lord's set time of deliverance, he would desire to retreat, and afresh to take up his cross and follow after Jesus.

* As a proof of this we may mention a case which has recently come to our knowledge, within a few hundred yards of where we write this. In a certain court lives an aged disciple of nearly fourscore years. Our first visit to that aged one we shall never forget. It was a sunny season—God was there—and it was "the very gate of heaven" to our soul. After paying a shilling per week for her room, and sixpence for attendance (she being all but helpless, and bedridden), she has *one-and-threepence-halfpenny* a week to live on. A friend dropped in one day last week, and left her eightpence. The poor old woman was completely overcome ; her gratitude was unbounded ; "Oh," said she, "I shall have to praise Him all the night." From the nature of her complaint (asthma) she can get but little sleep. Reader, be it yours and ours, so to estimate our mercies, as to say, "The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage."

But, whatever the *present* position of a child of God, and however manifold his fears and misgivings with regard to the present or the future, test him upon the language of our text in reference to the past; ask him, "Lacked ye any thing?" and see if his language will not be, in reply, as was that of the disciples when our precious Lord made the inquiry, "Nothing."—nothing, said they. No, there had been no lack—nothing wanting—nothing which they had really needed, the which they had not received.

Reader, can you not, will you not, dare you do less, than say the same? Look back—review all the journey from your earliest recollection till now—and say, Has it not been *the* right way? Hath He not done *all* things well? Hath aught failed of all the good things which He promised? Have not *all* come to pass? Yes; blessed and adored be His great and glorious name—

"Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song."

And now for the future. If it has been well in the *past*, shall it be less so for the *future*? Shall there come a change in our God? Shall He fail in wisdom, or strength, or love, or mercy? Will He—can He—forsake the work of His own hands? That be far from Him.

"And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through."

Men are wont, as their work draws nigh to completion, to bring the utmost of their skill to bear upon it; they seek to put the finishing-stroke to it, and to let that finishing-stroke speak in praise of the whole. Our God never takes a sinner in hand, and, during a certain part of that sinner's progress, or up to a particular period of his history, displays, in reference to such sinner, wisdom and goodness, and loving-kindness and mercy, and then forsakes him. No; this were unworthy of Him who has pledged Himself by the declaration, "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee." Our God, far above poor fallible man, loves to complete His work. He will suffer no defeat. What He undertakes He accomplishes; and that, too, like a God! Perfection is stamped upon His work wheresoever it be, or whatsoever it be; for

"Grace shall complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes."

Dear reader, cheer up; for

"He that help'd us hitherto
Will help us all our journey through;
And give us daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise."

Yours, affectionately in Jesus,

1, Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,
Bristol, April 20, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

APPENDIX TO THE "APOSTLES' DOCTRINE" AS TO REGENERATION;

CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE BODY.

(Concluded from page 176.)

PART IV.

THE apostle Paul delivered first unto the Corinthians that truth and doctrine which he had first received of the Lord; and that was, the LIFE and DEATH of CHRIST for the remission of their sins; followed by the RESURRECTION of Christ for the justification of their souls. And then, having thus built up the believing brethren in the godly doctrines of LIFE and RIGHTEOUSNESS by the LORD JESUS CHRIST, he entered upon the solemn subject of the death and resurrection of THE BODY.

In like manner we have endeavoured to proceed: speaking, first, of Christ as the earnest fruits unto God; and afterwards, of them that are Christ's at His coming. And this "coming" we have shown to be, first, *into their hearts by faith*; thereby proving this to be the "*first resurrection*" to the living family of God; for it is then that the heretofore "dead" become quickened into newness of life; or otherwise "born again" of the Spirit. Moreover, this new birth is "according to the abundant mercy of God, whereby He hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Nothing less than this can possibly be called a resurrection from the dead; and only such a visitation and testimony from heaven will regenerate and save a soul. And this is the *true transformation* which alone can turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. A mere converted man, without this sanctifying change, is no more a Christian than a proselyte in old times became, by his profession of Judaism, an Israelite.

"Tis not from the creature salvation takes place;
The whole is of God, to the praise of His grace."

Also, having spoken of the manifestation and effects of Divine mercy and grace in their renewing and sanctifying influence and power upon all those who

have become "dead indeed unto sin" by the death of Christ, showing them to be the fruit unto God of the believer's "first resurrection," founding the same upon the words of the apostle, "*If ye be then risen with Christ,*" &c. (which necessarily supposes and implies a first being "*dead with Christ*"), we will now proceed to show, as the Lord will enable, what belongs to the "SECOND DEATH;" namely, that of *the body*, which hath no hurt in it to him that overcometh by the blood of the Lamb.

Death is the wages of sin. By man it came into the world. The first Adam being of the earth was earthy; and thus he sinned naturally and spontaneously. Man was made a living soul; sin made it subject to death: "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Man's nature being both body and soul, the mortal also became, through disobedience to God, a body of sin and of death. Thus the *whole man* being law-condemned, the judgment of death was passed upon him. But as the soul was chief in sinning, the soul is first in dying: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The soul, and not the body, did die in the day that Adam fell. Nevertheless he carried about with him the "sentence of death" in himself, which, in due time, brought his mortal body also into the dust thereof. And thus the decree went forth, and judgment unto condemnation was passed upon all men, for that all have sinned in one. But some having, by a prior decree, which Paul calls "predestination," escaped the corruption that is in the world through Christ the incorruptible, they have found, though death reigned by the disobedience of one, even Adam the first, who was of the earth, earthy; so the grace of God, and the gift by grace (which gift is Christ), hath reigned in life by one, even the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. Therefore, on the subject of death, as well as on every

other relating to Zion, we must turn our eyes to Zion's Lord.

It is said concerning our forefather Jacob, "And the time drew near that Israel must die." Doth not the reader at once remember that Jesus is the true Israel of God? That the "seed of Abraham" referred not to Isaac and Jacob, but to Christ? Let us then, on the subject of our death, look unto Him in His death. There is neither profit nor consolation in any view of our dissolution, but as considered in connexion with the death of Christ. "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same." What, for my poor, timid, nervous, fluttering, fearful heart? Why, that "through death" (the terrors of which would otherwise have fallen upon us), "He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

Now mark, beloved, he who *had* the "power of death" was the devil: but since Christ hath destroyed the devil in his "power," he now *hath it not*. The soul of Christ, which was poured out unto death, broke the "snares of death" to His people; and the "sufferings of death" which He endured, delivered them from the pangs thereof. Therefore our answer to all the law's charges, to every creature's condemnings, and the whole of Satan's accusations, is, "It is Christ that died." For it was at the death of Christ that the law ceased to have any strength; that the devil lost his power, and death its sting.

Moreover, as it is by the obedience and death of Christ that we have become dead in our souls to the sins of the body, thereby passing from death unto life, and thus partaking of the "first resurrection," this "second death"—the dissolution of the body—hath "no power;" that is, it hath *no power to hurt the believer*; and why? Because Christ having been wounded unto death for our transgressions, He hath endured the pains thereof, and thus fulfilled the prophetic declaration, "For the hurt of the daughter of my people *am I hurt*" (Jer. viii. 21). And if Jesus had not been hurt for His people, *they* must and would have been hurt; that is, "killed with death" (Rev. vi. 8); for there is a power in death called the "power of

death," which would kill even the people of God, had not Christ endured the "hurt" thereof, that they might escape. Hence it behoved Him to suffer, and, by such endurance, the lawful captive is delivered; and thus it is that we become "free among the natural dead" at our death, by the death of Christ, as we are "free among the spiritually dead" in this world by the life and resurrection of Christ.

Oh, to my mind, what a glorious truth is here! Freedom from sin in its dominion and power; in its curse and penalties; in its deserts and consequences. This is death's destruction, and hell's defeat indeed! and all, the doings of our Christ.

Turn, dear reader, for a moment to the type thereof, in Daniel. "My God (says he) hath sent His angel (Christ), who hath shut the lion's mouth." The lion is symbolical of the devil; and we, with the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," can oppose *lion* to *lion*; and therefore, as Daniel was preserved in the den, so that no "manner of *hurt* was found upon him;" so the whole Church of God, represented by Daniel, are delivered in like manner from the hurt, of the power, of the great and roaring lion of hell, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

Why then should we be holden in bondage, through fear of death, when Christ hath died to redeem and ransom both soul and body therefrom? Death is the fruit of transgression, and the effect of sin: but Christ our Surety having "suffered in the flesh," He hath ceased therefrom Himself, and made the pains and penalties of sin to cease from His Church and people. "The sting of death is sin," but the poisoned arrow of death having entered the heart of Christ, its venom is sucked up in His blood. "The strength of sin is the law," but Christ hath made it powerless by His obedience and sacrifice. "Death is a war" (Eccl. viii. 8); but Christ having fought the battle, *and given us the victory*, let us be persuaded that death is "plagued to death" by the death of Christ, according to prophecy (Hosea xiii. 14), and that the head of Satan's power is bruised unto eternal destruction.

Then "hell" may follow "death"

upon the "pale horse" of desolation, where Satan "kills with death" the subjects of his kingdom and power; but the soul of a believer being delivered out of the hands of the devil by the doings and dying of Christ, and the redemption of the body being included also in the sacrifice, death to such is but a "shadow," and the grave a "valley." The Lord hath sanctified the tomb, and made it subservient to His people. The God of glory hath accepted a substitute, and the "prisoners of death" are set free.

As to the expression "death unto death," that I understand to be belonging wholly to the unquickened by the Spirit of the living God. It refers, I believe, to the already dead (spiritually) passing from death natural to death eternal; in other words, it is the death of the wicked who have a "resurrection unto damnation."

What else can be the meaning of that assertion in Jude concerning the reprobate characters he speaks of as "*twice dead*," and then "plucked up by the roots?" But as the woe pronounced upon these wanderers, sensualists, and vagabonds, unto whom is reserved the "blackness of darkness for ever," hath a solemnity and awfulness in it that I cannot, and dare not, touch upon, seeing that "the issues from death belong unto God." And the Lord Himself asks the question, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" &c. Let us turn therefrom, and speak rather of that death, or falling asleep, which resulteth in a "resurrection unto life."

Jesus having been "put to death," He puts His children *to sleep* at death; and therefore it is called "the sleep of death;" and because of the interest the people of God have in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, they are said in their death to "sleep in Jesus." These are called "the *dead in Christ*," who shall "*rise first*." But this is not their "first resurrection," for they have already risen from the dead by the power of Him who said "I am the resurrection and the life." It must therefore be their "second resurrection" when these blessed dead, having "died in the Lord," in their flesh, have thus passed through their "second death;" and now at the "second coming of Christ" without sin,

"rise first" at the trump of God; that is, before the wicked; of which we have an illustration at the crucifixion of Christ, when many of the bodies of the *saints* which slept (not *the wicked*) came out of their graves.

But some will say in our day, as some hath said in Paul's, "How are the dead raised, and with what bodies do they come?" Now the "Apostle's doctrine" was argued thus: Sow a seed in the earth, and you will see no more of it. Why? Because it perishes, or passes through corruption in the ground, giving way to a vegetative power in the earth to produce a living plant, altogether different, and yet of the self same species and kind as the original set; for "God hath given to every seed its own body." So with the mortal frames of men. They are bodies when they are sown into the earth, and they are bodies when they are raised therefrom; as Job said, "Though in my skin worms destroy this body, yet in *my flesh* shall I see God."

Paul to the Philippians says, that we shall be "*fashioned like unto His glorious body*;" and that is, bone of His *reviving* bones (2 Kings xiii. 21), and flesh of His unblemished flesh; nothing of earth or mortality about it; but sinless, holy, and eternal.

Therefore, though it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body, and that by the power of Christ, the quickening Spirit: when the corruptible puts on the incorruption of Christ; and the mortal, Christ's immortality. And this is that heavenly image of God we are destined to wear, and bear, to all eternity.

Now, to what end is this "first" and "second resurrection," when the soul being regenerated, and the body raised up from the dead, both are re-united in the honour, power, and glory of the Lord from heaven? Let us see.

God rejoices in that which He creates (Is. lxxv. 19); and Israel, He saith, He hath created for His glory (Isa. xliii. 7); and this refers not only to the soul of Israel that is redeemed from death, but to the body also which is ransomed from the grave. For "behold," says God, "I make *all* things new;" and this "*all things*" is to the "*created anew*" and "*quickened again*." Thus, not the soul only, but also the body, is changed from the glory of man—the terrestrial, to the

glory of God—the celestial; and not only to God in His glory, but *for* God and His glory, which glory all shines in Christ; and therefore our Lord, when about to awake Lazarus out of sleep, declared that it was “for the glory of God, *that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.*”

Ah! this is the secret of the whole matter. It all hangs here; for the Father will glorify the Son. Indeed, *nothing is done for or to Israel, in eternity or time, but as the same shall redound to the glory of God.* And though as yet, or as Paul says, “Now we see not all things put under Him,” nevertheless, as KENT so sweetly sings,—

“They all to His glory shall tend by and by

To accomplish the lifting of Jesus on high,” when He shall gather together, in one, all unto Himself, that the redeemed Church, now scattered and divided, may become one in Christ, as Christ is one in God.

Wherefore, my beloved brother and sister, be happy in the prospect of death; for all things are yours. For “death,” you have the death of Christ; and for “life,” you have the life of Christ. So

that, living or dying, you have the Lord for your portion. Nor will He forsake you in the last and laboured breathings of the body, for He says, “I will *never* leave you.” And as to the coldness of death that comes over you; the quietude of the grave-yard that contains you; the limits of the coffin that encloses you; or the corruption that immediately seizes you; be instructed, and not terrified, at this: but rather give place to the prayer and desire of the apostle, “that Christ may be magnified in *your body*, whether it be by life or by death. It is regeneration’s process to purify the unclean; changing the image of the vile and earthly into the glory of the pure and heavenly. How essential for the everlasting glory of God! and how necessary for the eternal welfare of the soul!

May the Lord enable us to look at these things, and to remember, that no “CHURCH” could be complete in “CHRIST” without “following Him in the Regeneration;” which is only effected to both the soul and body by their dying unto sin, and rising again from the dead.

JOSIAH.

Chelmsford.

THE HAPPY MAN’S PEDIGREE.

THE happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, situate in the parish of Repentance, educated in the school of Obedience, and now lives in Perseverance. He works at the trade of diligence, but many times does jobs of self-denial, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment. He wears the plain garment of humility, but puts on a better robe when he goes to Court, called the robe of Christ’s righteousness. He walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual Joys. He breakfasts every morning upon earnest prayer, and sups every evening upon the same. He has meat to eat the world knows not of; his drink is the sincere milk of the Word.

Thus, happy he lives, and happy he dies.

Blessed is the man who has Gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, tranquillity near his heart, the Redeemer’s yoke upon his neck, a vain world under his feet, a crown of glory upon his head. If, then, there is any thing worthy of imitation in the life of such an one, there is a way in which it may be obtained. Seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, wish abundantly; live holily, die daily, watch your own heart, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory. Then, immortality and endless bliss, it is hoped, will be the end of thee.

Good works, being the effects of justification, cannot be the cause of it, any more than the volubility of a wheel is the cause of its rotundity. A wheel rolls not in order to be made round, but

in consequence of being already so; in like manner men do good works, not in order to be justified: but in consequence of being justified already.

FAITH BRINGING FORTH FRUIT.

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."—Rom. vi. 3, 4.

ST. PAUL, in chapter v., having set forth the exceeding grace of God, here shows its certain and necessary consequence, even a holy walk. Grace in the heart *must* result in newness of life. He argues this point from their baptism (ver. 3). If they were baptized into the death of Christ, they must have died to that to which He died, and "*he died unto sin*" (ver. 10) completely, entirely. These baptized believers, then, died to sin, and went down under the water to signify they had fellowship with Christ's death, and were buried in His grave, to live no more to that to which they had for ever died (Gal. ii. 20); and this believers are ever after to consider as *done* (v. 11): and henceforth they live by virtue of *another*, even a derived life—for as they went down into the water, to intimate that they died with Jesus, so they rose up again to intimate they rose to a resurrection life, to live with Him (Col. ii. 12; Eph. i. 19, 20) in newness of life. Oh, most blessed estate of the believer, one with Jesus in His death and life, baptized with water and the Holy Ghost: yea, dwelt in by His Spirit, how is it possible such could sin? (ver. 1, 2, 3, 4). For as in baptism there is a going down into the water, signifying a death unto sin; so there is also a rising up again out of the water, signifying a life unto righteousness: and thenceforth the believer, if baptized by the Spirit, having died unto sin, lives unto God. He is in possession of *resurrection life*, being animated with the same Spirit by which Christ rose from the dead (Rom. viii. 11); and this life cannot but ascend to God who gave it, and spend itself in ways of holiness (1 John ii. 6). "What then, shall we sin?" &c. With what indignation he repels the idea! And in ver. 11 he tells us the reckoning faith is to make in this matter. And what a privilege is this! In a world of sin, and temptation, and misery, to be allowed to live in a purer clearer atmosphere, a heavenly life, a

life in Christ. Who would not live such a life? And who would not desire such an end? "When Christ *who is our life* shall appear," &c. So in Col. iii. 3, "*Ye are dead.*" A dead body cannot speak, or move, or act; and the state into which believers are brought by the baptism of the Holy Ghost as illustrated by immersion, is a *death unto sin*. Hence they cannot live in sin. And this is not a mere virtual dying unto sin with Christ, when He died; but an *actual* dying, when the grace to do so is conveyed to the soul. By virtue of the power of the Spirit the believer is *dead*, and not only dead, but *buried*. Of this the ordinance which Jesus has enjoined on His church is singularly and beautifully significant. Buried with Him in baptism; and doubtless the recollection of His immersion is highly beneficial to the Christian in his after course, showing his true and proper position; for shall a dead man rise again, or a buried corpse be exhumed?

Now, *God* deals with the body of sin as He tells us to do (Rom. vi. 11). He accounts it a judged and condemned thing, and has no dealings with it; hence he never seeks to improve our old nature, but gives a new nature, and works upon that. "*We are dead to sin,*" and "*we are buried.*" O death most blessed, and burial most desirable! And oh, most precious Saviour, in whom believers die and are buried. And what is the inference to be drawn from such a passage as this, but that Christ expects us to lead very holy lives (2 Tim. ii. 19); and our lives will be holy as long as faith is in exercise; and the Lord holds us responsible to Himself for such a life as He has made it possible for us to lead. And if the Christian after all walks carelessly, Christ will judge him and chasten him; instead of smiles he will get frowns; instead of sweet words, rebukes; instead of a kiss, the rod: and when Christ is displeased, all is dark, till He renew His grace, and

bring His penitent, confessing, sorrowing child to Himself, to forgive, and smile upon, and kiss. But Christ has done more for His people than to pro-

cure for them the grace to die unto sin; He also imparts to them the power of His own resurrection life to enable them to live to God.

PSEUDO-EVANGELISM.

THIS, perhaps, is the most subtle of all Satan's devices, and one only to be detected by that single class, who ("if it were possible,") would also be deceived by its specious appearance; I mean the elect of God. But they that are taught "the truth as it is in Jesus" by more than human teaching, since the promise is, "that they shall be all taught of God," believe not every spirit, nor regard as apostles all who say they are, but are not, choose rather to bring every doctrine to the touchstone of God's word, wherewith they try the spirits, whether they harmonize with that standard or not; and when that unerring test proves them deceitful upon the insights of revelation, then the believer, looking to Jesus alone, the author and finisher of his faith, quickly discovers a stranger's voice, though issuing from one resembling, to all outward appearance, the blessed sheep who hear the Master's voice and follow him, suddenly startled by strange formations of thought, he exclaims, upon each position contrary to God's word, "Let God be true, and every man a liar, rather than one jot of Christ's teaching should be invalidated or brought to nought."

Summoned, not long since, to preach in the country, I was invited, on the Sunday evening, to a little so-called friendly conversation on the subject of election, by the clergyman at whose house I was staying for the night. The alarm was taken by a passing remark I made in reference to the various significations of the term "world," as used in the Bible—sometimes meaning, the elect portion of mankind; sometimes, the rest of mankind—pointing out the necessity of discriminating between the respective uses of the phrase, or being involved in very fatal consequences if we confounded its application. That the difference was great and wide, was apparent from the fact that "God so loved the world that He gave His only-

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" so loved it, that it were impossible, adequately, to describe its extent. And yet, Jesus says, "I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given me out of the world;" clearly showing His intercession for one portion of mankind dwelling amongst, and mixed up with, another of the same race; the wheat among the tares; the sheep among the goats; the elect among the preterite. Again, God was in Christ, reconciling the "world" to Himself, not imputing their trespasses to them; while we read, "The world will love its own; but, because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the 'world' hateth you." The former only to be explained as meaning the elect portion of the world; for an apostle asks, "How is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" plainly understanding the Master to mean, passing by one while savingly manifesting Himself to another portion, of the human family. For what is the chaff to the wheat? The Evangelist also, in his epistle, asserts in the same chapter, that Jesus is a propitiation for the whole world ("the sins of" is an interpolation, therefore I omit the words); and, further on, he cautions believers not to love the world, or the things of it; for, that if any man will love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. So here we learn that Jesus is the propitiation for the sins, not only of the apostles and disciples then, but also for the whole elect world of believers in every age. Either this is the true interpretation, or the false doctrine of universal salvation must follow as the necessary consequence of any other. But, once more, and once for all, the apostle James, in a climax of just indignation, aroused by a godly jealousy for Jehovah's glory, stigmatizes worldly people, swayed by un-

righteous lusts, as adulterers and adulteresses, asking if they knew not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God; and that whosoever will be a friend of the world is, "*ipso facto*," the enemy of God. Hence it is as clear as day that the term "world" has different senses attaching to it, and that it becomes of the first moment to distinguish between them if we would not be taken in the snare of the devil; or be condemned with the world at the great winding up, when the thoughts of all hearts shall be revealed; for, as we speak of the musical world, or the moneyed world, or the political world, or the fashionable world, so the inspired writers speak of it in a good and evil sense, as implying either the world of the elect, or the world of reprobate, as the Holy Spirit, whose office is to guide into all truth, will readily enable the believer to discover, seeing they speak as unto wise men who will judge what they say by the light of the sanctuary.

It is in vain, therefore, and an insult to common sense, to assert that the Biblical difference in the use of the word is only "a shade of difference," since accurate investigation exhibits it as the difference between light and darkness—the difference between the friends and enemies of Jesus. It shows the distinction to be the distinction between the prince of the power of the air—the spirit that worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience and Jesus Christ, God over all, blessed for ever, who, by His Spirit applying the written word—the sword which His faithful servants wield to as many as are ordained to eternal life—is "quickly accomplishing the number of the elect." In a word, the difference is the very difference between heaven and hell itself.

In answer to this, I was once told by a so-called Evangelical clergyman in Brighton, that though true our Lord, in the "17th of John, did not on that occasion pray for the world, yet that was no proof that He did not on other occasions do so." Now, it is hard to prove a negative; but I inquired for the other occasions, and was told, His prayer for His murderers, when hanging on the cross. But what does this prove more than, in the mysterious providence of the Father, these very persons were

given to Him "out of the world," as those who should look believably on Him whom they pierced; while Peter's sermon, on the day of Pentecost, reveals them repenting, demanding what they shall do to be saved, proves them, notwithstanding a few days before the undeveloped elect, then, by the power of the Spirit, applying the apostle's sermon to their hearts, the developed people of the Lord. Three thousand trophies of the wonders of redeeming love—of sovereign grace—of mercy upon whom He pleaseth to show it; such a number, by a single sermon, being added to the church; or, to take a single instance, we may contemplate Paul setting out from Jerusalem for Damascus, an undeveloped member of God's elect, yet, entering the city upon his conversion, determined to preach the faith which, a few hours before, it was in his heart to pull down and destroy.

But if God does not love all mankind equally, if any portion is more precious to Him than another, then what becomes of offering the Gospel to all, if all are not capable of receiving it? Now, this is the old objection—as old as the hills—and resolves itself into "why doth He yet find fault, for who has resisted His will?" To urge it is, in fact, to reply against God, and betrays lamentable ignorance of God's word; for though Jesus knows, and "knew from the beginning, who they were that believed not," nor would believe, yet his ministers do not; hence the preaching, or proclamation, of the Gospel (not the offer, that word implying a power to reject) is for all. Preach the Gospel to every creature, in order "to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world;" not to change goats or wolves into sheep, but to collect the sheep from amongst them, which power the preached word possesses. Just as though I were to procure a little saw-dust and intermix with it some steel filings, colouring the blended mass in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of detecting one from the other, either by the naked eye or microscopic vision: yet, apply to the heap a powerful magnet, and instantly the steel filings will fly to its influence, drawn out by the force of attraction; the dust remains

away, uninfluenced by it. For the mixed heap is the world—the world in its double aspect; the Gospel is the magnet, and those drawn out of it are the elect of God, who know the joyful sound, and, moved by its attraction, yield to its blessed influence. But, as I know of no chemical process whereby to affect the convertibility of saw-dust into steel filings, so no more am I acquainted with any spiritual means for changing goats into sheep; who, though spoken to with the tongue of men or of angels, nevertheless remain the same—live the same, and die the same. A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still; but Jesus, in the day of His power, makes His people willing. Hence, His sheep hear His voice; He knows them, and they follow Him; but a stranger will they not follow.

My illustration was pronounced very ingenious, and immediately called forth a further questioning, Did I not consider the believer responsible for sin? Responsible he is, as a member of society, for trespasses against the body politic; but to be held responsible before God at the last day, I most unequivocally deny; for the pith, the marrow, the very essence of the Gospel is, that Jesus has taken the responsibility of His people's sins upon Himself, upon Him was laid the iniquity of us all. He bare the sins of His people; their sins He takes upon Himself; His righteousness He gives to them. "He was made sin (a sin-offering) for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." As the scapegoat, He carries away His people's sins, never more to be remembered against them; as the Lamb of God, He cancels them, washing them out with His own blood, the price of their salvation. Make the believer responsible for but one of a thousand; hold him responsible for only his foolish thoughts, or for his thoughts of covetousness, or for the motions of the flesh; let sin be chargeable in any one way, or to any extent, either regarding thought, or word, or deed; lay at his door sins past, present, or to come—for who can tell how oft he offendeth, or who adequately feels the depth of his secret faults; there is not a moment he does not sin—indict him for sins of omission or commission, and that instant the Gospel

ceases to be good news. But is he not accountable when he does wrong? Are you, my friend, ready to be held accountable for all the wrong you have done in your life? Twice I repeated my question, but could literally get no answer; so I proceeded—the Christian believer is no more accountable, or held accountable, than the insolvent debtor is when a man of wealth undertakes for him, and becomes his surety or security; for in that case the accountability is removed from him who had nothing to pay to him who has become the surety. In this case also, if the believing sinner be held accountable, the Gospel ceases to be good news, and becomes bad. Indeed, since with accountability reating on him, yet having nothing to pay, eternal perdition stares him in the face, the inexorable creditor already has him by the throat, exclaiming, Pay me that thou owest! But, blessed be God for His unspeakable gift in Jesus, Jesus holds Himself accountable in his stead for the law's demands; is Surety for the stranger; smarts for it by shedding the forfeit of His blood—His life; rises to life again; shows Himself the friend born for adversity; the prevailing daysman of His people; calls with a voice of thunder to the implacable creditor, "Unhand him; let him go, for I have paid the ransom, I have tendered the price; it has been accepted, and here I am." Through Jesus the blood-bought family are released from sin; through Jesus they receive the atonement; through His successful advocacy the Father sees no unrighteousness in them. This is the Gospel. Still I am met with an invidious "But," beat out of the accountability-doctrine, my friend returns to the charge with, "But we must repent." Certainly not as a work, but as the result of a gift, all the elect of God having Christ, the hope of glory, formed in their hearts, have received at the hands of their divine Lord, not only forgiveness of sins, but the gift of repentance also; for "God has raised Him up on purpose to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." Therefore their whole future life is a development of their having been born again; an unceasing course of prayer and repentance. "The covenant that God

then makes with them being to put His laws in their hearts, and in their minds to write them," their sins and iniquities being remembered no more." Thus prayer and repentance constitute the very breathing of the new-born soul. Oh, oh, this is to make us mere machines! machines!! It is to make us as clay in the hands of the potter, subjugating us altogether to the omnipotency of Jehovah; for hearken to Isaiah lxiv. 8, "Now, O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay and thou art the potter; and we are all the work of thy hand." Again, listen to St. Paul (Rom. ix. 20, 21), "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the same lump, to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour." Oh, then there is an end of preaching. Nay, have I not shown its use? To draw out the elect. It is useless to kick against the pricks. The blessed doctrine of election, with all that it involves, is written in God's book with a pen of iron, and no man may erase it. Shall a poor finite creature impugn the wisdom of his Maker, and arraign

his God at the miserable bar of his limited understanding, because Jehovah has not thought fit to tell us why He finds fault with the wicked? He has a just cause of complaint, though it be hid from us for the present, in order to exercise our faith, and call forth, as it does, from all the world of the elect; "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But to attempt, by a crude system of inconsistent theology, to reconcile what He has not in His wisdom thought proper to be reconciled, His sovereignty, with the responsibility of the wicked, is to shirk the office of the Gospel. Certainly not to do the work of an Evangelist, which is bravely to bear it; to confound the meaning of the word "world" to that extent, that the trumpet shall give so uncertain a sound that none will prepare for the battle, while, falling perpetually on that stone, they shall be broken; and, eventually, when the time comes for that stone to fall on them, they shall find, when too late, that it is able to grind them to powder. M. J. T.

Kensington,

OUR BROAD SHEET—"OLD JONATHAN."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY-BELOVED EDITOR, — As a "little helper," I claim the privilege of offering you my congratulations on the completion of the fourth year of your labour of love. Doubtless you will receive many kind wishes on this occasion, and I trust also proof of increased interest in your labours; for it is written, "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but *in deed and in truth.*" I am indebted to *Old Jonathan* for many a pleasant smile, and continually receive testimonials in his favour. By the last mail I sent a packet to Geelong, and hope the old gentleman will be well received, and invited to visit in his monthly circuit. I heard of his being seen in Paris ten days ago. He appears unwearied in his journeyings, meeting his friends in cities and villages, with "Here we have no continuing city," and "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest, because

it is polluted." And India too, I rejoice to know, is hearing from him glad tidings. May the Lord vouchsafe a blessing in every land, that dwellers in Asia and Africa, America, Australia and Europe, may speak in *one* tongue the wonderful works of God! Oh, what an honour to be a witness unto all men of what you have known of His grace and love! God speed you, beloved, and multiply the seed sown, that the ploughman may overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; so the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and the hills flow with milk; and in the places where it was said "Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, ye are the children of the living God." His peace be multiplied unto you.

I am, dear Sir, ever yours affectionately in the love of Jesus, H. E. A. C.
Bolton Street, W.

RESISTING THE SPIRIT—WHAT IS IT?

BY THE REV. W. PARKS, B.A.

MANY religionists hold that the Spirit of God strives with every man, and that His strivings may finally be resisted. This belief I take to be not only absurd, but God-dishonouring and blasphemous. It makes man the arbiter of the Church's dimensions—yea, of the Church's existence! For if one man may effectually resist the Holy Ghost, then all men may similarly resist Him, and eventually there may be no Church at all. This view throws into confusion the unity of the Trinity; for if the Spirit is baffled in an attempt to carry out what the Father has purposed, then it must follow there is an end to the unity of power in the Persons of the Godhead.

If the Spirit fails to regenerate one whom Christ has redeemed, it must likewise follow there is an end to the unity of power in the Persons of the Godhead.

I know it is objected that God could not do justly towards man, or govern him morally, unless He gave man a certain liberty to choose or refuse such and such offers and proposals. But such objectors forget, 1st, That man has no claim whatever upon God's justice; and 2ndly, That the day of offers and proposals, and trial, is past and gone.

After the fall, there is no more proposition of life upon conditions. Man had had the offer, and underwent his trial under the most favourable circumstances. He fell, and ruined himself under those favourable circumstances; and *now*, when he is helpless and ruined, it is utterly absurd to suppose God to make man an *offer* of everlasting life, or proposals on conditions. Man must now be saved by FREE GRACE, if he is to be saved at all.

I know also that it is held by some that though man is fallen, and cannot do as he could have done before his fall, God has relaxed the stringency of the conditions of man's salvation, and that now man may, by the aid of the Spirit, fulfil the newly-modelled laws or conditions which God proposes (Baxterians).

But these parties forget that God has never relaxed, and can never relax His glorious law; and that, had it not been for His plan of Christ fulfilling it, no

human being could ever have been saved. But that as Christ has fulfilled it, every jot and tittle, it—the act of Christ—is now regarded as the act of each represented by Christ, and that it is this that saves the persons interested in it. All other theories nullify free grace; for they make man's salvation dependent partly upon himself, partly upon Christ's work. But man is saved either by *grace* or by *works*; he cannot be by both, as Paul has logically laid it down (Rom. xi. 6). He cannot help working when he is regenerated (Jas. ii.); but his works have no more to do with his salvation than has heat or light to do with the creation of the sun.

I would now notice some popular objections, and answer them.

Objection.—"The Spirit is given to every man to profit withal" (1 Cor. xii. 7).

Answer.—The objection turns upon the meaning of "every man;" and the confusion in men's minds with respect to this expression "every man," arises from not bearing in remembrance the persons or parties to whom the epistles in which such expressions occur were written. The epistles were written to the saints, the faithful in Christ, the beloved of God, the real living children of God. So when we read, as here, that "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man," &c., we must conclude that it was given to every one of the people of God, and not to every individual indiscriminately. It is exactly so in 1 Cor. xv. 22, where it is said, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;" *i.e.*, not that every individual of the human family shall be made alive in Christ, but that all the *saints*, all God's people, shall be made alive in Christ.

It is the same with the expression "*every man*" in Heb. ii. 9, for whom Christ tasted death. It is manifestly *every man of the seed of Abraham* whose nature Christ took upon Him (Heb. ii. 16). Now, the seed of Abraham are manifestly the *children* of Abraham, the Israel of God, in contradistinction to Israel after the flesh. The pure mean-

ing, then, of 1 Cor. xii. 7, is this, the Spirit of God gives to each Christian such graces and endowments as He pleases, for the use and benefit of the Church at large.

Objection.—"My Spirit shall not always strive with man," &c. (Gen. vi. 3). "Ye do resist the Holy Ghost, as your fathers did," &c. (Acts vii. 51). Do not these Scriptures prove that the Spirit of God may be effectually resisted?

Answer.—The unstrained answer to this is, there is nothing in these texts to show there was any *internal operation* of the Spirit of God upon those people. God spoke to those persons as He is now speaking to many by His Word, His prophets, His ministers. He spoke to the Antediluvians by Noah, a preacher of righteousness; He spoke to the unregenerate Jews by His prophets; He spoke to those who lived in Christ's day by His Son's miracles, and by His apostles: and thus He spoke by His Holy Spirit. But this is a very different thing to an *internal operation*, of which there is not the shadow of evidence to prove that it ever took place in the parties alluded to. In fact, it is not the Holy Spirit, but the spirit of the prince of darkness, that worketh in the children of disobedience (Eph. ii. 2).

If the reader will turn to Nehemiah ix. 30, or to Zechariah vii. 11, 12, a key will be found to the entire difficulty. It is the Spirit in the Word, in the prophets, in the ministers, that is resisted effectually by men; and not the great and glorious Being Himself when He comes to create a new heart and a new spirit in His redeemed.

Men who have an opportunity of hearing the Word of God, resist the Spirit when they do not hearken; but as for resisting the *internal operations* of the Holy Ghost, it is as absurd an idea as ever was harboured in the regions of insanity! It is worse—it is rank blasphemy!

Objection.—"Quench not the Spirit," exhorts Paul, 1 Thess. v. 19. This evidently implies that the Spirit may effectually be resisted.

Answer.—Now, in the first place, as I have often shown, it is a most fallacious sort of reasoning to argue from a Scripture command to ability to obey. We are commanded to do many things in

Scripture that we have no more power to perform than we have to make a world. Yet who is he that will dare reply against God?

Secondly. Let it be remembered that this language, "Quench not the Spirit," is addressed to Christians—regenerated beings. No man can quench holy emotions who is destitute of them. Thirdly. It is utterly absurd to suppose we can quench or extinguish God. But as the Holy Spirit is the author of true devotion in believers' hearts, devotion which Paul likens to fire on the altar, we are exhorted to beware of every thing which may tend to damp its ardour. It is as if Paul had said, beware that worldliness, ambition, pride, neglect of means, indulgence in any habit or thought, damp the ardour of that devotion in your souls which the Spirit has produced.

But again, here, as in many other places in Scripture, there is manifestly a figure of speech employed which scholars know by the name of *metonymy*, i.e., a putting the cause for the effect, or *vice versa*, or putting one word for another. e.g., *Moses* is put for the *writings* of *Moses*; the word *prophets* is put for the *writings* of the prophets (Luke xvi. 29). So it is here, "*the Spirit*" is put for the *suggestions* of the Spirit. This effectually disposes of the objection. But if the reader be not satisfied, I would quote the following explanation which was tendered upwards of fourteen centuries ago (the 19, 20, 21, and 22 verses of 1 Thessalonians are to be taken together). Paul says this, that no one may, without some good cause, interdict one who is speaking by the Spirit; for the Spirit is quenched if the fervour of him who is beginning to speak is assuaged by contradiction, lest perchance the hearers, notwithstanding that spiritual things are spoken by him, offer a dishonour to the Holy Spirit, and sin through ignorance; and that every one ought to be patiently heard who professes to interpret the Scriptures; but that all his words are to be examined and thus judged of, lest perchance if they should not hear him, while they reject the gift given to a brother, they oppose its Author. Paul admonishes us, therefore, that all things which are spoken are to be proved; and whatever shall have been spoken in soberness and truth is to be held fast.

For whatever things agree with what was said by the apostles and the Lord Himself, are to be kept and held fast; but we must keep ourselves aloof from those which seem opposed to the faith. For the spirits of the world (*i.e.*, unconverted teachers) often speak what is good deceitfully, and, as it were, in imitation; and in the midst of it introduce by stealth what is evil, that so they may gain acceptance by those things which are good; and the evil things being supposed to proceed from the same spirit are not discerned from that which accompanies them; but that which is forbidden is commended by means of that which is allowed, on the authority of a name, not on the ground of intrinsic worth. For they are accustomed, under the name of the apostles, and even of the Lord Himself, to teach impious and contradictory things; and therefore the apostle admonishes us that all things are to be proved, because the declarations of the Lord cannot possibly contradict each other. Hence it is that the apostle John says, in his epistle, "Believe not every spirit (*i.e.*, teacher), but try the spirits whether they are of God;" because if he says many good things, but in *anything* utters that which is contrary to the faith, he may thus be known not to be of the Holy Spirit, for no error can be found in the Holy Spirit.*

Objection.—But we are warned not to grieve the Holy Spirit (Eph. iv. 30).

Answer.—What has been said upon the last passage will equally apply to this.

* HILARY, the deacon. Quoted in "Goode's Modern Claims to the Gift of the Spirit Examined." 1834,

But I would further observe that it is highly absurd to suppose we can literally grieve God.

Grief belongs to imperfection;

God is all perfect,

Therefore God is incapable of grief.

It is the same with the Lord Jesus *now*. He cannot grieve *now*. He is glorified, and is now devoid of even His sinless infirmities. I grant that Christ can and does sympathize with His people's afflictions now. He feels for them when they have to suffer; but this is very different from personal *sorrow* or *grief* upon His part. Christ knows we suffer, but He does not *weep*, but sends us comfort by His Spirit, and *plans*, as it were, for our speedy release.

God cannot in any of His persons be literally *grieved*; but the meaning of the passage is, "offend not the Spirit—sin not against the Spirit." And how we sin against Him may be seen by perusing the previous and subsequent portions of the context.

In conclusion, I would comfort the saints of God with the assurance that *the Spirit never works ineffectually in one of the redeemed*; and I would warn the untaught of God to beware of confounding the stirrings of natural conscience with the workings of the Holy Spirit.

The apostle Paul knew nothing whatever of the operations of the Holy Spirit where no holy dispositions were produced. He was confident that the Spirit who had begun would carry on the work unto completion (Phil. i. 6). That the Holy Spirit strives to renew a human soul, and *fails*, I shall never believe until I can reject the idea that He is GOD!

OUR Lord began the prayer upon earth which He now offers in heaven for His people: "Keep, through Thy own name, those whom Thou hast given me;" He prays, or rather demands as the purchase of His death, when He says, "Father, I will, that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am;" on which ground we may conclude, that all Christ died for shall possess the crown of glory that fadeth not away: it being impossible that Jesus should intercede

in vain. This is the foundation of the apostle's challenge, "Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who also maketh intercession for us." May all God's people, who have their faces Zion-ward, take encouragement from these things, to go forward in the name and strength of the God of their salvation, until they arrive safe to the mansions of bliss and endless felicity.—*Top-lady*.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 162.)

George.—We have now seen that the salvation of God's people rests upon, and that, therefore, their hopes are built on, a sure, safe, and firm foundation—the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages, by which they are completely and eternally saved; for by it He hath fulfilled that covenant which is everlasting and ordered in all things, and sure. Yes; through union to Him they are justified, made holy and righteous, clothed with everlasting righteousness; yea, raised up and glorified now in Him their Head, their Husband, and will soon be put in possession of the “purchased possession.”

Mary.—You talk as certainly about the salvation of God's people as if they had already joined the throng of those around the throne, who are casting their crowns at His feet. Can it be really true that such a great and glorious salvation is made sure to such a poor, unfeeling, ungrateful, dull, dead, sinful worm as I? that soon I shall be put in possession of that glorious inheritance; that soon I shall join that glorious assembly, and with them sing His redeeming grace?

George.—Yes, my dear friend; notwithstanding all those sad complaints you make concerning what you are in the flesh, I will boldly say concerning you, as well as of all the poor and needy children of God—

“More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

Our dear departed sister, “M. E. L.,” mourned over herself just the same as you do, and so have many others who are now safely landed on yonder happy shore. Yes,

“They once were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.”

Oh, is there not something sweet and precious in that thought? “Blessed are they that mourn,” says our Lord, “for they shall be comforted. Yes, they will be comforted by-and-by. There is no comfort in the world for them; but “as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,” says the Lord; “and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.”

Mary.—But, George, it struck me the other day that those precious truths of which we have been talking are those which are called by some “high doctrines,” and which some say lead to licentiousness, or a loose and careless manner of living. Do you think so?

George.—What! to know and believe that in and through Jesus, my Head, my Husband, I am cleared from every charge—that sin hath no dominion over me, I being dead unto it—that I am made the righteousness of God in Him, yea, raised up and made sit together with Him, and that soon He will come to put me in possession of the heavenly inheritance,—these precious truths, or any one of them, believed, known, and felt, lead to a careless walk? Oh, perish the thought! Such understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm. But, my dear friend, you know by experience it is not the case. What effect, now, does it have on you, when you can realize, though it be only in a little measure, that these precious blessings, or any one of them, belong to you? that you are interested in that blessed covenant which is ordered in all things and sure?

Mary.—Why, George, it causes my heart to overflow with gratitude, and melts me down into sweetest nothingness, so that I am ready to weep

“To the praise of the mercy found;”

while at the same time it fills me with shame and confusion of face. Were it always thus with me, I think I should be able to present myself unto Him as a living sacrifice, feeling it to be a reasonable service. The world and all its vanities would have no hold on me. Yes, I should not be conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of my mind, proving what is acceptable unto the Lord; even walking as a child of light, having no fellowship with the unfruitful-works of darkness, but speaking to myself “in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in my heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.” But oh, it is only for a little

time, now and then, that I am thus lifted above myself, through having the eyes of my understanding enlightened to see those blessed truths for myself, to taste them and handle them, as it were; and then down I sink again, moping and mourning,

"And am but barren still."

George.—Oh that the God of all grace may grant us to know and to feel more and more that we are interested in His great and glorious salvation. Then shall we be able to say, "there is, therefore, *now* no condemnation to me;" "nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord." For sure I am, that instead of those precious truths leading us to live carelessly, they will be powerful incentives to holiness of life. But, my dear friend, the Lord's work is a complete work. He not only makes those precious blessings of which we have spoken sure to His people, but makes them also fit and proper recipients of them; for *were it possible* that all those precious blessings could be purchased for, and therefore belong to them, and they not made meet to be partakers of them, the knowledge of it would, I believe—and I would say it with the deepest reverence—make them most miserable. But blessed, for ever blessed be His dear name, He does make His dear people proper recipients of such great and glorious blessings. Yes; "He *hath made* them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Mary.—How does He do it? I can assure you, my dear friend, I feel at times far, very far, from being a proper recipient of such precious blessings.

George.—He creates them anew in Christ Jesus. They are made new creatures in Him; and this new creature, the new man, "is created in righteousness and true holiness," like God, its Father. The apostles generally, throughout their epistles, in addressing believers, forget, as it were, what they are after the flesh, and address them as saints and holy brethren. "Ye are," says St. Peter, "an holy nation, a peculiar people;" and we may depend on it, if they are a holy nation, they are a righteous nation. St. Paul says, "wherefore, henceforth know we no man after the flesh." Why? because "if any man be in Christ he is a new creature," or a new creation;

and therefore we know him as such, we look on him as such, we love him as such. Yes; and so does God too. "Believers are all fair" in this sense also. Through union to Adam, our earthly father, we are made sinners; not only partakers with him of the transgression, but sinners, unholy and unrighteous beings, from whom can proceed nothing but sin. And therefore, instead of loving holiness and following after righteousness, all by nature hate holiness and follow unrighteousness. But when, by God's grace, His dear people are actually united to the Lord Jesus Christ, the heavenly Father of God's people, they are made partakers of the Divine nature, which is perfectly holy and perfectly righteous; and therefore His children, like their Father, possessing the same spirit, love righteousness and hate wickedness.

Mary.—But, George, do you not do wrong in calling the Lord Jesus Christ the Father of God's people? for we do not generally hear Him spoken of as the Father.

George.—No, my dear friend, I do not; for He is called in Isaiah ix. 6, "the everlasting Father." And again, He is represented as saying, "Behold, I and the children which God hath given me." And their loving holiness and doing righteousness prove that they are born of Him, and that He therefore is their Father. "If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." But, my dear friend, do remember that although this Divine nature, this new creature, the new man, the living, incorruptible seed, the new spirit which we derive through union to Jesus, our Almighty Father, is perfectly holy and righteous in its nature; yet, because of the opposition of the flesh, the law of sin in the members, it cannot do as it would. It depends on its Almighty Father for supplies of strength to bring forth its principles into action; yes, and it wants its Father's *manifested* presence to make it rejoice. When the Father shines on His child, the new man—when He is pleased to send down the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, to comfort it—then it rejoices, and the fruits of the living, incorruptible seed, are brought forth. The fruit of the Spirit would spring forth as na-

turally from the new man, the new spirit, which Jesus puts within His people, were it not for the body of sin and death, as the works of the flesh do from the old man. And when the Holy Ghost is pleased to blow upon the new man, it is quickened, and made lively and strong, just as the old man is when the evil spirit breathes, or puts new life, as it were, into it. Believers know this to be true.

Mary.—Well, now I think I know the meaning of that passage in Galatians v., "for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." I could not for a moment think that the flesh had power to resist the Holy Spirit, the third person in the blessed Trinity. I see now that it is the new man, the new spirit, which the Lord puts within His people, according to His promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 27, that cannot do as it would, because it is opposed by the law of sin in my members. And this is that which made "our beloved brother Paul" to groan as he did; yes, I see it now; and I think I can say, with that dear servant of God, "I *delight* in the law of God after the inward man." "So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." I would be always bringing forth the fruits of holiness, to the praise and glory of God; but, O wretched man that I am!" I shall never be satisfied till this body of sin and death be put off entirely. Then, I trust, I shall wake up in His likeness; then—

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach that place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which echo from immortal tongues.

"No rude alarm of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

George.—Right, my dear friend. When the *manifested* presence of the Holy Ghost is felt, it is a blessed rejoicing time for the new man. It triumphs in the Lord, and makes its boast in Him. The old man and his works are trampled under its feet; love is brought into lively action; and when love is brought into exercise, every other grace is quickened

and strengthened. Yes; the bird of paradise is ready to sing and rejoice, because it feels at liberty, breathes its own native air, and lives in its own element. These blessed visits make it long for the breaking of the everlasting day, when the shadows will flee away, and the time of singing of birds will indeed have come, and the flowers, the graces of the Spirit, will appear in full bloom. "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart, upon the mountains of spices." Oh, may this be our cry often, through knowing the sweetness of His precious visits now. Much has been said and written concerning the law as a rule of life to believers; but there never was a true Christian yet but what had that law written on the heart of the new man; and were it not for the law of sin in the members, it would be kept in his life. He does, indeed, in the new man delight in it—yes, and keep it too; for "love is the fulfilling of the law." God is love; and His child is created in His own image, after His likeness; and it mourns because it reflects so little of its Father's image in the life. "Oh that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes." "I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart," is the very language of the new man. The more we are enabled to realize the preciousness of that blessed truth contained in Rom. viii. 3, "for what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh," the more shall we love Him. The knowledge of those great things which God hath done for us by His Son will give strength to the new man. The righteousness of the law will indeed be fulfilled in us; not, indeed, in the oldness of the letter, but in newness of spirit, loving Him because He has first loved us; and every one that loveth God will love his brother also; and this is the fulfilling of the law in us.

Mary.—Is not yours a new view of the truth contained in that verse you have just quoted?

George.—I think not. Since that view of it came into my mind, I have had an opportunity of reading what that good and great man, Mr. Huntington, says on that very passage, which I will read to you. "The Holy Ghost in Adam, adorn-

ing and enrobing his soul with Divine love, set him on a level with God's law; and if the authority of an apostle may be depended upon, nothing less can fulfil the law than the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us." For so he says, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." By his fulfilling principle, Paul does not mean the righteousness of Christ imputed, for that is without us, not in us, and is said to be put on, and not into us. By this fulfilling principle he means the love of God in the heart. "Love is," as he says, "the fulfilling of the law;" and this is not done by us, but God does it in us. This love is the image of God in the saints; and every discovery of God's love to us is inflaming the soul with fresh love to God, which Paul calls changing us "into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." To show you that Mr. Huntington does not mean that he himself after the flesh, is changed, I will read to you what he says concerning himself. "I firmly believe, that if I had no remains of the old veil upon my understanding, no rebellion in my will, no corrupt affections in my heart, no carnal enmity nor infidelity in my mind, that I should be one of the happiest men in all the world; there would be an end of the daily cross, an end of the arduous task of self-denial, and no more lusting against the Spirit, no more keeping the heart with all diligence, no more need of watchfulness and self-examination, no more shyness, nor distance between God and my soul. But this divine bliss is reserved for the other world; Lazarus must have his evil things in this life, and be comforted on every side when this life comes to its end. I cannot, I must not, I dare not say that I am not loved of God with an everlasting love; I dare not say I am not in possession of that cha-

ritty which rejoiceth in the truth, which is what Paul calls delighting in the law of God after the inner man; and yet I am, in and of myself, and by sin, a *hater of God*." May we have grace to wait on the Lord; for it is said such shall renew (or change) their strength. And do remember, my dear friend, that, however weak the new man may seem to be in you, that the Lord will not forsake the work of His own hands. He will keep it alive while in this wilderness world; and when He is about to take His child out of the wilderness, He will give new life and vigour to the new man, which will cause it to mount up with wings as eagle's. Yes; how often is this the case with the Christian, when about to put off this body of sin and death for ever, the new man is made lusty and strong; its "youth is indeed renewed like the eagle's." I hope, my dear friend, you now understand what I mean when I said, "He does make His dear people fit and proper recipients of such great and precious blessings." Yes; "He *hath* made them meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light."

Mary.—Yes, I think I do. They are made new creatures through union to Jesus, their Almighty Father; joined unto Him, and therefore possess His Spirit; perfectly holy and righteous in the new man, and therefore meet to be partakers of that glory "which is to be brought unto them at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Oh, how will the new man rejoice and sing then! This vile, sinful nature, will then be for ever put down, and this poor weak body will then be changed, and made a glorious body. Yes; I shall then be perfect in body and soul, as well as spirit.

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

A TRULY gracious man, like a thorough good watch, may deviate, and point wrong for a season; but, like the machine just mentioned, will, after a short time, come round, and point right as before. Let such deviations teach us to be jealous over our own corrupt hearts; make us dependent, sensibly and increasingly dependent, on the power and faithfulness

of the Holy Ghost: stir us up to prayer, that we may be kept from being carried away with the error of the wicked; and put a new song of thanksgiving into our mouths, to that God, whose free and invincible grace hath enabled us to stand, when others, in appearance stronger than we, have fallen, and become as water that runneth apace.—*Toplady*.

A BLANK IN THE PARISH.

THE reader will wonder what is meant by the expression, although indeed it may be said of every parish that there are many blanks in it—men and women who are perfect blanks both as far as themselves and others are concerned; who live to no purpose, unless it be to prove an utter indifference, apathy, and heartlessness. Such are a very curse to a parish, except in so far as they become beacons and warnings, just like the tall figure of a cast-iron man who stands upon the top of a lofty pillar on a dangerous coast in the south of Ireland. With outstretched hand and in an erect posture, he stands perpetually to warn off the veriest approach to that wide-spread bay, once within the precincts of which, a ship upon a lee-shore is sure to be drawn in by the peculiar inset of the current, and almost certain destruction is the consequence. A heartless man may certainly be used by others—not by himself, for he has not heart for even this service—for such a purpose.

But the blank of which I am about to speak is quite of an opposite character. I proceed, therefore, to explain.

In the course of my visits one day, some months since, a respectable-looking woman, who had evidently passed the meridian of life, waited my exit from one of her neighbour's houses, to ask me to call and see her daughter. Passing through a narrow court, and opening the door of a small tenement, such as my parish principally consists of, I was conducted to an upstairs front-room. There, on a lowly bed, without curtains but extremely clean, lay a young woman of about four-and-twenty. Dark hair, but particularly smooth and neatly brushed, a round but pallid countenance, lips deadly pale; but her whole expression one of the utmost possible placidity. I know not that I ever saw a calmer, milder expression. And yet, to my astonishment, I found she had been—and still was—an extreme sufferer. Disease (I have since been told it was scrofula) had invaded the bone, and, some three years before, she had had to undergo amputation of one of her feet. Offering a few words of sympathy upon her diseased condition—for disease was

evidently making its inroads upon her whole frame—I now sought to ascertain, as best I could, whether she was the subject of Divine grace, and whether she knew anything of Divine teaching. Her Bible lay upon her bed. It readily furnished a text and a test. That test she could bear. Her words were few, but to the point. Some five years before, the Lord had opened her eyes. When working in a paper-mill in Devonshire, Sunday-school instruction, and the ministrations of the parochial clergyman, had been blessed to her; and there, it would seem, the Lord laid the foundation of a good hope which was instrumentally to sustain her during that long scene of trial and acute suffering to which she was about to be called.

From this time forward I visited her at different intervals, and never without personal satisfaction and encouragement. Indeed I may say, that hers was what I may term a reserve case. Sometimes when jaded from very weariness, or from either the apathy, or the ignorance, or the pharisaism, contact with which is inseparable from parochial visitation, I would drop in to that hallowed room, there to be revived and refreshed.

Almost invariably I found her in the same calm state; not of stoicism, or that species of torpid surrender to circumstances which is sometimes to be met with; nothing approaching this; but a patient, tranquil submission to, and evident acquiescence with, the will of her heavenly Father. On one occasion her mind was a little beclouded, and the enemy had been permitted to assail her. I do not recollect, however, this occurring more than once. And, considering how great a sufferer she was, I often admired the goodness and the loving-kindness of our God, in that whilst she knew little perhaps of Divine ecstasy or delight, the enemy was not permitted to assail her as he is allowed to assault those who know something of Paul's third heavens, and those bright and blessed disclosures which he was privileged to realize. Hers was more the calm resting of a child upon the bosom of its parent; a beautiful illustration of that scripture, "Thou wilt keep him in

perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

As other phases of the same disorder, or a different disorder altogether, began now to make their appearance, the doctor had urged her removal to the hospital. She was removed, and had now to undergo another operation; and nature could only be sustained by a liberal diet and stimulants, such as she could not be supplied with at home. She had internal as well as external abscesses, so that her whole system was undergoing a perfect drain.

The liberal diet, the kind attention of the nurses, the frequent visitation of the medical men, could not supply the place of home, or the tending of a fond mother. She longed for home, and to her home she returned. I was glad of that return; for though there may be a degree of interest in hospital visitation, it is not equal to that quiet and unreserve which the sick chamber affords, where, without interruption, the afflicted ones can express themselves.

As from time to time I used to take my seat by her bed-side, I would ask, What had the Lord spoken? what word had been applied since I last saw her? That word she always had; and then, in the same calm, composed, measured way, she would repeat passage after passage. I never remember greater—if such—power to have attended the quotations of Scripture, upon the part of an afflicted one, as I invariably experienced at that sick-bed. It used to tell home into my inmost heart. It came with such an unction, dew, power, that caused me to sit in silence before the Lord; nor could I refrain from weeping as I contemplated what my God could do, and did, in the midst of such an intensity of suffering. As she spoke the tears would gush to her eyes; and, in the sweetest, gentlest way, she would quote the words. One scene I shall never forget. The mother sat on one side of the bed, and I on the other. She lay in the same posture, as it was only about once a week she could be slightly moved, and then only with extreme difficulty. I had asked her, as usual, if she had any word from the Lord. Her reply was, as it was ever wont to be, in the affirmative. "I cannot tell where the passages are," she would say, "but I think about so and so;

nor am I certain that I repeat them quite correctly." But she was always right as to the place, and repeated them with the utmost correctness. I will give the reader a specimen, as far as my treacherous memory serves me. "That we may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Oh, the power that came with these words. The mother wept, and I wept, whilst she lay almost like an angel of light, rehearsing the precious words of a precious Lord, her countenance bedewed with a holy serenity, a heavenly calm, indicating that blessed acquiescence which saith, "the will of the Lord be done;" "the cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"

What volumes are learnt in one of these visits, and what a blessedness, dumbness, takes possession of one's heart as one sits, and gazes, and admires the great and the glorious all-sufficiency of one's God!

Oh, the triumphs of faith in a sick and dying hour. As far as words or appearances went, none would have known that dear Jane B. was a sufferer. Not the semblance of a murmur did I ever hear escape her lips.

Upon my first visit this year, Christmas and New-year's day having just passed, I was perfectly astonished to hear the gratitude with which she expressed herself in reference to the Lord's goodness for having spared her another year, and she, too, such a sufferer! "Oh," thought I, "what an example of patience, what a proof of submission!" To me it was most astounding, coward as I am at pain, and so restless and so impatient if sleep be broken. What shame and confusion of face do such examples of patience and holy serenity suggest.

A peculiar impulse prompted me to visit her on the last Saturday she passed on earth. Her mother, seeing a change in her, was anxious to send for me; but it seems that she had dreamt the night previously that I should call, and would not have me sent for, believing her dream would be fulfilled without it. It *was* fulfilled; and in a moment I saw the stamp of death upon her countenance, and felt assured her time was short. But a few days before she had expressed her gratitude that she had no cough, for she felt that in her weak state she could not bear it. As though the Lord would prove His all-sufficiency in this respect also, He suffered her to take a slight cold; a cough followed. It was most distressing. It convulsed her whole frame. Her mother had to hold her hands, when a fit of coughing came on, as this seemed a little to support her.

I spoke to her, as a little momentary cessation from pain or coughing permitted me, of the Lord's faithfulness and love, and sympathy: of His goodness in afflicting. What might have been the consequences had she not been afflicted? She responded feelingly, that but for affliction she might have been permitted to have gone on, and eternally perished. Had she any fault to find with the Lord? No; He had done all things well.

I now put my usual question to her, Had she had any word from the Lord? Yes. What? "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Has He dealt bountifully with you? "He has," was the reply.

Once more I committed her to the Lord and withdrew, believing her suffering time had nearly expired, but not thinking her final "rest" was quite so near as it proved to be.

I had just left the crowded congregation to whom it had been my privilege once more on the following Sabbath evening to minister, when, upon reaching my home, I was informed a messenger had been to inform me that Jane B. was dying. I hastened to her house, and, upon entering her chamber, found life was fast ebbing. The contrast with the animated scene I had just left was great; but, as I communed with that departing spirit, as I contemplated her unshaken faith and per-

fect composure in the very article of dissolution, as she lay perfectly conscious, though unable to express herself but in monosyllables, I wished it had been in my power to have shown to that congregation that scene, as being far stronger and more confirming of the grand verities of a good hope through grace, and evidence of the faithfulness, power, and all-sufficiency of our God, than any language or representations of mine.

To my questions, Was she happy in Jesus? she said, "Yes." Are you afraid to die? "No." Are you going home? "Yes." I quoted many Scriptures and verses of hymns. She responded to them by the nod or the "Yes;" but her labour for breath was such, that she could not say more. Her mother asked her to say something to me; but the attempt was vain. She had not the power, though perfectly self-possessed.

Several times I thought she was going; again she revived. Presently her poor mother, exhausted from fatigue and excitement, was seized with hysterics. It instantly aroused the dying one. Her look, first at her mother and then at me, was most piteous. She seemed at once to forget her own sufferings in her concern for her much-loved parent. The mother soon rallied, and became more composed; and at length I rose to leave. I took her hand for the last time, and said, "Good-bye." "Good-bye, sir," she said, with great effort, "good-bye." I felt it was a good-bye for eternity. I halted at the door, turned and looked once more upon her. Her eyes followed me, as I once more said, "Good-bye." A little more than two hours afterwards she gently raised her hand, closed her eyes, and sweetly fell asleep upon the bosom of her Beloved. Sweet sleep! Dear Jane B., thou hast indeed "returned unto thy rest,"—that rest uninterrupted and eternal, in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb.

I would not suffer my natural reluctance to stand in the way. I felt I *must* gaze upon that dear sleeping one. Resorting again to the house, and to the chamber which had often been "the very gate of heaven" to me; there she lay in the sweet stillness of her last repose. The big drop no longer trickled

down her brow; the struggle for breath was hushed; nought was heard in the quiet of that sacred chamber but the ticking of the clock that had on the night before seemed to echo to her each fresh effort for breath.

It had been her wish, as I afterwards found, that I should commit her poor body to the ground. That wish was mine also. I wanted her precious remains to be deposited in the lovely cemetery hard by, where it had been my sacred pleasure to commit the mortal remains of several to the ground, "in the sure and certain hope of *their* resurrection to eternal life;"—a spot, too, where I hope *my* bones shall wait the return of my Beloved. But there were difficulties in the way. An extra expense would be involved. But that was soon overcome by the kindly aid of one who had administered to her necessities

in her sickness, and who *now* with the same promptitude aided in her burial.

And how striking was that burial with another which took place at the same cemetery, and at the same hour. Two hapless women had been drowned a few days previously, and under circumstances which must of necessity pronounce their case a hopeless one. Their remains were carried into the cemetery at the same moment as that of dear Jane B. But whilst the one procession turned to the one side and the other to the other, I thought, How significant of a still wider and infinitely more awful separation!

Reader, by the removal of such a character as her a few particulars of whom I have thus briefly given, I am sure you will now understand what I mean by—A BLANK IN THE PARISH.

PLENTY IN THE HEAD.

In our walks this morning we met with a dear minister of the Gospel, who was the means, under God, of dropping a word of comfort and encouragement upon the heart. We were stating our fears that we were hardly equal to fulfil a certain position which was open for us, in connection with an important society; when the man of God replied, "You put me in mind of a circumstance which occurred in my own experience a few years back. I had been out preaching for several Sabbaths running, and was calculating upon a day of rest and quietude on the coming Sunday, when, on the Saturday evening, one of Mr. W——'s deacons waited upon me with the request that I would preach

for Mr. W—— on the morrow, as he had been taken ill, and was unable to fulfil the duties. I objected, stating that I had been preaching much, was quite exhausted, and really I had no word for the people. I shall never forget," said this minister of God, "the old deacon's reply. Lifting up his hand high above his head, and pointing to heaven, he said emphatically, 'There's plenty in the Head for you.' It was enough, I was obliged to go, and I found then, and have ever found since, his words true, 'There's plenty in the Head.'"

Reader, when inclined to faint and give it all up, recollect "There's plenty in the Head."

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

THE WEARY PILGRIM'S RESTING-PLACE.

When sin and sorrow press me round,
How blest to know that I have found
That sacred, holy spot of ground,
My soul's sweet resting-place.

While passing through this desert land,
Where all around is sinking sand,
O! let me fully understand

My soul's sweet resting-place.

If friends forsake and foes combine
To harass this poor soul of mine,

Birmingham.

I turn to Thee, oh! Lamb divine;

My soul's sweet resting-place.

There I can fall, and weep, and cry,
To Jesus raise my tearful eye,
Assur'd that Thou art ever nigh,

My soul's sweet resting-place.

O may I prove the pow'r of pray'r,
Amidst each daily weight of care,
And ever unto Thee repair,

My soul's sweet resting-place.

E. B. MOENS.

A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF PROVIDENCE; OR, THE QUARTER'S RETURNS FOR THE NEW CHURCH AT BEDMINSTER.

[BELOVED READERS,—When we penned the subjoined, we had not the remotest idea of its seeing the light until the hand that wrote it was mouldering beneath the clods of the neighbouring grave-yard. But, conversing a few days since with a dear brother upon the goodness, and the faithfulness, and the love of our God, in the wise and gracious methods of His providence, the annexed "Memoranda" were brought from the private drawer where they were deposited, and read, to our mutual refreshing. The thought immediately after occurred, "If refreshing, and strengthening, and encouraging to *us*, why not to *others*?" Why, from a mock modesty, or a pride, or a self that will as much work in a *reserving* as in a *recording*—

"Why should the wonders God hath wrought,

Be lost in silence, and forgot?"

What have the poor creatures more immediately concerned to say to it? Nothing. 'Tis to no wisdom, or strength, or merit, or foresight of theirs, is success in the leastwise to be ascribed. 'Tis to God, and to God alone. To Him, and to Him only, belongeth every iota of the glory. And why should He not have that glory now as in days or years to come? Why should not the proof that He is JEHOVAH-JIREH at the present time, as in past ages, be recorded still? Why should any fears of the taunt of the worldling, or the sneer of the sceptic, deter from the publication of that which may redound to the glory of God, and to the cheering the oftentimes depressed spirits of some poor pilgrims to Zion? God is the God-hearing and the God-answering prayer now as of yore. Therefore, with the hope that God may be glorified, His children cheered, and a more watchful eye be kept upon His word and work, these simple "memoranda" are sent forth in His great and glorious name, and to His praise.—ED.]

MEMORANDA OF CHURCH AND SCHOOL MATTERS.

January, 1860.

I DESIRE to make a simple record before the Lord of the gracious dealings of His

hand, in reference to the work in which I am engaged here. It was He who led my footsteps to this place, and He who, in connexion with those marvellous leadings, has so ratified and confirmed every step as to cause me oftentimes to stand and wonder, admire and adore.

As in reference to the gracious interpositions of His wondrous providence through my whole life, I grieve that I have not made close and frequent notes of the same, so I lament my neglect in not recording the methods of His providence with respect to the contributions to the work now in hand.

I should like to have left such record behind me, if it were the Lord's will, to His glory, and for the encouragement of my children, and my children's children.

None could have ever proved Him to be JEHOVAH-JIREH more significantly than I, the child of His wise and gracious Providence almost from very infancy. His word from early years has seemed to me to be "Look to *ME*; lean upon *ME*; *I* will lead, *I* provide."

I would just note, that, through the Lord's great mercy, since I became connected with this parish—now just fifteen months—principally through my humble instrumentality—very nearly £2,000 has been collected. For the church and endowment (exclusive of schools) we now require about the same sum. And will not our God supply the same? Yea, assuredly He will. I cannot—dare not—doubt it.

But here my faith has been tried. To call upon, and ask individuals to give, has been repugnant to me. Perhaps—most likely—this has arisen very much from *pride*; yet I think not *altogether* so. I have felt it much easier to ask *my God* for anything than my poor fellow-fallen man. I find it more agreeable to go to the throne of grace, than to the counting-house or the drawing-room of my fellow-sinner. It is much more pleasant to me to ask my God to "send unto me the supplies which *He* sees I need," than to petition *men*. Moreover, it distracts my attention, and takes me from the parish, where I am greatly needed.

I do not object to the issue of circulars, in the way of a simple, straightforward appeal. In this I am engaged at the present. In connexion with this, I watch and wait for the Lord's approving hand; and I think I am not without the tokens of that approval.

This day week I commenced a re-issue of such appeal through Clifton; and from that source alone, I have since received £76 11s. 0d.; and now, dear Father, with, I trust, a simple view to Thy glory, I purpose day by day, as Thou shalt enable me, noting down what Thou shalt be pleased to send me in this way. All hearts are in Thy hand. The cattle upon a thousand hills are Thine, and the gold and silver also. Therefore, be pleased to send for this object—which is the raising a temple for Thy service—just as shall seem good in Thy sight. Open hearts, Lord, and open hands; send by whom Thou wilt send; and let stone after stone of neighbouring church be raised as sweet mementoes of the marvellous mercy, and wondrous love, and gracious interest of our covenant God; ratifying and confirming that which is begun, and thus far continued with, I trust, a simple and sincere desire that He may be glorified and His people richly and abundantly blessed.

I am come to the aforementioned resolve in part through lying awake during the hours of the past night, and reflecting upon some of those intense and agonizing wrestlings which I had with the Lord, in my former business-career, when, with "strong crying and tears," I used to beseech Him to appear; when at times I seemed to take heaven by force; and when, in the most marvellous way, He would appear. Oh, now that I am going rapidly the downhill of life, and now that my remaining years are so very few, how much I reproach myself for not having kept a faithful and an explicit record of my Father-God's dealings and doings. Forgive me this, among all my other manifold sins of omission and of commission, O Lord my God; and do enable me, for the little residue of my days, to note down what Thy kind and gracious hand shall do.

Whilst just engaged in writing the foregoing and in the act of closing the same, the postman's knock announced my morning's letters, upon opening

which I find enclosed for this day—*January 5, 1860—£13 3s. 6d.*

Dear Father, permit me to take this as an earnest of thy smile and approval of this my feeble record to thy praise.

Jan. 6th. Received this day,	£4	2	6
.. 7th	3	3	7
.. 8th—9th	11	13	0
.. 10th	10	3	0

[The 3s. was from a servant, who writes that she has been a subscriber to the *Gospel Magazine* ever since my Editorship, twenty years in May next.]

Jan. 11th	6	6	8
.. 12th	1	10	6
.. 13th	8	4	6
.. 14th	7	4	7

[For this week, £45 2s. 3d.]

Lord, be thou praised!

Jan. 15th—16th	5	15	2
.. 17th	3	9	6
.. 18th	1	7	6
.. 19th	85	0	2
.. 20th	9	3	11
.. 21st	7	16	6

[This week, £112 12s. 9d.!!]

Thy name, O Lord, be praised!

Jan. 22nd—23rd	8	19	1
.. 24th	1	18	0
.. 25th	1	13	6
.. 26th	19	11	0
.. 27th	27	8	4
.. 28th	7	19	4

[This week, £67 4s. 3d.]

For the four weeks, £324 0 0

Bless the Lord, O my soul! "What hath God wrought?"

Unbelief says the channels are now dried up, and asks, What *prospect* is there for the coming month? "Is any thing too hard for the LORD?" I know not whence it is to come. Humanly speaking, the resources are used up. I know not where more is to come; but has not my GOD all hearts in *His* hands? Has *He* not boundless resources? Are not the gold and the silver *His*? And cannot *He* touch some heart, and open some hand? Yea, assuredly. In *His* hands I would leave the whole matter. To Him would I look to send just what pleaseth Him.

From my heart would I say, "Not as I will but as Thou wilt." One thing I would record to His praise: I could not bear leaving the parish-work, to go about from house to house, soliciting. No doubt there was much of my natural pride in this. However, my gracious God, without any interference or the least-expressed wish (directly or indirectly) of mine inclined a certain friend of the Gospel—a hearer at our Wooden Church—to do what I was so loath to do; and he has, in consequence, collected £87 10s. 0d. of the above sum. To GOD—our own GOD—be all the glory! Lord, I would trust, and not be afraid. I desire grace from Thyself, O Father, that I may be "wise and observe these things," for Thou hast said, "that even such shall understand the loving-kindness of the LORD."

Brought forward	£324	0	0
Jan. 29th—30th	1	1	6
.. 31st	3	2	0
Feb. 1st	5	14	0
.. 2nd	2	7	10
.. 3rd	2	10	6
.. 4th	18	7	4

[For the week, £33 3s. 4d.]

The Lord shall have the praise—the Lord, and Him alone.

Feb. 5th—6th	5	12	7
.. 7th	2	15	7
.. 8th	19	7	6
.. 9th	0	8	0
.. 10th	0	15	0
.. 11th	2	10	2

[This week, £31 8s. 10d.]

I would acknowledge Thy mercy and Thy goodness, O my God. This is Monday, and, though not a penny has come in by this post, I cannot help thinking—yea, I had almost said, believing—that a sum equal to that just shown I shall have to record for the present week. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Lord, increase my faith, and give me more confidence in Thyself. Help me to ask large things, and to EXPECT large things.

Feb. 12th—13th	£8	7	3
.. 14th	5	12	6
.. 15th	1	6	0
.. 16th	0	7	11
.. 17th	6	5	6
.. 18th	0	2	6

[The week, £20 1s. 8d.]

Faith has been at a very low ebb this week, neither watchful nor careful about the matter. I think it has given me a further insight into that word, "According to thy faith be it unto thee." "No cross, no crown." "No trial, no triumph." No sigh, no song."

Feb. 19th—20th	£1	1	5
.. 21st	15	0	9
.. 22nd	0	2	0
.. 23rd	6	3	6
.. 24th	14	11	8
.. 25th	9	0	7

[Wonderful! £45 19s. 5d.]

For the month, £130 13s. 3d.

Oh, Lord, I would indeed praise Thee!

March.

I have entered upon this month with mingled feelings—at one time enjoying a sweet reliance upon my heavenly Father, at another looking on the right hand and on the left, saying, How can these things be? In consequence of an interview I had with the Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, I came to the conclusion that it was hopeless to expect anything from them towards the endowment of the church; the consequence is, that One Thousand Pounds more than I calculated upon will have to be collected. Where I know not, but the Lord knows. £2000 seems a large sum to me, but what is it to our God? Boundless are His resources, and "nothing is too hard for the Lord." Oh, I delight to think of this. Cipher as I am in this matter of moving hearts and collecting means, my God can move hearts and send means too. He can "work wondrously," now as of old time, whilst I, a poor worm of the earth, stand by and look on, with wonder, admiration, and praise.

Dear Father, Thou knowest my necessities in this church-building. Is it not a temple to be raised to Thy praise? Is it not a house for Thy service? Do I not from my very heart desire, that it shall be for Thy glory? Do I wish it to be man's work? What can I, a poor dependent creature upon Thy wisdom, Thy grace, Thy mercy, from one moment to another, what can I do in such a house without Thee? Is not the simple and sincere language of my heart, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence?" Therefore, dear Father, as

I look alone to Thee for the unction and power of Thy Spirit, to clothe Thy word with dew and savour in the exaltation of a precious Christ in that place; as I have but one heart and one wish in prospect of the ministrations in that place, may I not look to Thee, hope in Thee, confide in Thee, for the provision of the money wherewith to build the same? Is it not Thine own work? Wilt Thou not prove it to be so? Wilt Thou not in this, as well as in every other respect, perfect that which concerneth me? Ah, Lord, what am I, and what is my Father's house, that Thou hast been pleased so to deal with me hitherto? Now then, do, I pray thee, in a very special way, enable me to look to Thee, and to rely upon Thee for all that remains to be done. Give me more faith, Lord. "Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief." Open hearts, Lord, and open hands. Let this month upon which we have entered bear witness to some further gracious proof of Thy watchful eye and gracious heart. Dear Father, for Jesu's sake hear. Send every needful supply, and let me stand and gaze upon the raising of yonder temple, stone after stone, as under the direction of Thine own hand, bearing precious tokens of Thy divine approval, and with the sweet earnest and precious assurance, that the glorious sound of the everlasting Gospel shall ere long be heard within those walls. Oh, let nothing but the certain sound be heard there. Let nought but God's rich, and free, and sovereign grace to poor, lost, ill-and-hell-deserving sinners, ever be proclaimed beneath that roof. Amen, so be it, Lord. Amen.

And now I wait upon Thee, dear Father, to note down in this book before Thee, that the same may hereafter redound to Thy glory and for the encouragement of my fellow-men, the daily supplies which Thy kind and gracious hand may be pleased to send as Thou wilt, when Thou wilt, and by whom Thou wilt.

Feb. 26th—27th	£2 15 6
.. 28th	1 0 7
.. 29th	0 7 6
Mar. 1st	1 3 7
.. 2nd	1 16 0
.. 3rd	10 14 5

[The week £17 17s. 1d.]

I was glancing at the sums this morning received during the previous days of

this week, and thought how far they fell short of what the Lord has been pleased lately to send. It seemed as though it would be a very small week. The post immediately brought most unexpectedly a £10 cheque. Oh, for more faith. I feel how prone I am to ask, How can these things be? If so, why thus? Lord, enable me to look simply to Thyself. I want to brave all creature-appearance and creature-reasoning, and to look simply and exclusively to Thyself and Thy promise. Thou art "mighty in counsel, and excellent in working." "Thou commandest, and the thing stands fast."

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

"Though we believe not, He abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself."

Mar. 4th—5th	£0 6 0
.. 6th	1 2 6
.. 7th	13 8 0
.. 8th	2 3 8
.. 9th	3 0 6
.. 10th	0 2 0

[The week, £20 2s. 8d.]

The Lord be praised for this fresh proof of His most gracious interest, and day by day may He show continued proof of His favour in this good work, proving that it is *His* work, and not ours; and, feeling this, may He give us grace to look to, and rest upon Him for supplies; the gold and the silver being His!

Mar. 11th—12th	£0 2 6
.. 13th	0 8 6
.. 14th	2 0 0
.. 15th	1 10 0
.. 16th	11 6 0
.. 17th	0 10 0

[The week, £15 16s. 0d.]

Mar. 18th—19th	£1 2 0
.. 20th	6 9 1
.. 21st	19 3 8
.. 22nd	0 15 9
.. 23rd	2 6 5
.. 24th	0 15 1

[The week, £30 12s. 0d.]

For that month, £84 7s. 9d.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name."

For the twelve weeks, £530 1 0

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS."

"And by it, he being dead, yet speaketh."

YOUR correspondent has given some of the most interesting remarks and facts connected with that section of "The Noble Army of Martyrs," who sealed their lives with their blood at Amersham, Bucks; and, doubtless, both he and your readers generally will be gratified at the following additional particulars.

WILLIAM TYLSWORTH was the name of the honoured martyr referred to: he suffered in one of his own fields, known by the name of Tenterfield, or Stanley field, in the year 1506. His only daughter, wife of JOHN CLERK, was dragged by the monks to the place of execution and forced to ignite the pile prepared to torture and consume her revered parent.

This heart-rending scene has been made the subject of a magnificent oil-painting by those eminent historical artists, GEORGE and JAMES FOGO, and it may be viewed by any one who goes up the great staircase of the Pantheon, Oxford-street, London.

The venerable man is seen chained to the stake, amidst a group of suspected heretics, clothed in the penitential garb, and each of them bearing a faggot on his back. The martyr is surrounded by a heap of straw and faggots, and at his feet lies WICKLIFFE's translation of the Holy Bible, the chief object of monkish apprehension and persecution.

I have a fine engraving of this monstrous act of fiendish malignity, and, in viewing it occasionally, the thought has forced itself upon my mind, Ah! how shall I stand the trying day? But faith can answer all demands; that steadfast, deep, and abiding faith, which is of the operation of God the Holy Ghost, can run into the name of the Lord and find it a strong tower, a shield, and glorious hiding-place. Hither the shafts of Satan cannot come; the scorn of the world cannot blight, and the frailties of poor fallen nature cannot sink the soul into despondency; but with holy boldness the man of God cries out, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength," through Him who is stronger than Satan.

Yes, the loins of the mind of the "new man," being once girded up by God's unchangeable promise, "I will never leave thee," the martyr goes boldly to the funereal pile; and whilst his soul is in holy converse with his glorified Lord and Saviour, the frail body is scarcely sensible of the intense agony which such a cruel death would otherwise produce; so that the disembodied spirit of the martyr wings its way to glory, whilst the hands, lips, and voice have testified to the light affliction being only for a moment.

GEORGE CORFE, M.D.

London.

"LOOKING TO JESUS."

If Jesus is especially glorified in the faith of His people, let yours be a life of faith in all its minute detail. Live upon Him for spiritual supplies; live upon Him for temporal supplies. Go to Him in dark providences, that you may be kept from sinking; go to Him in bright providences, that you may be kept from falling. Go to Him when the path is rough, that you may walk in it contentedly; go to Him when the path is smooth, that you may walk in it surely. Let your daily history be a travelling to Jesus empty, and a coming from Jesus filled. Keep the truth constantly and prominently before your eye, "The just shall live by faith." If this

be so, do not expect that God will ever permit you to live by sight. Bend your whole soul submissively to Him in this matter. Let His will and yours be one. If in the course of your wilderness journeyings He has brought you into a great strait; yea, to the very margin of the sea; still, at His bidding, "go forward," though it be into that sea. Trust Him to cleave asunder its waters, making a dry passage for your feet, and causing those very waves that threatened to engulf you, now to prove as a cloud canopying you above, and as walls of strength fencing you in on every side.—*Winslow's Morning Portions*, February 18.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE UNEQUAL MATCH.

BELOVED, if a nobleman of wealth should visit the cottage of a poor man, and should become enamoured with the cottager's daughter, and she should become his wife, what a consternation, what a matter of surprise it would make in the neighbourhood! The man of note and wealth would be considered to have executed a wonderful act of condescension, and the labourer's daughter would be considered indeed a fortunate person. But however marvellous such a match would be, it is nothing compared to the one we want now to bring before your notice. We want to tell you of a King who married a beggar, a Prince who married a pauper; nay, a precious, spotless Jesus, who has taken into vital union with Himself a poor, fallen, sin-besmeared bride, washed her in His own most precious blood, put on her the beautiful garments of His salvation, and, causing her to lean upon His arm, is bringing her by certain steps up out of the wilderness to dwell with Him for ever and ever. Was ever love like this? The Prince of Peace marrying a pauper! The King of kings becoming Husband to a beggar! And, in order fully to show the wonders of this gracious yet unequal match, we would remind you of that inquiry made by the daughters of Zion of the daughter in Zion: "What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O! thou fairest among women?" (Sol. Song, v. 9.)

The real children of Zion know well what it is to have waking moments during the night seasons, and at such times to experience a going-out in desire after Jesus. Their feelings are something like this: Lord, now the world is hushed in silence, do manifest thyself;—now the many cares of the day have subsided, let me forget them, and, in order that I may, do visit me! Precious Jesus! I want a fresh token of Thy love; I want to lay hold of Thee; do come in, that I may realize Thy presence! And so it was with the Church when this inquiry was made. She says: "I sleep, but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying, 'Open to me, my sister, my love.'" And then she

just gains a peep at Him as He puts His hand by the hole of the door; and so gracious is the sight that her hands drop with Gospel blessings as she holds the handles of the lock. But He is gone; her Beloved has vanished. Can she rest?—can she sink again into slumber? Oh! no; the visit has so stirred her up that she must leave her chamber and seek for her Beloved; and after seeking for Him in vain, she asks the watchmen that go about the city if they have seen Him: but, alas, the watchmen smote her, and wounded her, and took away her veil, just as many of them do now. When a poor tired soul goes into the sanctuary, they wound him, take away his veil, show him his nakedness without leading him to Jesus, set before him the husks of human learning instead of the provision of the Gospel. There should be but one purpose in preaching, namely, to preach Christ—to exhibit Him. All short or above this is "wounding," "smiting," and taking away the veil from the seeking Church; and then, longing to find Him, flying from the false watchmen as miserable comforters, she charges the daughters of Jerusalem, if they have found Him, to tell her where He is; but they respond: "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?"

Now see, dear reader, the daughters of Zion call the Church's Jesus "*thy Beloved*," while the Church herself they denominate, "*thou fairest among women*." What a sweet and suitable title is that for our Jesus—"my Beloved!" Surely it betokens one in close relationship. We should never call a stranger my beloved; nay, not even a brother would be called so. No, it is a title that indicates a closer relationship than this, namely, a husband. And how indeed is it right to call the poor fallen Church "*the fairest among women*?" We reply, because she is comely through the comeliness that her Beloved has put upon her; herself polluted, but in Him clean. And then notice, dear reader, who it is that makes the inquiry, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" It is the daughters of Zion that make the

inquiry. It is the professing Church which asks the question in a way of surprise. Who are the daughters of Zion? Look into our crowded churches; you will see plenty of them. Do you want a description of them? The prophet Isaiah supplies us with one; they are marked for "the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their round tires like the moon, their chains, and bracelets, and mufflers, their changeable suits of apparel, their mantles, and their vails;" but above all, for their "haughtiness and stretched-forth necks" as they pass with proud step to their cushioned pews, disdaining the real daughter in Zion in mean attire, who dares to inquire for something more in worship than the mumbling of prayers or the letter of the Word. What is thy Beloved, they say, more than another beloved? Why can you not be satisfied, you uneasy person? We know more about Christ than you do. You are looking for what Scripture does not authorize. You should be content with what your minister says; he's so good, so pious, I'm sure he would not say anything that was wrong. Alas! alas! says the poor soul, I want not your minister, I want "my Beloved." Give me Christ, or else I die. And then again, not merely do the daughters of Zion make this inquiry in a way of surprise, but *Satan oft-times makes it in a way of temptation*. He says: What is thy Beloved more than another beloved? You see thousands not so particular as you are; they can attend to Sabbath duties, and yet during the week they can enjoy themselves in the world; they can be agreeable in the society of those with whom they come in contact; their religion does not make them unsociable. What are you better than they, that you set yourself up as desiring more than they do? What, indeed, is your Beloved more than theirs? Ah! dear reader, this was the form of temptation he used with our first parents; this was the way the subtle beast of the field beguiled poor Eve. Eat, he said, of the forbidden tree, and ye shall be as gods. What is thy God above another? Eat, and ye will become equal with Him. What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that you should pay attention to Him? She did eat; hence the fall, and hence those multitudes of sins, dear reader,

which perplex and torment you and me daily. May God grant that we may be enabled to make a stand against his wily temptations, and "count all things as dung and dross, that we may win Christ." And then, not merely does the professing Church in a way of surprise, and Satan in a way of temptation, make this inquiry, but the world too asks the question *in a way of taunt*. What is thy Beloved more than another beloved? Why are you so particular? Why not come, as you used to, to our social parties and amusements? What do you find in your religion so attractive that you are now shy of us? Have your religion if you please, but still a little of the world surely will not hurt you. What is your Beloved more than another beloved? Ah! but the Christian cannot; if he attempts, woe be to him. "My leanness, my leanness," will be his inevitable cry.

But now, dear reader, let us come to *the proofs which the Church gives that her Beloved is superior to every other beloved*—let us notice how sweetly she meets the inquiry. She says: "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand"—And then, after describing the different parts of His body as exhibiting perfection of perfection, as if lost in wonder and amazement, she sums up—"Yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." Surely she must have found Him to give such a description of Him. Let us, beloved, just trace out the lineaments of this blessed portraiture to our souls' comfort and joy.

1st. She says, "My Beloved is white and ruddy." If we see a person white and ruddy, we should at once set such an one down as being healthy; so this may indicate with Jesus, "My Beloved is all health." Hence the Psalmist says: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the *health* of my countenance and my God." And elsewhere he prays that "His saving health may be known among all nations." Art thou a sinner, full of disease? Go to Jesus; He is all health, the dispenser of saving health. Well, then, may the Church exclaim, "My Beloved is white and ruddy. But, dear reader, have we not

something more inferred here? May we not consider that the two natures of the God-man Christ Jesus are here alluded to—"white and ruddy?" You will recollect that when our dear Redeemer was transfigured before Peter, James, and John, and His Godhead overcame manhood, "His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment *was white as light*." And throughout John's vision he saw the Lord Jesus walking, or standing, "in white." "My Beloved," then says the Church, "is white," and then "ruddy," indicative of His human nature—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—the God-man manifest in the flesh—ruddy (red earth). Great indeed is the mystery of godliness. And then the next proof the Church gives of her Beloved's superiority is, that "He is the chiefest among ten thousand" (marginal reading, "standard-bearer.") Our Jesus, then, is the standard-bearer. Oh! what need we fear, then? Who can wrest the flag of victory from His almighty grasp? All we have got to do is to keep close to Him. And then He is the chiefest among ten thousand in one and all the offices and characters He sustains. Is he a star?—He is the Bright Morning Star. Is He a King?—He is the King of kings. Is He begotten?—He is the Only Begotten. Is He a Priest?—He is High-Priest for ever. Is He a Lamb?—He is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Is He a Physician?—He is the Good Physician. Is He a Shepherd?—He is the Chief Shepherd. Yea, He is the chiefest among ten thousand, God over all, blessed for ever. Then the next proof the Church gives of His superiority is, that "His head is as the most fine gold." All other headships are spurious metal headships—gigantic deceptions. Yea, that great pretended headship, the Church of Rome, is but the great Nebuchadnezzar idol that is set up by the enemies of the King of kings, and which shall eventually be crushed to powder by "the little stone cut out of the mountains without hands." But the Headship of Christ is as the most fine gold; and so must all the members of His body be most fine gold, Christians; hence the furnace work, and those many painful ordeals which they have to pass through; as poor Job says, "But He knoweth the way that I take;

when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." And then the head is that which gives life and motion to the body; as good old Jacob said, "Blessings unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills shall be on the head of Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." So it is: blessings of an everlasting character are upon the head of our spiritual Joseph. So that when John the Divine beheld Him in vision he saw that "on His head were many crowns." And a further proof of the superiority of the Church's Beloved is that "His locks are bushy and black as a raven." Surely here we have signified strength and beauty—"bushy locks;" but, blessed be His name, no Delilah shall ever deprive our Spiritual Samson of His strength. He is strong in battle, mighty to save. And then His locks are black as a raven, which was considered among the Jews a sign of great beauty, but which may probably set forth His priestly office, for "this Man," this Beloved, because he continueth for ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood; wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.

And then, still further, the Church delights in the fact that her Beloved has eyes "which are like the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set." Here surely we have a threefold figure setting forth her Beloved's superiority—*eyes that are plenteous in mercy*—eyes of doves by the rivers of waters—eyes that are pure, washed in milk: as it is written, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity," and eyes fitly set, or "sitting in fulness" (marginal reading), denoting perfection of sight—as Zechariah says, "He is a stone with seven eyes," seven being a perfect number; and thus He has eyes that are omniscient, seeing everywhere and everything. Don't think, little one, you are not cared for—not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge; He is a God "who triest the righteous, and seest the reins and the heart." But recollect, the Great Searcher of Hearts has "dove's eyes," plenteous in mercy, beaming down upon His poor unworthy Church, who furthermore de-

clares the superiority of her Beloved, in that His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers—or, (as the marginal reading again renders it,) “towers of perfumes,”—and His lips like lillies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh,”—dropping with grace and spiritual blessings. Oh! how sweet are the words of His lips when sealed home by the power of the Holy Ghost; verily they drop myrrh to the soul. And then she says, “His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl.” Beryl is a stone of heaven, one of which the walls are built, which was typified on Aaron’s breastplate. Well, then, when His hand is outstretched to save, it is to save for heaven; for on His hands are gold rings set with beryl; His belly also, or His bowels of compassion, is as bright ivory, enduring, never-failing; as Jeremiah says, “It is of the Lord’s mercy we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not: they are new every morning, and fresh every evening, and great is His faithfulness.” It is as enduring as “bright ivory;” abiding compassion is His gracious cha-

racteristic. And furthermore she says: “His legs are as pillars of marble set in sockets of fine gold.” Surely the firmness and stability of His kingdom is here portrayed, each pillar thereof being set in such a socket of gold as that covenant verity which assures us that His eternal Father hath loved His bride with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness hath drawn her into the embrace of her spiritual Husband. And then she adds: “His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.” No trees of the forest surpassed them. His presence is everything she desires; and, as if now lost in amazement at the entire beauty of her Beloved, and His superiority over all other beloveds, she bursts forth, “His mouth is most sweet, yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.” And well enough, indeed, has she met their inquiry, “What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?”

Reader, who is your Beloved?

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

A FATHER’S EXPERIENCE ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED TWIN-SON, MAY 22, 1858.

Ah! when the thought first dawned on me, that my sixth-born must die,
My heart closed up, *unutterable*, in speechless agony—
I could not pray to spare that boy,
Although he was my secret joy.

I bowed my head, for well I knew that He who “Gilbert” gave,
“Spared not His Son,” “*unspeakable*,” eternally to save—
I saw my Jesus on the cross,
And for His sake I bore my loss.

Bereft, I praised the matchless power, that “spoiled” death of his sting,
And o’er the grave, *victoriously*, proclaimed my Jesus “king”—
Yet my dear Jesus wept below,
In pattern that my tears may flow.

Yes! “He went forth, reproached and weeping, precious seed to bear;”
But see! He comes, *triumphantly*, with sheaves in-gathered there—
Fully ripened, glory singing,
In his garner “Gilbert” bringing.

Saved—there among that countless throng, my blood-bought babe I see,
Robed in glory, *everlasting*, chaunting Jesu’s melody—
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
All the notes of glory raising,
Ever serving, ever praising,
Hallelujah! be unto the Lamb, Amen.

Plymouth.

CHARLES F. CREWES.

SOUL opportunities are worth more than a thousand worlds. Mercy is in them, grace and glory are in them, heaven and eternity are in them.—*Brooks*.

ISRAEL'S KEEPER.

"The Lord is thy keeper."

THIS is cheering tidings to the people of God, who are made painfully conscious of their own inability to keep themselves. Happy are they who have such a keeper. How sad must be the lot of all those who, left to themselves, trust in an arm of flesh which, sooner or later, must fail them. In its widest sense, the Word applies to the Church of Christ, often in scripture called Israel. Taking a narrower view, it refers to individuals. To every soul that fears God, who is a worshipper of Christ, it is said, "The Lord is thy keeper."

The Church of Christ is compared to a vineyard—"I the Lord do keep it." The Lord is the keeper of His vineyard; He has intrusted its safety to none else. The plants are goodly plants of His own right-hand planting; all others shall be rooted up. He has appointed many other keepers, but all are subordinate to Him. He superintends and governs the whole, working all things after the counsel of His own will; and hence arises the blessedness, the safety, and security of His people, and the prosperity of His vineyard. That people must be favoured indeed who have the Lord Himself for their keeper;—His almighty power defends them; His almighty grace supports them; His eternal mercy encompasses them; His watchful eye guides them; and His unchanging love surrounds them;—they are safe who dwell under His shadow.

The world is a wide wilderness, where sin and folly grow unchecked. The Church owes all its beauty, comeliness, and fruitfulness, to the gracious care of its Almighty Keeper.

The Church is compared to a flock of sheep; Christ is their keeper. He is the good Shepherd. They wander from Him, it is true; this is no disparagement to the careful keeping of the Shepherd. They are, by nature, wanderers; and, though hedged in by the most wholesome instructions, by holy precepts and divine institutes, and protected by an ever-watchful Providence, they sometimes break through the hedge and wander, to their hurt, but not

to their ruin. For it is a part of the Shepherd's care to bring again that which was driven away; to heal that which was wounded, and to restore the wanderers. "He restoreth my soul," said the Psalmist. "I am gone astray like a lost sheep: seek thy servant, for I have not forgotten thy way."

But hear what the gracious Shepherd says concerning them: "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." The Shepherd of Israel is as faithful as He is merciful, and wanteth not power and means to recover out of the snare of the devil such as are taken captive by him at his will. The Lord is Israel's keeper.

The Lord is *thy* keeper. Ah, tried soul, you have often heard and read such texts as these—"Keep thy foot when thou goest unto the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools." And you have found out how unable you are to *keep yourself*. Here is glad tidings for thee. The Lord is thy keeper, and He bids thee *look unto Him*. "He that trusts His own heart is a fool," said the wise man, and such folly we find out to be our own, that we may learn to "trust in the Lord Jehovah." Remember, for thy comfort, tried one, "Ye are not under the *law*, but under *grace*." The law provides nothing to help thee to keep its holy precepts; but there is provision of grace in Jesus for all the family of God, and out "of His fulness have all we received, and *grace for grace*." Again, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." How shall I keep such a heart as mine, one says, from going after its covetousness? Brother, "The Lord is thy keeper." He says, "My son, give me thine heart." Ah, Lord, now I see 'tis by strength no man shall prevail; but Jacob, though weak and disabled, shall prevail over the angel by mighty faith. And he that can prevail with God, may surely believe he shall prevail with mortal man. The Lord was Israel's keeper; and this truth he then taught Jacob when his brother threatened his destruction with

an army. And many times has thy heart been threatened with an overwhelming destruction by an army of fears—of sorrows—of sins; but having the Lord thy keeper thou hast prevailed, not by thy might, or power, or wisdom, but by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of His testimony.”

How often the believer requires a watch to be set on the door of his lips, that his mouth may be kept as with a bridle, lest he should offend. The unguarded word slips out, and oh, what mischief ensues. Behold how great a

matter a *little fire* kindleth. Here, again, is instruction and comfort for us. The Lord is thy keeper. Trust not in a friend. Put no confidence in a guard. Keep thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom. But, says the inspired prophet, “I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; He will hear me.”

May these precious words be a comfort and consolation to some one who is seeking the good and right way.

WILLIAM.

Blackburn.

CHURCH-GOING.

THE following remarks of the excellent RICHARD CECIL are worthy of our attentive consideration:—

“It is but a partial view which many pious persons seem to have of the Church at this day, with respect to its ordinances. They are not satisfied if they do not individually receive some help and improvement from the preacher. They do not consider that going to church is rendering a homage to God. Though that ordinance may impart much good to the hearer, it is rather intended as a public acknowledgment of God, as a governor and protector. Sunday is particularly set apart for that consideration; it is an opportunity for manifesting our regard to Him as God; therefore there can be no excuse for our not frequenting the church, because the minister is not all we could wish. The children of Israel did not cease to frequent the tabernacle, though Hophni and Phineas administered; they still made their acknowledgments. God has said, ‘Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’ Abraham planted a grove (perhaps it was more convenient in hot countries); the sons of God presented themselves before the Lord. It is an act of homage. The place is nothing; it is the sentiment. The Israelites came only to the door of the tabernacle, because there was no room for the whole congregation. I knew a clergyman who was so deaf that he

could not hear, and yet would be in his pew on Sundays as constant as any one. I remarked to him, that I thought he could not hear; he replied, that he thought it his duty to attend for example sake.”

The same feeling seems to have influenced the late Rev. RICHARD KNILL in his last days. We read, in his recently-published, and very interesting “Life,” “At the end of May, 1857, rooms were taken by the family in a farm-house a few miles from Chester, where the pure air and rural scenery greatly delighted him. ‘The church in the village,’ says his daughter, ‘had no regular minister, and various clergymen preached—none too well. There was a discussion among us whether it was incumbent on him to go to the service. “Yes,” he said at last, “I’ll go; it will be long and fatiguing for me doubt, and I may not hear the Gospel after all; but the only testimony I can give for Christ in this dark village is to keep His day and attend His house, therefore I’ll go.”’

GEORGE HERBERT says:—

“Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge: if thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not. God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge to pick out treasure from an earthen pot. The worst speak something good: if all want sense, God takes a text and preacheth patience.”

Wavertree.

W. M.

CLOTHES and company do oftentimes tell tales in a mute but significant language.
—Brooks.

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF UNION WITH CHRIST,

BRIEFLY UNFOLDED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE BELIEVER.

(Continued from page 158.)

2. We notice, secondly, that the resurrection-body of Christ was invested with *an amazing external glory*. This glory was exhibited to the disciples, Peter, James, and John, by anticipation,* on the Mount of Transfiguration, when, as we are told, our Lord's face "did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light" (Matt. xvii. 2). And so, again, when after His resurrection and ascension, he appeared to Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, it was with "a light from heaven above the brightness of the mid-day sun" (Acts xxvi. 13). But the most sublime manifestation of Christ's glorified humanity ever vouchsafed to the sons of men, was that to St. John in the isle of Patmos, when he saw "in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength" (Rev. i. 13—16). And is it possible, you ask, that *this* glory is to be shared by the risen saints? Yes, beloved, for does He not say, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given (in the germ now, but to be manifested hereafter) to them" (John xvii. 22)? And shall He not "change our body of humiliation, that it may be made like unto His body of glory?"

It was, according to STEPHEN GOBARUS,* the opinion of some of the ancient fathers, that the human body or tabernacle, before the fall, was invested with a beautiful robe of light, surrounded as it were by a kind of shekinah, which served it instead of a covering;

and that it was the loss of this, in consequence of the first transgression, that gave occasion to that sense of nakedness of which our first parents became conscious immediately afterwards. Substantially the same notion has, in later times, been advocated by the great JOSEPH MEDE, who speaks of Adam's "nakedness" as being an "obscuration of that glorious and celestial beauty which he had before his sin, the difference whereof was so great that he could not endure afterwards to behold himself any more, but sought a covering, even to hide himself from himself."† And also by FLEMING, in his rare and curious "*Christology*," who supposes that man, before he sinned, had a sort of "luminous vestment" which disappeared the moment he sinned; and he adds, "Adam turning apostate, it was no way fit that he should wear the livery of the shekinah any longer, and therefore the luminous garment with which he and Eve were clothed is taken away, and they are left naked."‡ Of course this idea is purely speculative, though indeed it seems to our own mind very beautiful and congruous; but whether it really was the case or not, it is at least certain that such a glory *will* invest the resurrection bodies of the saints, when, wearing the likeness of Him whose countenance is "as the sun shining in his strength," they also shall "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father" (Matt. xiii. 43).

It may be needful here to add, that though this external splendour was, doubtless, the normal condition of our Lord's resurrection-body, it is obvious at the same time that he possessed the power of divesting it, wholly or in part, of its glory, whenever the occasion required. Thus, for instance, when first seen after His resurrection, by Mary at the sepulchre, and afterwards by the two disciples journeying to Emmaus—though on each of these occasions such a change had passed over His general

* See 2 Pet. i. 16—18.

* Quoted by GRESWELL, in his learned and valuable "Exposition of the Parables," vol. i. p. 439.

* "Works," folio, p. 233.

† Christology," Book 3, chap. 8.

appearance as to prevent their immediate personal recognition of Him, and He was supposed in the first case to be only "the gardener," and in the second a traveller like themselves; plainly implying that He was, in personal appearance, undistinguishable from a mere human individual, and therefore of course destitute of any such visible glory as we have been speaking of. And hence, arguing from the analogy of the declared resemblance of our glorified bodies to the glorified body of the Lord, we may perhaps conclude that they also will be capable of such a divestment of their glory, should it, at any time, be necessary for the better performance of their exalted ministrations during the millennial age. For since "the children of the resurrection" are to be "as the angels of God" in *office* as well as *glory*: "For unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the future habitable earth, whereof we speak" (Heb. ii. 5, *Craig's translation*). It may be meet that when they issue on their embassies of grace and mercy, from that New Jerusalem which cometh down from God out of heaven, and which is to be their glorious abiding place, they should lay aside the glory which befits that celestial abode, or at least attempt it to mortal endurance, even as doubtless will their Lord Himself, when He is pleased to reveal Himself, at certain seasons, to the inhabitants of the earth, in the earthly Jerusalem; when, as the prophet Zechariah informs us, "the nations shall go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles" (Zech. xiv. 16).

3. We notice, lastly, that the resurrection body of Christ was *physically superior to the ordinary laws of matter and motion*. This superiority we find manifested in several particulars. (1) For instance, it had the power of becoming visible or invisible at pleasure. Thus on His first appearance to Mary Magdalene (John xx. 11-14), our Lord seems from the narrative to have suddenly appeared beside her, without any previous intimations of His approach. When she stooped down to look into the sepulchre, no one was visible; but almost immediately afterwards, turning herself, "she saw Jesus standing by." It is not said that she

heard His coming; it is not intimated that she was any way conscious of His presence, but as in a moment *He was there*. Had He not been there all the time? And so, again, the same evening at Emmaus, after discovering Himself to the two disciples in the breaking of bread, it is said, that "He vanished out of their sight" (Luke xxiv. 30, 31). One moment He was with them, handing the bread which He had blessed and broken; the next *He was gone!* and no rushing wings, as of an angelic convoy—no hurried movement of flight—gave them any information as to *how* or *whither* He had departed.

(2) Again, it had the power of passing through solid substances. Thus we are told by St. John, "The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you" (John xx. 19). The only fair interpretation of this narrative is that (sanctioned by the most eminent critics) which takes the mention of "the doors being shut" ("that is," says Bishop HORSLEY, "bolted and barred"), as intended to show that He did not appear among them in an ordinary way, or by ordinary means. "He came and stood in the midst of them," *though* the doors were shut and fastened; thus proving that His resurrection-body could pass without any obstruction through the solid matter of a closed door. And though it has been asked, with an air of triumph, "If the resurrection-body of Christ could thus, of its own nature, pass through solid doors in spite of bolts and bars, to what end did the angel descend from heaven to roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre?" "According to this view," says Professor ROBINSON, "the stone could have presented no greater obstacle than a closed door; and it is difficult to perceive why the one should have been supernaturally removed more than the other." But the obvious and sufficient answer to this is, that the stone was rolled away, not to enable our Lord to leave the sepulchre, but to show that He *had* left it. "He is not here; for He is risen," said the angel to the two Maries, "Come, see the place where the

Lord lay" (Matt. xxviii. 6). The huge stone would not, indeed, have presented any bar to His escape, but it would effectually have barred the entrance of the women and disciples; it was for their sakes, not His, that it was rolled away. Indeed, a careful examination of the history will, we think, show that our Lord had risen before the stone was rolled away.

(3) Once more, the resurrection-body of Christ possessed the power of sudden and rapid locomotion, without any of those impediments which bind and hamper our present bodies. "Thus, apart from all effort or labour of travelling," says FABER, "we find Him, one while in the garden of the sepulchre, another while in a house at Emmaus, another while in a closed chamber, and another while on the margin of the remote lake of Tiberias. Nor is this all. He visibly mounted upward from the earth, in the day of His ascension, towards some, to us unknown, sphere or mansion, which the sacred writers call heaven; and thence He appeared suspended in the air, both to the proto-martyr Stephen, and to the persecutor, Saul; while yet again distance was no impediment to His suddenly standing, more than once, close to the latter, when he had become the greatest and most energetic of all the apostles" (John xx. 11—16, 19; Luke xxiv. 29, 30; John xxi. 1; Mark xvi. 19; Luke xxiv. 51; Acts i. 9, vii. 56, ix. 3—7, xviii. 9, xxii. 18, xxiii. 11).*

In all these respects, then, as well as in those we have previously mentioned, shall our resurrection-bodies be made like unto Christ's glorious body. And in this perfect conformity of the former to the latter we have the final consummation, as we have shown, of our union with the risen Saviour. Even now we are one with Christ in the Spirit; "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit" (1 Cor. xii. 13). But in the flesh we are still one with Adam. Our bodies bear as yet the "image of the earth," but they shall then bear the

image of "the heavenly." And thus at last shall Christ's sublime prayer for His people be fulfilled in all its depth and fulness: "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us" (John xvii. 21). Now, indeed, the Spirit of Christ is in us; but then, when that Spirit shall ever animate our resurrection-bodies, it shall in truth be manifested that "the Church is Christ's body, *the fulness of Him that filleth all in all*" (Eph. i. 23).

Reader, we have done. May the Lord bless what has been spoken in accordance with His blessed mind and will, and may He pardon what of mere human fancy has mingled with it. If we have only succeeded in convincing any Christian brother or sister that UNION WITH CHRIST is the great central truth of living Christianity; if we have, in any measure, succeeded in extricating this great doctrine from the region of the ideal, and investing it with the attributes of reality, we have not written in vain, nor has our reward been wanting.

Most fitly may we conclude our whole subject with the grand old hymn of Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg:—

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er?
Calm, though death's long night is
fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?"

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I soon shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise, and leave the members dead?"

"Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasp'd;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath
found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasp'd.
Death shall ne'er my soul remove,
From her refuge in Thy love.

"I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow:
Only there shall disappear,
Weakness in and round me here.

* FABER'S "Many Mansions in the House of the Father."

"Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again:
Natural here the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

"Body, be thou of good cheer,
In thy Saviour's care rejoice;
Give not place to gloom and fear,
Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice,

When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf cold grave is stirr'd.

"Laugh to scorn then death and hell,
Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave;
Caught into the air to dwell
With the Lord who came to save,
We shall trample on our foes,
Mortal weakness, fear and woes."

Liverpool.

W. MAUDE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD DISCIPLE.

NOTHING perplexed or disheartened me more than the contradictory and doubtful discourses which met my ear from the various Gospel preachers, as they are called, whose pulpits I sat under, after I was made alive in Christ. I can truly affirm that their sermons only tended to vex and harass my soul. The vast care they took to *guard the Gospel*, as they call it, puzzled me beyond measure. In fact, these ecclesiastics were incessantly employed in enjoining their hearers not to believe too much. The danger of being too confident of salvation by Christ was a favourite theme of those cautious communicators of half knowledge. I began to despair of hearing a preacher who possessed any personal belief of the truths he declared, and that arrived at any certainty in his own soul that corresponded with the statements of God's words, when, in Divine providence, I was led to the ministry of the late S. E. PIERCE.

Well do I remember the text which I heard him take, and the cheerful, satisfied, believing air and mien with which he repeated the Lord's words, as contained in Isa. xlv. 21, "This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise." He had not uttered one hundred words before I felt the clearest persuasion that I was listening to one who could say, with the Apostle, "that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." He spake of Christ with that rejoicing certitude, that holy, unhesitating confidence, which the Spirit of God alone can impart, and which carried conviction to his hearers, that, on whatever topics they might differ from him, he was at a point, as to his own personal interest in a sovereign salvation, folded up in the person and work of a glorious Christ.

All the teachers I had before listened to dwelt exclusively upon what they called a *work within*, from which they drew forth and dilated upon corruption in all its foul phases, to the exclusion of Christ, the only remedy for sin. In many cases this was nothing more than a safety-valve, to let off the egotism of the preacher, who could thus dwell confidently upon self in all its sinful forms; but Mr. P. drew the minds of his hearers, so far as it depended upon his preaching, to *consider Christ Jesus*; and that not in a speculative and natural way, but by divine discovery to the soul. He showed me what I had before seen in the Scriptures, and what I needed as a revelation to my own soul, that the whole salvation of God was in the person of Christ Jesus, and that the divine life imparted to a sinner was manifested by believing on the Son of God. "Effects," he was wont to observe, "will never produce causes, to all eternity. Faith in Christ's person and work, as a divine principle wrought by the Holy Ghost, is a cause adequate to the production of blessed effects—that faith of God's elect that worketh by love overcometh the world, and purifieth the heart; but to dwell upon a supposed work of sanctification in self, to the exclusion or concealment of Christ's eternal redemption, His finished salvation, and the glorious results of His legal obedience and complete atonement, is to set at nought the head-stone of the corner. Do what you will, you cannot get rid of the guilt and burden of sin in any other way but by faith in the blood of sprinkling. The devil may lure you into a bastard anti-Christian sanctity; but, if you live upon self to your last sigh, you will be strangers to true holiness. You may pick your

steps, and make a merit of your duties ; but no human being ever walked with God, or performed any acceptable duty, but through faith in the worthy Lamb."

I saw at once the immeasurable difference between the preaching of Mr. PIRKCE and the monger's bitter homilies—forgers of lies, whom the religious world deem masters in Israel. Mr. P. spake with the sweet assurance of a servant of God, "whose hands had handled of the word of life." He loved to expatiate upon the love of God in Christ, reciprocated by the believer, and so brought into fellowship with the Father and the Son by the Spirit. The sweet, savoury eloquence of the old man still sounds in my heart; and through him I was led to see the value of God's instruction. Who teacheth like Him?

Mr. P. would have been deemed by the worldly-wise an ignorant and unlearned man, and yet excelled in the lucidness of his reasoning out of the Scriptures. Casting his unpremeditated discourse into heads spiritually arranged, he would follow up his subject with a closeness which the logic of the Schools could not hope to rival. Then, it may be, drawn into some special digression concerning Christ, he would dilate upon his freshly-tracked theme, and pursue it till he quietly resumed the subject he purposely diverged from. The secret of this lay in the divine certainty of Mr. P.'s spiritual acquaintance with divine truth; and therefore nothing equivocal was there in his manner of conveying what he knew. In the Word of God we read thus: "Court earnestly the best gifts;" and a full assurance of divine interest in a covenant salvation is a gift that will be eagerly sought for by God's loving children. In every branch of profane knowledge, academical sages stimulate all students to make even scepticism subservient to certainty, and to doubt on, till all the rigour of demonstration is crowned with discoveries of truth. And all this toiling may be about the properties of a triangle, or a new method of adjusting infinitesimals.

Certainty is the grand object in prosecuting all these worthless inquiries. But, if the knowledge of salvation is a mooted subject with any of these philosophical triflers, all certainty is denied and derided, as being dangerous fanati-

cism. No certainty is even to be surmised on the all-important topic, the salvation of the soul. There we must wander in everlasting ambiguity and uncertainty. All confidence is to be reserved for the aberrations of the stars, the deviations of the compass, or the mutations of the tides. Physical properties are, it seems, capable of the utmost certitude, forasmuch as they present themselves to our constantly-deceived senses, but spiritual truths can have no definite reality and fixedness, because addressed to our spiritual faculties; whereas the truth is, nothing is so real or so certain as what is spiritual, partaking, as it does, of the nature of all that is eternal. "The Word of God liveth and abideth for ever."

The continuous rays of the sun upon a corrupt surface will call into life tribes of noxious insects. It was Mr. P.'s happy privilege to dwell much on the sunny side of Zion's hill; and, similar to Nature's illustration, this advantage had its drawbacks. He too often spake of privileges as if they were habits, and addressed believers, himself under the sunny rays of enjoyment, as though it were their fault to live from under its warm beams, overlooking, in the warmth of his love and the ardour of his zeal, the great cardinal truth of the Gospel, "*it is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.*" To honour the work of the Holy Ghost, in calling a dead sinner into life and dropping the seed of grace into the heart, few who are taught of God will deny; but the acknowledgment of the sovereign energy of the Spirit in all and every manifestation and discovery of Christ to the soul, whether painful or pleasant, humbling or exalting, soul-stripping or Christ-clothing, is a divine secret that few of the children of God are intelligently led into. Experimentally they must all learn it; but, for want of sound teaching and clear light, in words they deny it. Associated with those who made saviours out of sin, and drew their Christian hopes from their corruptions, Mr. P. started off to the opposite extreme, and was rescued from Sandemanianism by the power of a loving, living principle, that could not float on the shallow stream of a letter faith and a mental belief. "With the heart man believeth unto

righteousness" was the Spirit-received creed that separated Mr. P. from the notional Calvinist and the frigid Sandemanian, and made his ministrations a blessing to many: and there are some few still on earth who shall in yet a little while add to his crown of rejoicing,

which he will gratefully cast at the feet of the Lamb, whom he gloried in exalting while on earth. S. E. PIERCE, though long dead, still lives in the hearts of these few, who can set to their seal the truth of the word, "The memory of the just is blessed."

TO THE MEMORY OF ARTHUR TRIGGS,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, AUG. 10TH, 1859.

No MORE on earth that spirit-stirring voice
 Shall tell of Jesus! name of eternal worth.
 Ne'er shall again the listening ear be filled,
 Th' attentive heart absorbed, while TRIGGS proclaim
 "The transcendental glories of the Lamb,
 His finished work, when on the accursed tree
 Christ bore our sins, and in the sinner's stead
 Bowed to the claims of justice and expired;
 That so the eternal counsels of His peace,
 And purposes of love, be known to men:"
 That love that fills His heart, though now enthroned
 In heaven's bright glory, where He e'er presents
 His all-prevailing plea, "Father, they're thine"—
 The Holy Ghost in quickening power divine,
 Revealing to the awakened heart its need,
 And the exhaustless fulness of supply
 That's treasured up in Christ, our living Head:
 Never unfold those mysteries again
 On which so constantly he loved to dwell—
 The truths he knew, and loved, and lived, and taught!
 Ah, no! his work is done; the Master's voice
 Has called him hence to enter into rest:
 There, freed from sin, corruption, pain, and death—
 There, to receive the welcome that awaits
 The entrance of redeemed ones into bliss—
 "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."
 And though those lips are silent in the grave,
 Yet soon the archangel's voice, the trumpet's sound,
 Shall wake the sleeping dust, and it shall rise,
 The living saints be changed, and all shall meet.
 Blessed hope! to be for ever with the Lord.
 O what a thrill of heaven-taught notes of praise
 Shall then ascend! Attuned, each heart
 Shall vibrate with th' harmonious chord
 Of "Thou alone art worthy, precious Lamb,
 For by Thy blood we are redeemed to God."
 Oft has the precious seed by him been borne,
 Bedewed with tears, the thorny vale along;
 Oft has his strength seemed almost spent in vain—
 Refuge has failed! when to that sure response,
 The ordered covenant of the Eternal God,
 His soul would turn and find its strength renewed.
 All "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."
 Who bears the precious seed, though weeping now,
 When the great harvest-day shall be revealed,
 The gathered wheat shall in the barn be stored.
 When Christ shall see the travail of His soul,
 The sheave crowned sower shall with joy return.
 Ascribe the glory due alone to God.

Torquay.

ONE OF THE BRETHREN.

The Children's Own Page.

THE PLAIN PATH.

"Show me a plain path?" Nettie Ellis repeated again and again, as she sat steadily looking into the bright fire that cold Sabbath evening.

But the fire made never a word of reply, and so, turning to her sister Mary, who was just laying aside her book, she asked,—

"Mary, if God shows us a plain path, ought we not to walk in it?"

"Certainly, Nettie."

"Miss Alice says we shouldn't stop to ask whether the path is rough or smooth, but go right along in it, and trust God to help us through. But—"

"But what, Nettie?"

"Why, sometimes it is *so* rough and hard, it seems as if I couldn't walk in it. Yesterday, Abby Wallace was vexed, because I wouldn't tell in the class, and told Miss Alice a falsehood about me. I couldn't help feeling angry about it, and so wouldn't speak to her all day."

"Was that the plain path, Nettie?"

"No, and I knew it wasn't all the time. But it seemed very hard to treat her kindly when she had been so unkind to me."

"Did you forget, my sister, how much your Saviour has done for you, a poor sinful child—forgiven you, as you hope, and made you one of His flock, all through His own blood?"

"No," said Nettie, tearfully, "I hope I *never* shall forget that. I could not be His child, if I did."

"But when He has forgiven you so much, and done so much for you, even before you asked, can you not treat kindly a poor little girl like Abby, who has had so little instruction, even though she has *wronged* you?"

"I did do very wrong," said Nettie, "and I mean in future to ask God, not only to show me a plain path, but to help me to walk in it too."

Monday came, and Nettie did not forget to pray for strength to walk in the plain path.

Oh, how cold it was that morning, as Nettie lightly tripped to school, in her warm clothing and over-shoes. The snow was nothing to her, and that happy face, peeping out from her blue hood, bid defiance to Jack Frost.

But there was another, not quite so happy, going in the same direction. No nice over-shoes or warm mittens to make her comfortable, only an old worn hood and shawl.

"Why, Abby, how cold you look!" said Nettie, as they met at the school-room door. "Let me warm your hands for you." And, so throwing down her satchel, she took the chilled hands between her own, and held and rubbed them till they were quite warm again.

"Are you very cold, now?" said Nettie, as she saw the tears were still chasing each other down her face.

"No, I am quite warm now," she said; but the tears came faster and faster.

"Can I do anything more for you, Abby?"

"O Nettie! how can you be so kind, when I told that lie about you?" she said, trying to check her tears.

"Never mind about that now, Abby, you won't do so again, I am sure. Here's a kiss of peace, and then goodbye, for the bell is ringing."

"Have you found the plain path a hard one to-day?" said Mary, as Nettie came home at night.

"Oh, no, Mary, and the further I go in it the easier it grows." And then, with beaming face, she told how her difficulties had all vanished with the first kind word.—*Family Treasury.*

"THAT BIRD WILL NEVER SING AGAIN!"

A GENTLEMAN riding with his family in the country saw a beautiful bird. His son, about four years old, noticed and watched it with great interest. The father thought he would gratify him still more by a nearer view of its plumage, and, leaving his carriage, raised his gun and shot it.

His little boy (his large, lustrous eyes swimming in tears) exclaimed, as he brought it to the carriage door, "Father, that bird will *NEVER* sing again!"

That father says he has never had the heart to shoot a bird since.

Remember, boys, if you try your skill in this way, you destroy one of God's creatures, and *hush a song which is praise to its Maker.*—*Family Treasury.*

SIPS OF THE STREAM.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Knowing that you are sometimes pleased to encourage the jottings-down of the thoughts of those among the one family who read your Magazine, and give them a place in its pages, if you think a few remarks from one who is “less than the least of all saints” worthy of a corner, they may (accompanied by the Holy Spirit’s blessing) be made instrumental to some poor soul who, like myself, is often “groping at noon-day,” thinking they are “walking in darkness, and have no light,” while at the same time it is only a passing cloud intervening between them and the sun. To such then I would (as the Lord shall enable me) address a hint or two.

There are times, I have no doubt experienced by all the Lord’s dear children as well as by myself, when prayer is a sad task and burden; when not a single promise presents itself to plead; or, if one does, our faith is so weak we cannot appropriate it, and we are sorely tempted by Satan to question whether it would not be better to cease mocking God with the polluted sacrifices of our lips, while our hearts are “wandering like the fool’s eye all over the earth.” Such times often occur to me, and I forget that “the Lord heareth the groans of His prisoners,” and “He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him.” “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints, according to the will of God” (Rom. viii. 26, 27). Oh, what a comfort to think that it does not depend upon us after all! because, though our prayers are so mixed with sin, yet the Lord knoweth the mind of His own Spirit who dwelleth in us, and He that searcheth the hearts hears the intercessions which He (the Spirit) makes, according to the mind and will of God, through the all-prevailing merits and righteousness of His well-beloved Son.

Thus, having a triune God on our side,

why should we fear, though earth and hell rage against us? But there are also times, and I think you will agree with me, when the difficulty is not so much how we are to begin to pray as when to stop. Such a season I was privileged to enjoy last night. I had been to a prayer-meeting, where my spirit was stirred up by the zeal and earnestness of one present, who gave us a short address, and also engaged in prayer. I thought, what love for souls this man has, and how cold and dead I feel towards others; surely this should not be the case: when, just before retiring to rest, such a spirit of prayer was poured out upon me, that, like Jacob, I wrestled with God both for myself and others, and immediately after the following passage was brought with sweet power to my soul: “Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us.” It will be found in Psalm lxiii. 8. Yes; the Lord had enabled me to pour out my heart before Him, and He filled it again out of His own fulness which He has treasured up in Christ Jesus. This morning the idea struck me, if I could gather up any fragments that remain I should like to send them to you, if only out of gratitude for the many sweet morsels the Lord has sent me by you. Thus does He make the members of His family dependent upon each other, and all of them dependent upon their Head.

First, then, the exhortation of the Psalmist is, to “trust in Him at all times;” not only when the path is clear, and the Sun of Righteousness shines upon us, and we are able to “rejoice in Him whose favour is life,” saying “surely my cup runneth over,” but we are to trust in Him when every thing seems to go wrong: when days are dark and friends are few; when the enemy cometh in like a flood, knowing that He who is with us is stronger than all that be against us. It implies, also, to trust Him when we cannot see one step before us:—

“Though dark be my way, since He
is my guide,
’Tis mine to obey, ’tis His to provide.”

It is to trust Him in sickness and in health, in life and in death, and "to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His." But our text goes on to say, "Ye people, pour out your heart before Him." Who, then, are the people? Certainly not *all* people, for all have not wants to bring before Him. No; it is only those who have learned the children's cry; who, knowing their wants and weaknesses, can come through their elder Brother, by whom alone they have access to the mercy-seat, and, because He has purchased for them every covenant blessing, are they invited to pour out their hearts before His Father and their Father, before His God and their God. There is great depth of meaning in the words "pouring out our hearts." It includes a thorough emptying of them—telling out our secret thoughts, such as we could not possibly do to our fellow-creatures. We should shrink from revealing everything that is in us to even our best earthly friend; but we may come with holy boldness to our heavenly Father's footstool, and tell Him all our sins and all our sorrows, for "*He knoweth what is in man.*" He is well acquainted with our imperfections, and "remembereth that we are but dust." This last text has often been a comfort to me when weighed down under a sense of my shortcomings and forgetfulness of my best Friend.

But I must hasten on to the last clause of the verse, "God is a refuge for us." Yes, the eternal God is thy refuge; and "underneath are the everlasting arms." No danger, then, of our finally falling. Slip we may, and often do, but "the Lord upholds us with His hand." In a verse or two preceding, the Psalmist

says, "He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God."

Blessed refuge this! Did any ever trust in Him, and was confounded? You, dear Editor, have often proved the safety of this shelter, this strong tower, which "the righteous runneth into, and is safe." I myself have never found Him to fail. Oh, no; "His covenant is well ordered and sure;" and though our love to him undergoes many fluctuations, He *never* changes. "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips." "His love passeth knowledge," because it is conveyed through and by His well-beloved Son, in whom the Father is always well pleased.

But I fear I have already trespassed too long; and now, dear Sir, permit me for the present to remain unknown. I have *just* spoken to you in the flesh—that is all; but my heart has often answered to yours in the beloved Magazine; and I would also take this opportunity of thanking your worthy correspondent, Mr. COWELL, for the many precious messages I have received through him from God, and can truly say, "many a time have my bowels been refreshed by thee, brother." Above all, let us say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy great name be the glory." Commending you to God, and the word of His grace, who is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, I remain, dear Sir, yours in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel, A LITTLE ONE.

March 13th, 1860.

EVEN in the worst and darkest of times, God has never left Himself entirely without witness, nor permitted the truths of His Gospel to be totally exterminated. They have sometimes lain, to all outward appearance, in very few hands: but they have constantly subsisted somewhere. The prophet Elijah once imagined, that himself was the only person who was kept faithful to God, amidst that torrent of idolatry which then overwhelmed the land of Israel. But what said the answer of God unto him? "I have reserved to

myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal." Even so then, at this present time also, there is, and at every time there has been, and shall be, a remnant according to the election of grace. However discouraging appearances may be in seasons either of persecution, idolatry, or general profaneness, there are many known instances of divine preservation; and many others unknown by us, but noticed by Him who knoweth them that are His.—*Toplady.*

POOR IN THIS WORLD, BUT RICH IN FAITH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The following letter which has already appeared on the cover of the *Gospel Standard*, but unaccompanied with this additional account of the writer, which I wished to have been inserted, I now send to you if you be disposed to put it into the *Gospel Magazine*. There is a simplicity and reality about the letter which will much commend itself to your readers. The writer, ROBERT BROWN, was a poor Gloucestershire weaver. He was a man of no ordinary stamp for his class, and was well known and much loved. I have known him for fifteen or eighteen years, which was about the time his letter (which bears no date) was written. At that time being very poor, and having a wife and family, he was placed on our "Poor Saints' Fund," at Bath; on which occasion the letter was written to me, as giving some account of himself. He continued a pensioner on this fund until his death in autumn last; for though I have removed to Brighton, this fund is still continued, and is now in connexion with Pavilion Chapel, Brighton. During the last years of ROBERT BROWN's life, I saw much of him, as he frequently visited me, and sojourned under my roof. I had a great affection for the dear man; there was a simplicity, reality, spirituality, and warmth of heart about him, exceedingly attractive, as all acknowledge who knew him, together with no ordinary share of intelligence. He was a man of a very humble and gentle spirit, accompanied with that peculiar refinement which grace often communicates. He was an exercised man, often depressed and harassed with his doubts and fears; but enjoyed blessed seasons of refreshing. We cannot but think of him now in those happy regions where there are no more complaints for ever.

I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully and affectionately,

J. A. WALLINGER.

Brighton, March 13, 1860.

"DEAR SIR,—As I find that some account of gone-by days is needful, by the help of the Lord, and as in His sight, I will try to let you know a little of it.

And, dear Sir, if you see anything that might lead you or any one else to suspect me as a hypocrite, let me know it before it be too late. I have ever understood from my mother that I was born May 23rd, 1792, of very poor and not God-fearing parents, who thought I should continue a very little time with them, being a very weak and delicate child. But by the long-suffering of the Lord I continue to this present time. From a child I was subject to very strong convictions. At about sixteen years of age I enlisted for a soldier (being very easily led astray), almost to the breaking of my own and my poor mother's heart. But, blessed be the dear Lord, a kind providence was over me, and brought me home again, and inclined me to attend the house of God, whose blessed word soon fastened upon my poor soul with such power that a felt sense of my state as a sinner before God nearly sunk me into despair; for I could see no way of my ever escaping the punishment my soul had deserved. So distressed was my soul, that at one time I said to my wife, 'I verily believe there will be an earthquake under the house, for I have felt it tremble beneath my feet.' I was so harassed by night that I was unfit to work by day; and, though newly married, there was in my soul a fearful looking for of judgment ready to come upon me, so that the whole creation did seem to be clothed in sackcloth; and I never can describe what my soul went through for the space of eighteen months. But, blessed be the Lord, the time came for liberty and enlargement to be granted to the poor captive. As Mr. LOWELL, of Bristol, preached in the Old Town Meeting at Wootton-under-Edge from John iii. 7, 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again,' such a blessed feeling of joy and peace was brought into my soul under that sermon, as I hope never to forget either in this world or the world to come: and for the space of nearly two years I enjoyed (if not deluded) sweet access at every hour to the dear Lord, so that I have said hundreds of times since with poor Job, 'O that it was with me as in months past.'

And though nearly forty years have passed since that time, filled up with consolation, temptation, affliction, light and darkness, comfort and peace, the loss of my dear Lord, knowing not where to find Him, and a thousand times favoured with a little reviving in my bondage, so that to-day I am ready

to say with David, 'Now I am getting old and grey-headed, O Lord, forsake me not,' I do feel as much need of my new covenant blessing treasured up in the dear Redeemer, as I did at the first moment.

"ROBERT BROWN.

"Woodchester."

NELLIE.

A BACKWOODS' MEMORY.

POOR, sweet Nellie! Child in years, maiden in stature and deportment, we saw her only twice—once in laughing summer, once in angry winter—once at a bridal, once at a burial—once in her simple gala robe, once in her shroud.

From our home—it was in a city which had sprung up as in a night in the heart of solitude—we rode to her dwelling, when the June roses wore their most glorious hue, and the fields shone with a wealth of wild flowers. It was but five miles off, and yet we drove through as wild a country, and passed as lowly cabins as are often seen in the far-away territories. An humble relative, who, by industry, earned her honest bread in the city, being homeless, had chosen the hospitable dwelling of Nellie's father for her simple nuptial festivities. After a long ride through scragged pines and half-cleared farms, we reached the village—if it deserves the name—where this lowliest of weddings was to take place. A cluster of houses, all unconscious of paint or whitewash, surrounded by fences made of split rails or of huge roots well charred, a blacksmith's shop, and the tiniest building with tower and bell, answering the double purpose of school-house and sanctuary, composed the settlement. The men were engaged in sawing lumber which had been floated down the river to their mills; and every thing around looked new, and smelt of bark and sawdust. Our host was watching for us at the door of the best house, and received us with a cordial greeting. He conducted the horse to an apology for a stable; and, while his grave, matronly wife showed the minister into "the room," two chubby, country-looking daughters, almost car-

ried me in their joy up the little stairway to the dressing-room. There sat the bride, who they evidently felt had honoured them by this choice, looking as if she felt what a blessed thing it was for a poor lone orphan girl to find a true heart to lean upon. The rough exterior of the young "river-driver" did not trouble her—perchance his were, in her unsophisticated eyes, the perfection of form and feature. Few brides whom I have ever seen looked so calmly happy in satin, lace, and gems, as did this lowly girl in her simple robe of white. One beauty, coming from the altar a few days before, had whispered, with white lips, "Marriage, after all, is but a lottery," and went with an anxious heart to her splendid home. Not so this backwoods bride, sitting in the little boudoir, all uncarpeted and unplastered. When one expressed to her a *hope* that she might be happy, she only said, "I *know* I shall be so."

But it was of Nellie and not of the bride we were writing. While her elder sisters flew hither and thither, calling, and singing, and rustling their cheap silks, she quietly aided her mother in taking up the wedding dinner to which we were to sit down after the ceremony. Her sisters rejoiced in the honour of being bridesmaids; but she sat on a stool, with her white hands over her dear blue eyes, listening to the form, and then joining reverently in the prayer. Then we gathered round the board laden with a rough profusion which would have brought the smile of scorn to the lip of the sons of fashion; but Nellie waited with *the children*, among whom she was evidently numbered by her parents and sisters. We gazed at her in wonder, and but for the

quiet dignity and meek grace of her mother, might have doubted whether she had not been driven thither like a rose leaf, by some untimely breeze, from the fragrant garden to the lonely marsh or rough highway.

As we were leaving, and her father handed the reins into the carriage, we said, glancing at Nellie, who stood in the door, "That is a sweet girl; how old is she?" "Well," he replied, turning to gaze at her, "she will be seventeen come winter: and though she ain't nigh so handsome as the older girls, somehow she's got the tightest hold of mother's heart and mine. She ain't nothing to them *for work*. They'll earn more binding shoes in a day than she will in a week; but she ain't strong, and sewing hurts her; so we let her do the housework with mother. She's a wonderful loving child, and if anybody's sick in the house there's no rest nor sleep for her till they're well again. She's got queer notions about religion, wherever she got 'em. When the Methodises and the Baptises hold meeting here, she goes to 'em and sits like a saint; but when the Universal minister takes his turn, she just stays at home and reads her Bible. Now, my wife and Nellie are sot against some religions, and are terrible stiff; but me and the other girls love all good people." And with a smile of self-satisfaction he bowed, and we left Nellie still gazing from the door.

The roses of that bright summer fell, leaf by leaf, and autumn's gorgeous flowers had followed them. Winter reigned in more than his usual rigour, and God had sealed up the hand of man. One morning a rough-looking man in a shaggy coat and fur cap presented himself at the minister's door.

"She's dead, sir!" he whispered in a hoarse voice, "and my wife wants you to make a prayer at the funeral. You remember me, sir? I'm Robert Drake; it was at my house up at the Mills where you married the couple."

"But the bride is not dead, my friend?"

"Oh no, sir," he answered, wiping the tear from his weather-browned cheek with the back of his hand; "but Nellie, my little Nellie, that you took so much notice of. She was only one of seven; but home will never be home again

without her. O sir! though she was a poor, pale thing by the side of her sisters, she was dear to us, and it don't seem now as if we cared to live any longer. From her cradle up she was a very loving child to us; not that she ever said much, but she had such a way of looking into our eyes. She always stayed by us. Cynthy, Jane, and Julia are great hands for company, and they're always off somewhere—to singing-school, or little dances, or visiting. But Nellie always stayed at home, sitting down between us all these long winter evenings, with her knitting or her book, when the *other children* were asleep."

"How did she die, my friend?"

"As a tree falls, sir, that is hewn in the forest to be floated down the stream. Every stroke weakens it, of course, but it is the last one that brings it suddenly to the ground. She complained but little, though we saw the veins grow bluer and bluer in her temples, and saw her totter when she walked; but, sir, death had never come in at my door, and some way it always seemed to me that nothing which was mine *could* die. A few days she was very weak, and panted for breath. She begged me to go for the young woman you married, and asked her many things about religion. Her friend asked her—'Nellie, can't you trust Christ to carry you through the dark river?' 'I can trust Him with all—for now and beyond,' she said, looking up to heaven. 'I'm very ignorant, but I do know Him, and for a long time have trusted in Him.' And then she saw mother and me in tears, and said, 'Oh, don't weep; this is a happy day for me.' Oh, the smile that came to her lips then was like no other smile I ever saw. But seeing her poor mother in such grief, she beckoned her to the bed, and putting her arms about her neck, she pressed her cheek close to hers. Then tears began to flow from her faded eyes. I was afraid it would hurt her to cry so. I went to lay her back on the pillow, and, sir, she was gone! Dead, with tears for us on her cheek; but, as mother says, 'smiles for herself on her lips!'"

Oh, that unostentatious backwoods funeral! Sentimentalism threw no mantle of beauty over that stained pine coffin; romance twined no wreath of

fragrant flowers above that open grave in the corner of a rocky field. Four young men carried her to the little school-house upon their shoulders. After solemn services, all the little congregation took a last look of the child who had been a favourite with every one. We, too, bent over the narrow house and gazed on that fair young face, even more pure in death than it had been in life. On the cold cheek we saw a frozen tear, but on the lip the smile of faith and love. Poor, sweet child; she knew but little of points about which the wiser often wrangle; but she knew that her Redeemer liveth, and that was enough!

No hearse with nodding plumes, no satle velvet pall, was there. The coffin was placed across a rude sleigh, covered

closely with a buffalo robe, and followed by real mourners to its resting-place. Who would not desire to share her glorious rising? Then shall her meek, pensive beauty be lighted by the glory around her; and she, whose dearest friends below could not touch the fine chords of her spirit, shall dwell among her own, where every heart beats in unison with His, who loved as none ever loved before.

Long years have passed since then. The mullein stalks grow tall, and the low blackberry vines tangle and mat themselves above the bed where Nellie sleeps; but those deep blue eyes, and the expression of that sweet face, are as fresh on our mind as if it were only yesterday that we had seen them.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

“CONFIDING IN GOD.”

My Father-God, Thy love I find

Most sweet and precious to my soul;
To Thy whole will am I resign'd,

Myself upon Thy care I roll.

There is no gift which Thou hast given

But Thou may'st freely take away;

And still my heart, although 'tis riven,

Unmurm'ringly would all obey.

Take what Thou wilt, so Thou remain,

For having Thee nought else I need;

That *loss* to me is richest *gain*

Which gives me more of *Thee* instead.

How precious are these moments past

In heart-communing, Lord, with Thee;

Not kingdoms of the world, though vast,

Could with one moment balanced be;

Earth's riches vain, are fruitful cares

That never bring true joy's increase;

Abounding in destructive snares,

They purchase not a moment's peace.

To bend the knee, and bow the head,

And find the **HEART** engaged in prayer,

While by Thy own kind Spirit led,

Oh! this is sweet beyond compare.

Though tears are flowing from the eyes,

While sins remember'd are confessed;

When faith the blood of Christ applies,

This is to be supremely blessed.

The secret, strong besetting sin,

Whose fetter galls us day by day,

Bedminster.

To lose its hold will then begin,

When we sincerely thus can pray;
And that infirmity unnamed

To mortal ear, to God is told.

To *man*, we must have been ashamed;

But speaking unto God we're bold.

Bold in the confidence of love,

In that compassionate High Priest,

Who, touched with feeling, will not prove

Unheeding to the very least.

He will not slight, or roughly jeer

The tender weakness of the soul;

But to Himself bring our hearts near,

And strengthen them by mild control.

He stills the troubled sea of thought,

To passion's storms says, "Peace, be still!"

And with His word divine is wrought

A holy calm, the mind to fill.

The silent room, the lonely hour

And body's weakness, yet may know,

A joy, vain world, thou hast not pow'r

To take away, nor yet bestow.

A joy that worldlings can't conceive,

Till they shall by experience taste;

And taste they can't, till they believe

The *truth*, nor life in folly waste.

My Saviour, and my chief desire,

My life, my joy, my heaven, my all,

Baptize me with thy Spirit's fire,

And let me follow at Thy call.

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WE may tempt God as well by neglecting means as by trusting in means. It is best to use them, and in the use of them to live above them.—*Brooks.*

[JUNE 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 12, 1
NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 170,
OLD SERIES.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE!

"And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."—Mark xiii. 37.

In our last Number, beloved, we were asking you to look back; in our present Number we shall ask you to look forward. In that we spoke of the twenty years just gone by; in this we shall, as the Lord may help us, speak of the twenty years to come.

Twenty years! In review, how short they appear. Fraught as they were with change—ceaselessly varying as they may have been—our present position so very different to our former position—and in the interim such marked events, all so clearly indicative of the watchful eye and interposing hand of our God; yet withal, how short and how dream-like the whole! "We spend our years," says the Psalmist, "as a tale that is told." The oldest among us would speak of life as but a shadow, and be compelled to acknowledge that it "appeareth but for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And to those who have seen its vanity and its altogether unsatisfactory nature, the brevity of life will be no source of regret. Such "would not live away," but rather esteem it a mercy that the Lord should deem it long enough for them to do and suffer His will here on earth. They cannot wish that period to be prolonged that shall keep them in exile, absent personally from Jesus, and at a distance from their Father's house, and all which they hold sacred and dear. If their souls be in a healthy condition, the only thing that prompts them to desire the prolongation of life is that they may be *useful*; that they may *serve* their day and generation; that they may *glorify* their Father who is in heaven; that they may *testify* to fellow-sinners of the salvation of Jesus. It is on these accounts, and not for worldly ends, the child of God, in a healthful state, is willing and anxious to be detained in the wilderness yet a little longer. As long as he can *serve* he is willing to *suffer*, whilst he can *work* he is satisfied to *wait*; but, service over, the little which under God he can do done, he is anxious to be gone. We may be misunderstood, and be open to the charge of legality, but we speak before God in Christ, when we say, that *health* and *indolence* are opposed to each other. We believe that nothing, next to open sin and flagrant transgression, does a child of God more dread than an inert, torpid, apathetical in-

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difference; a settling upon the lees; carnal security; a miserable—for it is miserable—self-satisfaction. No, such will exclaim,

“But more the *treacherous calm* I dread
Than tempests bursting o’er my head.”

Restless as they may be under trial, and anxious to be freed from it, they feel themselves, in reality, to be more in their right place when in trouble than in a state of worldly ease. In fact, it is anything but ease, for they well know that matters cannot so remain. They know in their consciences that a something must come to “stir up their nest,” and afresh remind them that they are still on pilgrimage; and hence the anticipation of that something fills them with present discomfort and apprehension. Hence they are soon taught the truth of Bunyan’s words,

“The Christian man is never long at ease,
When one fright’s gone, another doth him seize.”

In making these remarks, we would not overlook the nature of *service*. Service materially varies. In one it assumes one aspect, in another quite the opposite; both altogether distinct from that sloth and indifference of which we just now spoke. Says the apostle, “Unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to *believe*, but also to *suffer* for His sake.” Now, the *suffering* would appear to come very commonly under the *passive* form; and this is equally God-glorifying with the *active* service. The weary pilgrim, worn with very age, who lies passively upon her bed, amid her aches and pains, scarcely knowing the felicity of a single hour’s unbroken sleep, glorifies her God, as silently she seeks patience, and mentally exclaims, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” “What do *I* suffer for *Jesus* compared with what my *Jesus* suffered for *me*?” The debilitated frame, with its keen susceptibility, and highly-wrought nervousness, that was perhaps the victim in early years of over-solicitude; or, it may be, the very opposite, a want of proper care, or possibly the partial prey to accident. Probably its contact with circumstances in early years was such as to shatter the whole constitution for the residue of its being, and cause it in feeling, apprehension, sympathy to undergo a thousand deaths; such by turn are subject to intense excitement or thorough prostration—under the one there would be a corresponding activity with readiness for service, under the other torpor and depression, and a felt unequalness for duty, the subject of it at the same time writing bitter things against himself, reproaching himself with a want of love, zeal, and devotion for the best of all Masters, and in the most honourable of all services. This latter service is that of *suffering*; the one service active, the other passive, and yet both alike acceptable to Jesus, who, as a sympathizing High-priest, knows how to discriminate, how to account for, how to draw the line with that loving exoneration, “The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;” “The Spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.” Moreover, such know by this line of experience, and these very sensations, what is meant in this sense as well as in others, by “the burden of the flesh;” and on account thereof, are made practically to exclaim with the apostle, “We that are in this tabernacle do groan, *being burdened*; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon: that mortality might be swallowed up of life.” Doubtless it was in connexion with the sufferings of the flesh under some one or other of its varied phases, that the apostle exulted in the knowledge that “when the earthly house of his tabernacle

were dissolved, he had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" for in that tabernacle "he groaned, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with his house, which was from heaven." The same experience prompted him to say to the Philippians, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Others there are who are more actively engaged. They take their stand in the forefront of the battle. Of vigorous frame and undaunted courage, they spend and are spent in the glorious service of Immanuel. So wisely and so graciously has the great Captain of Salvation disposed of His servants, that not one of them is wrongly circumstanced. It is emphatically by His wisdom, and under His direction and control, that "the right man is in the right place;" nor could either do the other's work. Moses shall lead Israel through the zig-zag route of the wilderness; Joshua conduct them into Canaan; Gideon shall destroy the Midianites; the stripling David strike off the proud Goliath's head; Daniel (like Joseph) interpret a monarch's dreams; and Jonah learn, in the fish's belly and in the depths of ocean, that "salvation is of the Lord." Peter, the fisherman, shall draw three thousand souls into the Gospel net at one haul; and Saul, the persecutor, shall publish the faith he once laboured to destroy; a Magdalene shall wash the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head; whilst a Lydia (whose heart the Holy Ghost had gently but effectually opened) shall say to His followers, "If ye have judged me to be faithful unto the Lord, come into my house, and abide." Thus we see the variety of service; "the diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; the difference of administration, but the same Lord;" "all working that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every one severally as He will."

Brethren, we cannot but add, before we pass on, that if this were more constantly and becomingly borne in mind, how much less contention, to say nothing of bitterness and animosity, would there be among those who professedly belong to the same family, are engaged in the same work, and looking forward to the same happy home and blissful eternity.

But, ere we reach this happy home, and realize the bliss of this eternity, comes an interval—that interval of a longer or a shorter duration, as it seemeth best to His godly wisdom, and in accordance with the arrangements of that covenant which is "ordered in all things and sure."

This brings us more immediately to our subject of "TWENTY YEARS HENCE!"

Beloved, we cannot withhold from you our conviction, that that period will witness events than which nothing more striking or momentous has ever occurred, the deluge, and the incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension of our most blessed Lord alone excepted. We do not believe that the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt, their marvellous sustentation during their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness, and their subsequent entrance into and rightful possession of the promised land, will outvie the events which shall take place within the next few years; nor do we believe that the Babylonish captivity, the scattering of the ten tribes, nor the destruction of Jerusalem, shall exceed, or even equal, in importance, those momentous things which we expect are about to come to pass. We are no prophets;—it is but little we can see into prophecy; we are among those who have to wait to know; but, notwithstanding this want of insight into prophecy, and this inability to see into futurity, we believe the testimony of

Scripture to be such, and the signs of the times to be so remarkable, as to lead every thoughtful mind to the sober conclusion, that events big with importance are at hand.

The whole continent of Europe is convulsed. We hear, as our Lord declared we should, of "wars and rumours of wars;" "nation," as He proclaimed, *does* "rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom." The Popedom is tottering; long upheld by French bayonets, it would seem about to be deprived of even that defence; its own besotted and blinded devotees are rising, as with the determination of one man, to snap their chains, and to trample under foot the yoke they have been so long and ignominiously doomed to carry. Kingdom after kingdom is directing its utmost energies to a preparation for war. Men seem skilled, to an extent as yet unknown from the foundation of the world, for constructing the most deadly means of destruction. In the person of his nephew, the former NAPOLEON seems to have risen, as it were, from the dead, and with the same subtilty, the same ambition, the same dogmatism, resolved to subjugate every power—to wield the sword over all nations—to conquer or to die. At the same time, throughout our own long and highly-favoured land, there is, notwithstanding all the remonstrances from the agitation and the final passing of the fatal Romish Relief-bill of 1829 to the present moment, a blindness—a spell—an infatuation on the part of our rulers, that has led to concession after concession, until at length a most powerful and a fearfully alarming traitorism is sapping at the very root and foundation of our British constitution. This traitorism is founded and nurtured in a wide-spread Jesuitism. With this Jesuitism society of all grades—but more especially the higher classes—is wofully inoculated. Forgetfulness of the past, and ignorance of the real character of Popery, have led, on the one hand, to the indulgence of a false and dangerous mis-called charity on the part of too many of the people; and an equally dangerous and unprincipled expediency, on the part of our rulers, has led to results the issue of which God only knows; but which, we greatly apprehend, will be the triumph of Popery in this, our highly-privileged land, which, three centuries ago, that same Popery steeped with the blood of the martyrs. In every true Protestant ear that blood still cries for vengeance; and, if in the ear of mortals, how much more in the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth, of whom it is said, "Shall not God avenge His own elect?"

But, in reference to the progress of Popery, we rejoice in the full assurance that its triumph shall be but of short duration. If the three years and a half spoken of by Daniel and in the Revelations have yet to come, speedily shall that three years and a half terminate; and then comes (oh, glorious era! oh, rapturous consummation!) the full and the final destruction of Babylon the Great, when "her plagues shall come in one day—death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." Then, whilst "the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication, and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her, and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, alas! alas! that great city Babylon—that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come;" then shall it be said, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her." Then "shall a mighty angel take up a millstone and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at

all." And again, after these things, shall be "heard a great noise of much people in heaven, saying Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God: for true and righteous *are* his judgments: for he hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. And again they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up for ever and ever."

All this, however, shall not come to pass without the witnesses thereof being subjected to trial, and in all probability privation, and perhaps persecution, of which no adequate conception can be formed. It is in reference to the introduction of these scenes, with all the varied trials and afflictions incidental thereto, we would adopt the language of our text, and rejoice in the fact that they were our Lord and Master's own words—"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!"

Such are the times, that we should not be surprised any day to hear of the most astounding events taking place. We stand, as it were, upon a mine, and need not wonder if at any moment that mine should be sprung. We have before said, in these pages, that we believed the hasty and abrupt termination of the Crimean war was a guilty connivance between France and Russia against England; and the wide-spread Jesuitism throughout England, as well as the thousands of priest-ridden slaves in Ireland, are ready to betray the united empire into the hands of her assailants. We rejoice, therefore, in all the means which have of late been taken for her defence. These may, for a season, intimidate our foes. We delight to think that so many of Britain's sons were ready to come forward, to enlist, and to initiate themselves in the art of war, hoping instrumentally thereby to defend, in case of need, their mothers and their sisters,—the women of England. But, much as we rejoice in these self-denying acts of our noble-hearted young men, we have higher and holier dependencies. Our trust is in the *God* of armies, and not in the strength of British arms. We look to Him who "stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people," rather than to the wooden walls of Old England, and the hearts of oak which navigate our waters. We expect more from the *prayers* than from the *power* of the people.

Notwithstanding all our sins, both of omission and of commission, as a nation, still nowhere has God so many of His own dear children as in England's favoured isle. It is the land of Bibles still, it is the land of the Gospel still, it is the land of Liberty still. She opens wide her arms to the needy and the oppressed. Upon no shore is refuge sought as upon hers. No people offer a welcome to the weary and wandering as do her people. No nation succours the desolate and the distressed as does Britain. This naturally must be—and is—acceptable to Jehovah. And, if so, how much more the prayers and the pleadings, the watchings and the wrestlings, of His own dear children, of whom it is declared, "Whoso toucheth you, touch the apple of His eye." Shall a Godless nation—shall an idolatrous people—shall a haughty, Christ-despising, self-elected monarch, triumph, and the dwellers in what by comparison may be called the garden of the Lord be overcome? That be far from us, O Lord. To Thyself—Thyself alone, we look to avenge Thine own cause; and, "in the midst of our deserved judgments, to remember mercy."

Beloved, if our precious Lord declared, in reference to all those dreadful things, the coming of which He foreshowed, if He said, "There shall not an hair of your head perish;" and, at a time, when "men's hearts should fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which were coming upon the

earth," He admonished them, "and when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh;" why should we indulge in needless fears and gloomy apprehensions? If in the last and glorious event—the coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven, to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe," His once trembling and timid ones shall lift up their heads, and with a holy ecstasy exclaim, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him; He will come and save us; we will rejoice in His salvation," how much less have His dear people to be apprehensive of any of the minor events that shall occur before "the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

Twenty years hence! Beloved, long before that space of time shall have run its rounds, some of us—many of us—shall be safely landed on the shores of the heavenly Canaan. We shall have terminated our wilderness wanderings—crossed the Jordan—climbed the heights of the better land—and entered within the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Of this we could as well doubt our own existence as it. We hesitate not to say, that multitudes whom we now address shall realize this unutterable blessedness; that multitudes whose eyes will presently scan what we now write, shall, ere twenty years more have come and gone, behold Jesus face to face! Their troubles, their temptations, their distresses, shall be for ever ended. They shall weep no more. They shall sigh no more. They shall have encountered every enemy. The last foe (Death) shall have been vanquished. Satan shall have plied his last temptation. The world to them shall have passed away. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 16, 17).

This shall prove a blessed reality—as sure and as certain is this to come to pass as God Himself can make it. Connected with it there is no more contingency nor chance than if it were already a matter of fact. The character of our God—the covenant compact into which the adorable Trinity has entered—the promises by which He has pledged Himself—one and all ensure it.

And, if it be so—if these glorious verities shall most assuredly come to pass too if these eternal and uninterrupted joys shall so shortly become the happy portion of many we now address; what follows? What! but the reflection, of how small moment, and of what trifling importance, the petty trials and the fleeting troubles which shall mark the brief space that intervenes. Such, in the light of a glorious eternity, were not worthy a moment's consideration, even though they were to be preceded by a whole life—and that a long life too of trouble, and care, and vexation, and sorrow; but when it is remembered that by far the greater part of that life is passed, and that there yet remains but the brief space of a few months or even years, how small do all those trials appear! Into what puny insignificance do they dwindle!

With respect to those trials and afflictions, heart and flesh cannot more thoroughly fail under them than they have done in many seasons that have passed away. The support and the deliverance in regard to the past are the pledge and the earnest of support and deliverance in the future.

Were the trials that await keener than those we have already encountered,

our God would be at no loss still to ratify and confirm His own promise, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be." Having so nearly accomplished His work, He would not allow Himself to be defeated at last. On the contrary, to put the finishing-stroke would be His object, and to crown the whole economy of grace with the glory that He has in reserve. The nearer home the brighter the prospect. And should the enemy at the close rally his forces, and endeavour, by every instrumentality within His reach, to assail the soul that is about to receive the palm of victory, the glorious Captain, who has more at stake even than that victor himself, shall but vouchsafe more strength—more courage—more grace, and prove to a demonstration, that

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

For—

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
He'll never, no never, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Then, beloved, if such be the fact, and if in very deed "our salvation is now (so much) nearer than when we (first) believed," what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness. If we are so very near home, and have so far done with privation and pain, temptation and trial, how well does it behove us to sit loosely to the things of earth, and to be found more and more "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Reader, the Lord help us increasingly to take heed to His own loving command, "What I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH!"

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedfordminster,*
Bristol, May 18, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

SIMPLICITY; OR, THE CHILD'S PRAYER PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

I HAD just overstepped the boundary of my parish, and was seeking the freshness of the country air, after a most genial and refreshing shower, when I passed by the wayside a row of neat cottages. By the little garden-gate of one of them stood a neatly-dressed, middle-aged, but exceedingly delicate woman. She accosted me, and my wife and I stopped and talked with her. She had been, I found, in the habit of hearing me; and lamented in her delicate state of health the distance, which prevented her more frequently attending the church.

"How long have you known the Lord?" I asked. "Since I was fifteen years of age," was the reply. She

was now five-and-thirty. "Is your husband of a kindred spirit?" "I cannot say he is a Christian," said she; "but I think the Lord is leading him."

They had been compelled to remove to their present place on account of the healthfulness of the locality, and her extreme delicacy. One lung was quite gone, and for months during the winter she had been unable to leave her house.

There was no murmuring, no repining. Her only regret was the loss of Gospel ordinances. When I spoke of life's troubles soon being over, and our being speedily laid in the picturesque graveyard hard-by, she assented with readiness.

Turning towards a fine-grown girl of eight years of age—her only remaining child—she said, she believed on that child's account the Lord had spared her life. "A something occurred a day or two ago," she said, "that I thought if any one in the habit of writing were to hear, they might publish. She ran upstairs from a little play-fellow, and shut herself into a closet; but when she tried to open the door, she could not. She called to me," continued the mother, "to come and let her out, but, being busy, I did not hear. At length she came down, and told me what had occurred. When I asked her how at last she got out, she said, 'Well, when I found I could not make you hear, I

said, 'O Lord, do please let me out,' and the door opened directly."

No doubt the dear child, at the same time that she thus simply cried to the Lord, put her hand to the latch, which, though before was beyond her control, now obeyed the touch, because the Lord would have it so. He is the same God now (blessed be His name!) as when He spoke to Naaman's wife by the little captive maid, or, by the mouth of His servant Joshua, said, in the sight of Israel, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." It is as much by His cognizance the tender leaf falls, as by His direction the mighty tempest levels the trees of the forest. D.

IT IS A SHAME TO DISTRUST HIM.

WE had been exceedingly cast down. Cares seemed to press one upon another very heavily; and what was worse than all, for days past we had lost all sense of the presence of a precious Christ. We had dragged heavily to the throne, and as heavily to the sanctuary; but no joy, no peace, no light, no liberty, until we opened upon the following precious hymn, the verses of which came penetrating home, producing ineffable joy and sunshine in the soul:—

"Be still, my heart! those anxious cares.
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on the Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

"Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why should I now give place to care?
How can I want if He provide,
Or lose my way with such a guide?"

"When first before His mercy-seat,
I did my all to Him commit;
He gave me warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

"Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear my call?
And hath He not His promise pass'd,
That grace shall overcome at last?"

"He that hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through;
And give me daily grace to raise,
New Ebenezers to His praise."

Oh, beloved, is not every word true?
And is it not a shame to distrust such a

Friend? But as a poor girl said in the joy of her soul the other day, "Jesus has been so good to me, that I shall now trust Him for ever." Ah, we thought, we should not wonder that ere the cock crows your confidence will be gone. But so it is. And yet, oh it is a shame to distrust Him; and it makes us grieve over our wretched hearts, when we think how we do so. He who delivered us out of that sore trial, when there seemed no help possible; He who carried us over that huge billow when it threatened fearful destruction; He who proved better to us than our many fears in that dire hour of distress, when we thought it was all over with us; but greater still, He who died upon the cross for us, it is indeed a shame to distrust Him. Well, beloved, these lifts by the way are very precious; and though sometimes we cannot go in the strength of them forty minutes, much less forty years, they have a saviour, and at the time cheer us up to press onwards toward the prize which is being faithfully treasured up for us in Jehovah's jewel-house. Do trust a precious Christ more, then. Oh for grace to do so; for in very deed He is faithful who hath promised. Say, when the hour of trial comes, 'Tis a shame to distrust Him. I will trust, and not be afraid to trust my Great Deliverer.

Bury St Edmunds.

G. C.

THE RESURRECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

In Scripture we find, at least, four different resurrections; and it is important to distinguish them, in order to have an intelligent apprehension of the purposes of God, so far as they are revealed to us in the Word. "Secret things belong to God" is often quoted by those who would endeavour to show that we should not meddle with prophetic truth, but not finishing the verse, which runs thus, "but that which is revealed to us and to our children." We will just refer to the four resurrections in the order of Scripture; and,

First—Of Israel.

Second—From a state of nature into a state of grace; or, from a spiritual death into a life of righteousness, which may be called a spiritual resurrection.

Third—Of that of which Christ was the first fruits, which is called the first resurrection.

Fourth—That of the wicked dead, which will take place at least a thousand years after that of the righteous. That of the saints will be a resurrection from *among the dead*; that is to say, the righteous will be taken from among the wicked, and the wicked be left in their graves whilst Christ and His bride reign in millennial glory at least a thousand years. But to take them in order.

The account of the first we find recorded in Dan. xii. 2. "And many of them which sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, some to shame and everlasting contempt." Now, this is not what is commonly called "the general resurrection;" we do not find in Scripture a simultaneous rising of the just and the unjust, but the four above named occur at different times; one has commenced, and has been going on for more than eighteen hundred years (see John v. 25). The third of which we speak may commence at any moment, (see 1 Cor. xv. 52; also John v. 28.) But Daniel's resurrection, if we may so speak, is that of the lost tribes of Israel, which are here referred to as sleeping in the dust of the earth. The Gentiles are evidently referred to in his prophecy, and the judgments spoken of will fall upon them. But in speaking of those with whom God is

more immediately occupied, as the object of His thoughts, the *people of Daniel* are only intended, (see Dan. x. 14), "Now I am come to make thee understand what shall befall *thy people* in the latter days." The fulfilment of which is taken up in chapters x., xi., xii., "Many of them which sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." The prophet Isaiah (ch. xxvi. 19) speaks of the same time, "Thy dead shall live, with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Here is the resurrection of the Jew, "Come my people, enter into thy chambers, and hide thyself for a little moment until the indignation be overpast." But there is one other scripture I would mention, which very clearly points to the same time (Ezekiel xxxvii.)—that of the dry bones. It is often quoted as having reference to souls; and morally, no doubt, the same effect happens to those who are quickened of God. But the subject of the chapter is evidently the nation of Israel; we may *use it*, and rightly, to speak of souls being quickened of God; but the subject of the spirit is "*the nation of Israel*," (see ver. 11), "Son of man, *these bones are the whole house of Israel*." What can be plainer? Behold, they say, "Our bones are dried;" (they in captivity say so). "Behold, O my people" (Israel), "Thus saith the Lord (ver. 12), Behold I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you"—where?—"into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall *live*, and I shall place you in your own *land*." "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." This then is not the resurrection of the New Testament, but that of the Jewish nation, at which time they will be *born again*; to which, I believe, our Lord alluded in His conversation with Nicodemus, (compare John iii. 5, with Ezek. xxxvi. 25—28). It is exceedingly sweet

and refreshing to one's soul to look a little through these scriptures into the future glory of the Lord. Oh, that we may not be so wrapt up in our own individual selves and experiences, and be more occupied with the Lord of glory and the glory of the Lord; when "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth; and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 10, 11). And assuredly we come short of the expectations of Christ if we confine our thoughts to our own individual salvation and glory, because there will be in His kingdom an earthly as well as a heavenly glory. Daniel speaks of the kingdom *under* the whole heaven; and Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah, Hosea, and Zechariah speak of earthly glory in millennial times. John speaks (in Rev. xix., xx., xxi., xxii.) of heavenly glory; of Christ and His bride, not on the earth, but over the earth. John speaks of earthly judgments and heavenly glory. The Old Testament prophets speak of earthly judgments and earthly glory. The resurrection, then, in Dan. xii. 2, is the resurrection of the nation of the Jews.

The second resurrection that we find in Scripture is from a state of nature into a state of grace, or from a death of sin into a life of righteousness, which we understand from the words of our Lord in John v. 25, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." And the power of that resurrection-voice has been felt in the souls of countless millions extending over a period of more than eighteen hundred years. "The time is coming," says Christ, "and now is." But, in the 28th verse, He speaks of a different thing, and of a different time: "The hour is coming"—not *now is*—but "the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." But it will not be simultaneous; that is to say, there will be a period of at least a thousand years (Rev. xx. 5) between those who are raised unto life, and those who are raised unto damnation. If any

object to this, I refer them to Luke iv. 18—20, where our Lord quotes Isa. lxi. as far as "to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And He closed the book," because He had so far fulfilled the prophecy. Although the whole of the prophecy is contained in these verses, yet, between the fulfilment of the first part and the latter there has been already a period of more than eighteen hundred years. "The day of vengeance, and to give to them that mourn in Zion beauty for ashes," &c., has not yet come.* So, in John v. 28, there will be a period between the resurrection of the one and the other of not less than one thousand years. "They that are Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. xv. 23). "But the *rest of the dead* lived not again until the thousand years were finished" (Rev. xx. 5). Let us refer to a few scriptures. You will find in the New Testament such expressions as "resurrection *from* the dead; and Phil. iii. 11, should be the resurrection *from among* the dead. We will borrow an illustration. Suppose you were to go into a granary, and take a bushel of wheat *from* a quantity there, it would be plain you had not taken *all* away, but a part *from* the rest. Just so is it as to the first resurrection. This is, I think the teaching of the New Testament. For example, Mark ix. 9, "And as they came down from the mountain, He charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen *from* the dead. And they kept *that* saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising *from* the dead should mean."

Again, Luke xx. 27—36. It is concerning the woman that had had seven husbands. The Sadducees ask, "In the resurrection whose wife of them is she? And Jesus answering, said unto them, The children of this *age* marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted *worthy* to obtain that world, and the resurrection *from* the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the

* Spiritually, to our souls it has; but that is not the fulfilment of the prophecy; it is to them that mourn in Zion. Zion is not the Church. Zion is Zion.

children of God, being the children of *the resurrection*." Observe the words "*from the dead and the resurrection*." Now, here there is no mention of any wicked being raised; but those who are raised are "*the children of God*," and *equal to the angels*, being "*the children of the resurrection*." In fact, there is a comparative silence in Scripture as to the resurrection of the wicked; they are only just alluded to as appearing on the scene, as it were, for a moment after the thousand years to receive their final doom, and to be cast into the lake of fire. "Solemn facts!" And in Cor. xv., the resurrection of the wicked is never once mentioned. But, again, (Luke xiv. 12-14), our Lord says, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed," when? "at the resurrection of the just." Now, does not that expression, "*the resurrection of the just*" imply something distinct from the resurrection of others? But it may be asked by some, Does not Matt. xxv. 31-33, teach the doctrine of a general resurrection and judgment? "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left." Now, there is nothing said in this scripture concerning *resurrection* at all, either of the righteous or the wicked. It is the judgment of the "*nations on the earth*" at His coming—"And before Him shall be gathered all nations."

The four resurrections, then, in Scripture order are,

First—That from a state of nature into grace, or from a state of death into

a life of righteousness (John v. 25).

Secondly—The resurrection of the saints at Christ's coming (1 Cor. xv. 23).

Thirdly—That of the Jewish nation (Dan. xii. 2; Ezek. xxxvii.)

Fourthly—That of the wicked dead (Rev. xx. 12).

But it may be that we shall be among those who are alive, and remain at His coming; and who can tell—blessed and happy thought—that whilst writing or reading this paper, we might be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. Holy, practical thought! "For we shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed in a moment; in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; and we shall be changed." "For ever with the Lord!" What a prospect! What a glorious hope! "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure" (1 John iii. 2, 3). "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory" (Col. iii. 4). May the doctrine of the resurrections, and the speedy and glorious return of our Lord to fetch His bride, have a very practical power in our hearts; so that we may have our loins girded about, and, with lights burning, be like unto men who wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh we may open unto him immediately. "Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down, and will come forth and serve them" (Luke xii. 37).

Islington.

T. A.

We read in Plutarch of a young maid exposed for sale in the market, who, when a chapman asked her, "Wilt thou be faithful if I buy thee?" answered, "Aye, that I will, though thou do not buy me." So also must we be found faithful even though we meet with no encouragement in the work which our Father has given us to do.

Cold prayers are like arrows without heads, swords without edges, birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to heaven. Those prayers that have no heavenly fire in them always freeze before they reach as high as heaven; but fervent prayer is very prevalent with God.

Brooks.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 212.)

George.—We have now seen that the incorruptible and undefiled inheritance is made sure to God's people, and that they are made fit and proper recipients of it; capable of enjoying it, through being united to Jesus their Head, because by that they are made partakers of a new, holy, and Divine nature.

Mary.—But, George, if God's people are, as you say, new creatures in Christ Jesus, being created anew in Him, born again of Him, and are, therefore, like their Almighty Father, perfectly holy and righteous now in that sense as they ever will be, while, at the same time, they are in and of themselves sinners, unholy and unrighteous, haters of God, and will be such till they put off this their tabernacle, what do those pastors and teachers mean that say the Christian's nature is changed, and that sanctification varies; and that though there were no degrees in justification, but that the moment a soul through the teaching of the Holy Ghost came to Jesus and believed on Him, that soul was as completely justified before God as the soul of the oldest saint, yet there were degrees in holiness—there was little holiness and great holiness, weak holiness and strong holiness? I can assure you that some great and, I trust, good men make such assertions; therefore if it be not too great a puzzle for you, do tell me what they mean; for if the Christian's nature be indeed changed, I have great reason to be cast down, fearing that I am not a Christian at all.

George.—I do not like to encourage a criticising spirit, neither do I like to make a man an offender for a word; but, knowing that a poor tried exercised child of God, on hearing one whom he considers to be a good man say a Christian's nature is changed, would be ready to say, Well, if that be the case, then I am not a Christian, for if there be a change at all in my nature it is from bad to worse, I will boldly say that such an assertion is contrary to the word of God, and to the experience of the saints in all ages; and therefore, though he be a "good and great" man that make such

an assertion, or thought it were even an angel from heaven, do not, my dear friend, be cast down by it: for as long as you are in the world your *corrupt mind* will be enmity against God, so that you will not be able to do the things which you, as a new creature in Christ Jesus, would wish to do. You will, from time to time, be left to feel that you are in your sinful nature—earthly, sensual, devilish; and therefore, with dear KENT, you will be ready to say—

"Oh no, a heart so bad as mine,

So vile in all its bearing—

Is like the leprous house that must,

At once be crumbled into dust,

For 'tis beyond repairing."

Oh no, "it will never be changed, mended, nor made better," as Mr. HUNTINGTON says when speaking of the old man, and therefore "must be denied, resisted, mortified, and put off." Yes, and it will be, too, by all those who are born of God. The "new spirit" is indeed given to God's people now, but the old and stony heart is not yet taken away; nor will it be, as long as they are in the flesh. Perhaps the whole of that promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 26, will be fulfilled all at once by and by as it respects the Jews, and will be in due time to all God's dear people. Oh what blessed freedom will they *then* enjoy! When will that glorious time arrive? I am always grieved to hear or read about a change of nature because I know that nature is never changed. And I do not believe that some of those who speak of a change of nature, mean what they say, for they often speak of a new nature, perhaps, directly after. Now I cannot understand how a *new* nature can be a *changed* nature.

Mary.—Then I wish they would not say what they do not mean. I can assure you, my dear friend, that what you said just now is just what I feel. It seems to me that I am getting worse and worse every day.

George.—I wish the same. But don't, my dear friend, expect too much from any man, though he be a "great and good" man; but beg of the Lord to

teach you. None teacheth like Him. He can teach you with or without means. "Ye need not that any man teach you." And do beg of Him also to grant our pastors and teachers to know more of themselves, and more of Himself. And sure I am, if they have much of this precious knowledge, we shall not hear much about a change of nature. Oh no, "Christ only." What they are in and through Him will be the theme of their discourse. With respect to the other assertions, I can hardly understand what they mean; and as long as these passages, "Ye are *complete* in Him;" "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification;" and, "as *He is*, so *are we* in this world," are in the Bible, I shall not believe but what God's people were and are as completely sanctified in God's sight as they were and are justified. I understand holiness to be perfect purity; and I cannot see how there can be little purity and great purity, or weak and strong purity; neither can I see how perfect purity can vary. And certain I am that every one who is united to Jesus, by a living union, is washed from every spot of sin, and therefore perfectly pure in that sense; and also possesses the spirit of Jesus, the Divine nature, which also must be perfectly pure—purity itself being the workmanship of God. In a word, I cannot see how holiness or unholiness, purity or impurity, can admit of degrees of comparison. But, perhaps, by "little holiness and great holiness, weak and strong holiness," our pastors and teachers mean that the fruits of holiness, those fruits of the Spirit which spring from the new man, or the branch which is united to Jesus, are manifested forth in a stronger and greater degree by some of God's dear people than others, and that at times they are more conspicuous than at other times, and therefore they may be said to vary. Now I believe that is quite true. But I believe the man who is enabled most to realize that he is complete in Christ, that he is perfectly holy and righteous now, in those senses we have been speaking of, and therefore now "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," will bring forth the most holy fruits. And, therefore, I suppose I may say (though I hardly know how to say

so) he will *have*, or possess, the greatest and strongest holiness, because a knowledge of those precious truths will be sure to bring love into lively exercise; and when love is strong and lively, every other blessed fruit will receive new life and strength. Oh may the Holy Ghost give us to know more and more the blessed state we are brought into through union to Jesus—through His finished salvation; then, through knowing that we are made free from sin, and become the servants—yea, sons—of God—we shall have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. I think we unlearned ones should not be half so much puzzled were our pastors and teachers to exhort us to put off the old man, and put on the new man; to mortify our earthly members, and to "put on as the elect of God, *holy* and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering," &c.

Mary.—Methinks, then, I have the least and weakest holiness of all God's dear family; yet I trust in my happiest moments when, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost, Jesus and His finished salvation are most precious to me—

"When Jesus with His mighty love,
Visits my troubled breast,"

I do know what it is to have faith, love, and every grace, in lively exercise. Yea, these fruits do, as it were, begin to bud forth. I wish it were always thus with me. But though the Spirit, which I trust He has given me, is always willing, yet I cannot be as I would through this body of death which I drag about with me, and which receives I believe new life sometimes through being, as it were, breathed into by the evil spirit. "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits."

George.—I am glad you are so much like "our beloved brother Paul," for he called himself less than the least of all saints. Ah, my dear friend, the new man will never be satisfied till it gets home to its Father's country. There the sun always shines; there the blessed fruits of the Spirit, which are now perfect in their nature, will arrive to perfection. There no chilling winds will

ever more be felt; no more saying—

“Why are my winters so long?”

Oh no, the new man will be satisfied, because it will be with its Father, and like Him!

“Lord, afford a spring to me!

Let me feel like what I see;

Ah! my winter has been long,

Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!

Winter threaten'd to destroy,

Faith, and love, and ev'ry joy;

If Thy life was in the root,

Still I could not yield Thee fruit.

“Speak, and by Thy gracious voice,

Make my drooping soul rejoice;

O beloved Saviour, haste,

Tell me all the storms are past;

On thy garden deign to smile,

Raise the plants, enrich the soil;

Soon Thy presence will restore

Life to what seem'd dead before.

“Lord, I long to be at home,

Where these changes never come?

Where the saints no winter fear,

Where 'tis spring throughout the year:

How unlike this state below!

There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;

There no chilling blasts annoy,

All is love, and bloom, and joy.”

Mary.—But, George, you have spoken of the new creature, the new man, as being begotten in God's people by God the Son, who is, indeed, called “the everlasting Father.” Yet, in so doing, I suppose you do not mean to say it is not also the work of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost to create it?

George.—No, to be sure I do not. I believe it to be the workmanship of the Triune Jehovah, just as much as the creation of Adam was, concerning whom the Lord said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;” and the new man is said to be created “after God” (that is, in His image, after His likeness) “in righteousness and true holiness.” And God's people are said to be born of God, and of the Spirit, and of Him (*i.e.* Christ); and therefore I conclude that the new creature, produced in God's people, is the workmanship of God in His Trinity of Persons. But then, I do not think it is wrong to say, that Christ is the Father, or Creator, of the new man, any more than it was for St. Paul, speaking by the Spirit, to say, in Col. i. 16, “For by Him were all things created that are in heaven,

and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: *all things were created by Him*, and for Him;” and yet we see, in the 1st of Genesis, that creation was the work of God in His Trinity of Persons. You see, my dear friend, that it is through Jesus being Emmanuel, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, that His children, His seed, are exalted to that high dignity of being the children of God. “Forasmuch as the children given to Him are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.” . . . “He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham.” The Father, speaking of His beloved Son, says, “His seed will I make to endure for ever;” and therefore Christ, the last Adam, was made a quickening Spirit, that He might quicken all His seed, the children given to Him by His Father. Therefore they live by Him and in Him, and as long as He lives they shall live also. “Christ is all, and in all.” Oh may He reveal Himself as such to our souls; then shall we with holy rapture exclaim—

“Yes, thou art precious to my soul,

My Saviour and my ALL!”

We need not be afraid of dishonouring God the Father or God the Holy Ghost by speaking of Jesus as the Father of God's dear people. He is the one whom the Father delighteth to honour. And Jesus says of the Spirit of Truth, “He shall not speak of Himself.” . . . “He shall glorify *Me*.” By honouring the Son we honour the Father also. I was glad to see “A Precious Mystery Illustrated,” by one of our brethren, a few months since. When I have been attempting to pour out my heart before God in prayer, I have been at times brought to a standstill all at once by a suggestion something like this: “You are not praying aright; you ought to pray in such or such manner.” This has been the suggested manner at times: “You ought to ask God the Father for the blessings you desire, through the Son, by the Spirit.” My mouth has been, I think I may say, instantly stopped. Now, though this may be a proper way to offer up our petitions, I do not think it is always necessary to confine

ourselves to it. We may call on God the Father, we may call on the Lord Jesus Christ, our Emmanuel, Friend, and Brother, and we may call on the Holy Ghost, for they are One. There cannot be, as our friend observes, the remotest feeling of such a kind of thing as jealousy between the Three most holy, most glorious Persons of the One Eternal Triune Jehovah. I believe, therefore, that such suggestions come from Satan to puzzle and distress us, and to hinder us, if it were possible, from praying at all. I think, my dear friend, you now understand what I meant when I said God's people are righteous in three ways; and that they are as holy now, in *two* ways, as they ever will be; and that, therefore, it is not without meaning that it is said in Isaiah xlv. 24, "Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness" (margin).

Mary.—I trust I do. Through being united to Jesus, their Head, Husband, and Father, God's people are justified,

cleared from every charge, washed from every spot of sin, through His suffering obedience, and therefore made perfectly holy and righteous. They are, also, covered all over with that glorious robe, the robe of His righteousness, which He wrought out and brought in by His active obedience, which is sure to bring down every blessing on them throughout eternity, because it is *overlasting righteousness*; and 'by it they are made precious and glorious in God the Father's eyes. They are, also, created anew in Christ Jesus, made new creatures in Him and by Him, and as such are perfectly holy and righteous, like their Almighty Father *now*, and are, therefore, fit and proper recipients of all those precious blessings which Jesus, by His finished salvation, has made sure to them—made meet *now* to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Lord, grant us to know the preciousness of these blessed truths in our souls. Amen.

PROPHECY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—Opinions differ, and on nothing more so than on religious subjects, or the interpretation of prophecy.

In your Magazine for August, page 396, a correspondent writes:—"Thirdly, the seals of the Revelations have yet to be opened, as I believe; the trumpets have yet to sound, and the vials have yet to be poured out."

Contrary to this opinion, some writers of celebrity have stated (and Dr. CUMMING amongst the number) that the seventh vial (or last punishment, Rev. xvi. 17) began to be poured out about A.D. 1848.

But I do not agree with either of these opinions; and if you will bear with me I will endeavour to show that they are both wrong, and at the same time point out the period of prophecy we are in at this present time.

It must be quite evident to every biblical student, that the commencement and fulfilment of many prophetic epochs has taken place. For instance, the Babylonian kingdom was destroyed; the Medes and Persians rose and fell in like manner, followed by the rise and fall of

Greece and Rome, as predicted. Even so, we at this present time are nearly at the close of a prophetic epoch, which will shake all nations.

In the interpretation of prophecy, care should be taken that one prophecy does not disagree or clash with another, but a perfect agreement of every part should be kept in view for the understanding of the whole.

The first, and most remarkable prophecy of future events, extending far beyond the times in which we live, is given to us in the second chapter of the prophet Daniel. The second, of the same tenor, though under different symbols, is in the seventh chapter of the same book.

The meaning of these prophecies are one and the same; for what the different metals represent in the one, the different beasts represent in the other. There is, however, this difference—that while the ten toes remained unmoved on the feet of the image, three of the horns on the head of the beast are plucked up by the roots, while another little horn takes their place.

The interpretation given to us of these prophecies, in the first instance by Daniel, through the Spirit of God, and by an angel in the second instance, show that they referred to future events, and reach down to the end of time; and we can say, in our day, that the empires symbolized by the different metals and beasts have all rose and fell, and are now matters of history.

But, for the understanding of what I am about to write, it will be necessary to refer to the last beast (Dan. vii. 7, to end), the symbol of the Roman Empire, which divides itself into three distinct parts:—

1st. Imperial Rome.

2nd. Papal Rome, from the rise of the little horn.

3rd. The judgment which is to sit upon the latter.

By thus dividing the Roman Empire into three periods, a key is found which will unlock the greater part of the mysteries in the Revelations, and which must correspond with the prophecies of Daniel; only keeping in mind that each of these distinct periods is divided again into seven, and that the prophecy is doubled in the Revelations, as is the case in Daniel.

To make it as plain as possible, I will show these distinct periods in as few words as I can, and then offer some explanation of those parts which more immediately concern us in the day in which we live.

1st. The opening of the first six seals includes the period from the first promulgation of the Gospel until the dissolution of Imperial Rome. (ch. vi. and vii.)

2nd. At the opening of the seventh seal another epoch commences, and is continued during the sounding of the six first trumpets, the seven thunders, and until the sounding of the seventh trumpet (ch. viii. ix., x., and to the 15th verse of ch. xi.)

All these events are connected, in particular, with the Mahomedan Empire, say from 606 until 1866.

1st. Prophecy in chapter xii. recommences with the birth of Christ, His crucifixion and ascension, the persecution of the Church, and final dissolution of the Roman Empire, typified by a great red dragon.

2nd. The dragon being cast down, gives his power, seat, and great authority unto the beast (ch. xiii.); or, in other words, Imperial Rome, being destroyed, gives place to Papal Rome, which is to continue for forty-two months. This period, by reckoning thirty days for each month, and then counting each day for a year, will make 1,260 years; and, comparing the periods in Rev. xii. 6 and 14, and Dan. vii. 25, that is the period the Little Horn was to have the dominion, and therefore agrees with it in its period of time.

3rd. The judgment which is to sit upon the latter. This judgment will commence with the sounding of the seventh trumpet, and will be continued by the pouring out of the seven vials full of the wrath of God (ch. xvi.), *not one of which has yet been poured out, neither has the seventh trumpet sounded.* For if the Papacy took its rise in A.D. 606, and is to continue for 1,260 years, like the Mahomedan (Rev. xi. 2), it has not done its worst yet, and will not be overturned until it has.

I will now endeavour to explain some of those parts of prophecy which most immediately concern us, and also to show whereabouts in the prophetic account we are at this present time.

I have stated, as my belief, that the trumpets, and the thunders' uttering of their voices, were connected in particular with the Mahomedan Empire. Mahomed first began to fabricate his imposture in A.D. 606, at which period I will suppose the first trumpet sounded; and as there is no period given to the sounding of the second, third, and fourth trumpets, I will suppose them to have sounded in rotation, and the effects of the last-named ending about A.D. 1300, and will commence with the fifth, or first woe-trumpet from that period, which was to last five months, or 150 years. This trumpet is called a woe-trumpet through the manufacture of gunpowder, and its use in war. The sounding of the sixth, or second woe-trumpet, I will consider as commencing in A.D. 1453, when the Turks, through the agency of great guns, or improved artillery, took the city of Constantinople, and put an end to the Eastern Roman Empire. This is called the second woe-trumpet, by the improved means of destructive weapons used in

warfare. And it appears plain to me that the apostle was shown a battle under these different means of destruction which he attempted to describe. This woe was to last 391 years, and would end in 1844.

Between 1844 and 1866 seven thunders were to utter their voices, and these in connexion with the Mahomedan Empire. And I would ask, Has not this prophecy been fulfilled? What was the Crimean war but a fulfilment of it? Russia invades a Turkish province; Turkey resists: France and England next enter the lists, and the scene is removed to Sebastopol: Austria protects the invaded province; Sardinia joins in the war; while Prussia comes at the last to sign the conditions of peace. Thus Russia, Turkey, England, France, Austria, Sardinia, and Prussia, as seven thunders, have uttered their voices.

It was found, during the siege of Sebastopol, that the cannon heretofore in use were almost useless against the Russian fortifications, and every endeavour was made to improve the power of artillery, and the Lancaster gun was brought into use, as well as mortars of immense size, and the Minie rifle instead of the musket. Since that time every exertion is being made to increase the means for destruction. Rifled cannon, the Armstrong gun, steel-plated war vessels, and Leviathan ships, are made and built, so that, when the seventh trumpet shall sound and the third woe commence, the destructiveness of the engines for war will as far exceed those in use before the Crimean war as these did those of the fourteenth century.

There is one more prophecy in particular to be fulfilled before the sounding of the seventh trumpet, and that is the slaughter of the two witnesses (Rev. xi. 7—14), and their resurrection after three years and a half. These two witnesses I believe to be the Old and New Testaments, as I cannot think that any other power but the Word of God can do what is said to be done by them (3—6); at the same time, I believe that a persecution will take place throughout the Mahomedan Empire during the same period, as in other nations; for that period will be "the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. iii. 10).

"We are now on the eve of the fulfilment of two prophecies. The first is in Rev. xvii. 12—15.

In the coming Congress to settle the Italian question England will be represented; and without England, it appears, there would be no Congress. The nations to be represented at it are ten, besides the Popedom—England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Sardinia, Naples, and Rome. Now, whatever may be the decision of this Congress, or however we may dislike those decisions, we must bow before them, "for God hath put in their hearts to fulfil His will and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled."

The second prophecy which is on the eve of fulfilment is the latter part of Rev. xiii., say from the 10th verse to the end

The lamb with the two horns is in being, and is now about to exercise all the power of the first beast before him, "and will cause the earth, and them which dwell therein, to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed." And he doeth "great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live."

The image to the beast here spoken of I believe will be something like what Puseyism is to Popery, or what certain churches are to Romanist chapels.

"And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed."

As I have before said that I believe the image to the beast to be something like what Puseyism is to Popery, so I believe that after the two-horned lamb shall have made the image, the life that will be given to it will be something like the active powers of Convocation given to the clergy, and then the image will speak.

"And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to

receive a mark in their right hands, or in their foreheads :

"And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name."

Notwithstanding the penalty, may God grant that neither you, dear Sir, nor I, may either have the mark, name, or number; for the penalty of the one will only be during this life, but the penalty of the other will exclude us from the first resurrection, and a thousand years' reign with Christ (Rev. xx. 4).

I hope and trust that the prophecies in the Revelations may be more seriously studied; for the day is at hand which will burn as an oven, and that such contradictions as have appeared in publications from time to time may be done away with for ever.

I had written a letter to you after the perusal of your August number, but did not send it, hoping that some of your able correspondents would have taken up the subject; but I have since seen your September and October numbers without the subject being noticed. As I have a little spare paper in this sheet, I may as well continue the subject a little further, so as to convince those who believe that all the vials of the wrath of God have been poured out, of their error, as well as those (if any) who believe that time has been at a standstill, and that neither seals have been opened or trumpets sounded.

I have endeavoured to show that our prophetic standing is nearly upon the sounding of the seventh trumpet, and that persecution throughout the earth is nearly at the heels of the people of God. By that persecution they will be made manifest; for the people of God are not

in any Church in particular, but they are each and all like what a woman would be in a wilderness. The coming persecution will find out all the living members of it, after which the seventh trumpet will sound. Then will come a struggle such as never came upon the earth before. Popery, and the image of it, will be overturned, and the power of the Mahomedans broken; and the destruction upon the earth is represented as if the earth was reaped (Rev. xiv. 14—20).

In the fifteenth chapter we have the rejoicings and song of those who have gained the victory over the beast, image of it, mark and number. Then are poured out in succession six vials full of the wrath of God. The Jews will be brought again to their own land, Christ will come and raise the dead saints and change the living, the seventh vial will be poured out, and the events will take place as represented in Rev. xix., Zech. xiv., and Ezek. xxxviii., xxxix., to be followed by the building of the Temple (Ezek. xl.—xlviii.) and the reign of the saints in their resurrection bodies for a thousand years (Rev. v. 9, 10, and xx. 4—6).

Such I believe to be the current of events. Few there are who see and believe it; nevertheless, God will fulfil His own word in His own time; and should I be mistaken by a year or two in the sounding of the seventh trumpet, every thing shows that that event cannot much exceed the time stated.

May God, in His mercy, keep us from this evil world, and wean us more and more from it! Dear Sir, I hope you will patiently read this through before you condemn it to the flames, for perilous times are at hand. Improve the subject; for the people of God will need it.

Claybrook.

B. H.

COVENANT RAINBOW.—As long as God, my Father, is looking on His dear Son, His bow in the cloud; so long doth He behold the Church in Him. As long as His throne is encircled with this rainbow, no dispensation, either in nature, providence, grace, or glory, can be shown the Church; or to the smallest of the Lord's little ones, but must come through Christ. Oh! then, for grace that I may look upon the bow in the cloud; that I may

behold in it, by the eye of faith, that mighty angel, even the Lord Jesus Christ, whom John, the beloved apostle, in after ages saw clothed with a rainbow about the throne. May I so look, by grace, until mine eye awakens all the affections of my heart, and my soul is confirmed and established in the full assurance of faith and dependance upon all the covenant promises of God, the Father, in Christ Jesus, the Lord.—*B. Hawker.*

AFTER DEATH.

PART V.

"And after death, the judgment."—Heb. ix. 27.

THE apostles' doctrine as to the regeneration and resurrection of the soul and body, led them also to anticipate the blessedness that would follow when both were reunited and rendered capable of beholding the Lord of hosts now exalted in judgment; and God, that is holy, sanctified in righteousness. And though that which is said on the subject may appear mere argument to some, there is nevertheless, in the truth of God, a fellowship enjoyed in the hearts of the faithful, both edifying and comforting, that at once stamps it as being heavenly and divine.

What, then, shall we say about the judgment-seat of Christ? Judgment supposes a judge, and a seat of jurisdiction, the existence of laws; and as laws are either obeyed or disobeyed, and upon one or the other depends the sentence, so the verdict of a judge is either unto condemnation or acquittal.

Now the judge of all the earth is God, and His judgment is just. The Lord is our lawgiver, and His laws must be fulfilled. Man is the offender, whose sin is the transgression of God's law; and law and judgment go together in God's word (Esther i. 13).

Man lives and dies, and after then the judgment. Methinks I see the Son of Man coming in His Father's glory, and all His holy angels with Him. But what is there personally interesting in the stupendous sight? Ah, that is the great secret! *A division of the people of all nations is made, and that before the awful and final sentence is pronounced.* They are separated one from another; and the *sheep* are on the right hand of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the *goats* are on the left. And for this marked and preparatory movement of distinction, is there not a cause? Yes, verily; the one are **THE RIGHTEOUS**, and the other are **THE WICKED**.

The question then naturally arises, from whence have the one this advantage over the other, seeing that both alike are "born in sin?" Here argument must cease, and reason bow. The poor writer feels that all that belongs to

him to say on this point is, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Surely a potter *hath the power* to use his clay as he pleases; and who shall deny to him *the will*? Let the humble language of our hearts then be, "Lord, we are the clay, and Thou our potter." "Let Him do what seemeth Him good." One thing is certain, and that is, that a wicked man as much loves his wickedness as a righteous man doth his righteousness. For he that is *in* the flesh will walk *after* the flesh; and with his flesh *will serve* "the law of sin." Whereas he that hateth the evil of the flesh will love the good of the Spirit; and, as David says, the Spirit "is good." But, whence doth a man get a liking for that which is "good" but from the Christ of God, whose goodness extendeth unto him? And it is this extension of Christ's "goodness" to His Church and people that makes them what they are, and *ever* will be, unto God. Indeed, the "gift of righteousness" is nothing short of Christ extended in His goodness; and so does He "empty" * Himself for their enrichment, that He makes "*all His goodness*" to pass before them. Moreover, the infinite merits of His holy life, and the efficacious virtue of His precious blood and death, is so made over to their account, that God is "just to forgive them their sins," because He sees in the law's fulfilment an end made of sin; and in the abolishing of the enmity the finishing of transgression; yea, and everlasting righteousness so brought in, that the Father becomes the "*justifier*" of all them that believe in Jesus His Son. And the whole of this is nothing less than the Lord Jesus Christ extending Himself in the benefits and blessings of His great salvation unto all them whom the Father had given unto Him.

These are the "righteous" in contradistinction to the "wicked;" whose "sin unto death" *remaining* in them, the wrath of God *abideth* on them.

The next question that arises in the

* Marginal reading (Mal. iii. 10).

mind is, *how* is this righteousness of God revealed from heaven? Ah, this is a point that perhaps may try the reader. "I (says Jehovah) lead in the way of righteousness, *in the midst of the paths of judgment*;" nor is there any other way for mercy and truth to go before His face than by that "justice and judgment" which are the habitation of His throne. At the giving of the law unto Moses, the voice that spoke the holy words, both shook the mountain and filled with fear the man. In like manner did the earth tremble and quake when Christ fulfilled the law (Matt. xxvii. 51). Thunder is God's answer to sin, and lightning the expression of His wrath. But though our blessed Jesus hath for ever put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; and therefore hath our everlasting Father turned Himself from the fierceness of His anger; the children of God are taught to *know this* by a *realized experience thereof in their hearts*. The truth of God is not held with them in *cold credence* merely, but in *living power*. They are instructed into the mysteries of Christ's kingdom only by that judgment and justice with which it is always established (Isa. ix. 7). Nor is there any other way for Zion's converts to be "*clothed with righteousness*," but as they have first been "*redeemed with judgment*."

We therefore turn at once to the apostle Paul, who wrote to Timothy as follows:—"Some men's sins are open before-hand (that is, laid bare, made manifest unto them), going before (them) to judgment; and some (that is, some men's sins) they follow after." In other words, *the children of God are judged in time, that they should not be condemned with the wicked to all eternity*.

"Some men's sins are open before-hand." And who opens them? that is, who makes the discovery of them? Why, the Holy Ghost, to be sure. It is the "Spirit of truth" that "convinces of sin;" and no man can know what a sinner he is, but by the "*spirit of judgment*" that tries him, and the "*spirit of burning*" which (as to his fleshly confidence and legal hopes) destroys him. This is "the apostle's doctrine," who himself was alive (in sin) once; but when "the law" or "commandment" came, he died: yea, and it

was the verdict of the righteous judge that slew him. He was thus "chastened of the Lord" here, that he should not be "condemned with the wicked" hereafter. And why so? Because sin being condemned in the flesh of Christ, there is therefore now "no condemnation" to the Church. Indeed, the very coming of Christ into this world was that He might execute upon Himself the judgment of God due unto His people (Job v. 37). As He himself declares, "For judgment am I come into this world;" and then it was also, "that the prince of this world was judged."

So that the judgment-day is, as our Lord declares, for the justification of the righteous, and condemnation of the wicked. Then shall He see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied; for by His righteousness, as God's servant for the Church, He shall justify many; yea, all for whose sins He died, and for whose justification He rose again. Therefore "in the Lord shall all Israel be justified, and shall glory." Seeing also that their sins are forgiven, being atoned for—that judgment is set, or settled, because executed upon Christ—that the law of God is magnified and made honourable by the obedience and death of Christ, there is "*no more curse*." An eternal smile sits upon Jehovah's face, Love's sceptre is for ever held out to the ransomed bride of Christ; for God is well pleased with His people for the righteousness sake of His Son.

Then who shall curse when God doth bless? And what shall separate us from His everlasting love? Indeed, who *can* condemn *without a law*? Why, sin is not even imputed when there is no law. And if the law hath been obeyed for us, yea, more, if the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us, who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? "It is Christ that died" is the Church's answer to every accuser. "It is God that justifieth" is the saint's reply to each disputer. "If God be for us, who then can be against us?" And who can charge when He acquits? Justice being satisfied, God will not condemn. Men of this world, being themselves guilty, dare not (John viii. 10, 11); and Satan, cast out and bound, cannot. Nevertheless, among the wicked

there will be the violent perverting of judgment, attempting to turn the same to wormwood and gall; but what matters, whatever Moses hath said in the Law, Christ hath answered in the Gospel. Indeed, Christ having gone to the end of the law for *righteousness*, then cometh *charity and love*—not wrath and curse. And this is *the Gospel*, for it bringeth in a “better hope,” by a “better sacrifice” than they had under the Old Testament, God having provided some better things for us under the New. Thus every saint is saved: the ransom being found, deliverance from the pit *must* follow. The Lord having stayed the fury of the oppressor, the lawful captive hastens to be loosed. The prisoner being declared “free” and faultless, the Judge orders his immediate discharge.

“Justice beholding his attire,

No more appears his foe;

He says, *I’ve all that I require—*

Loose him, and let him go!

“He stands accepted in *His name*

Whose blood for him did flow;

The holy law proclaims the same—

Loose him, and let him go!

“Thus Justice, Law, and Gospel too,

Conspire to set him free;

Reflect, my soul, admire and view,

What God hath done for thee.”

Now, from the foregoing it is clearly the belief of the writer (and he blesses God for the same) that all *he* shall ever know of the wrath and indignation of God against sin, is that which *he now* is made acquainted with in the fellowship he hath with the “sufferings of Christ.” And if we are not made partakers therewith, how shall we need the “consolation” that is connected with it, or the glory that shall certainly follow it. It is by the law and testimony of God, in the conscience, that we obtain such a knowledge of sin as for ever to stay all our hopes of salvation from anything else than the free unmerited mercy of God, in Christ Jesus. And it is because the Father *hath* taken away all His wrath, and turned Himself from the fierceness of His anger, that the believer is now furnished with that ground of appeal employed by David, “Turn us again, O God of our salvation” (Ps. lxxxv. 3, 4).

It is through the merits of Jesus that

we have hope in God’s mercy. For we look to Him upon whom justice hath poured the fury of anger, and the strength of battle, till the waters of wrath and indignation against sin were all assuaged. And now we look upon the Father, since He hath made the soul of Christ an offering for His people’s sin, as saying to them, “Fury is not in me.” And, instead of making void the law, we established it; seeing that the law, being fulfilled, becomes itself a witness of the righteousness of Christ (Rom. iii. 21), and *that judgment of God* which stood against us in the uncircumcision of our flesh, now rests for a light unto us, as circumcised in the heart and spirit.

Therefore when the great angel shall come and thrust the sharp sickle of judgment into the earth, gathering the world’s vintage together to cast it into the great winepress of the wrath of God, the angel of the everlasting covenant shall collect the saints also; and the same voice that saith, “*he which is unjust, let him be unjust still,*” and “*he that is filthy, let him be filthy still,*” will also say, “*he that is righteous, let him be righteous still,* and *he that is holy, let him be holy still.*” That which men have been in time, they shall be to all eternity: for as a tree falls so it will lie: the wicked shall be driven away in their wickedness, and the righteous shall be established in their righteousness; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Then shall He, the Elder Brother of the true and spiritual Israel, who hath said unto their Everlasting Father, as Judah said of Joseph unto Jacob, “I will be surety for him, of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, let me bear the blame for ever.” Then shall our blessed Jesus say unto God concerning the whole family of the redeemed by blood, “Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me.” All shall be set before Jehovah the Father as Christ’s inheritance to all eternity. All the redeemed shall be adorned and crowned. Not a whisper of accusation shall be heard against them, nor a murmur of discontent be found amongst them; nor will he who hath *never* beheld iniquity in Jacob or perverseness in Israel, *now* begin for the

first time to see their faults, their failings, and their sins? No, He will see them as He ever has, that is, in Christ Jesus His Son—He the Head and they the members, a bride adorned, a spotless wife, a glorious Church.

Then "after death the judgment." What is that to saints but "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the founda-

tion of the world?" and that in fulfillment of the promise, "the saints shall take the kingdom, and possess it for ever and ever?"

May the Lord enable us to commit this, and every other matter concerning us, relating to both time and eternity, unto the care and management of Christ.

"'Tis with the righteous well."

Chelmsford.

JOSEPH.

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.

1. The first point of contact, between the awakened soul and Christ, is *the Cross*. It is not Jesus loving His people from all eternity; it is not Jesus risen and become a quickening Spirit to His people; it is not Jesus interceding before the Throne for His people; it is not Jesus coming in power and glory to receive His people: but it is "CHRIST CRUCIFIED!" Christ bearing the sins of His people in His own body on the tree. Ever remember this.

2. The root of true peace is *confidence in God*:—confidence in His *power*, as ruling all things; confidence in His *wisdom*, as ordering all things for the best; and above all, confidence in His *love*, as making all things work together for our good, because He loves us; whereof the blessed assurance is, that He hath given His only-begotten Son, that we "might not perish, but have eternal life."

3. The blood of conscience oozes through every fresh wound that sin makes in our moral nature. The more we sin the more we weaken conscience. Aye, and we may sin till its voice is hushed in death, never more to reprove, to warn, or to alarm! But woe, unutterable woe, to the man who has thus murdered his conscience! for though it be dead, its ghost will rise hereafter from the grave and *haunt him through eternity*.

4. The storm of Divine wrath—"the blackness, and darkness, and tempest"—that gathered around Sinai's awful brow, burst at last upon Calvary, and spent its fury on the Rock of our Salvation.

5. Enough of truth to seduce and enough of error to destroy—this is ever *the devil's receipt for a religion*. Popery,

Socinianism, Mahometanism, are all made after it.

6. The *promise* of God is the middle link between His *purpose* and *performance* of every good thing for His Church and people; and though faith can neither read the *purpose* nor secure the *performance*, yet, grasping the *PROMISE*, it becomes certified of both.

7. We may learn from the Apocalypse the interesting fact taught us also, but less clearly, in other parts of Scripture, that angels are the scene-shifters in the great drama of this world's history.

8. In anger, always speak to God before you speak to man; the flame of anger cannot live in the atmosphere of prayer.

9. A recent writer speaks of "love" as forming "the glorious *contraction* of God's name." The thought is true and beautiful. Love is, as it were, the *first letter* of God's name; and as we commonly employ the initial letters of our name when we would express it briefly, so does the apostle, expressing the Divine name by one letter of it, say that "*God is Love*." Love being, if we may so speak, not God's name in full, but *His initial*.

10. Have you never felt that there was within you an inner depth which none of the external events of life could really reach? A silent sea, which neither the gales of this world's prosperity nor the storms of its adversity could ruffle below the surface? An awful sanctuary of the soul, to which no earthly voices could reach, to which no ray of created suns could penetrate, but which was either a dungeon of impenetrable gloom *hiding that into which we dare not investigate*, or a peaceful oratory, in which

there burned for ever the candle of the Lord?

11. There is a stale old saying, "As you have made your bed, so you must lie in it." It is a lazy and lying proverb. Woe to every son of Adam if it were true! Why, if your bed is badly made, should you not try at once and remake it? "Men ought always to pray and not faint." Never till a man has made his bed in hell, need he, ought he, to lie down in despair.

12. The "quality of grace," like the "quality of mercy" of which the great

poet speaks, "is not strained;" it is twice free: it is free *in* him who gives, and it is free *to* him who receives it. As it demands no corresponding fitness in its object, so it has no cause but in the nature and will of him who shows it.

13. Beware of a mere *thought-religion*. The New Testament knows nothing of abstractions. Everything in Christianity is *real*. Christ is a real person, His atonement is a real atonement, His death was a real death, and His life is a real life.

Wavertree.

W. M.

CLOUDY MOMENTS.

How dark the hour of unbelief,
When fears and doubts prevail,
Which put the soul to shame and grief,
And faith seems quite to fail.
The naked soul, of armour reft,
Feels ev'ry fiery dart
That Satan throws, till nought is left
But agony and smart.

Ah! none can tell the misery
Of this so wretched hour,
Who have not felt th' extremity
Of its terrific pow'r.
There's darkness round which total seems,
Save that which darkness shows,
From hell's broad mouth, the lurid gleams
Of endless pains and woes.

By Satan captive led, fast bound
In misery and sin;
Hope of deliverance none is found,
Despair without, within.
Each moment with a fearful speed
Brings near destruction's gate;
Nor can I see how to be freed
From just, and awful fate.

My Saviour, hast Thou died in vain?
Is Thy soul's travail nought?
Wilt Thou not take the lawful gain
For victory Thy blood bought?
Shall that which cost Thee, Lord, so dear,
By Satan be retained?
Oh, Thou! the "stronger One," draw near,
And be the spoil regained.

For Thine own sake, with Thee I plead,
Preserve me as Thine own;
And in my soul, from danger freed,
Thy grace and love be shown.
Oh! not a moment I'm secure,
Save as grace in me reigns;
Nor can I to the end endure
But as Thy hand sustains.

Bedminster.

Lord, it is terrible to feel
The hidings of Thy face;
More of Thyself to me reveal;
More of thy boundless grace!
Oh! let me take Thee at Thy word,
Believe what Thou hast said;
Do Thou Thy Spirit's help afford,
Till these dark doubts are fled!

"Come unto me!" see, Lord, I come!
Assist my pace so lame;
My sins, they are so burdensome,
I scarce can come for shame.

"I will in no wise cast thee out!"
Lord, speak those words to me;
Oh! let Thy Spirit alay each doubt,
And bring me close to Thee.

Bring me so close, Lord, to Thy side,
Thy willing blood shall flow
O'er all my sins—wash'd in that tide
None then their place shall know.
And Thy pure robe of righteousness
Within its ample folds
Shall wrap me in that glorious dress,
Which God with love beholds.

And Thou wilt take away the heart,
Of strong and raging sin;
Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart,
And make me pure within.
Then must I live to Thee alone,
Bought with such price I'm Thine;
In thought, word, deed, oh! be it shown
I nothing count as mine.

But all must be from Thee to do,
And all be Thine when done;
By this alone I can pursue
The crown, or find it won.
Then, through Thy Spirit, ne'er let me
Forget, Lord, whose I am;
But let all who behold me see
A servant of the Lamb!

000.

The Protestant Beacon.

PILGRIMAGES TO CERTAIN CITY CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the "City Press."

SIR,—Having read in your paper of Saturday week the article "Pilgrimages to Certain City Churches," I was induced to pay a visit to St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, on Sunday morning, and I quite agree with the statements made in your paper. There were fourteen lights burning while the sun was shining quite bright on them; the congregation was very scanty: there were not more than twenty present—some of these, like myself, having gone out of curiosity. When service was over, a gentleman, quite a stranger to me, asked me what I thought of the service? I thought it was a disgrace to the Protestant Church. He said he thought it was a complete mockery. By this time six other gentlemen collected around us, who expressed the same feeling as ourselves; so that was eight out of the twenty. The rev. gentleman who officiated wore a cross on his back, woven on a black stole or scarf, which went around him, and the ends hung down in front of him, and at each end there were other crosses. These bowings, chantings, genuflections, and intonations, bring the Protestant religion into contempt. I am, &c.

Whitechapel.

A PROTESTANT.

POPERY.

THE Romish religion is not a rejection of Christianity, but a corruption of it; a compound of Bible truths, blended with an overwhelming proportion of Rabbinical rites and Heathen mythology; an extensive piece of patchwork, the groundwork of which was laid by Satan, who was surely the first preacher of the Romish doctrine of venial sin—when he said to the woman, "Thou shalt not surely die."

The next Romish priest we read of was the fratricide, Cain, who was the first to offer an unbloody sacrifice, corresponding exactly with the present unbloody sacrifice of the mass. Such were some of the first founders of Romanism, but to enumerate all who figured in concocting the system as it now appears

is more than your space at present would permit. Suffice it to say for the present, that Judas Iscariot is the only individual we read of in the New Testament who went to confession and sought absolution from an earthly priest; that the rich man in the torments of hell was the only one who invoked the assistance of dead saints; and that Simon the Sorcerer was the only one who thought to purchase the gift of God with money. Now, these were all genuine Romanists, as these doctrines of theirs are literally carried out in both doctrine and practice in the Romish Church at the present day.

In some future correspondence, perhaps, you would kindly permit me to inform your correspondent upon some of the particulars of how the successive generations of Popes, both male and female (for they were of both sexes), continued to patch up the old garment until Pius IX., under a safe conduct of the French bayonet, which greatly helped his Holiness' infallibility in putting on the last patch in the shape of the Immaculate Conception, on the 8th of September, 1854.—*Correspondent of Western Daily Press.*

THE PROPHETIC NUMBER 666.

To the Editors of the "Western Daily Press."

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of the man; and his number is six hundred, threescore, and six" (Rev. xiii. 18).

GENTLEMEN,—It may not be uninteresting to many of your readers, at the present time, if you will kindly put before them the following extraordinary fact, which I have discovered, viz., that the application of Greek numerals to the name of "Louis Napoleon" produces the number 666:

$$\begin{array}{ccccccccccc} \Lambda & \omicron & \upsilon & \iota & \varsigma & \text{N} & \alpha & \pi \\ 30 & + & 70 & + & 10 & + & 200 & + & 50 & + & 1 & + & 80 & + \\ \circ & & \lambda & & \varsigma & & \circ & & \upsilon & & \circ & & \circ & \\ 70 & + & 30 & + & 5 & + & 70 & + & 50 & = & 666. \end{array}$$

The fact is significant, and merits the attention of biblical, historical, and political students.

Liverpool.

J. B.

PREACHING IN A PLAY-HOUSE.

THE service had commenced just a quarter of an hour when we entered the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel. We were making our way to the boxes with all speed, when we were respectfully requested by a man standing there with hymns in his hand (as he offered some to us), to go back again, for not a place was to be had. The lower pit too, he said, was full; so we entered by a narrow passage to the back of it, and, after stepping over several benches, got seats at last. It was a scene so entirely new, an assemblage so perfectly unique, that to imagine is as difficult as to forget. The bright chandeliers lit up the house, shining down upon an empty orchestra, and a very different stage from that usually represented. Every box was full, and the most perfect order and quiet prevailed there. The occupants seemed mostly of a respectable class. The pit was crammed; now and then there was a little jostling among its crowd, composed chiefly of the lower order, among which were many children and young people. The gallery was occupied by a motley throng—some women finely dressed, others coarsely—about half-a-dozen men sat with their hats on, but all the rest were uncovered. Every eye was directed towards the stage, where sat eight or ten gentlemen in a row, and before them stood Mr. REGINALD RADCLIFF, who had assembled that vast concourse; and never, surely, did an actor rivet the attention of his audience more effectually, more heartily, than did that gentleman the large mass of immortal beings assembled from Whitechapel and its localities.

He stood there in his Master's strength—who can doubt it? And, as far as he was taught by the Spirit, so he spake. His position was no common one. It was not the Oxford or the Cambridge "Rev. A.M." addressing a Church-of-England congregation; it was not the Presbyterian, the Baptist, or the Wesleyan, preaching to their respective peoples; but it was the *Layman*, owning neither creed nor party, proclaiming fearlessly, unflinchingly, to a multitude who had, probably, seldom entered church or chapel—the Sabbath-desecrator—the

public-house-frequenter—the gin-shop-visitor—men of vice, and women of infamy—the great doctrine of salvation through a crucified Saviour. He seemed raised up for that very work—preaching in a Play-house. It is impossible to describe his manner and action; the people's attention he *would* gain, and for that he knew he must interest them; so, careless of the critic denouncing him theatrical, or the worldling fanatical, Mr. REGINALD RADCLIFF *did* act, and that to perfection. The thrilling anecdote was related now with clasped hands—now on bended knee—walking up and down the stage—his whole heart in whatever he said—while his pale face, and sometimes tremulous voice, told how unequal he was to such exertion and excitement.

He was describing the drunkard's career. "I wish he wouldn't talk so much about drinking," said a woman just behind us. "Yes, he shouldn't," added her companion; "'tis tiring, so much of one thing." At this, a man, who sat between them, began to laugh. "Be quiet!" said the woman; "he's going on." And he *did* go on, with a pathos most thrilling. The anecdote may be shortly told—just its outline. A godly, widowed mother, had an only son, the child of many prayers; but those prayers seemed disregarded, for as he grew in years he grew in vice, especially that of drinking; still she prayed on and on, dark as it all appeared. Once that young man lifted his hand against the mother who bare him; but did she cease to pray for him then? Oh, no! Next, he became a pugilist, and was always fighting. One evening he had gone for a night's lodging to a public-house, intending the next day to meet a man with whom he had engaged to fight. He was very weary, and he lay down to sleep; but in the room below there were two people talking, not loud, but loud enough to keep him awake. Yet, he could catch only one sentence, and it was this: "*Can you meet God?*" The drunkard—the fighting-man—thought it was an odd question, and turned to go to sleep, but he could not; those words had *cut like*

a sword into his side (an expression Mr. R. frequently used). "Can I meet God?" he said. "If I were to die to-night, could I meet God?" It was the arrow of conviction. "I will get up, and drink away this wretched feeling," he thought. So up he got, and went to the beer-shop, and drank himself drunk. But, as he came reeling back, he remembered his mother had once told him that God's Word declared that the drunkard should not inherit the kingdom of God. Then again came the arrow of conviction—nay, conversion now, for he knelt down and prayed for pardon—sought out the people from whom, the previous night, that solemn question had come with power. From them he got a Bible, and then went to keep his engagement with the pugilist—but only to fight the Lord's battle. "I cannot fight with you," he said, "for God has fought with me;" and then he related the circumstances of the past night to his astounded companion. "I have known this man many years," Mr. RADCLIFF concluded by saying, "and have watched him closely ever since. He has been a long time a consistent member of a Christian Church."

There was a slight buzz as he finished. Some boys looked as if they wanted to clap the speaker; but the whole anecdote had been listened to with breathless attention.

"Now we will sing a hymn," said Mr. R.; "but if any of you are tired, and wish to go out, will you go at once?" Not a creature moved. One of the gentlemen on the platform led the hymn:—

"Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace."

The whole five verses were sung. All stood. Many had a printed hymn before them, and every one joined. An old man before us, in a smock-frock, sang with all the powers of his failing voice.

Mr. RADCLIFF then said the second part of the service was about to commence, and begged them to leave at once if they intended going, that prayer might not be interrupted. A few left. The old man before us was annoyed, as some boys pushed by him in going out, and

said, "Why can't ye stay where ye are, and sit still?"

When silence was restored, Mr. RADCLIFF prayed for a few moments; then took up his Bible, and commenced at the last verse of the 7th chapter of John, "Every man went unto his own home." But Jesus! what home had He? On the Mount of Olives that night was passed; and early in the morning the poor adulterous woman was brought by the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees. Here he dwelt upon the hypocrites of the day—the formal church or chapel-goer—whose religion was only put on for the Sabbath; but who would grind the poor, and condemn all but themselves, as the Pharisees did this woman. But, did Jesus condemn her? No! He stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground—just like this [here Mr. R. bent forward and rapidly traced with his finger on the floor], and what did He say? "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her." And, as those hypocrites skulked away, and this poor sinner was left alone with the Saviour, did He condemn her? Oh, no! Will He condemn any of you who go to Him? There was a short pause, and many seemed moved. Salvation was then dwelt upon; sin and its remedy, represented by the bitten Israelites and the brazen serpent. Here again the people were all attentive, as Mr. R. vividly and graphically brought before his hearers the pole lifted up in the wilderness—the dying Jew writhing under the serpent's poison; one look at the serpent of brass, and — left!

He ended: "Let us sing another hymn!" and all sang—

"Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and Death appeal to thee."

Then a few moments of prayer—the benediction—and it was over.

The people lingered. "Those of you," said Mr. RADCLIFF, "who are anxious about your souls, stop behind; and any Christian friend present is requested to stay and help us." Then they began to move towards the doors. I looked behind, and saw the two women still standing there. By an irresistible impulse I took the hand of one, and said

"Could you meet God?" She turned colour, but did not draw back. The question was repeated, "Can *you* meet God? *you*?" Her hand trembled in mine as she replied, "I cannot say *that*, but I hope I may." A little more passed, and she joined the departing crowd. About a hundred people remained, and the gentlemen on the platform came among them. One of them I heard conversing in a low voice with an elderly man, who said he had not courage to venture upon Christ. Mr. RADCLIFF here stood forward, requesting the people to speak. "Two have found peace to-night," he said: "have any of *you*?" Missing Y—, I turned round, and saw him at the other end of the pit, with his arm round the neck of a little boy, who appeared very anxious. A woman with a child in her arms stood by my side. "Are you desirous for Christ, that you remain? What do you think of the meeting?" "Oh, he's a wonderful gentleman." "But, has anything he said attracted you?" The poor woman seemed in the depth of ignorance. She began telling me of all she did, and of her *praying to God*. I told her it was of no avail without Jesus. "Isn't it indeed?" replied she. "I was always told I was to pray to God; but it seems it is Jesus. Is He God?" She went on in a rambling way, when Mr. RADCLIFF said, "The gas is going to be put out; if any one wishes to remain another quarter of an hour, let him follow me." There was a general move towards him, and we all went through a long, narrow passage, which led to a small ante-room, where Mr. R. again briefly addressed the people, who did not seem disposed to go away. As he ceased, we noticed two little boys, about nine and ten years old, listening with deep interest. "Do you love the

Lord Jesus Christ?" we asked. "Oh, yes!" replied one. "And how did that come about?" "'Twas at a Ragged School," he answered, with much simplicity. "And *you*," we said to the other, "do you love Him too?" "Yes," said he; "that I do; 'twas through a tract."

Mr. R. reminded the people it was getting late, and the theatre was going to be closed. He saw their unwillingness to disperse. "Well, I think we can give you just a quarter of an hour longer. Follow me again." And again through another long passage all followed him, until we came out into a back street, and walked on to a very large iron gate, which some man opened for us, and we entered a commodious school-room. When the hymn was sung—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood."

The people stood two and three together, looking anxiously for some one to come and speak to them. I went to two young women at the bottom of the room, and asked them if they had found peace with God through Christ. "I had it once," one replied, "but have lost it all now. Could you take me to that gentleman with white hair? I should like to speak to him." I took her to him; and he said, "Just take my place, and converse with these people." He then sat down with the young woman and talked to her. The little band he left were an interesting, inquiring group. But it was getting very late. "One hymn more—one prayer more—and then we *must* part," said Mr. R. A hymn was again sung. There was then a short, but sweet prayer—heart-prayer—and it was over.

With the many, may the night of the 15th of April be a *night to be much remembered*. H.

EXAMPLE OF HABITUAL SERIOUSNESS.—Bishop Burnet, in his Pastoral Care, says of Leighton, "I can say with great truth, that in a free and frequent conversation with him, for above two-and-twenty years, I never knew him say an idle word, that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never once saw him in any other temper but that which I wished to be in the last moments of my life. For that pattern which I

saw in him, and for that conversation which I had with him, I know how much I have to answer to God: and though my reflecting on that which I knew in him gives me just cause of being deeply humbled in myself and before God, yet I feel no more sensible pleasure in anything than in going over in my thoughts all I saw and observed in him."—*Trench*.

"DO YOU SEE ANY STING HERE?"

THE REV. CHARLES SIMÉON, of Cambridge, fulfilled a course marked by adherence to truths well called evangelical, whilst the position he occupied as Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and as a popular preacher in that town, contributed to invest him with a most enlarged influence, which he employed for good among the members of the University and the future clergymen of the Church of England. In the month of September, 1836, he took cold, and was seen after, at the age of seventy-eight, laid upon his death-bed.

In answer to an inquiry, whether he was supported by Divine consolations, Mr. SIMÉON said, "I never felt so ill before; I conceive my present state cannot last long; but here I lie waiting for the issue without a fear—without a doubt—without a wish."

On a question being asked, "What had lately been passing in his mind, and of what he was at that time more particularly thinking?" he replied, in the most animated manner, "I do not *think* now—I am enjoying." He also described his perfect acquiescence in the will of God, saying, with energy, "He cannot do anything against my will." "Whether I am to have a little less suffering, or a little more," he said on another occasion, "it matters not one farthing. All is right and well, and just as it should be: I am in a dear Father's hands—all is secure. When I look to Him I see nothing but *faithfulness*, and *immutability*, and *truth*; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—I cannot have more peace. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—oh then *there* is nothing—*nothing*, *nothing* (pausing)—but what is to be abhorred and mourned over. Yes, *I say that*; and it is true."

To a medical friend he said, "Ah, what, is that you? How glad I am to see you! I have greatly wished to see you; my soul has longed for you, that you might see the difference in the end between the power of these principles, and what it is to go to God in contrition of faith." At one period when there was a larger number of persons than usual gathered around his bed, Mr.

SIMÉON, mistaking the circumstance, said, "You are all on a wrong scent, and all in a wrong spirit; you want to see what is called a dying scene. That I abhor from my inmost soul. I wish to be alone with my God, and to lie before him, as a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner. But I would also look to Him as my all-forgiving God, and as my all-sufficient God, and as my all-adoring God, and as my covenant-keeping God. Then I would lie before Him as the vilest of the vile, and the lowest of the low, and the poorest of the poor. Now, this is what I have to say, I wish to be alone. Do not let people come round to get up a scene." His emphatic avowal was, "It is on the broad, grand principles of the Gospel that I repose; it is not upon any particular promise here or there—any little portions of the word, which some people seem to take comfort from; but I wish to look at the *grand whole*—at the vast scheme of redemption from eternity to eternity. I am not solicitous so much about *this* feeling or *that*, as upon keeping before me the grand purposes of Jehovah from eternity to eternity."

He deprecated any laudatory remark respecting him, saying, "Satan himself could not be a greater curse to me than the person who would dare to breathe a word commendatory of me, or of any thing I have ever done. They would be a curse to me, whoever they are. Persons so acting are doing the devil's work, and it is frightful to me. I feel, if I could be pleased with it, it would be damnation to me."

He seemed now to breathe entirely an atmosphere of peace and love; and enjoying such a sense of God's pardoning love himself, he longed to manifest an affectionate and forgiving spirit to all around. A striking instance of this occurred with reference to one of the Fellows of his college, who had grieved him by frequent acts of discourtesy, and was now lying on his death-bed in acute suffering, and altogether in a state so wretched and distressing as to deter his friends from visiting him. Daily did Mr. SIMÉON send to make inquiries after him, conveying at the same time some

kind expression of sympathy. This at length so wrought upon him, that he could not forbear observing, "Well; SIMON does not forget me, but sends every day to inquire after me, ill as he is."

As his end drew near, he broke out, "It is said, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" Then, looking at us as we stood round his bed, he asked in his own peculiarly impressive manner, "Do you see any sting here?" We answered,

"No, indeed, it is all taken away." He then said, "Does not this prove that my principles were not founded on fancies or enthusiasm, but that there is a reality in them? and I find them sufficient to support me in death."

Thus departed a laborious servant of Christ, entering into rest at the very moment that the bell of St. Mary's was tolling for the university sermon which he himself was to have preached, Nov. 13, 1836. G. H.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE DESPONDING.

"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen."—Psal. lxxii. 18, 19.

Ye mourning children of the Almighty God,
Who cry, and sigh, at what you feel within
And see without: to whom this world
Seems but the "Bedlam of the universe,"
And your last hope is ready to expire:
Oh, let a fellow-traveller on the road
Direct your feet to some green spot, amidst
The thorny waste, where you may sit and muse
On what befel the pilgrims gone before.
Come, with profound attention hear the notes—
The brooding notes of Israel's sweetest bard,
When the dark shadows of life's evening close'd
Around his hoary head, and on review
Of all the tribulation he had seen.
He, like a partridge, on Judea's hills
By Saul was hunted—in Adullam's cave
His sleepless vigils kept. But deeper still
Affliction's bitter cup he drains, when age
Had furrow'd deep his brow, and silvered o'er
The few remaining locks that graced his head.
Yet, even he could bless Jehovah's name,
And in the covenant-God of Israel trust,
Confess the wondrous things His hands hath done—
Yea, bless His glorious name for evermore,
And pray that earth be with His glory fill'd.
So, when the spirits crown'd on Zion's heights
With intuition scan Jehovah's ways—
When the thick veil is rais'd, and in the light
Of vast eternity they view His works—
Sweetly constrain'd by overpowering love,
They own His works are marvellously great,
And just are all His ways. And cannot we,
By faith's strong power, on David's God rely?
And tune the harp of Judah in his praise?
Soon, soon, our tiresome pilgrimage shall end;
Our sword shall for a sceptre be exchanged;
Our weary heads on Jesus' breast reclin'd,
And breathe our love for ever to His name.

New Brunswick.

METRIOS.

SELF-RELIANCE is the very bond of unbelief. It is essential infidelity, and one of its most deadly branches.—*Toplady.*

WAYSIDE NOTES.

HOPE FOR THE VILEST; OR, MERCY FOR A "MANASSEH."

(2 CHRON. XXXIII. 4.)

"Salvation's bestowed without money or price,
The poorest and vilest herein may rejoice;
For pardon, acceptance, and life are so free,
They come to Manasseh, and Mary, and me."

HOPE for the vilest! "That's me," says one; "I am the vilest." "No, it is me," says another." "Nay, did you but know all," says a third, "you would, I am sure, come to the conclusion that there is not so vile a person on earth as I." And so, beloved, it will be found that with the members of the Lord's living family one and all feel and believe that they are the very chiefest of sinners, while, on the contrary, charge the Pharisee with being a vile sinner, and you at once offend his dignity and insult his feelings. Now, it is a gracious fact, that our God has so ordered it, that, in the histories of the Old and New Testament saints given us in His Word, their falls and failings are recounted, as well as their upliftings and rejoicings; so that the historical part of the precious Bible is not a book of saints, but a book of sinners; were it otherwise, beloved, it would surely be beyond our reach.

And perhaps this fact brings out a fresh feature in the Satanic deception of the Church of Rome. The traditions of the fathers teem with the mock sanctity of Saint this, and Saint the other, while the Bible histories recount the ups and downs in the real life of poor perishing sinners. So that while the former tells of a "Holy St. Joseph" and a "chaste St. Cecily," of a god-like "St. Bernard," and a "Holy Mary, Queen of Virgins," the precious Word of God tells of an erring David and a rebellious Jeremiah; of a vile Manasseh and a headstrong Jonah; of a high-minded Saul and a wavering Peter; of a thief upon the cross and an unbelieving Thomas. So that, dear reader, you and I can take courage from the fact that the long string of worthies who have gone before, could they unitedly shout out in our hearing, would declare that they are poor sinners saved from the destruction

they deserved, through the sovereign grace of a merciful God. And methinks, beloved, if one voice could be louder than another in praising that God, it must be poor Manasseh. Let us, in our monthly communion with you, think of what mighty grace did for that poor, unworthy one; and may it give us encouragement to put our trust in Manasseh's God.

Hezekiah, Manasseh's father, was a God-fearing man, and gave early proof that grace reigned within. Scarcely was he made king, we are told, when "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that David, his father, had done." Indeed, in the very first year of his power, grieving over the sad state that the temple of God was in, he opened the doors of the house of the Lord; had all the filthiness carried out of the holy place; urged those by whom he was surrounded not to be negligent; appointed Priests and Levites to fulfil their proper duties: and, when the temple was thoroughly cleansed, had brought therein the he-goats for the sin-offering before the congregation. Oh! it must have been a happy day for Hezekiah when he and his fellow-worshippers, with uplifted hearts, "sang praises with gladness, and bowed their heads and worshipped." So the service of the house of the Lord was set in order. Nor did he stop here: desirous that others should come and see what the Lord was working in their midst, he sent "letters to all Israel and Judah," and, doubtless, with a throbbing heart, despatched letters also to his sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, that they might come to the house of the Lord at Jerusalem to keep the passover unto the Lord God of Israel. But, alas! alas! when they received his letters "they laughed him to scorn and mocked him." Anxious parents who are yearning over the spiritual welfare of their children, can enter into poor Hezekiah's feelings. However, Hezekiah prayed—prayed for them. Oh! what a blessed resort is the throne of grace for praying mothers and wrestling fathers. How-

ever, though a loving parent's heart must have longed for those dear to him to partake with him of the blessed privileges of the sanctuary, still such was the happiness experienced, that there was great joy in Jerusalem; for since the time of Solomon, the son of David, there was not the like there. Yet, all was not allowed to flow on prosperously. Had it been so, perhaps Hezekiah would have grown proud in deportment instead of poor in spirit. Enemies arise, especially Sennacherib, king of Assyria; but enemies in Satan's hands prove friends in God's hands; and Sennacherib makes Hezekiah use well the throne of grace, for "for this cause Hezekiah and his companion in tribulation, the prophet Isaiah, prayed and cried to heaven." And the Lord sent an angel which cut off all the mighty men of Assyria; so that Sennacherib returned with shame of face to his own land, and soon put an end to his miserable existence with his own hand. Hezekiah continues prospering in the work of the Lord until called by Him off the stage of action; and now "Manasseh, his son, reigned in his stead." Ah, Manasseh! what a painful contrast between the commencement of thy reign and that of thy God-fearing father! Of him it is written, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Of thou, O Manasseh, it is told, "Thou didst that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, like unto the abominations of the heathen."

Reader, then let us think of, first, Manasseh in his sins. And the first public sin he committed was that of running counter to a godly father's example and counsel. Oh! the numera-ble evils that spring from this sin. How often is the young man's cry in the hour of distress, "Would that I had taken my mother's advice, and listened to a father's admonition!" "My son," says the proverb, "keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck." God forbid that we should make more of such instrumentality than is right, for, after all, it is but an instrumentality; but the Lord is often pleased to make use of such means to drive a poor penitent to the throne; and then how does it become a matter of soul

anguish that such counsel has been thrown away in a rebellious and self-willed spirit. But Manasseh did not stop here. While it had been his devoted father's anxiety to purge the house of God of every vestige of idolatry, that the Lord might be worshipped in spirit and in truth, his wicked son now reared altars to Baalim in obstinate rebellion against the Lord's own command—"In Jerusalem shall my name be for ever." Oh! beloved, is it not marvellous that God did not cut off, at a stroke, this wicked man? Is it not wonderful that He suffered him to live on waging war against Him? Beloved, we can come to no other conclusion than that Manasseh was an heir of glory, and that God suffered him to run on in such an evil course to magnify His grace the more, and to show His divine sovereignty in saving one so vile. Sin overtopping sin, and yet saved. Surely we see the truth of the apostle Paul's language: "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

But to trace on Manasseh's sinful course a little further. Many were the times that his godly parent had resorted to the throne; he was a praying man, and trusted to God to give him strength to carry out all that was laid upon his heart respecting the services of the sanctuary; on the contrary, his rebellious son, with depraved taste, "observed times, used enchantments, practised witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards," and thereby he wrought much evil. Indeed his whole course was of such a diabolical tendency, that he made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen. But now came the time for the Lord to interpose. It is as if he said, Now, I will put forth my power, and show this rebellious one who and what I am. And He spake to Manasseh, but he would not hearken; wherefore the Lord put in operation certain instrumentalities, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters and carried him to Babylon. So, beloved, we have now,

2ndly, *Manasseh among the thorns.* Ah! dear reader, I think we shall find that when the Lord means to work, the tried one is generally driven among the

thorns; for what does a man do when he becomes burdened under a sense of sin and the enormity of his guilt? Ah! oft-times he rushes into the world to drive away his thoughts; but the world *becomes a thorn*. Then he snatches the inebriating cup to drown his care; but it *becomes a thorn*. Furthermore, he tries reformation of character, and that, too, *becomes a thorn*; then he determines to be religious, and sets about attempting to fulfil the requirements of the law; again it *becomes a thorn*. What is he to do? One thing is left for him, and one only. Imagine a man surrounded by thorns. He turns to the right hand, and a thorn pricks him; he turns to the left with a similar consequence; he falls backward, and a thorn behind pierces him; he tries to advance, and he runs into a bed of prickly thorns. What is left for him to do? Only one thing. Cry! cry for help! which brings us to notice,

3rdly, *Manasseh on his knees*. When he was in affliction, after being driven among the thorns, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him and entreated Him. Ah! there was true agony of soul experienced now. How painful must have been the review of his life. What a hideous monster he must have appeared to himself. How could he expect mercy to be extended to him? However, he is now upon his knees at a throne of grace; and that is the position all true penitents come to. The Lord's dear family all meet at the throne, though distance may separate them, and divisions in the external church may cause them not to come in contact. Call them by whatever name you will, all the blood-bought ones meet at the throne, and are brought upon their knees to feel helpless, hell-deserving sinners in need of mercy! Mercy! Reader, dost thou recollect the spot where thou wert compelled to go upon thy knees and cry for mercy? If thou dost, it is a sacred spot to thee. Thou canst not visit it without the tear starting to the eye, and a feeling of intense gratitude to God that ever He appeared for one so unworthy. It may have been in a field; in a lane; in a counting-house; in thy chamber: or in the sanctuary;

no matter; it was the throne to thee. And whatever dark seasons you have had since; how ever much you may have doubted your interest in Jesus since, you can look back to that time and say, "Well, I know I was in earnest; I know I was sincere, when I laid bare my condition before God upon my knees; and I know, too, I did feel then that He was my Saviour and my God." It is enough. None were ever brought there to be lost. Whom He draws to the throne of grace, He draws to the throne of glory; the one is the way to the other, which brings us, beloved, to notice.

Lastly, that this interesting sequel shows us Manasseh saved with an everlasting salvation; as it is written, "Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God." We have traced him *in his sins*; we have seen him *among the thorns*; we have beheld him *on his knees*. Now, reader, in individual experience, don't stop here; but, in comparing thine own career with that of Manasseh's, which, doubtless, thou hast been doing while reading, oh! now lay claim to the salvation. Do you say, "That is what I want? How can I?" Look at the evidences of a changed heart in these words, "Then Manasseh knew that the Lord He was God." 1st. The revelation of God to the soul—Manasseh knew it was the Lord—knew it was God at work within—knew that flesh and blood had not revealed a knowledge of a Saviour to him—could make no mistake about it—was convinced it was the Lord; and this, too, is the precious knowledge that every regenerated child of God is brought to. Such may be obliged to say, "I can't talk; I can't explain to others; I have no power to argue upon doctrinal points; I get confused when I come in contact with the worldly-wise; but this one thing I do know, when the Lord brought me on my knees; made me feel my need of a Saviour, and Jesus revealed Himself to me as one ready to save; then I did know it was the Lord; I did feel He was near; I did see Him who is invisible, and I could say, Jesus is mine, and I am His." And then, not merely had Manasseh the revelation of God, but God was now his only refuge; he could say,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

"It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed as the silly meth that played about the enticing flame. It is because He is a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, that I am this day living to praise Him. I wrought great provocations; He has wrought great goodness. He is my refuge. Before, in my ungodly state, I had recourse to refuges to lies; but now, Jesus is my trust, my glory, and the lifter up of my head."

Ah! now could poor Manasseh sing—

"Said' by blood I live to tell,
What the love of Christ hath done;
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.
Oh! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in."

"He snatched me from the precipice of destruction, and placed my feet upon the Rock of Ages." Lastly, we have the result of the genuineness of his conversion. He now "took away the strange gods and the idol out of the house of the Lord." He now "cast out of the city all the altars he had raised to Baalim." He now "repaired the altar of the Lord, and sacrificed thereon peace-offerings and thank-offerings, and commanded Judah to serve the Lord God of Israel." By their fruits ye shall know them. Old things are passed away, and all things are become new. I loathe that which I loved; I shun that which I courted; I aspire after the things above, instead of being content among the clouds of the valley.

And now, in conclusion, if there should be a tempest-tossed, devil-hunted one, reading our words, who is sighing over his or her darkness of soul and barrenness of heart, who feels so completely among the thorns that their language is,

"I would, but cannot, sing;

I would, but cannot, pray:

For Satan meets me when I try,

And frights my soul away;"

Oh! recollect, the result of Manasseh's cry among the thorns brought him to the sweet revelation, "Then I knew

that the Lord He was God." Yea, more, if there should be one who thinks there is no hope, who, in surveying the pathway, looks upon sin o'er-topping sin, and is therefore writing bitter things against him or herself; who is saying, "Once I thought there was mercy; but now, blackness covers me, my soul is in a prison-house," think of the compassion and long-suffering of Manasseh's God. Think of the love of that God who sent into this world of sin His only-begotten Son to die for poor, devil-tormented sinners; not the righteous—they need Him not, but you do, tried soul—He is the one thing needful that you are sighing and crying for. When you say, "My sins, my sins," and get no further; in reality you mean, "My Saviour, my Saviour, tell me that Thou hast blotted them out; and that by the shedding of Thy precious blood they are atoned for;" for depend upon it, if you feel the burden of your sins, the burden-bearer is close by. The thorns are the prelude to the triumph; the cross the way to the crown.

Depend upon it, whom the devil hates he hunts; whom Satan knows will be saved he shoots at. He fawns to, and flatters, the smooth, sleek saint, while with deadly enmity he torments to his uttermost the real child of God. But, beloved, there is an uttermost beyond his, for he is chained; there is Jesus's uttermost, and it is here. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Who are the us? An erring David, and a vile Manasseh—you and I.

Oh! then, when you lay our paper down to resume the duties of your career, may it be with cheerfulness of heart, under the gracious assurance that Manasseh's God is yours, and that, though so vile, in Him there is hope for the vilest; for, believe me, from the heavens he hears the groaning of the prisoner, and from the height of His sanctuary He loosens those that are appointed to death (Psal. ciii. 19, 20).

G. C.

Bury St. Edmunds.

THE mercies of God are not styled the *swift*, but the *sure*, mercies of David; and therefore a gracious soul waits patiently for them.—Brooks.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PRIVILEGES.

"Israel then shall dwell in safety alone: the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also his heavens shall drop down dew."—Deut. xxxiii. 28.

It is impossible for an enlightened mind to read the history of the children of Israel without discovering something typical therein. Did the Lord exalt His people above all the nations of the earth? Did He raise them to honour and dignity? Here, then, we discover how the Lord hath exalted His peculiar people above all people, and raised them to dignity and undying honour in and by Jesus Christ. Were the children of Israel a people blessed and favoured above all upon the earth? Then we may adopt the language spoken by Moses concerning them, "Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee?" for who is so favoured and blessed as we? Was it not owing entirely to God's choice of them that they were thus privileged and thus exalted? O yes; for Moses calls upon them to consider this; and in partaking of those favours we do, it is not from any worthiness on our part, but from the flowings of that grace which has reached to us when it passed by others. The last act of Moses corresponded with the last act of the Lord Jesus Christ—he blessed the people before his death. And did not our Lord Jesus Christ lead His disciples out of Bethany, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, bless them; and where Christ left His people, there they will be found in time, and throughout all eternity. He left them blessed, and not under the curse.

There are three things implied in our text:—I. Inhabitation. II. Sustentation. III. Fertilization.

I. Inhabitation.—"Israel shall dwell in safety alone." We need not refer to the literal signification of our text, save that it may serve to set forth the spiritual. Moses refers in the text to the possession of the land of promise—in which Israel shall dwell—which includes four things:—

1st. *Freedom.* They shall not dwell therein as in Egypt, when they were slaves; but they shall be enfranchised. Though Israel groaned under the yoke of the Egyptians, they had no power to throw it off; but they directed their

eyes and cry to the God of heaven, who eventually liberated them: and it is so spiritually. What is sin but an oppressor, what is the devil but an oppressor, to the people of God? and when spiritually alive we are made acquainted with this fact, and that we cannot liberate ourselves, our cries are then directed to God for help. Yea, when a man feels this he begins to cry feelingly, earnestly, and continually to God for help, which will come in due time. The Lord will bring them into liberty from sin and from the enemy of souls, who hath delivered us from the power of Satan, &c. What a blessed change! "If the Son hath made you free, then are ye free indeed," which is a liberty worth having. Man does not like to be in bondage; yet how many of the human race continue in the vassalage of Satan, and know not of it!

2nd. *Participation.* They were to dwell in, and partake of the good of the land. This is the grand secret of true religion—"to taste that the Lord is gracious." It is tasting that gives an experience of it. O what a delightful state to be brought into, to have a sweet sense of pardoning mercy through Christ.

3rdly. *Settlement.* How different their condition in Canaan to the wilderness. There they were in a restless state; and some of you know this spiritually. When you were the subjects of many doubts and fears, your feelings were expressed by that hymn—

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

And when the Lord is pleased to decide the doubtful case, as to whether we are the adopted sons of the Lord God Almighty or no; when He settles us in the truth of His love, and brings us to the bosom of Christ, our condition then spiritually resembles that of the children of Israel in Canaan. Christ is our home, our rest; yea, the Lord Jehovah is our dwelling-place.

4thly. *The right of Possession.* "They shall dwell;" hence a right to that land. Now Israel could lay claim to it, because God put them in possession of it. So can God's people; they can put in their claim, which is a valid one, too, and not that of a presumptuous man. The Lord's people have a claim on the ground of covenant relationship; and His promise, "Ask of me concerning things to come, and concerning the works of my hand command ye me." It is astonishing how the Eternal God puts Himself in the hands of His people—not ask, but *command ye me*. Oh, we can rejoice in our claim standing good on the ground of relationship to God. Again, Israel shall dwell alone practically and professionally. *Practically.* They were to dwell alone, because the Lord separated them "to be unto Himself a peculiar people, above all the people that are upon the face of the earth." They were set apart to be a holy people, as typical of that holiness without which none shall see the Lord; and, if you are God's separated ones, you will feel yourselves to be set apart to God's honour, praise, and glory, and will hate sin, and loathe yourselves in your own sight for the abominations you have committed. It is this grace that leads a man to devote himself to the Lord—not with his lips, but practically so—with heart and hand. "I am the Lord's;" His property, His temple—"for ye are not your own, but are bought with a price." *Professionally.* Israel were not allowed to worship false gods; they were not to adopt the systems of error; they were not to say a confederacy with the enemies of truth—they were to dwell alone—and not to make the least sacrifice, nor give up one single part of truth made known to them by the Lord, nor alter the institutions enjoined upon them by Him. And it was only as they acted upon these principles that they prospered; and it is just so with the Church of Christ now. Whilst we adhere to the truth we shall prosper, but when we depart therefrom, Ichabod is written upon us. Persons may say we are particular; but these truths are our glory and our all. As respects the ordinances of God's house, we are to dwell alone; if persons leave the commandments and ordinances of

the Lord Jesus Christ, we are to leave them. But there is a step further here. "Israel shall dwell in safety alone." That is a beautiful expression in Deuteronomy—"It is a land which thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it." God's people dwell securely here on earth now; yea, as safely as those in heaven. They can never be safer than what they now are; they are not safe in themselves, but in Christ. What a sweet thought—if we are the people of God, we are secure; nothing can transpire to hurt us, nothing can remove us from our appointed rest and portion, for we are secured on the same footing that Christ is, "Because I live, you shall live also." Then the period—look at the preceding verse—there is an enemy in the way who is to be conquered, who we are not sufficient of ourselves to overcome; but he shall be thrust out by Divine power, inwardly and outwardly: and not only so, but he shall enable us to head down the enemy, so that we shall have a personal and relative victory.

II. Sustentation. "The fountain of Jacob shall be upon the corn and wine." The twelve tribes are here intended by the fountain of Jacob; for the Israelites proceeded from them as water from a fountain. The Lord does not bring His people into a land uncultivated; no, but one flowing with milk and honey. So it is spiritually: from which we notice two things, excellency and abundance. Corn and wine—not husks—upon husks a living soul cannot feed—but corn and wine; corn which shall make young men cheerful, which is just the opposite when husks are brought forth; for the countenance falls directly. God's people want corn and wine to strengthen them to bear the heat and burden of the day; that which will make them go forth and meet the enemy boldly. Chaff may please the carnal mind, but the new man wants corn; and corn is not only required to support life, but wine also to make our souls comfortable: for there is a lack of religion in the soul when the consolations of the Spirit are wanting. It is the want of religion that makes a man miserable. You who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, know nothing makes you so comfortable as

that wine which goeth down so sweetly as to make the lips of those who are in a drowsy frame to speak. Christ's love is better than wine; let us but get a sip of it, and it makes a change in the countenance. This appears to me an additional favour to make our present life comfortable; for there are none so happy as the people of God: they have their sorrows which the world do not possess, but they have joys the ungodly are destitute of. 2nd. *Abundance*—"a land of corn and wine." Not where there is a scanty supply, but an abundance; which, blessed be God, there is in the Gospel. We read of the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and we have such a full Gospel, because we are such needy creatures. Now, the order of things here is inverted from that of nature; for the more we eat of the abundance of the Gospel, the more we want. The Lord's people are like the horseleech's daughters, crying out, "Give, give!" What the prodigal said of his father's house we may say of the Lord's house, "there is bread enough and to spare;" and that for all the tribes of Israel.

III. *Fertilization*. "His heavens shall drop down dew." If there is one blessing more needful and valuable in the East than another, it is that of the dew; for in certain parts they have scarce any rain; and what would be the consequences were it not for the dew! And this language, though figurative, would be highly appreciated by an Oriental. It is a beautiful figure of the grace of God, which is as needful to supply our souls as the dew in the East to revive the parched herbage; for we know that if the Lord partially withhold His grace from us for a time, how

formal we become: but when the dew of His grace descends, how heavenly we are. Mark the communication—"drop down freely." Oh how freely does the dew descend! so does the grace of God into our souls. How seasonably also when the lands in the East are parched with heat; so when our souls get into a dry and barren state, how seasonable the dew of God's grace. *Copiously*: It is worthy of observation, the greater the heat of the day, the more copious the fall of the dew in the night. Connect this with our experience when the fiery trial has been fiercer than ever, how much more copious the communication of God's grace. It is sovereign. Man has no influence here; and so it is spiritually. The dew descends at God's bidding, and at His command; and so are we spiritually dependent upon Him for the supply. *Successively*: we get a little of this dew to-day, and look for it to-morrow. It is a great mercy our God will never omit the supply. Mark the source—"his heavens." All our communications are from above—"every good and perfect gift is from above." "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Jehovah in His Trinity of Persons are the heavens that drop down dew to refresh our souls, and revive our graces. And, as God is the God of all grace, our graces cannot fail. Observe, it is not the communications we have received, but the Lord's grace; for whatever strength we have imparted to us, we shall feel our weakness return. "It is my grace that is sufficient for you, and my strength is made perfect in your weakness."

Now, this is a little of the blessedness of the people of God—know we any thing of it?

THE doctrine of the scripture is; that justification itself consists in God's esteeming and counting us righteous: that He thus esteems and counts us righteous, neither for our faith, nor for our works, nor for both of them together; but solely and entirely on account of Christ's sacrifice and obedience, as the alone matter of our justification as to be received, embraced, and rested on by faith only, which faith is the gift of God:

and, that this faith, thus divinely given and wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, is lively, active, and purifying; having its fruits unto holiness, and the end everlasting life: sanctification and good works are not conditions of, but consequences resulting from, interest in Christ, and acceptance with God; not antecedent requisites in order to our being justified, but subsequent evidences of our being so.—*Toplady*,

CHRIST AND HIS WORK.

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."
Matt. i. 21.

THESE words were spoken by the angel to Joseph before the birth of Jesus. It is well to ponder over them, for they are full of sweetness, and contain a preciousness none but *poor sinners* can tell, whom the Holy Spirit has applied the words to; and when He in mercy speaks these words into a poor sinner's heart it will make him rejoice in the Lord; and, as the poet says,

The feeblest heart *shall* hail and bue,
Where Jesus Christ is born."

The birth of Jesus Christ was what the Church in all ages had been looking for; and how all the prophets of the Lord spake of Him and His work, as *then* being accomplished and fulfilled.

Thus, Isaiah speaks of Him as the "WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the MIGHTY GOD, the EVERLASTING FATHER, the PRINCE OF PEACE" (ch. ix. 6); and "the Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 6). And Jacob, by faith, saw Him before his death, and said, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until *Shiloh* come, and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be" (Gen. xlix. 10).

Let us pause a few moments upon the precious name, JESUS, which, all know, means *Saviour*, or *Jehovah the Saviour*; and Christ, *anointed*. What for? To *save*. Thus, how sweetly does His name imply His work and office; Jesus, the Saviour; and Christ, anointed to *save*. The Church, in Canticles, knew something of His name when she exclaimed, "His name is as ointment poured forth" (Song i. 3). There is such a saviour and sweetness in His name, as well as love and mercy in His person, that the Church again declares, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand;" nay, more, "*the altogether lovely*" (Song v. 10, 16).

And many of His dear people can testify *now*, as well as the Church *then*, of His great love. And dear NEWTON knew something of its sweetness when he penned those lines:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, calms his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

Zacharias, full of the Holy Ghost, broke forth with, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," what for, Zacharias? "for He hath redeemed *His people*" (Luke i. 68); and also calls Him, the *day-spring* from on high. And what a mercy He did visit us, that we might not be left in darkness and the shadow of death!

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS!" and His name was called JESUS. How the glory of the Lord attended His birth; for the angel heralded Him, and, with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God. Simeon was ready to depart after he had seen the Lord's Christ; exclaiming with holy triumph and joy, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." And when a poor sinner has had the same revelation by the Holy Ghost, he can, and often does, utter the same glorious truth, when his eyes are closing in death, and he is enabled to sing:—

"Jesus! the vision of Thy face,
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms."

He *shall* save His people from their sins. This blessed clause is a glorious truth, which the Holy Spirit *must* open up, reveal, and *apply* to the soul, to be understood in its sweetness and power.

All people have *some* ideas about the death of Christ; and some people believe Christ died that *all* might be saved, and that He died for all people. But in the message from heaven, delivered by the angel, it is not said He shall save *all* people, but only *His* people. But since that blessed truth was spoken, men have become so wise, in *themselves* as to put their own word *all* in the place of the Lord's *His*; and then follows the unscriptural doctrine of General Redemption and Universal Charity.

But that does not alter God's truth, *His people*, contains and also proves, that glorious, soul-establishing doctrine of ELECTION, of which dear HART speaks :—

"Brethren, would you know your stay,
What it is supports you still;
Why, though tempted every day,
Yet you stand, and stand you will!"

Oh, *how often* the poor soul seems lost, and ready to give up all for lost; and has wondered thousands of times *why it is, and how it is*, he still stands amidst the temptations and buffetings of the enemy, and that worse enemy, *self*, to contend against.

How often the enemy comes in like a flood, and with a flood of suggestions and awful thoughts, with which the flesh readily joins in, because it is pleasing to it; and the spark of life within seems as if it would be clean swept out, and the soul be lost for ever. *Why not?* The poor soul cannot tell; but here is the secret: BECAUSE OF ELECTION, it can be lost. Here is where Almighty power saves the creature, when the creature is helpless. And, though a child of God cannot live upon Election, yet that blessed truth *is often* an anchor to his soul, when tossed upon the sea of trouble, "*He shall save His people from their sins.*" Here, again, Arminianism falls to the ground, in denying God has an elect and chosen people. For, first, it is clear Christ *had* a people, or it could not have been *His people*, if He had not had a people; and secondly, He could not have come to save them if they *had not* been His. A great number of passages might be quoted to prove it, but from Genesis to Revelations it is clear in the Word of God. No one *can deny* the children of Israel were God's chosen people *nationally*. And why should it be denied God has a chosen people *spiritually*? For the children of Israel represented *God's elect* in all ages of the world. As they were chosen from among the nations, and led through the wilderness, so now the Lord calls *His* people out of the world, amongst His own, and leads them through the world to that glory He *ordained* for them before the world was. Thus the Lord had a people "*chosen in Christ.*" *When?* "*Before the foundation of the*

world" (Eph. i. 4; Matt. xxv. 34). And *why* He chose them was, to the praise of the glory of His grace; and how the riches of His grace shine forth in Jesus Christ, in saving sinners *this way*, and who were *saved in the eternal mind, when as yet they had not a being.*

Those who are called to know their salvation and follow Christ, fulfil that blessed passage, in ascribing their salvation "*to the praise of the glory of His grace;*" and the Lord speaks of having *formed them* for this purpose—to show forth His praise (Isa. xliii. 21).

It was only for *His people* the Lord Jesus came to live a life of holy obedience, and die, that His people should live. Thus, they became His; the Father gave them to Him (John xvii. 2, 24). And He laid down His life for them. They are *His inheritance*, for He redeemed them, and *purchased* them of old (Psal. lxxiv. 4). When we have bought and paid for anything, it surely then is our own. How many there are who will not, humanly speaking, let Jesus have those He bought and paid for; or say those are His people whom He *never knew*, and to whom He will say, Depart! for He knows none but *His own*, and they are *all* given to know Him. And Jesus Christ came also as the Father's covenant to His people; for the Lord says by the prophet Isaiah, "*I will preserve Thee, and give Thee for a covenant of the people*" (chap. xxxix. 8). What are the blessings of that covenant? One is a new heart, and the law of love written upon it, "*I will put my law in their inmost parts, and write it in their hearts.*" And another is, *THAT ALL*—the least as well as the greatest—*shall* know the Lord; and "*I will give them an heart to know me, that I am the Lord, and they shall be my people*" (Jer. xxxi. 33, 34; xxiv. 7). What mercies are these to the poor, weak, lame, halting, doubting, and cast-down souls, who think and fear the Lord will cast them off, because they cannot be what they would be! If such are among the least, in the covenant they will be saved. How precious to the soul are those *wills* and *shalls* of the Almighty! Dear KENT speaks of the Lord's people being

"Fenced with Jehovah's *shalls* and *wills*,
Firm as the everlasting hills."

I shall not soon forget with what power those sweet words came and raised up my drooping spirits, when a dear man of God was preaching at Gower Street, some years ago. When the Holy Spirit applies a word and seals it upon the soul, it is a word then not *soon forgotten*; and how many times we turn over God's Word, but can get nothing. At another time, when the blessed Spirit opens our understanding, and also takes of the things of Jesus and opens them up to us, there is such a mine of beauty and fulness in them, we wondered we could not see it before. But, like the disciples, we are such "fools and slow of heart." And what a variety of wonders a poor child of God has—wonders why the Lord can love such a wretch; wonders He still has mercy upon him; and sometimes wonders he is not in hell. But will wonder more when he reaches heaven, as dear HERBERT blessedly sings—

"But wonders of grace will be better displayed,

When sinners get safe into glory;
Each *one* will be wondering how he came there,

But *all* will be telling *one* story."

Ah! that will surely be a story *without an end*. "Redemption through His blood." "Saved by grace and landed in glory."

Then will be accomplished the work that Jesus came to do—*save His people*—when the Holy Spirit, whose office it is, has fetched in the last vessel of mercy—the last soul that shall be saved—to make the building of mercy complete—the glorious temple—which is to be the habitation of Jehovah throughout eternity; for the Lord hath said, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it" (Psal. cxxxii. 14). And then,

"When all the saints are gather'd home,
And time its course has run;
What shouts the ransom'd souls will give,

When Jesus cries 'Tis done."

Oh! that the Spirit of the Lord may direct *all our hearts to Jesus*, and to be "watching unto prayer," and waiting for His coming; for He has said, "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching." And may He bless this feeble effort to His own glory.

S. S.

THE MEETING PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond in never sever'd;—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gather'd
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted life re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before—
Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd,
Loving once and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

H. BONAR.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—FAITH.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." (Gal. v. 22, 23).

FAITH is well said to be the first act of the regenerate soul. It is the most precious and vital of the Holy Spirit's operations; it is the realization and evidence of having passed from death unto life; it is the seeing God truly with the eyes that He has given, and the believing in Him with the heart that He has implanted, so that all things appear entirely different to what they did before. The new eyes and the new heart are connected with eternal life; for they are the results of the new birth which the soul has undergone in the free, sovereign, distinguishing grace of God. And, as the child is only conscious of its existence by reason of its animal sensations, and knows nothing of *how* it came to exist, so the new-born soul breathes the air of heaven, is conscious of spiritual existence, but cannot tell *how* or *why* it was born again. The sound is heard and the effects are seen, but the whence or whither of the Spirit's movements is unknown. Faith is often erroneously spoken of as if it were merely the opposite to unbelief, and a state of mind varying with the circumstances of the individual. Nothing is of more importance than clear, intelligent, and scriptural teaching upon the foundation doctrines of our religion; and of these one of the most important seems to be, that faith and unbelief are not merely positive and negative states of the same mind, of which one is pleasing and the other displeasing to God, and which conduct the individual, according as one or the other is exercised and finally triumphant, to endless happiness or misery, but that they are distinct and normal states of two distinct creations,—one of the new man which of God is created in Christ Jesus, which *cannot* disbelieve, but always exercises a saving faith towards God,—and the other of the old man, which is born of the devil, and which never does and never can evince a living faith in Christ. How would this simple truth, beloved, brought home by the Comforter, save many of the poor of the flock from many a desponding groan, and many an unfruitful season of looking inward. Such states are overruled for in-

dividual and collective good; but should we not comfort God's people, and strive to show these poor souls what may be graciously brought home to their understandings, viz., that all unbelief is of the old man, which must not be expected to produce that which it never can—even faith towards God? That the unbelief of the old man can never be changed into faith, and that, consequently, fruitless inward efforts should be exchanged for thanks to God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and *upward* looking, that He may be more revealed to the soul as its new life and its only hope of glory? Then will it be clearly seen that, while the flesh can only serve the law of sin, the renewed man can only serve the law of faith to God. And in such terms, though the promise tarry, the waiting season will prove precious to the soul; while, as HARTSWORTH writes—

"Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
But cannot long refrain."

This "looking unto the hills" is part of the work of faith, though unknown it may be to the soul itself, and will result in peace and joy, to the praise of His grace.

Faith being the element of the new life, is often put for that *life* itself, and even for the *object* of faith, which is the source and security of the presence of faith, of the reality of the new life, and of the certain accomplishment of its hopes. Thus Paul says, "I have kept the faith;" whereby he intended to imply that he had lived the life of faith. So he desired to come to the Thessalonians, that he might perfect that which *was* lacking in their faith, or invigorate and fan that principle of life which he believed to be in them, by more fully instructing them in the doctrines of Christ. Again: "we stand by faith," and are "rooted in Him and established in the faith" (Col. ii. 7; 2 Cor. i. 24). And when we speak of being "justified by faith," it is important to see that faith is but the sign and security of that true inner life within which is "Christ in us, the hope of glory;" lest, peradventure,

we put faith in the place of Christ, glorifying the breath the soul inhales rather than its source and support, and so bring leanness into our souls. The truth of the divine life seems to consist in these three conditions—*living, loving, and obeying*. If you say that a soul obeys, you involve the idea of living and loving; or if it lives, that it loves and obeys, and so on. And as faith is the principle which is given us that we may *know* our spiritual condition, so it is often put for that condition itself. Faith, then, is not our salvation, but the *sign* of it; and living is not our salvation, but the proof that Christ himself, who is our life, lives within us. Consequently, faith is only known by its fruits; to our own souls it is known by its becoming the substance of the things hoped for, and by its kindling a love to their Author; and to others by its becoming the evidence of things unseen, by showing forth an obedience to an unseen Master. Hence an abstract faith in Jesus, as the Son of God, is not that which is inculcated in the Gospel as the act of believing, for this the devils have, but the concrete result of faith, which is brought about by the Holy Spirit in the soul; even love to God is that faith in the Lord Jesus which is commanded (1 John iii. 23). And this is involved in the words, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Do I know Him as Lord? I fear and obey Him;—as Jesus? I love and adore Him;—as the Christ, the anointed of the Father? I worship and glorify Him. How many are stumbling on this point? They say "we believe," and awake up in hell, not knowing the Scriptures or the power of God; not knowing that they cannot be saved by an abstract faith, and can therefore, in a Gospel sense, only say "we believe" when they can first say "we love." And while professors are warned, may not the poor tried ones of the family be taught and strengthened? Art thou in darkness, poor and needy one, and canst see no light? Be not cast down or discouraged! It is not thy faith (whereby I mean a certain abstract state of thy soul) that saves thee. It is not thy life that saves thee; but He who gave thee thy faith, and who is thy life, and who hath said, "Because I live ye shall live also," and in another place hath declared, "Behold, I am alive for evermore,

Amen," that saves thee. Thou wilt allow that it was not an abstract faith that saved thee at first; then why seek an abstract faith now for thy support. Thou wantest to realize some of the "I knows" of Paul. This is a gracious wish. But art thou sure that thou art seeking them in the same way that he did? Did he keep his eye fixed within himself, till he found some basis for an abstract assertion, "I know?" or did he keep his eye fixed on the Lord Jesus, till he felt constrained by His love within him, and could then reason from the concrete to the abstract, and rejoice in that faith which he knew to be his? Do as he did. Dost thou love Christ? Yes; I know that thy life and conversation are signs unto thee that thou dost love Him; or, if the devil and thy corrupt heart have robbed thee of these signs, yet they have not robbed thee of the groan and inward desire that thy life and conversation might be signs unto thee and others; then let the groan and desire be a sign unto thee that thou dost love Him. Yes, thou lovest Him; else why art thou now seeking Him with tears? And if thou lovest Him, thou art born of Him (1 John iv. 7), and hast the spirit of Christ. Nay, thou hast a sacred duty laid upon thee to cry "Abba, Father, help Thy child!" and to exclaim to all, "I know Him, and believe in Him."

How many souls are hindered by the enewy, and their wicked hearts of unbelief, from entering into Gospel liberty? They arise, at the command of Christ, with the poor sick man, but refuse to take up that whereon they lay because of the Sabbath day. Any excuse will serve the purpose of the natural heart, if it can only hinder the new heart from obeying the whole counsel of God, or from receiving the whole promise in its simplicity. How many are tempting God by asking Him, with the Jews of old, for a sign *which He has not promised to give them*, while, all the time, they have Moses and the prophets, and are surrounded by signs and wonders? "What sign shonest Thou?" or, "Come down from the cross and we will believe;" or, "Show us some of the excellent glory, and we will indeed believe that we are sons of God, and heirs of everlasting life," is the sum of the language of many a poor heart.

And thinkest thou, poor soul, that this teaching savours of free-will? Nay, it is but the free-agency directed by the will of the blessed Spirit. By nature man has only free-will to do evil; by nature he is *not willing* to come to God in any degree (John v. 40). Man does not believe God, and thinks he is not only *willing* (if he desires it) but also *able*, to come to God unassisted. The sovereignty of God is clear and glorious in the Scriptures; but the responsibility of the creature, not only as a sinner in Adam and in himself, but also in his rejection of the Gospel, is set forth in its pages. I do not care to infer from these truths what, in human reasoning, may appear to be their *possible* result. I take God at His word, and leave the sublime, and, to man, paradoxical mysteries which it contains, with their results, in His hands. If we are graciously led to desire and find the Lord Jesus, we ascribe the praise to our tri-une God, for we *know* the praise does not belong to us; but if, on the other hand, we neglect so great salvation, or if, regarding and delighting in it, our souls refuse to receive the whole counsel of God, which is so blessedly in our favour, then upon us rests the responsibility, the shame and confusion of face. The hand of God turns the key; but within that divinely-constructed lock, and essential to the withdrawing of the bolt and the opening of the door, is found human responsibility too mysterious for our present comprehension, but which may hereafter be revealed to our astonished vision. Blessed be the Lord our God, that He is better to us than our hopes or our fears, and that, though He allows us to darken our way and stumble and groan, yet that He holds our souls in life, and will not suffer us to destroy ourselves. "Ah!" says the wicked heart, "it would be presumption in me to say that I have the faith of a child of God. No; I am more humble than others I know of, and am content to remain in this happy position till the Lord be pleased to give me the portion of the humble." Alas! that any should put darkness for light, or bitter for sweet. What! presumption to believe what God has commanded, and to do what He declares will glorify and please Him? What! Is it humility to refuse to take the place the Lamb of God has purchased for us

with His own blood? Beloved, is such humility of any honour (or *value*)? Is it not, rather, for the sake of the satisfying of the flesh? Would not Paul have stigmatised it as part of that voluntary humility (or a fleshly willingness to appear humble, such as the Jesuits delight in), of which he speaks to the Colossian Church, which is the very reverse of faith, evinced in faithfulness and fidelity to God (Col. ii. 18, 23)? Earthly children would be thought mad, or unbearably ungrateful, if they treated their earthly fathers in such a manner; and what must be the love and long-suffering of our heavenly Father, which bears with such abominable pride and will-worship in His children! It is related of a prisoner, who went sighing and unbelieving all her days—from a conviction, not so much of sin and unworthiness, as of the Lord having shut her out from all possible realization of personal security—that she was once asked by her minister, "Would you then believe if you saw, what I fully believe to be the case, your name written in the book of life?" "Oh yes," she answered; "then, indeed, I should be satisfied." "And then you would not," returned the minister, "believe the Gospel; nor do I know that your faith would be followed by that love which is graciously given to the soul which believes and trusts in Him whom it has not seen."

The life of the child of God is the work of the Holy Spirit; and the faith, as the air he breathes, is His operation. It is one of His divine fruits; and, although included in our text, is not all that is ordinarily understood by the term "faith" therein mentioned. Some may have felt surprised at finding *faith* classified along with love and joy, as a fruit of the Spirit, which latter they had always been led to look upon as the fruits of faith itself; but I think they will see that the fruit of the Spirit here spoken of is rather that of fidelity or faithfulness, which is itself the fruit of faith, or the new life. The child of God at first breathes the new air of heaven with rapturous fervour, but ere long he feels faint; he is sifted and tried; and in the heaviness of his soul he cries, "Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief." His conscience is pricked with his besetting sin of unbelief; he looks back at the

times when it was well with him, and thinks that they can never return. He reads, "Be thou *faithful* unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," as a condemnation, and not as a blessing; he finds that the first act of faith must be followed up by a life of faith, and he is self-condemned, when he looks into himself, for his want of faithfulness. The imaginary standard of faith which he thinks is necessary on his part he nowhere finds, and he is utterly cast down. He is in the position of the doubter mentioned above, who is engaged in looking within herself for some abstract faith; he is in the position we all are when left to ourselves, and, having begun in the Spirit, desire to perfect ourselves in the flesh, and thus dishonour God and grieve the Holy Spirit. What that poor soul wants is what we all want, even

that "shield of faith" which the apostle exhorted the Ephesians to "raise up over all;" that fidelity to God which is the "fruit of the Spirit;" which will trust Him in clouds as well as in sunshine, in good and evil report, and which does not stagger at the promises of God through unbelief, but is strong in faith, giving glory to God, and is fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able also to perform; and which, knowing that it is not its own faith, or any thing else in itself that saves the soul, but the faithfulness of a tri-une God, ceases to look within itself for evidences of its own fitness for unconditional gifts, and pleads, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."

(*To be continued.*)

Obituary.

GONE TO BE WITH JESUS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly insert in your Magazine this brief memoir of a child of God, who departed this life on the 6th day of August, 1859, to inherit her seat at the right hand of her loving Lord, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest, there to cast her crown at the feet of Immanuel.

It pleased our covenant God to remove our dear sister, Mrs. ANN ELIZABETH HICKS, to His eternal mansions, in the 31st year of her age; whose death was caused by a fright. She had long been a sufferer, from a frail body, and often asked her dear Lord to take her to Himself—many times, with tears bedewing her pale but placid countenance, entreating Him to preserve her dear children, knowing that her time on earth must be of short duration. Jehovah wonderfully enabled her to prophesy of her departure, as the sequel will show. Some three years before she left this vale of tears, she was much troubled about her soul's safety, and darkness greatly covered her mind. However, it

pleased the Lord the Spirit to reveal Himself in her in such a way as to leave all doubt out of the question, so that she could now sing with the poet—

"When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest in His unchanging grace."

He was graciously pleased to make known, to her, her interest in the atoning blood of Jesus. Often she would say, "Dear Lord, if it rested with my poor weak body to perform anything towards my salvation, I should never be saved; no, it's all finished." Now her enraptured soul could sing—

"It is finished! oh what pleasure,
Do those charming words afford!"

with a heart filled with joy and love. Through mercy her life was a consistent one. Not very long before she fell asleep in Christ, it was said to her, "Your house begins to look very nice." Her reply was, "Ah! we have something of far greater importance to think of." Whenever an opportunity offered she was ever ready to speak of a dear Redeemer's love. Truly she could tell

to sinners round, what a dear Saviour she had found—

"She'd point them to redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the Lamb of God."

Many a time, with her heart overwhelmed with joy, she would repeat the beautiful hymn—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When will my labours have an end,
In peace, and joy, and Thee?"

I would here state that I fully believe our dear pastor Mr. G. ABRAHAMS' ministry was greatly blessed to her soul. I am sure she had often been brought to see her ruined condition in the fall, and, by the blessing of God the Holy Spirit, was enabled to rejoice in redeeming love under the word preached by him. Respecting the separation of body and soul, was at one time a great trial to her; but of late the Holy Spirit enabled her to rejoice in the prospect of the separation which she so often anticipated, being fully assured that her body would rest in hope till the resurrection-morn. About three years ago, on a Sabbath evening, that beautiful hymn was sung at our Chapel, Regent Street, City Road—

"My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name."

Many a time, with her heart overwhelmed with joy, she would repeat that delightful hymn in DENHAM's Selection—it came with miraculous power to her memory—

"And am I blest with Jesu's love?
And shall I dwell with Him above?
And will the joyful period come,
When I shall call the heavens my home?"

She remarked, "how strange." On the following day a child of hers was taken ill, and died. She then saw the goodness of her covenant God in raising such a mighty bulwark to shelter her soul in so trying a moment. Many times of late she would rehearse that sweet verse in the psalm, "Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." Especially after being delivered out of any affliction she would sing—

"Rock of Ages, shelter me."

Also that inviting hymn—

"Come ye sinners, poor and wretched."

In writing to a dear friend in one of her severe trials, she said, "it is all to make us sick of self and fond of Christ." So often anticipating her dissolution, and that her tabernacle was shortly to be taken down, she was, by the help of the Spirit, led to enjoy many sweet hymns. With a heart full of hope she would sing—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye."

Much of her spare time was spent in reading precious pieces out of your Magazine, and other good books; especially the Memoirs of departed saints, though fallen asleep, yet speak. One evening, on my returning home from business, the week previous to her death, being as well as usual, she said, "I have been so happy to-day; sermons, texts of scripture, have been so blessedly applied to my soul, I fear something is about to befall me immediately: giving vent to her feelings, tears rolled down her face, while she then praised her Lord for His goodness. On the following Sabbath we called on a dear friend, Mr. JAMES GIBSON, who is now in glory too. She related to him the same thing. It abode with her; the sweetness of it never left her till she entered the portals of paradise. On the following Wednesday she had a fright, which issued in a severe illness on the following day, Thursday, and terminated her earthly career on the Sabbath following, about ten o'clock in the evening; her spirit then entered the precincts of glory. On my returning home on the Thursday previous, I entered the bed-room to see her, when she immediately addressed me—"George! I shall die, George! I shall die. Tell Mr. ABRAHAMS how happy I've been." It was truly a prophetic voice; she was nearing her blest abode when she said it, continuing ill till Sunday afternoon, when her agony of body could not be described, and she prayed most fervently for the Lord to take her home. He heard—He answered; He took her to Himself to strike her golden lyre to an anthem of eternal praise to Him that loved her and washed her in His own precious blood. On the following Thursday her remains were deposited in the Abney Park Cemetery, by her beloved pastor, in sure

and certain hope of her resurrection unto eternal life. Over her grave we sung her favourite hymn—

"And am I blest with Jesu's love?"

On the Sabbath following our dear pastor preached her funeral sermon; his text was taken from Solomon's Song, 6th chap. 2nd verse. I believe it was a sweet season to many then present. She has now entered that land where the inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick," and where the people are forgiven their iniquities.

"Chariots of everlasting love,
Conveyed her to His throne;
Higher than the heavens above,
Where she adores the great Three-One.

"Where all His ransomed people meet,
There she explores redeeming love;
Casting her crown at His dear feet,
There in the shining courts above.

"And there no heart shall heave a sigh,
And there no tear shall deck her face;
Where her dear Bridegroom's ever nigh,
There she shall sing, 'tis all of grace."

Yours, in the faith of God's elect,
Horton. GEORGE HICKS.

Reviews.

Eternal Redemption. London: James Paul, Chapter House Court, St. Paul's.

Of all subjects Redemption is the most important, and doubtless because it is so important, Satan has endeavoured to blind the eyes of men with regard to its real nature and extent. No passages of holy writ are more perverted and abused than those which have to do with Redemption; and in reference to no part of Scripture is Jehovah more dishonoured. We grant that in innumerable instances this dishonouring is not intentional abstractedly considered; but the wrong done to Jehovah is, nevertheless, immense: and many inadvertently lend themselves to it, from the indulgence of that which is naturally repugnant to the pride, and dictation, and self-sufficiency of the human heart. All revealed truth is contrary to the carnal mind, but that in which Divine sovereignty is most conspicuous is more especially repugnant; and this because it deals with man as a vile, depraved rebel, in whom there remains not the slightest vestige of good, and whose recovery and restoration to a higher standard than that from which he fell, must be by a power as free and as sovereign as it is efficacious and omnipotent. This at once strikes at the root of all creature-wisdom, creature-merit, creature-strength; places man where he ought to be placed, as "earthly, sensual, devilish;" and makes every subject of Divine love, every partaker of Divine mercy, every recipient of Divine grace, to acknowledge and admire that sovereign, discriminating, and altogether unmerited compassion which "plucked him as a brand from the eternal burnings," and,

though "a child of wrath even as others," "quickeneth him when dead in trespasses and sins," brought him nigh when afar off by wicked works; "translated him from darkness into light, and from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son," vouchsafed to him the spirit of adoption whereby he cried, Abba, Father, and made him an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. All this is based upon Redemption, an act as special, as sovereign, as discriminating as this "quickeneth" or "translating," or, in other words, this calling and claiming to which we have adverted; and why? Because Redemption is a part—and an essential, indispensable part, too—of the great and glorious economy of salvation; and all interested in the one must, to all intents and purposes, be interested in the other. A redeemed man is a saved man. Universal redemption involves universal salvation, or God ceases to be God; for, if the Lord Christ died to save *all*, and *all* are not saved, then follows, as a natural sequence, the Lord Christ was defeated in the accomplishment of His Divine purpose. If it be argued, that redemption was conditional—that God were willing to *save*, if man were willing to *be saved*; then we affirm that Christ's blood was shed in vain for the major part of the human race; that that precious blood was wasted; and that man's *will* is superior to God's *power*; that man's *will* presented a barrier which Jehovah could not overcome: and this we say is to undeify the Great Eternal.

This momentous subject is dealt with in a masterly way in the pamphlet before us. The writer uses his pen in a bold

and energetic way, at the same time as one deeply imbued with a knowledge of the human heart, and made personally and experimentally acquainted with the depths and deceptions of sin, with a corresponding sight and sense of the power absolute and indispensable in the raising a sinner from those depths and that degradation into which Satan by sin has plunged him. The much-quoted and as oft-perverted passages which seem to countenance universality in redemption are fairly met and disposed of, and the pamphlet altogether is one richly deserving of a careful and prayerful perusal.

Human Inability, Guilt, and Responsibility Reconciled: or, the great paradox of Christianity explained! By WILLIAM PARKS, B.A. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street.

WE are free to acknowledge that we glanced upon this title with fear, and turned over the pages which followed with a trembling hand. We thought that our brother PARKS had ventured upon forbidden ground, and that he were about to do for Jehovah what Jehovah had not as yet condescended to do for Himself. That "great is the *mystery* of godliness" is obvious, not merely with reference to its fundamental feature, "God manifest in the flesh," but also in regard to the various openings and developments of the grand economy of salvation. So much comes under the *permissive* will of Jehovah that does not meet His *approving sanction*; so much that He has *permitted* He might have *prevented*. And yet throughout the whole, and in every fact and phase of fact in the *issue* Jehovah will not only exonerate Himself from all blame, or the veriest shadow of a shade of connivance at sin, or countenancing of wrong, but will justify Himself in His every act and deed, as worthy of a God of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" and though not merely with respect to, and on the part of, His redeemed, His justified, His glorified; but we believe that the lost, even to Satan himself, will justify Jehovah and exonerate Him from all blame in regard to any participation in the fall, with all its tremendous and direful consequences. We do not stay now to give our reasons for believing that Satan, as well as the lost of mankind, will thus exonerate Jehovah, beyond the quoting of one Scripture, where the evil spirits are represented as saying to Jesus, in the days of His flesh, "We know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God. Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

Whatever Satan's spleen against the Majesty of heaven, and however lost souls may writhe under their torments, we believe that their conviction will only be aggravated by the conviction that Jehovah had proved Himself to be "righteous in His judgments, and holy in all His works."

But, in the present imperfect state, when "we know but parts of his ways," we contend that there is no defining—no explaining—what He intended to remain mysteries until He "writeth up the people," and causeth it to come to pass, that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." Meanwhile He hath been pleased to bestow upon His people one gracious and invaluable gift, and through the instrumentality of that gift they are enabled to watch and wait with a holy calm and a heavenly serenity, unable to comprehend, at a loss to construe, but yet in the most steadfast and God-glorifying conviction, that "the Judge of all the earth" must and shall "do right." This blessed boon, which enables its possessor to realize such a precious satisfaction amid so much that is complicated and perplexing, is *faith*. Faith revels in mysteries; faith lives, and moves, and has its being, where sight and sense dare not intrude; faith places her hand upon the mystic page, and says, "This, my Divine Begetter, shall explain when, and as shall seem best, to His inscrutable wisdom." Faith with respect to everything that is dark, everything that is complicated, everything that seems to cast the veriest shadow of a shade of reflection upon the character or dealings of Jehovah, exclaims, "Nay; but O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?" And again: Faith exclaims, "Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid!"

But in the work before us, Mr. PARKS has all but—if not altogether—overstepped the boundary by which Faith takes her stand; and he has ventured to reply to the arguments which objectors are wont so commonly to raise against Divine sovereignty and Jehovah's perfect and indisputable right to pursue what course it pleaseth Him to pursue, however adverse that course may be to the finite mind of poor puny man. We have already stated, that we trembled at Mr. PARKS's venturing to do what it does not appear to us even the apostle Paul at-

tempted in the 9th of the Romans, from which we have just quoted. However, we were agreeably surprised to find, that the Incumbent of Openshaw has not only met every argument in the clearest and most forcible way, but has at the same time furnished ample materials for thought and the still closer investigation of truth. Upon these grounds we cheerfully recommend his work.

Shall I follow Christ? A Question for the Young. By the Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, M.A. London: The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a very "telling" book, and admirably adapted for the class for whom it is principally intended. Each chapter forms a most powerful appeal, and is interspersed with apt and striking illustrations. So much pleased are we with the book, that we should give it our unqualified recommendation, but we are compelled to make an exception. Though not said in so many words, yet inferentially the author holds *universal* redemption; hence he grounds his appeal—and as he thinks adds weight to it—upon Christ having in very deed *died* for the individual, be he who he may. Now, we contend that it is not necessary to be a believer in *general* redemption, in order to give tone and earnestness to exhortations. We argue that the holder of a *definite* redemption can appeal as ardently, as affectionately, and, as we conceive, far more scripturally, than those who in this important subject differ from him. Yea, more, we believe that the very method of his exhortation will be such as (under God) to beget far more earnestness, and a more ready concern, than appeals grounded upon an opposite principle. Exhortations of this *general* caste will lead persons to deal with them in a *general* way. "Oh, I am one of the mass; I'm a sinner; Christ is a Saviour; He has died for all mankind, hence He has died for *me*. Men in general are happy; they are not over-concerned; why should I be? There is time enough. I will avail myself of this redemption by and by." Upon this fatal rock millions make shipwreck. They go down to perdition with these arguments scarce died away upon their lips. On the contrary, state the plain, simple facts. Declare that Christ has died for a special people, and for a special people only, and then (however the pride and self-sufficiency of the human heart may oppose, urging its Whys and its Wherefores) there comes the question, "What, if these *are* facts? What,

if I am that poor helpless sinner which I am represented to be? What, if I should not prove to be among that special people?" Hence arises a thoughtfulness and concern, and these, in turn lead to inquiry. Grace thus operates, in a certain sense, in accordance with nature. It is the very *speciality* of the matter that arouses, and excites, and leads to examination and inquiry, precisely upon the principle that a proclamation were made to certain classes, individuals, or characters. Such would make more stir—such produce more excitement—such lead to closer scrutiny, than if the proclamation were *general*, and in which no one party had deeper interest than another.

Convinced we are, that the experience of the Lord's people will support us in this statement, apart from the all-important consideration that the Holy Ghost will ever vindicate His own truth, and honour the testimony that honours Him. If those who know the power of Divine truth in their hearts speak, they will testify that their spiritual travail began in connexion with the day-dawn of these covenant verities.

Christian Devotedness; or, the Glorious Life of a Christian: a Christian in Earnest, a Christian altogether. London: John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row.

THIS work, as its title would imply, is an exponent, not so much of the *nature* of Divine life, as the *evidence* and *exhibition* of it. It states truly, that all vital Christianity originates in regeneration, or a new creatureship in Christ Jesus; but the general bearing of the volume is the *fruit* and *effect* of this new creatureship. As such the volume is worthy of a close perusal, and is constantly suggestive of the inquiry, "In what respect, and how far, do my conduct and conversation prove that I have come out from the world, am separate, and dare not touch the unclean thing?"

Famous Boys, and How they became Great Men. Darton and Co., Holborn Hill.

THIS is a stirring book, written upon the "TRY" principle, and very properly "dedicated to Youths and Young Men, as a stimulus to earnest living." As an incentive to perseverance to seek and maintain an honourable position in the world, the purport of the volume is well sustained. It is cheerfully written, and holds out hopes and encouragements in the face of the many difficulties and impediments which the early pathway of life presents. This is a work which we most cordially recommend to the young.

Illustrative Gatherings; or, Preachers and Teachers. By the Rev. G. S. BOWEN, B.A., Rector of Chillenden, Kent. London: Wertheim and Co., Paternoster Row.

THIS is a most admirable volume, consisting of "Anecdotes, facts, figures, proverbs, quotations, &c., adapted for Christian teaching." The author must have been at much pains to produce so valuable a compilation, furnishing as it does a hand-book of similes and illustrations.

The Brevity of Human Life A Lecture. By S. SEARS. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

A SOLEMN subject well handled.

The Christian Soldier Ready: Twelve Lectures delivered in St. Mary-le-port Church, Bristol, on Wednesday Evenings. By the Rev. S. A. WALKER, Rector. London: W. H. Collingridge; Wertheim and Co.; Bristol: W. Mack, 52, Wine Street.

THE contents of this handsome volume are as follow:—The Source of Readiness—Necessity of Readiness—Character of Readiness—Difficulties of Readiness—The Girdle of Readiness—The Breastplate of Readiness—The Sandals of Readiness—The Shield of Readiness—The Helmet of Readiness—The Sword of Readiness—Readiness in Prayer—Ministerial Readiness. We have read with much satisfaction the first of these Lectures; and taking it, as we doubt not it is, as a fair specimen of the whole, the character of the Christian Soldier is strikingly and graphically sustained. Few lectures or sermons taken down from the preacher's lips read well. The art of speaking and writing is totally different. There is a something in the human voice which God has ordained should be made subservient to the "foolishness of preaching." However, the Lectures before us are a pleasing exception to the rule. They do read well; and will, we doubt not, be read too with profit and edification. We strongly recommend this volume. As a gift-book to those connected with the army, either personally or relatively, the volume before us is admirable.

History of the Temporal Power of the Popes. By W. ELFE TAYLER.

NOTHING could be more opportune than the publication of such a valuable treatise as this, at the present momentous crisis in the history of the Papacy. We earnestly recommend this volume.

The Vanity of Wealth and the Victory of Grace. London. W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

A REPRINT in a neat penny form from this Magazine of the memoir of a young person. It is from the pen of our valued correspondent, "G. C.," and is well calculated for a wide distribution.

Ingoldsby Letters. London: Partridge and Co.

A SERIES of letters upon Lord Ebury's motion for a Revision of the Liturgy. Such an undertaking at the present would, we fear, be calculated to produce more harm than good. Conceive of such men as the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter taking part in so important a matter; and who is to exclude them?

Governesses' Benevolent Institution. Report for 1859. London: E. West, Newgate Street.

A MORE desirable Institution can scarcely be conceived than that which is to nourish, in the decline of life, decaying respectability, and the dying embers of talent long and ardently devoted to the advantage of fellow-mortals.

Wayside Verses; or, Pilgrim Melodies. By ELIZABETH DAVIE. London: Adams and King.

WE cheerfully endorse this volume, not so much for its poetry (though this is far above mediocrity) as for its life-like tone. It bears the indelible stamp of Divine teaching: hence its value.

The Family Treasury of Sabbath Reading. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

MAINTAINS its character for variety and interest.

A Few Words of Truth spoken in Love to Religious Liberators and Church Defenders. By the Rev. S. A. WALKER, M.A., Rector of St. Mary-le-port, Bristol. London: Wertheim and Co.; Bristol: W. Mack, 52, Wine Street.

WE were so pleased with this production, that as we read, we marked so much for extract, that, upon revision, we found we could not possibly find space for. The only alternative then left us was, a strong and urgent recommendation to our readers to procure the pamphlet (it may be had for threepence) and give it a careful perusal themselves. Such is the importance of the subject, and so weighty are these "few words of truth," that a careful reading will meet its own reward.

[JULY 2, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 43,
NEW SERIES. }

JULY, 1860.

{ No. 171,
OLD SERIES.

FAITH.

"Jesus, the author and finisher of faith."—Heb. xi. 2.

BELIEVED, the subject before us is one of immense importance, and full of the richest encouragement to poor sin-convinced, Christ-seeking souls. Oh that the Holy Ghost may be pleased to give us light and power, that we may be enabled thereby to open up some of its blessed properties.

We say the subject is full of importance, and it is so because there is involved in it that which, in our day especially, is so much overlooked, namely, the work and ministry of the Holy Ghost. Faith is much talked of by men who, professedly, advocate the great truths of salvation. Such speak of the nature and operations of faith, and are wont to quote the Scripture, "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" at the same time they are ascribing to *man* what emphatically belongs to *God*! They regard faith as an act of the creature, and argue as though it were in the power of man to believe, whereas the very reverse is the case. Man, in his carnal or first-born state, has no more power to believe than he has to create himself; nor has he, even after being quickened by the Holy Ghost, and made alive from a death in trespasses and sins, any more power in himself abstractedly to exercise faith than he had at first to produce it. Faith is God's gift, and from first to last it is wholly and solely of Divine operation. With it the creature, as a creature, has no more to do than he has with the order and regulation and keeping in healthful exercise his own animal frame. As his natural being is absolutely and entirely above and beyond his own control, so still more absolutely and still more entirely is his spiritual existence. God, and God alone, is the prime Mover both in the kingdom of nature and in the kingdom of grace. And, as He operates independently and absolutely, so the wisdom, the praise, the glory are His, without any participation of the creature, which upon other principles would not be the case; for verily, had man in the least possible degree to do with his own existence and well-being, either temporally or spiritually, then were he entitled to a measure of the praise in proportion to his preservation and prosperity.

There are multitudes who would in words shrink from thus usurping what belongs to God, and God only; and yet, either for want of light, or lacking

due thought and consideration, embrace ideas and propagate dogmas in which are necessarily involved these God-dishonouring sentiments.

Now, in order to arrive at the true state of the case, it will be necessary, first, to define what faith is; and sure we are that no better definition of faith could be given than that furnished by the venerable CRUDEN, from which we quote at length, seeing the vast importance of a correct knowledge of the real nature and operations of faith.

"Faith," says CRUDEN, "is a dependence on the veracity of another; thus trust is called faith, because it relies upon the truth of a promise. And one is said to keep his faith inviolate, when he performs the promise that another relied on. Faith, in the propriety of expression, is an assent on account of the veracity of the speaker. Accordingly divine faith is a firm assent of the mind to things upon the authority of divine revelation. Faith, by divines, is generally distinguished into four kinds, namely, historical, temporary, the faith of miracles, and justifying or saving faith.

"I. Historical faith is a speculative knowledge of, and bare assent to, the truths revealed in the Scripture. Of this kind of faith the apostle James speaks (James ii. 17—24). 'Faith, if it hath not works, is dead. Ye see how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only;' that is, not by a mere profession of faith, or a bare assent to the truth, without good works, which proceed from faith, and show it to be of the right kind. This kind of faith the devils themselves have. (James ii. 19) 'Thou believest there is one God; the devils also believe and tremble.' They are fully persuaded that there is a God, and that Christ is the Son of God, and shall be their judge, as they acknowledge (Matt. viii. 29).

"II. Temporary faith, together with the knowledge of, and assent to, revealed truths, has likewise in it an approbation of, and joy in receiving and hearing these truths; but this joy, arising from some worldly consideration, soon vanishes and comes to nothing. Of this kind of faith our Saviour speaks in the parable of the sower, (Matt. xiii. 20) 'He that received the seed into stony places, received it with joy;' he understands it, assents to it; he hears it gladly, considers, and approves of it, and it springs up in an outward profession and reformation: 'yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while;' he has no sufficient or considerable root, because it wants the soil of a sincere heart, and true affections, firm and fixed resolutions, and habitual dispositions of grace. He has some good purposes and desires, but they are soon overpowered by unmortified corruption and the force of temptation; 'for when tribulation or persecution ariseth, because of the word, by and by he is offended.' He stumbles and falls off from all his former profession of religion.

"III. The faith of miracles is a firm assent of the mind to some particular promise concerning any miraculous event, which, if performed by us, is called an active miraculous faith, of which our Saviour and the apostle Paul speak, (Matt. xvii. 20; 1 Cor. xiii. 2). But if it be wrought upon us, it is called a passive miraculous faith. Thus the lame man at Lystra had a firm persuasion that Paul and Barnabas were able to cure him (Acts xiv. 9).

"IV. Justifying faith is a saving grace wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God, whereby we receive Christ as He is revealed in the Gospel to be our Prophet, Priest, and King; trust in and rely upon Him and His righteousness alone for justification and salvation. This faith begets a sincere obedience in the life and conversation. The apostle to the Hebrews calls faith

the substance of things hoped for ; the evidence of things not seen (Heb. xi. 1). It assures us of the reality and worth of eternal invisible things, and produces a satisfaction and assured confidence that God will infallibly perform what He has promised, whereby the believer is as confident of them as if they were before his eyes and in his actual possession. The object of faith is the word of God in general, and especially the doctrines and promises that respect the salvation of men through Christ, which reason cannot discover by its own light, nor perfectly understand when revealed. The firm foundation of faith is the essential supreme perfections of God, His unerring knowledge, immutable truth, infinite goodness, and almighty power. Faith has a prevailing influence upon the will ; it draws the affections, and renders the whole man obsequious to the Gospel.

"By this faith we are said to be justified (Rom. v. 1). We are justified by faith, not formally, as if it were our righteousness, or the meritorious cause of our justification before God, but instrumentally and relatively, as it apprehends and applies to us the righteousness and blood of Christ, which is the object of faith, and which only cleanseth us from all sin and renders us acceptable to God. It is called the faith through which we are saved (Eph. ii. 8). Faith is, as it were, a condition on our part, whereby we come to be partakers of the blessings of the new covenant. It is a faith which worketh by love (Gal. v. 6). It is not an idle, inactive and inoperative grace, but shows itself by producing in us love to God and our neighbour. It purifies the heart (Acts xv. 9). It is called the faith of God's elect (Titus i. 1), because it is bestowed only upon those. This grace increaseth from one degree to another (Rom. i. 17), being in some strong and firm (Matt. viii. 10) ; in others, weak and languishing (Matt. xiv. 21). Lastly, this grace is the especial gift of God (Eph. ii. 8), 'By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God ;' that is, that you believe is not by any ability of your own ; and that you are saved, is not for any worth in yourselves. Likewise (in Phil. i. 29), 'Unto you it is given to believe on Christ.'

"Faith, in Scripture is taken for the truth and faithfulness of God (Rom. iii. 3), 'Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect ?' Shall their unbelief make the faithful promises of God, of sending the Messiah, and of redemption by Him, not to be accomplished ? It is also taken for persuasion of the lawfulness of things indifferent (Rom. xiv. 22, 23), 'Hast thou faith ? Have it to thyself before God ; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin ;' that is, Hast thou a persuasion of the lawfulness of such and such meats ? Then keep it to thyself, without making an unseasonable discovery of it to the offence of others. For whatsoever a man doeth with a wavering mind, without being persuaded that it is pleasing to God, and warranted by His Word, he sinneth in the doing of it. Faith is also put for the doctrine of the Gospel, which is the object of faith (Acts xxiv. 24). Felix heard Paul 'concerning the faith in Christ ;' (Gal. i. 23), he 'preached the faith which once he destroyed.' And faith is taken for Christ and His righteousness ; that is, His active and passive obedience, which are apprehended by faith and are the objects of it, in all those passages where we are said to be justified by faith. It is put for a belief and profession of the Gospel (Rom. i. 8), 'Your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world.' And for fidelity in performing of promises (Deut. xxxii. 30) 'Children in whom is no faith ;' that is, they neither believe what I say nor perform what themselves promise."

We offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, seeing it will afford to those who may not have access to CRUDEN such a clear and comprehensive description of what FAITH really is. It is a fundamental principle in the grand economy of redemption; and, because it is so—because it can in nowise be dispensed with—Satan has either produced a counterfeit, or so clouded the naturally-benighted mind of man as that he shall not apprehend faith either in the nature of its origin or the simplicity of its operations.

The rule, then, that we have already laid down is, that God, and God alone, is the Begetter of faith. He, and He only, is its Divine Author. From Him, and Him alone, it proceeds. By Him, and Him only, it works. Not in the veriest shadow of a shade does its origin or operation belong to the possessor. To God, and God alone, is he indebted for so sovereign, gracious, and inestimable a gift. We would that this great truth should be deeply imbedded in the reader's heart, for with its acknowledgment is essentially connected the glory of our God; and Jehovah declares, "He will not give his glory to another, nor His praise to graven images."

Now, however a man may overlook the mercy, yet much has been done for Him—and that by the Lord only—when he is brought to a sight of the foregoing fact, and to a corresponding acknowledgment of it. It is the Holy Ghost that leads the man into this precious aspect of truth; and, though at the present, in point of feeling and realization, he may be altogether destitute of comfort, yet is the Holy Ghost laying the foundation of that which shall speedily be productive of the richest consolation.

Before we pass on to show how much solid satisfaction and Divine comfort are based upon the truth we have just laid down, we will glance for a moment or two at the passages which are quoted by those who differ from us, in support, as they think, of the free-will of man, or, in other words, the power of the creature to exercise faith or to co-operate with God.

Let us take, first, the text we have already quoted, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Perfectly true, for how could that hesitating, doubtful approach possibly be acceptable, which implied only a partial belief in the persons and existence of Jehovah? Such would only be another illustration of the truth of the Scripture, "a double-minded man is *unstable* in all his ways." Hence an acceptable drawing nigh to the Lord must be grounded upon a firm belief and conviction "that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." But this does not imply priority upon the part of the creature as to the production, attainment, or exercise of faith. The apostle is here bringing forth truth in one particular phase of it; *here* it is the *exercise* or *operation* of faith; if we would seek to know its *origin* or *Divine authorship*, we must look elsewhere for it. Thus it is that Scripture explains Scripture, and we "compare spiritual things with spiritual." Truth is presented to us in the Word at various steps and in different stages, in the which there is no clashing or contradiction, except in our poor short-sighted, contracted minds, influenced as those minds are by educational trainings and pre-conceived prejudices.

In Mark iv. 40, with reference to Christ stilling the tempest, He says to His disciples, "How is it that ye have no faith?" And in the 11th chapter and 22nd verse of the same Gospel, He says, in regard to the withered fig-tree, "Have faith in God." Now, although upon the surface it might appear as though faith originated in the creature, or were in some degree capable of

being produced by him, a little consideration would prove otherwise, especially when keeping in mind the idea we have just suggested of the different stages of truth, and of one Scripture being explained by another.

We admit that the 24th verse of the last-mentioned chapter is at first sight difficult of interpretation, especially by our poor doubting, fearing minds; but we conceive it contains that which is at once simple and comforting. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Now, compare this with James i. 6, "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." Connect with this again the 4th chapter and 3rd verse, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts."

Now, may it not be simplified thus? Suppose a child's heart were set very devotedly upon the attainment of a certain something, and that that child had at the same time certain grave doubts as to whether the possession of that thing would be agreeable to his father, with how much more hesitation, reluctance, and doubt, would he ask the thing, than if he were at a point as to its being quite congenial with the mind and will of the parent. His very doubt would destroy confidence. His very fears would be an interruption to his childlike simplicity and filial affection; and his very shyness and hesitation would of itself suggest consideration on the part of the parent as to the propriety of conceding to the wishes about to be expressed. On the other hand, if the child knew the favour he asked was not from mere self-love, and not simply with a view to gratify his own personal desires, but for the furtherance of his father's interests and the development of his parent's own wise and matured purposes and intentions, with what a degree of confidence and sweet freedom would the child ask for what he wanted. Observe what the apostle John says upon this subject—"And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him" (1 John v. 14, 15).

Taking, then, into account our extreme short-sightedness as creatures, and our comparative ignorance of both our Father's will and our own absolute wants and necessities, it behoves us to seek the grace of *submission*, and in all our approaches to the throne of grace, to say, "If it be Thy will; if, Holy Father, Thou seest this or that will redound to Thy glory and to our profit, *then* may it please Thee graciously to bestow the blessing craved, and to send down answers of peace." This stands in perfect consistency with the believing thought, "Well, if my Father sees this to be for my good, I shall have it; if not, He will as graciously withhold it." This is believing prayer and child-like submission; and is a sweet fruit and effect of that faith which God the Holy Ghost originates, implants in the hearts of his people, and draws into act and exercise, in connexion with that varied line of discipline and of trial through which it is His good pleasure each believing child should pass.

Once more. With reference to the man who brought his son that had a dumb spirit to Jesus, an account of which is given in the 9th chapter of Mark—"If thou *canst* do anything," said the father addressing Jesus, "have compassion on us, and help us." Our Lord, who was wont at times to answer men in their own way, and speak to them in their own terms, said, "If thou *canst* believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

At first sight this again may appear to savour of a power in the creature to originate faith, and to call it into exercise of his own will; but a little consideration will place the matter in a totally different light. This poor man (as in every instance where Jesus is resorted to) was reduced to the last extremity. He was brought very, very low, and, in the depths of his trouble, he goes, as a last resource and a last hope, to Jesus. It was by an irresistible power, and a secret, scarcely perceptible drawing, he was led to Jesus. The Spirit was at work with him in an unseen yet effectual way, as in the case of Zaccheus and the poor Syrophenician woman. The varied manner of approach, and the different circumstances under which they come, interfere not with this great and important truth. The man speaks to Jesus, and, in reply, Jesus speaks to him. The former felt the weight of his burden, and was intensely anxious for relief; but as yet had no adequate knowledge of the person and power of Jesus beyond that which prompted him in some strange undefinable way to flee to Him, under the bare possibility that He might be able to aid him. On the other hand, Jesus addressed him as He did, not with a view to lead him or any one else to suppose that he had in himself a certain latent power by which he could believe, but for the purpose of enkindling a still stronger hope of succour, and awakening in him an ardent desire for that faith by the instrumentality of which such great good should be accomplished. At the same time the very bearing as well as words of Jesus touched such a chord, and opened such a vein, as to lead him straightway to cry out and with tears exclaim, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." The man was brought into closest contact with the Lord; the extreme necessity of his case made him a fit subject for the display of Divine grace and compassion; and the whole beautifully illustrated and established the fact, that "where the word of a king is, there is power." It was a faith-imparting, spirit-stirring, love-enkindling word that Jesus spoke, and to this, and not to any fancied inherent power in the man, is to be ascribed the blessing.

No more interesting object could be presented to Jesus than this man, in deep need, smitten down under a weight of anguish and a corresponding felt helplessness, and at the same time under the faith-enkindling, hope imparting power of Jehovah-Jesus, crying, with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Who more clearly recognized than this man—however short-sighted before—that Jesus was the Author and the Finisher of faith?

1, Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,
Bristol, June 14, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

THE LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE CLERGY OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I suppose you have received a copy of the enclosed circular. I think it would be well to let it appear in the Magazine. It will show, at all events, that every English presbyter in our venerable Establishment is not dead in trespasses and sins, or making merchandize of souls.

Albeit there is a slight tinge of free-

will in the Letter, I, for one, think it worthy of all praise.

Yours faithfully,
Openshaw. WILLIAM PARKS.

[The letter referred to is that inserted in p. 328, and which was forwarded to the Printer prior to the receipt of the above.—ED.]

A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF PROVIDENCE; OR, THE QUARTER'S
RETURN FOR THE NEW CHURCH AT BEDMINSTER.

(Continued from page 220.)

I STATED in my former Memoranda, that, when I wrote the same I had not the slightest idea it would ever see the light (if even then) until the hand that penned it would be mouldering in the grave. However, circumstances overruled it. What was privately written was publicly printed. As the report had refreshed *one* of the Lord's children, I thought it might refresh *many*, and strengthen their hands in God. Upon this principle, and with this simple hope and aim, I sent it forth upon the knee of prayer. Its publication immediately brought £1 as a first-fruits. But, strange to say, it then appeared, comparatively speaking, as though "the oil stayed." As will be seen by the following Journal, there are several blank days, and, as contrasted with the preceding months, there has been a considerable diminution. My faith, in consequence, has been tried, and repeatedly have I asked myself, "whether such falling off in the returns was any indication that the Lord discountenanced the announcement publicly of what His kind and gracious hand had done?" On the other hand, I felt I could appeal to Him as to the simple end I had in view in the publication—namely, the glorifying His name, and the refreshment of His dear children. If I know my own heart, this was my object.

But the seeming dearth to which I have alluded has not been without its use. I think I have learnt lessons by it. Whilst noting down each day's receipts, and summing up at the end of each week what had come in, as published in the April Number, I found that instrumentally it kept the eye more closely watching the Lord's hand, and the heart in more lively tune in waiting upon Him; but when, through an interruption (the Book being at the Printer's), this daily and weekly summing up was neglected, and merely each sum entered in other books as they came in, I found the mind thrown out of balance as to that close watchfulness and that simple and earnest waiting upon the Lord to

which I have referred. And I think this has given me to see somewhat more fully into that Scripture, "According to thy faith be it unto thee." Faith travails before it triumphs. If there be no travail there is no triumph. I have deeply felt this.

Moreover, I have learnt more, in confirmation of the remarks I previously made as to the practice of waiting upon my fellow-men personally to solicit. I have done so again to some little extent, but to very small purpose. My God does not seem to smile upon *my* so doing, however He may be pleased to sanction it in others. I could mention several instances in which I have met with the most signal disappointment, and by which, as far as *I* see the matter, the Lord appears to say, "Wait on me; look to me."

I will here give an illustration or two. A gentleman had been mentioned to me whose heart was represented as large as his means, and these were very considerable—report says, as much as £30,000 a-year. He received me most cordially: I calculated upon £20 at least, and thought it was likely to be £50. After some days I received from him a promise of £5. But, as though the Lord would again say to me, "You are to look to me, and not to man," a cheque came by the post for £25 from a most unexpected source, it being the *second* contribution of that amount from the same kind-hearted individual. About the same time, I was promised a subscription equally unsolicited from an equally-unexpected source.

In all this, I am taught simply to look to the Lord. His word presses itself upon my heart, or rather the Holy Ghost by the word, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." I am sure that the sweetest, happiest, and by far the most satisfactory way of waiting is simply and entirely upon the Lord; to "walk by faith, and not by sight." I never yet derived any advantage by any planning or fore-arranging or over-solici-

tude of my own; whereas, on the contrary, if with all the simplicity of a little child I have been enabled to lay the matter before the Lord, and to wait patiently for Him, I have always seen my own wants and wishes far more than realised, and I have in due time become infinitely better satisfied and pleased with the Lord's way than with my own.

I may here mention another case, illustrative of the satisfaction of simply waiting upon and for the Lord, asking the Lord to send men and means to you rather than you to them. I had, for the reasons aforementioned, thought that possibly after all I was mistaken upon this ground as to the work in hand; that, however it might apply upon other principles, it did not upon this; more especially, as certain good men who had been engaged in a similar work of raising a temple for the Lord, had informed me they had found it absolutely necessary to call upon individuals. Coupled with this, certain names had been given; one in particular, upon whom I must call at a very early hour. He was represented as a man of very large heart and corresponding means; the distance was such that I was under the necessity of hiring a conveyance, in order to reach his residence in time. He was at his door to greet me, before the servant had time to apprize him of my arrival. He took me by the hand, led me warmly by the hand into his parlour, handed me to a chair, entered into matters most heartily. "Ah," thought I, "he is the very man he was represented to be. My informant was perfectly correct. I shall take home £20 at least, and very possibly £50." At the close of our conversation, a sovereign was presented 'me towards the £1,400 I wanted. The reader will imagine my disappointment. However, I was determined to shake off my feelings if I could, and, with the hope of making up matters elsewhere, I called upon sundry other persons, whose names had been given me, but without making any addition to my fund. Thus jaded and disappointed, I returned home; and, whilst endeavouring to obtain a few minutes' rest, to recover from the effects of a broken night's sleep and my repeated disappointments, a servant-maid called. Upon seeing her, she said she had just been left a small legacy by

her mistress, who had recently died. In addition to the contents of a small collecting-box which she had kept in her kitchen for the funds of St. Luke's Church, she begged that I would accept a sovereign from herself towards the building fund, as a thank-offering for the Lord's mercies. Thus again the Lord showed me, that all hearts were in His hands, and that my simplest way was to wait upon Him.

My experience may differ from that of other men, and I am sure I have no wish to make that experience a standard or rule for them, but this I do know—and no man shall argue me out of it—that I can do more with the Lord than with men; and I would sooner, a thousand to one, ask anything of the Lord than of my fellow-creature. No doubt my proud heart has much to do with it. Pride, I dare say, makes me reluctant to ask of my fellow-man; but whenever I have done so, I have been disappointed. On the contrary—and I speak it to the honour of His name—I never asked anything of my Lord that He did not always far exceed my expectations and desires (to say nothing of solicitations) in bestowing. It has seldom come in my time and in my way, but invariably in the Lord's time, and in the Lord's way, and this I have ever found the best time and the best way.

I mention these things to the glory of His name, and for the edification and encouragement of His dear children, to whom I would say, in the language of the 37th Psalm, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Reader, cannot you rest upon one of the Lord's verities? Remember it is as it were the very oath of Jehovah. Oh, how blessed it is, simply to look to Himself and to lean upon Himself, who is—

"Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses in His sovereign hands,
Are blessings in disguise."

Mar. 25th—26th	£10	16	10
.. 27th	3	6	8
.. 28th	10	10	7
.. 29th	7	0	4
.. 30th	2	19	2
.. 31st	1	13	1

[The week, £36 16s. 8d.]

"Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with His benefits."

My soul—

"Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care."

April 1st—2nd.....	£6	15	9
.. 3rd	14	4	9
.. 4th	6	9	3
.. 5th	8	18	4
.. 6th	10	1	2
.. 7th	7	2	0
[The week, £53 6s. 3d.]			

April 8th—9th	12	0	6
.. 10th	7	8	6
.. 11th	4	10	0
.. 12th	2	10	1
.. 13th	3	2	0
.. 14th	2	9	0
[The week, £32 0s. 1d.]			

April 15th—16th	0	6	1
.. 17th	1	17	1
.. 18th	0	0	6
.. 19th	10	7	0
.. 20th	2	11	5
.. 21st	1	10	6
[The week, £16 12s. 7d.]			

April 22nd—23rd	1	17	6
.. 24th	1	12	0
.. 25th	0	15	1
.. 26th	1	9	0
.. 27th	0	1	6
.. 28th	0	1	0
[The week, £5 16s. 1d.]			

For the month, £107 15s. 0d.

April 29th—30th	1	17	6
May 1st	7	11	0
.. 2nd	3	4	3
.. 3rd	0	3	6
.. 4th	1	7	0
.. 5th	0	2	6
[The week, £14 5s. 9d.]			

May 6th—7th	0	3	6
.. 8th	2	5	0
.. 9th	1	3	6
.. 10th	0	5	0
.. 11th	1	14	7
.. 12th	6	13	5
[The week, £12 5s. 0d.]			

May 13th—14th	0	7	0
.. 15th	16	1	0
.. 16th

May 17th	£1	1	0
.. 18th	0	3	5
.. 19th
[The week, £17 12s. 5d.]			

May 20th—21st	3	2	0
.. 22nd	0	15	0
.. 23rd	0	2	6
.. 24th
.. 25th	1	0	0
.. 26th	2	2	0
[The week, £7 1s. 6d.]			

For the month, £51 3s. 8d.

May 27th—28th	1	0	0
.. 29th	2	9	6
.. 30th
.. 31st
June 1st	1	0	0
.. 2nd	0	10	0
[The week, £4 10s. 6d.]			

June 3rd—4th	5	0	0
.. 5th	1	10	0
.. 6th
.. 7th	25	0	0
.. 8th	3	0	0
.. 9th	5	10	0
[The week, £40 0s. 0d.]			

June 10th—11th	5	10	2
.. 12th	1	9	0
.. 13th	0	5	0
.. 14th	11	14	1
.. 15th	2	6	8½
.. 16th	11	5	0
[The week, £32 9s. 11½d.]			

June 17th—18th	5	1	0
.. 19th	20	18	6
.. 20th	0	4	6
.. 21st	5	17	8
.. 22nd
.. 23rd
[The week, £32 1s. 8d.]			

For the month, £109 11s. 1½d.

For the 12 weeks, £268 9s. 4½d.

Until casting up the amount I was under the impression that it was considerably less. The quarter's return calls for renewed acknowledgments of the watchful eye and bountiful goodness and mercy of an ever-gracious God. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

THERE are situations, not a few, in human life, whose encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bountiful gift.—*Blair*.

RELIANCE is the essence of faith, Christ is the object, the Word is the food, and obedience the proof; true faith is a depending on Christ for salvation, in a way of obedience, as He has offered in His holy Word.—*Evans*.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—FAITH.

(Concluded from page 283.)

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."—(Gal. v. 22, 23).

It is in the sense of *faithfulness*, too, that we must read of the faith of God: "Shall, then, unbelief make the *faith* of God without effect?" It is through the faith of God, and the faithfulness of His dear Son over all His house, that we have strong consolation which have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us. Our own faithfulness, and trust in God's faithfulness, is not our own, but simply the return or reflection of that of God Himself, produced in our heart by the Spirit's precious operations. Its appearance in the vessels of mercy is but the evidence of the faithfulness of God, and a proof on His part that He has taken us for His own in time and eternity. Beloved, has your mind been ever exercised by the "ifs" in the 3rd of Hebrews? Has the enemy ever whispered, "There is an *if* in the case. Your present and future state depends upon something you must *do and continue in*. Nothing is certain." Let us consider the texts, and we shall see that he is a liar from the beginning:—Heb. iii. 6, "Whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." Again, ver. 14, "For we are made partakers of Christ, *if* we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end." Take another text: "Yet now hath He reconciled. . . . *if* ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel" (Col. i. 21, 23). The final perseverance of saints is expressly and repeatedly stated in Scripture, and is part and parcel of the Gospel; nor do these texts in any way throw a doubt on the matter. Allowing (what might safely be questioned, especially in the latter instance) that the phrases "if we hold" and "if ye continue" involve a contingency, yet it is only one that is seen throughout the Scriptures, viz., that he that believeth not shall be damned. The texts simply give the *character* of those who are true saints, and who will therefore

persevere, involving the antithesis that those who do not evince this character are not saints; and can never persevere unto the end. If the contingency could have applied to the *house of God*, the *partakers of Christ*, or the *reconciled to God*, it must have been expressed, "*whose house we shall be*, if" &c., "*for we shall be partakers of Christ*, if" &c.; and "*yet ye will be reconciled*, if" &c. But, mark, beloved, it is not so; but "*whose house are we*" (a present and certain state), "*for we are made*" (the perfect middle, implying a complete and present state) "*partakers of Christ*," and "*yet now hath He reconciled*" (the 1st Aor. expressing a past and perfect action). Yes, it is from the blessed fact that we are the house of Christ; that we are partakers of Christ, and that we have been reconciled to God, that we *shall* hold fast the confidence of our hope; that we shall be faithful unto death. He is faithful that called you, who will also do it. The blessed Spirit will work in us a fidelity towards God which will kindle in us a lively hope of the glorious things that are unseen. For it is by hope that we are saved. The ship does not save the anchor, but the anchor the ship. And, laying hold upon the hope set before us, we have it as an anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.

The Lord the Spirit will work in each of His children the measure of faith severally as He will; and to this difference in *measure* of faith it was perhaps that Paul alluded when he wrote, "All men have not faith." And the fidelity of saints, or their devotedness to God, which arises from the eye of the soul being kept fixed on the Lord Jesus, to the exclusion of doubt and unbelief, is the faithfulness of God Himself imparted to each believer, and is therefore perfect in its nature, though imperfect in the measure apportioned; for some have little and some more of the same precious gift. And it is given not to please ourselves with, but to glorify

God and to edify His Church. It will not laud it over others and judge them, but, working by love, will think more of others than itself, bearing the infirmities of the weak and removing the stumbling-blocks out of their way; and, if led more into the secrets of God's truth than others, it will not parade its knowledge before them, nor hurt their weak minds, but, exercising itself in secret, and rejoicing in its liberty before God, it will sympathize with and guide those who are weak in the faith. That is not true faith which is abroad in the Church, which persecutes, excommunicates, and brow-beats those who do not see eye to eye with it in all things. Faith is not that rigid disciplinarian who will not give you the right-hand of fellowship, or wish you "God speed ye," unless you join him in his ceremonies, or submit to be immersed in his baptism, or consent to excommunicate from your society and fellowship many whom you believe to be among the chosen people of God.

It is impossible in a short paper to do more than paraphrase, as it were, the apostle's expression, and exhort to a diligent seeking after the inestimable gift of God, the Spirit's covenant work of faithfulness in our own souls. The importance of the work is only equalled by its comprehensiveness; and to hint at the latter is almost more than can be attempted. Had we to work it out for ourselves we might indeed despair of its attainment; but, blessed be God, the very harbouring of such a thought is a clear indication of the absence of true fidelity to Him. No, if that grace but rule in our affections it convinces us that we are "complete in Him" as to our standing in every respect before God. It also tells us, that of ourselves we can do nothing, and that our highest duty—(and who can do it of himself who has tried?)—is to stand still with Manoa and his wife while the Lord works wondrously, lest, peradventure, we mar the work of God by the unneeded assistance of man. This is faith's paradox. Faith is shown by our works; yet our (own) works never show forth true faith. How strange does this sound to the unaided human reason; but how simple to the child of God! And how necessary is it also to remember that

the work of faith and fidelity to God forms no part of our justification or sanctification. The two former are the result of growth (which term implies incompleteness) in grace; the two latter are for ever *complete* in Him. How can this precious truth be too often repeated? Oh! that many more realized it! It is written and printed in a book. It is graven with an iron pen and lead in the Rock for ever. The book is the Bible, and the rock is Christ; and yet the truth is warped by poor foolish man. And how near will man come to the truth, forced to do so, as it were, by the letter of Scripture! and then, at what a tangent he rebounds because the letter alone will but kill, while the Spirit must be sought to give it life!

A striking instance of this fact is evidenced in the work entitled "Higher Christian Life," edited under the auspices of Miss MARSH's great name, and which I now see is justly reprehended in the Magazine just come to hand. The strong recommendation of friends induced me to buy the book, which I opened at p. 19, and read, "Yet in both, the soul and marrow of the full experience of salvation, at the last, was the *perception* and the reception of the Lord Jesus as their righteousness in the sense of *sanctification*, as already before they had taken Him as their righteousness in the sense of justification," &c. I was pleased, although not fully comprehending the whole sentence, to find sanctification seemingly placed on Scriptural grounds, and the believer declared to be in this sense "*complete* in Christ" (p. 19), and that in a popular book already in its fifth thousand. But, alas! as I read, I was miserably disappointed; for special reasoning was soon used to prove that words meant nothing, or rather their opposites, and that complete meant incomplete. The sanctification of the believer was *not* complete in Christ, but in himself, and therefore incomplete—it was *holiness in heart and life* (p. 28). Christ, the soul's sanctification, is the *entrance* merely upon the only way of being made holy (p. 32). It is not sanctification *completed* (p. 34). The cure is *begun*, but *not* complete (ib.) The Christian experience that the writer quotes does not prove his point. He thinks the instances he quotes prove

the point he wishes to enforce, which is, that many Christians live for years without attaining to "second conversion," or the highest experience, which is, that Christ must be their sanctification; or, in other words, that without Christ they can do nothing towards making or keeping themselves holy. My opinion is, that these good men realized *at their conversion* the simple truth that without Christ they could do nothing; but that afterwards they went on to see the great truth that their standing in sanctification was perfect in the Lord Jesus, irrespective of any holiness wrought in them personally by grace, a point which Mr. BOARDMAN himself has not yet experienced. I should much like to hear what M. D'AUBIGNE would say to the inference drawn by the writer on reading his experience. On putting down the book, I exclaimed, with sorrow, "Miserable comforters are ye all, who darken counsel with words without knowledge." Our sanctification is perfect in Christ, who stands as our representative before God. The work of grace on earth is the divine token of the perfected work in heaven. Did our standing depend on what was wrought *in* us, and not on that which was wrought *for* us, we never could rest *in Him* in peace, but should remain in doubt and uncertainty as to whether, in our imperfect state (Phil. iii. 12), the summons of death might not reach us unprepared. Let us not, then, wrest the Scriptures to our own hurt, but take the letter of them simply, because spiritually (1 Cor. i. 30; Heb. x. 14).

The work of grace after conversion is not that work which saves us, but the evidence that we are saved. It is not the work which justifies and sanctifies us, but the sweet sign and token to ourselves and others that we are justified and sanctified in God's sight. And what a vast and excellent work is that of which we are meditating,—fidelity to God! Its standard is perfection. It is the counterpart of that of the Father in electing, the Son in redeeming, and of the Holy Ghost in regenerating and bringing us home to glory. "But," says the poor soul, "I don't know half of this blessed faithfulness. How, then, can I know how to act under every circumstance?" True, you do not know

it all, and never will in this life. Nor does our Father expect you to know it all. If either our knowledge or our faithfulness depended on ourselves, we were undone. But the faithful witness, who is our wisdom, knows it all for us, and will exhibit to us as much of our unfaithfulness as we are able to bear, by bringing the Divine standard to our view, and will work in us so much of His divine faithfulness in us as He sees fit; and His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds, and He will never suffer it to fail. To Solomon's question—"A faithful man who can find?"—we have a ready answer; for we have found one. There is but One; and we glory in the fact that there is none other to share His glory. For He was not faithful for Himself, but for us; and we are not, and cannot be, faithful in ourselves, but only in Christ Jesus (Eph. i. 1). He is the Author and Finisher of our faith; and it is by His faith that we receive the promises (Gal. iii. 22); and by His faith that we even live (ch. ii. 20); and have access with confidence (Eph. iii. 12). The faith that He exercised upon earth was for us. He has taken it up into heaven with Him, and now sheds it abroad into the hearts of His people by His Spirit. Our faith and His faith are but *one*, and must therefore be of God from first to last.

And is not all boasting excluded by this law of faith? Where can it find a footing? Faith will keep the eye fixed on God, and this alone can slay the pride of the human heart so forcibly portrayed by HART in Hymn 58, and keep down its corrupt and deceitful lusts. Peter exhorts us, "Add to your faith virtue (courage, boldness or intrepidity); and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness charity" (2 Pet. i. 5—7). Faith guided by virtue becomes true fidelity. In evincing this grace we please God, and approve things that are excellent. And if a man is faithful to God he will be so to his fellow-creature likewise, and will minister in word and deed to his temporal and spiritual necessities. Such a man can appeal with Paul to those who know him, to say whether they have found him

faithful in all things, for all will hear "of his love and faith which he has toward the Lord Jesus, and toward all saints." And how difficult is it to be faithful to a brother! Yet, that is not true love which fears to rebuke and exhort. Who is sufficient for these things? But God

is on our side, and who then can be against us? Let us, trusting in Him, go on to greater things. Now, "Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith (faithfulness), from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ."

Leadfield.

T. B. L.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE TESTAMENT.

DURING the Crimean campaign a young soldier received the gift of a small-sized copy of Ostervald's Testament from one of your countrymen. During the voyage he busied himself with reading the Gospel. The Lord opened his understanding and his heart, and before long he became a true disciple of Jesus Christ. The following is a proof of this:—One day during the siege of Sebastopol, one of the evangelists who had been sent thither from this country was visited by a soldier, who was none other than the young man above referred to. His object in paying the visit was to ask for a small New Testament. "The one I now have," he said, "has been so much damaged by constant reading, that I can hardly use it any longer; and I must positively have one for to-night, when I shall have to be on duty in the trenches. But for the copy I now want I intend paying; for although, at the time when my first copy was given to me as a present, I should not have been disposed to pay a sou in order to have got possession of it—and this because I had no notion whatever of its value—I now know that it is the Book of books, and that there should be no bargaining about its price on the part of those who wish to have it." The evangelist, greatly delighted at what he heard, hastened to give the soldier the New Testament for which he asked; but when it came to the question of payment, a difficulty arose. The soldier had no other money than a gold twenty-franc piece; and, on the other hand, the evangelist had not a centime to give him in change. Whilst

they were endeavouring to get over this difficulty, the bugle sounded the signal for departure to the trenches. "I cannot stay a moment longer," exclaimed the soldier, "but I must take the New Testament with me. But stay, a thought has just come into my mind; and in gratitude for the good I have derived from the Gospel, I would request you, after taking from this piece of money the cost of this New Testament, to apply the rest to the purchase of as many copies as possible for distribution among those of my comrades who do not as yet possess the Word of God."

The wishes of that dear young man, who was that very night killed in the trenches, were faithfully carried out; and one of his comrades, who, through his liberality, became possessed of the New Testament, being met in Italy during the past summer by an agent of the Paris Tract Society, related to him the fact which I have thus communicated to you; a fact which has confirmed in me the thought that it might be useful and beneficial to continue a mode of distribution the influence of which has extended far beyond the ranks of our regiments; for I have received a number of proofs that many and many of our soldiers, when returning to their families, either on furlough or at the expiration of their term of service, have carried home with them their copy of the Word of God, and have caused it to be respected and loved by their relatives and friends.—*Bible Society Monthly Reporter.*

MANY a man has slain his mercies by setting too great a value upon them. Overloved mercies are seldom long-lived mercies.—Brooks.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE
REV. J. A. WALLINGER,

LATE OF BETHESDA CHAPEL, BATH, NOW OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"And Moses cried unto the Lord."—Exod. xvii. 4.

THIS is part of the narrative which is recorded by Moses, as we have it from the 1st verse to the 7th; and out of this narrative I would desire to draw a few observations. In the first place, *that trials beget sin.* The people of Israel were now under trial from want of water in a land of dearth, and this brought out strife, rebellion, discontent, murmuring. And so it will ever be; trial calls out sin. Trials are sent for the exercise of faith and patience: and they call up the opposite to these in us, unbelief and impatience. So affliction is like unto a pole that stirs up the mud that lies at the bottom of the pool. Trials show what is in us, make us see whereof we are made, and so give us a view of our vile hearts; which times of ease, and the absence of temptation, hide from us. Sanctified affliction discovers vile self, and lowers us in our own eyes; humbles us by a sight of our inbred evils: and this is no small part of the effect of sanctified trials. We are made by them to feel our depravity, our corruption, our pollution; and hate and loathe ourselves for what we see. Man by nature has a false estimate of himself. He knows not what he is; but God's purpose is to humble him, to lower him, to take pride out of him: and this is one great use of trial, and trial when sanctified will produce this; for it will stir up such evils of nature that will discover to us what we are.

But I lead you to a second observation derived from this narrative—that discontent, murmuring, rebellion, provoke God to chastise us all the more; and is the sure way to have it laid on all the heavier. It is according to His own law, for He tells parents to chasten their children, and not stop the rod for their crying either; no, not till the child is humbled—subdued. He dealt so with His Ephraim, and that as a pattern of discipline with all His children (see Jer. xxxi.). Ephraim pushed, and kicked, and rebelled against the yoke; and what did he get? He only hurt him-

self, as you do when you fret, kick, and rebel against God. Ephraim, the more he rebelled, the more he was goaded. God went on chastening Ephraim till He beat his rebellion fairly out of him; and he was humbled, and began to bemoan himself, as at the 19th verse. Ephraim then is found at the feet of God in sweet humility of heart with this cry, "What have I any more to do with idols?" (Hos. xiii.). God afflicts His people to bring them *there*—to bring them down; to make them confess they have sinned: and then they will give up their idols, not before. Rebellion, discontent, murmuring, all gone then. Ephraim is brought down to submission. So it was with Paul; he kicked against the goads: he struggled against God. But God said, "It is hard to kick against the pricks." Saul, you do but hurt yourself; you had better submit: it is in vain to kick against my will. My friends, a rebellious, murmuring spirit, only provokes God to lay more trials on; for this spirit shows the need of it, and all you gain by your discontent is to have the trial increased. When afflictions befall you, do you know what is the best thing you can do? Thank God for them. "Ah, that's above me," say you. Yes, but not above the power of God to enable you to do it. Now, James goes a step higher than even this, for He says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." God could bring you to this blessed spot, and enable you to praise Him for all your afflictions. Instead of perplexing yourself about deliverance, and troubling your friends with your afflictions, you then would be able to rejoice in them, and thank God for them all. But this requires great grace. Paul prayed three times to be rid of the thorn in His flesh; but, as soon as the Lord said, "My grace is sufficient," he stopped praying for its removal: and, instead of praying against it, he gloried in it. And why did he no longer want it removed? That the

power of Christ might rest upon him; the power of His love; the power of grace—of divine manifestation, and divine communication. Now, all this came through the sufficiency of grace; therefore if the thorn had been removed all this would have been stopped. No need of this grace if he had had no thorn; “therefore,” said Paul, “instead of praying for its removal, *I will glory in it.*” bless God for it, and receive it as a token of favour, because it procures me this sufficiency of grace, which but for the thorn I should not require. My dear friends, no child of God ever entered heaven without a thorn while here below; and the power of grace realized and enjoyed, will make you glory in it: for through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom. And dear LUTHER used to say, “The more the better, because there is all the more for God to do.” The Lord give you and me a little of this faith, and so we shall be able to sing “the Lord of Hosts is with us.”

But I pass on to a *Third* observation. Times of trouble are times of prayer. Now, which of you in whom the work of grace has been begun but has felt this? When trouble befalls we must needs pray. Here you read the trouble Moses was in. The people strove against him; the people said hard things of him: but Moses carried it all to God—he ran to God with his trouble. “And Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, What shall I do unto this people, for they be almost ready to stone me?” Aye, that was better than murmuring—better than running to creatures; better than leaning upon a human arm in time of trouble. *Moses went to God.* Trouble is sent to bring you and God together. So when David was in trouble he said, “But I give myself unto prayer.” Bring your hard cases to God; your easy ones you try to manage yourself, therefore you see the needs-be for *hard cases* that you *cannot* manage, so must needs take to God. You are not to have easy troubles, little troubles, that you can work yourselves out of; no, but such troubles as drove Moses to God. Moses cried unto God, saying, *What shall I do?* Here was Moses at his wit’s end, and in such a case that only God could deliver him; the people

ready to stone him, but his refuge was in God. He had a hiding-place, and trouble drove him there. Now, what are your troubles sent for? Why, just to send you to the throne of grace—to the mercy-seat. As I heard one say recently, “If it hadn’t been for affliction, I had never known the worth of prayer.”

Fourthly, I go on to observe from this narrative, that troublous times drive to prayer, in order that we may find a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. The child cries when it is in trouble; and trouble makes you cry. God hears and answers: for we read, “Shall not God avenge His own elect that cry?” *That He will.* When God the Holy Ghost indites your prayer, God will be sure to answer. I hope some of you know what this is—to cry, and to be answered; as you have it in Ps. xxxi., “For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found.” The saints shall have a hearing-time. There shall be times when a divine persuasion is dropped into the soul, that they shall have what they ask. And this is according to our Lord’s declaration, “Believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it.” Faith with prayer being the earnest of the blessing. Thus it was with Hannah. She prayed in the bitterness of her soul; but she got her answer, and her spirit was comforted, and she was no more sad. In due time she received the blessing, and called her child Samuel—“asked of God.” Perhaps there are many here who can put their hand upon the Samuels they have got from God; blessings asked of God, and given by God to them, in answer to prayer. Now I go on to notice,

Fifthly, That when God manifests Himself as a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, He leads the sinner to a manifestation of Jesus. And in the history before us we have the most blessed discovery of Christ in the whole Scripture. When God draws nigh to a sinner it is to discover Christ that is the object and end in view; and here we have the object and end revealed. The people of Israel have a glorious discovery made to them of Christ. In Isa. xxvi. 4, He is called the Rock of Ages, because He stands

out all the storms and waves of time, and is an eternal refuge for His saints. They find Him a very present help in every time of trouble; and hid in the clefts of that rock, the inhabitants may sing and rejoice. This is the rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The two glorious natures, God and man in one Person, is the believer's rock; and those who are found there shall never perish, but shall have eternal life. Are you on this rock? How did you get there? David said, "He drew my feet out of the pit, and set me upon the rock, and ordered my goings." That is the true foundation whereon to rest. Sin, guilt, care, trouble—we may lay it all upon Him. Christ is the true Rest; and he that believeth hath everlasting life, and entereth into his rest—not shall enter, but doth enter—has a present entrance. Now, if you are hid in that rock in sweet experimental power, then have you peace beyond the reach of Satan; not indeed to harass, worry, perplex you—but to devour, to destroy; this he cannot do. We find to our cost there is a devil, and many of his bruising we may expect. He is a wise enemy, ever on the watch—too wise for us to cope with; and it is your wisdom and mercy to find your weakness, and to cry like Moses to God. And then we have God's directions, 5th verse, "Go on before the people." The rock must be smitten. Christ received the blow of justice as the sinner's Surety, and so His people are free. Can you realize He has paid the debt for you? My dear friends, has He manifested Himself to you? If so, He has been smitten for you—has become your Surety—has paid your debts; and gospel power is to have this revealed to the soul.

We come now to a *Sixth* point—the grace manifested in this act. The people murmur, and God gives water in abundance. "We looked for judgment, but beheld mercy." There is not a word said about their sin, not a charge brought against them; but God tells Moses to supply their need. They did all they could to deserve wrath and punishment, and, instead of this, God meets them with abundance. See what grace does—it gives Christ. "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by

Jesus Christ." God's people are saved by the smiting of Christ, and the blessings of the Gospel flow out to the Church. Are your hearts affected by this mercy? this love which gave Himself up to be stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted; given up to wicked men and devils, to be mocked and crucified! We see what grace did—delivered up Christ in the sinner's stead. When you and I realize the blessings of salvation, we trace it back to grace—covenant favour before all worlds. We see then Christ crucified in the eternal purpose of God, and in due time a body prepared, and Christ slain. And when saints reach the mansions above, they are not to forget Christ crucified, for He fills the throne of glory as "the Lamb slain." We owe all to His sufferings as the smitten rock. Hence the apostle says, "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us; let us keep the feast." Some of you may never have partaken of what is called the Lord's Supper; yet if you have fed upon Christ, if you have drunk of that smitten rock, if you have realized any thing of Christ's preciousness and your own vileness, then have you eaten His flesh and drank His blood, though you may never have received the communion. Many have died without *that*, and gone to heaven; but all who go to heaven must partake of the flesh and blood of Christ, that is, receive Christ into a broken heart by living faith. Aye, many have never come to the table who have yet fed upon Christ in their pew, enjoyed His love, and realized His great salvation.

But now I come to my *last* observation, and so close my subject. Moses was determined they should never forget their sin, though God did not charge them with it; so we read, "Moses called the name of the place Massah and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel." God would not let them forget their murmuring, and rebellion, and discontent. And is it not so with you? Have you not realized this in your own experience again and again? You cannot forget your vileness, your sin, your falls. You cannot forgive yourself for acts done against a God of all grace. You feel you are defiled, polluted, undone; in you dwells no good thing; and though forgiven of God, yet you

cannot forgive yourself. You see it; you feel it. The past is often brought up before you, to humble you, and to make you see what you owe sovereign grace, which has pardoned you freely, blotted out your sins, delivered you from the curse of the law, from condemnation, and from the consequences of sin. God will have His people *humble*; all false estimate of themselves must be taken out, and the whole life pulled to pieces as it were. You must be made to see what a mass of filth and of rubbish you are. Ah, I hope this is the

sight that has made many of you value Christ Jesus, the smitten rock, and so you cannot forget Massah and Meribah, the spots where you tempted the Lord: the rebellion, the discontent, the deep depravity of your nature. You must needs then bless God for Jesus Christ; you must needs see it is all of grace, and many amongst you who feel it not now, I trust will yet be brought to see their own vileness, and to know they are complete in Christ.

I add no more. May the Lord bless His word.

DEATH OF THE LAST-SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—MAY grace, mercy, and peace be unto you from our covenant God and Father in His dear Son, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

As I know you to be a lover of that very, very blessed servant of God, Mr. HUNTINGTON, and believing that many of the people of God will be glad to read it, and you as glad to let them have it through the medium of your *Gospel Magazine*, I send you a short account of his last surviving daughter, Mrs. LOIS CLARKE by name, whom I had the privilege to commit to the earth at Highgate Cemetery last Friday, the 8th inst., in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life and glory; and you will much oblige me by inserting it in your pages. The hymn we sung on Lord's day evening, the 10th inst., is one she much loved.

I remain, dear Sir, yours in the bond of that charity that never faileth,

GEORGE ABRAHAMS,
Minister of Regent Street
Chapel, City Road.

P.S. I omitted to say she was for many years a member of our Church, and I preached from her favourite text, Isa. xlix., the last clause of the 23rd verse, on Sunday, the 10th inst.

The following letter is written by Miss BLAKE, a grand-daughter of Mr. HUNTINGTON's:—

Mrs. LOIS CLARKE fell asleep in Jesus,

June 4, 1860.—All who knew my late dear aunt felt she was a sincere, earnest, and humble seeker of the Lord and His great salvation; ever ready to take the lowest place for herself, and ascribe all glory and grace to whom alone it is due, frequently ending her mention of God's goodness with the exclamation, "Bless His dear name!" pronounced with a heartiness which spoke the feeling of her soul. Many years ago she proved the faithfulness of Jehovah to His word, in two signal instances, regarding her son in extreme illness. The texts brought with power by the blessed Spirit were these, "When He saw her He had compassion on her," and "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." The latter she called especially *her* promise. Though she had such manifest proofs of her prayers being heard and graciously answered, she was for years the subject of many doubts and fears, till, under Mr. ABRAHAMS' ministry, which she highly valued, her hope became brighter and brighter. Among memoranda are the following:—"Mr. A.'s text, 'I will be a sanctuary,' &c., the sweet savour of the discourse was on my spirit all the week. Text, 'And they lifted up their eyes and saw the ark,' &c. How sweetly Mr. A. spoke of the kine on which there hath come no yoke; that a poor sinner was yoked to a dear Redeemer, and they went lowing on, mourning as they went. Text, 'Blessed is the man that heareth

me, watching daily at my gates,' &c. The dear man of God so traced up my feelings and exercises of soul, which no one knew but the Lord and myself, that I had a sweet humbling season. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

"Nov. 28, 1852.—Heard dear Mr. ABRAHAM from Ps. xxxvii. 34, morning and evening—'Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land; when the wicked are cut off thou shalt see it.' I was very much exercised and troubled in mind on that morning; so much so that I thought within myself it was of little use my attending any longer on the means: that I was nothing but a hypocrite, that I feared the Lord would make me manifest; but when the dear man spoke upon waiting, he so sweetly entered into the various exercises that I had passed through that morning, and he spoke of the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, and of the dear woman that was bowed together eighteen years; she did not wait in vain, for she was healed on the Sabbath-day. He spoke so sweetly of the faithfulness of the Lord to His dear people, and their final perseverance, which, as he remarked, the nominal professor kicked at, which I can truly say I love to hear of.

'The work which Wisdom undertakes, Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.'"

Her father's writings were most precious to my aunt; they were spiritual food at home. She records a sweet season from reading the 27th page of the sermon on "The Dimensions of Eternal love," and told me recently that his opening up of the parable of the steward was so blessed to her, that what she had been reading in the day, refreshed her soul every time she awoke during the night. As her bodily frame weakened, her faith and hope seemed proportionably strengthened. For weeks together this prayer was on her heart, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people," &c. She spoke of it continually, as I went many times in the week to see her, adding, that prayer contained all her desire; if it were granted at the last, she asked no more.

During the last few days her shortened breathing prevented her saying

much; but God's grace was so abundantly poured in, that her spirit was all peace and love. She appreciated every little attention far beyond its worth, and never looked up but with a happy countenance; which brightened still more whenever any allusion was made to the lovingkindness of the Lord. Jesus was her all in all; on Him alone she rested; and her rejoinders to remarks made were, "Yes, it is all His work, to Him be all the glory. He is the Alpha and Omega of our salvation; it would never have been begun but for Him, and He must perfect that which concerneth us." Reading a chapter always refreshed her, and often procured a quiet quarter of an hour when nothing else would; a breath from heaven appeared to accompany the words. She requested me especially to read Eph. ix. John xv., and Acts viii.; admiring God's wonderful dealings with the blind man and Ethiopian eunuch, and the blessedness of being joined to Christ the living Vine. She found a sweet savour attending Mr. TATHAM's prayer on Friday, and on the Sabbath enjoyed my reading; speaking in the evening to one of her landladies of the paper on "Light Shining in Darkness," which had been one of our subjects, my sister told her that just after praying for her, these words had darted into her mind, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." She looked up with a beaming countenance, and repeated with an emphatic pondering tone, "The path of the just; justified through Christ." The words were fully verified in her happy case; all fear of death was taken away, no doubts disturbed: and she who had feared much and trembled much in time of health, approached the dark valley as confidently and peacefully as a babe sleeps on its mother's bosom. For twelve hours she lay passive, breathing lower and lower, till the spirit left its tenement to join the happy choir above. Among her memoranda I find the following:—"Moved to Cavendish Street, where I hope, if it please the Lord, to end my days." And this—

"And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
Oh then remember me."

"Remember me, and visit me."—Jer. xv. 15.

"Jesus, my kind and gracious Friend,
Simply I look to Thee;
Now, in the bowels of Thy love,
Dear Lord, remember me.

"Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

"Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;

While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

"I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

"And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
Oh then remember me."

MEDITATIONS ON SOLOMON'S SONG.

"THE SONG OF SONGS," to my own mind, is a rich spiritual treat. I shall therefore consider my life not spent in vain if I am permitted and enabled to publish a series of meditations thereon. Expect *not* to find a critical analysis of the Hebrew text; I am incompetent for such a task: but to discover Jesus and His Bride in their mystic union shall be my *one* aim. The worldly-minded reader will sneer at this feeble attempt. Let him do so; I write not for him. The cold-hearted professor will *ridicule* these meditations; he shall have my pity. The carping critic will discover much to *find fault* with; I care nothing for his criticisms. The spiritually-minded saint may find a *little of the pure milk of the word, and delight therein*; if so, I am satisfied; my end is answered, and God shall have the glory.

I. THE INCOMPARABLE SONG—"The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's."

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," therefore *all* should command our most diligent attention and prayerful perusal. Solomon's Song has been wickedly ridiculed and culpably neglected by men of superficial knowledge in all ages; yet notwithstanding this, it is still a very precious portion to all who have Jesus formed in the heart the hope of everlasting glory, inasmuch as it sets forth the love union existing between Christ and His bride—the Church. Here Jesus reveals His lovely face in each choice sentence. The Jews called this book "The Holy of Holies." It has been entitled "The Hymn Book of Heaven."

The young Christian may not see *all* the beauty herein declared; yet he should wait till the Holy Ghost is

pleased to reveal its treasures to his soul; then shall he discover it to be an alabaster box, containing very precious ointment.

Contrast Solomon's Song with Ecclesiastes, and in one you see the insufficiency and vanity of the world, and in the other the fulness and sufficiency of Jesus. In one you meet stagnant pools; in the other a fountain of living water welling up to life eternal.

Love in the heart is the only correct comment on this book, which is a treatise of love, setting forth the marriage tie existing between Christ and the Church; hence we see the bride lost in Solomon, the Church swallowed up in Jesus, by virtue of the mystic union of the Lamb and His spouse.

Here, when all other songs are sung, we have the choicest of them all, it being emphatically called "THE SONG OF SONGS." King Jesus loved for *His own sake* is its subject-matter. He is the Author of our love; the Inditer of our praise; the altogether lovely; the Christ all and in all.

II. THE REQUEST—"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

The soul desiring Jesus, being impatient of delay, here breaks forth with impassioned ardour. It has no time for apology or preface, but at once makes known its request. Jesus is *ALL* to His Church, therefore she mentions not His name; He is the only occupier of her heart, her eye; to her there is none other "*HIM*."

"Let Him kiss me," as a pledge of *His LOVE*. The love of Jesus thus sealed on the lip of the desiring sinner, imparts an assurance that guilt is gone, every sin-stain removed, and a full deliverance

declared from the curse of the broken law. It is an assurance of everlasting love, and, consequently, eternal security.

"Let Him kiss me," as a token of RECONCILIATION. Sin separates the soul from an enjoyment of Jesus' manifested presence, causing it to smart under the chastising strokes of the rod of love. Just as the offending child desires the mother's kiss as a mark of forgiveness, so the soul in this mournful state longs after another manifestation from the lips of Jesus.

"Let Him kiss me," as a sign of our BETROTHAL. In the East the kiss is a public declaration of betrothed love. Jesus says, "I have betrothed thee unto myself." "Yea, Lord," she replies, "but wilt thou not give me the sign? Wilt thou not kiss me, that I may realize my union to thee, my security in thee?"

"Let Him kiss me," as a mark of our RELATIONSHIP. Jesus is to all redeemed sinners a Brother born for adversities; a Friend loving at all times; a Husband ever faithful, tender, compassionate, and loving. A mark of this endearing and enriching relationship is "*His kisses*," His repeated declarations of mercy, and manifestations of grace.

III. THE REASON.—"*For thy love is better than wine.*"

The love of Jesus; what words can express it? To what can it be compared? 'Tis beyond an angel's comprehension; vast as a shoreless ocean; high as a summitless mountain; broad as eternity. 'Tis here we are

"Plunged in Godhead's deepest sea,
Lost in vast immensity."

"*Better than wine*," for its ORIGIN. The vine derives its support and nourishment from the earth. God's love originated with Himself. 'Twas even so, Father, we must ever say; "for so it seemed good in thy sight." Wine is considered most choice when aged. God's love is *better* for its ANTIQUITY. All Christians are loved with the *dateless* love of God; from eternity were they viewed, and to eternity shall they be viewed, complete in Jesus' love.

Wine is sometimes adulterated; therefore Christ's love is *better* for its PURITY. 'Tis pure, as God is pure. Its moving cause was found in Himself, so that it must partake of His holy nature.

Wine is costly. God's love is *better*, for its CHEAPNESS, "without money and without price." "The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here." "'Tis free to all sinners, who, feeling its value, desire its possession."

Wine is sometimes scarce; the love of Jesus is *better*, for its PLENTIFULNESS; sufficient for every sinner *willing* to receive salvation, through the merits of Jesus' atonement.

Wine may *cheer* the heart. Jesus' love *gives* LIFE to the dead; *removes* the burden of sin; and causes joy to *commence*, which shall continue to *increase* to all *eternity*.

Drink large draughts of thy Saviour's love, O believer; thou canst not have *too much*; it is *better than wine*, and will not injure thee; but bless thee, and do thee good.

IV. THE SAVOUR OF CHRIST'S OINTMENTS.—"*Because of the savour of thy good ointments.*"

The *grace* of the Lord Jesus Christ as displayed toward the lost but penitent sinner is here compared to the rich ointment used in the East for the purpose of perfume. The room wherein Christ was seated was filled with the odour of the ointment brought by Mary to anoint her Lord; so is the heart of the believer filled with grace, made meet for the Master's dwelling-place. Christ Jesus loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even His God, has anointed Him with the oil of gladness *above His fellows*. Even as the oil wherewith Aaron was anointed ran down to the skirts of his garments, so does the grace of Jesus *run down to His Church*. Christ is anointed to be PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING, by virtue of which His people are made prophets, *to teach the way of salvation*; priests, *to offer the sacrifice of praise and prayer*; and kings, *to reign with Him for ever*. All grace is Christ's ointments. He is the Author of grace; all grace is found in Him; He giveth more grace. Grace to the graceless is *good in its nature*, for 'tis God-like to save the rebel; *good in its effect*, "By grace ye are saved;" *good in the esteem of each and every believer*, for by it his eyes are opened, and he is kept to the day of glory. The grace of Jesus shall never lose its efficacy while there is one sinner to be saved.

Jesus by His grace is mighty to save, ready to pardon, willing to receive, and able to deliver. Come, then, my heavy-laden brother, cast thy burden of sin and guilt on Jesus; He will carry it for thee, and deliver thy soul.

V. THE FRAGRANCE OF CHRIST'S NAME.—*"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."*

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In the believer's ear."

JESUS! 'tis the nature of God declared in one word—eternity compressed in a thought. *"Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins,"* said the angel to the virgin mother; His name is JESUS, for He has saved my soul, replies the saint of God. *"We have found the MESSIAS, which is, being interpreted, the CHRIST,"* was Andrew's joyful exclamation to his own brother Simon, when he brought him to Jesus. The ANOINTED was the hope of the ancient Church, and is the glory of the Gospel Church. How cheerfully heaven's bells ring when "IMMANUEL" is pronounced as the name of

our all-glorious Redeemer. "God," powerful to save; "GOD WITH US," therefore able to deliver; and competent to be our DAYSMAN, possessing a nature to plead with God, and a nature to plead with man; able to lay His hand on both as the GOD-MAN MEDIATOR. His "name is like ointment poured forth," for its preciousness. "To you that believe, He is precious." For its fragrance; like unto the field which the Lord hath planted. For its compounding; all choice spices mixed together. "It pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell," even the fulness of the Godhead bodily. For its healing virtue; virtue which healed the poor woman who had the issue of blood many a long year. For its refreshing qualities; cheering the heart of the sorrowful, and raising the countenance of the downcast penitent. There is no name like unto His name; for through faith in His name many a sinner has been and shall be made whole and clean. Jesus, the name high above all names; before Thee shall all flesh bow.
Kingston-on-Thames. T. W.

PRAYER.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray."—James v. 13.

When gloomy clouds around us hover,
And darkness shrouds the light of day,
And life itself seems lost for ever,
"Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray!"

When billows dark around us roll,
And anxious cares beset our way,
And anguish wrings our inmost soul,
"Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray!"

When in affliction's darkest hour,
And far from Jesu's fold we stray,
And to return we have no power,
"Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray!"

When poison'd arrows round us fly,
And night's dark gloom succeeds the day,
And friends and kindred droop and die,
"Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray!"

When earth with terror seems to reel,
And black'ning clouds admit no ray,
And Hell's dark gloom within we feel,
"Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray!"

When shrinking back from death's cold wave,
And wishing longer here to stay,
And trembling at the coming grave,
"Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray!"
W. W. S.

In this country, when the sword of persecution was unsheathed and brandished, those Protestants, whose eyes God had opened, went cheerfully to death for the doctrines of Christ, and could sing, with those of old, "For thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are counted as sheep appointed to be slain." But, now the sword is laid asleep, and fires are

extinguished, the doctrines of Christ are too generally forgot; nay, what is still more shocking, the very mention of those doctrines seems to frighten some nominal Protestants out of their wits. If we have lost the persecutions, we have also in a manner lost the spirit and faith of our Christian predecessors.—*Toplady.*

LETTERS OF THE LATE DR. HAWKER.—No. II.

DEAR SIR,—I greet you in the sweet and lovely name of Him who is the Lord our righteousness. May grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, even of Jesus our Lord.

It was not until this morning that I received the smallest account of your personal regard for me, and your kindness towards me. The box in which was contained your noble present, and your more valuable letters, had been in Plymouth I know not how long a time; but being at my daughter's, and not opened until her return with Mr. HONSON, which took place only last evening, I saw nothing of either until this morning.

I fear from the date of your letter, so far back as July 20, that your mind may have felt some degree of surprise in my seeming inattention; and I have taken, therefore, the very first post after the discovery to explain the cause.

Be assured, dear Sir, I feel too high a sense of your affection to show the smallest slight to it; and I feel yet more a sense of the Divine goodness to all, to you and me, in what you relate in your letter, than to have remained, had I known it, so long silent. Ah, dear Sir, well may we both say, "What hath God wrought!"

I pause to remark (what the Lord the Holy Ghost is I hope teaching you) what a world of mysteries we are in; our whole lives are altogether a mystery, and the Lord's dealings with His people marvellous, and past finding out. Every hour that I live in which the subject crosseth my mind, I ponder with increasing amazement, wonder, love, and praise, at the mysteries of grace. And well may the Church of God do so in every instance, for God the Holy Ghost tells the Church, that all the great events in the divine council, will, and pleasure, as relating to the Church in Jesus, is that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness to us through Christ Jesus (Eph. ii. 7). And what a volume, even in your life and mine, will those eternal ages have to bring forth, in endless succession, of this kindness, this grace, this love of God in Christ which passeth knowledge.

I hope, my dear Sir, that our glorious Head hath brought us into an acquaintance with each other, from our everlasting union with Him; and if our acquaintance be formed in Him, and with Him, and from Him, and by Him, our time-state acquaintance will be only preparatory to an eternal apprehension of each other in Him, when He shall bring us home to a full knowledge of Himself in our oneness with Him for ever.

It was the contemplation of these things which overpowered the mind of the apostle, when he bent his knees and prayed for the Church's apprehension of somewhat of the infinite dimensions of Christ's love (Eph. iii. 14, &c.) Paul had learnt what the Person of Christ was and is—more glorious than all the office and work of Christ, yea, than all creation; and he had discovered also, under God the Spirit's teaching, that the Church's union *with* Christ is more blessed than all the blessings from Christ. He knew that a time would come, when, from our union with the Person of Christ, we shall have lost sight of all the sin and sorrow of this time-state here below, and that sins forgiven would be forgotten also. But union with Jesus is for ever,—hence his sweet prayer—My dear Sir, let you and I seek for the same grace, that Paul's views may be ours, "to win Christ, and be found in Him" (Phil. iii. 7, &c.)

Thank you, dear Sir, for your token of love; I esteem it for your sake; and had it been the cup of cold water in Jesus' name, it would have been in my view costly. But I pray you send no more. If I may humbly adopt the great apostle's words, I would say, I seek not yours, but you. Jesus bless you with Himself, and in Himself; and do you tell me of these precious things, and it will put more gladness in my heart than the increase of gold and silver. I pray you forgive me; I am dealing with you as I do with my Lord; all Christ's gifts and all Christ's love-tokens are precious. But Christ Himself is my Portion. This is the cause of all blessedness; what flows from Him are effects,—and what are effects to cause? What are all Christ's mercies compared to Christ Himself!

My God hath increased my insolvency to His princely majesty, by having sent me to you with His royal message of grace. Let us both glorify His name together (Psm. xxxiv.) Surely you and I are both the Lord's witnesses that it is all of grace.

I shall be always glad to hear from

you, and to hear of you, and of our Lord's gracious dealings with you; and so I commit you to our loving and all-loving Lord, and leave you with Him. Farewell in the humblest, but best of all words, in Jesus,

ROBERT HAWKER.

Plymouth, Sept. 27, 1816.

PERILOUS TIMES IN PROSPECT; BUT, "SAY YE TO THE RIGHTEOUS, IT SHALL GO WELL WITH HIM."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I hoped to have written by to-day's post, but was prevented. Thanks for the newspaper. When will the envy of Ephraim depart? Your letter contains excellent oil for our infirmities; it is indeed grievous that we so easily fall into Satan's snares, contending about things that perish in the using, forgetful of our dear Lord's commandment, "Love one another, as I have loved you." While our eyes are fixed on Jesus, and our hearts melted under His love, we are little disposed to quarrel with those on whom He smiles—"forbearing one another in love" is then all-powerful. Pray that I may be more like Him in spirit and in life, that I may remember my calling with reference to the world and the Church, ever seeking His glory and showing forth His praise. I have had this sweet promise, "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Is it not a full portion for the wilderness? It contains guidance, help, safety. May I not sing—
"Tho' snares and dangers may abound,
And cares encompass me around,
'Tis but the dust that floats above—
The pavement underneath is love."

When I think on the mercies of the last ten years, I am lost in adoring wonder; and, contemplating those gracious favours as but the earnest of still richer blessings, I long for the stammering tongue to be unloosed that I may speak His praise. Those years have passed like a watch in the night, and ere another ten have rolled away I shall be at home. Yes, beloved, I shall be there before you. My links to earth are rapidly breaking, and but little of the road remains to be travelled; they may be days of darkness, but the Lord has said,

"It shall be well," and He will not alter the word that has gone out of His mouth. Perilous times have come, but "Jehovah-Nissi" is our standard. "We lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh," is our watchword; the name of the Lord our strong tower; Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, who leads us forth, and conquers for us, while our feeble part is to shout "Victory, victory, through His blood." As a watchman on the walls of Zion, you, beloved, will have to take part in the coming struggle; yet, fear not, for not one hair of your head shall perish. And should the Lord pour out His judgments in your time, He will sustain and deliver His people; their cattle and their crops also are sealed. There was no hail in Goshen; and when Ahab in his palace was straitened by dearth, the widow and her son had enough and to spare; and "this God is our own God for ever and ever. He will be our guide unto death." "Happy, indeed, are the people who are in such a case; yea, blessed are they who have the Lord for their God."

The packet of tracts puzzles me, but is most welcome, and I have commenced distributing them. It is good to say, "Here is another instance of the Lord's lovingkindness to His people;" and a sweetly precious proof it is that He repays, with ample interest, that which is laid out for Him. We may hear of Him with the hearing of the ear, but the half cannot be told of His preciousness to our own souls. May your joy in Him abound yet more in your own soul, and be blessed to the dear family scattered around.

I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours in the love of Jesus,

London.

H. E. A. C.

THE PRICE OF VALOUR.

A SOLDIER was sent, by that engineering wonder of his age, VAUBAN, to examine a post of danger. He remained there a considerable time, despite a heavy fire from the enemy, whereby he received a ball in his body. He returned to give an account of all he had observed, which he did with the utmost tranquillity, though the blood was flowing from his wound. VAUBAN, pleased with his valour, offered him a louis. No, sir," said the soldier, "to take that would spoil my action." A man of refined feeling could thus argue, that the sacrifice of his life would be tarnished, and the glory of his action spoiled, if he received pay for the triumph he had achieved: but, blind to the nature of the Gospel, men carry not even natural comparisons into the truths of God. We can see and admire the magnanimity of the man who would scorn payment for his valour; but who, till grace reveals the Gospel in power, admires and adores the Christ of God, who laid down His life for His sheep, and, in return for this unspeakable gift, accepts nothing from man by way of payment for the salvation effected? My dear reader, grace alone, that wrought out salvation, can give us the feeling sense that it is "without money and without price." And, if your prayers, or tears, or love, or faith could in any way procure or influence the gift of this salvation—or when given in freeness, add to its glory, or secure its continuance—then the poor soldier's

remark would be just, as regarded the glorious achievements of Christ's salvation—"to take that would spoil my action."

The glory of the Gospel consists in this, "By grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God;" and to receive this is to embrace the salvation of Christ Jesus in God's own way, under the power and teachings of the Holy Ghost—"My goodness extendeth not unto thee, but to the saints that are in the earth," said the Psalmist. And the apostle Paul, by the same Spirit, declares, "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not (for justification before God and salvation), but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." If Christ were to accept an iota of creature-righteousness, in the matter of salvation, the glory of His work would be eternally tarnished; and so long as the sinner entertains any idea that he can intermix any of his own righteousness with Christ's finished work, he is offering payment, like VAUBAN, for wounds that cost the Captain of our salvation His life.

Reader, work with all your might and main, for a loving, living Christ, if you know Him; but don't insult Him by offering a price for the salvation He has effected, and the glory He has achieved.

THE NEW CHURCH AT BEDMINSTER—A NOBLE GIFT.

WE HAVE cause for thankfulness in the amount of interest shown by our beloved readers in the work here; and in it we desire to trace increasingly the good hand of our God. The following extract from a letter, received under date June 11, will, we doubt not, be read with a degree of the same pleasure with which we have again and again read it:—

"As I was travelling," says the writer, "from Salisbury to Southampton, a poor woman gave me a halfpenny towards your new church. She stated it was all she had; that your paper ("OLD JO-

NATHAN") had been blessed to her immortal soul. I have inclosed the identical copper."—This reminds us of a somewhat similar circumstance which occurred to us some years ago. We had been preaching in a large church at Peterborough, on behalf of the Bonmahon Schools, when, at the close of the service, an old woman came to the vestry-door, and placed a penny in our hands on behalf of the cause we had been advocating. Remembering what our blessed Lord had said about the poor widow and her two mites, we valued that penny not a little.

LESSONS GLEANED FROM PETER'S VISION.

ACTS X.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. GEORGE COWELL
BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE BURY ST. EDMUND'S YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION, AT THE GUILDHALL, MAY 2, 1860.

WITH the many religious, secular, and family duties which engage my attention, I have had but little time to give the subject I am to address you upon that calm reflection which I could wish, therefore I trust that you will forgive all deficiencies, and cover with the mantle of Christian charity all defects. My subject is to be "Lessons Gleaned from Peter's Vision;" and before we endeavour to glean them it will be necessary to refer to the interesting sequel itself, as given us in the 10th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. At the commencement of that chapter we are told that "There was a certain man in Casarea called Cornelius, a *centurion* of the band called the Italian band;" that is, one who has the command of a hundred soldiers. This person was evidently a good man; as Scripture informs us, he "feared God with all his house, gave much alms to the poor, and prayed to God alway." Upon a certain occasion this Cornelius had retired into his closet, as was his custom, when he saw in a vision an angel of God coming to him and saying, "Cornelius!" At first he was afraid, but presently, responding to the call, he said, "What is it, Lord?" An expression which indicates that he was aware that it was God at work with his soul. And the angel said unto him, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side." This Joppa is a very interesting place. Josephus tells us it is not naturally a haven, for it ends in a rough shore, where all the rest of it is straight, but the two ends bend towards each other, where there are deep precipices and great stones that jet out into the sea, and where the chains wherewith Andromeda was bound have left their footsteps, which attest to the antiquity of that fable; but the north wind opposes and beats upon the shore,

and dashes mighty waves against the rocks which receive them, and renders the haven very dangerous. This gifted authority further tells us this Joppa was twice taken by the Romans. First, Cestius marched into Casarea, but sent part of his army to Joppa, and gave orders, that if they could take that city (by surprise), they should keep it. So they made a brisk march by the sea side, and some by land; and so, coming upon it on both sides, they took the city with ease, the inhabitants having made no provision for a defence. The number slain at this period was eight thousand four hundred. Upon the second occasion Vespasian marched with his legions upon Joppa, the people having returned thither and built themselves a number of piratical ships, and, owing to the desolation of the place, had trained pirates on the seas; so that, upon this second occasion, when Vespasian arrived he drove them to sea; and as they were floating about in the morning, there fell a violent wind upon them, which was called "the black north-wind," and the ships were dashed together, and some against the rocks, so that the number that perished was four thousand and two hundred. Thus was Joppa taken twice by the Romans in a little time.

You will recollect, also, that the wood which was cut out of Lebanon for Solomon's temple was brought in floats by sea to Joppa. It was also at Joppa that Jonah took ship to Tarshish when God had commanded him to go to Nineveh. And now it is at Joppa that his servant lives for whom Cornelius is to seek, and who the angel says shall tell him what he ought to do—that is, doubtless, should instruct him in the way of salvation more perfectly; for though a good man he had yet much to learn. And when the angel which spake to Cornelius had departed, ready to carry out his directions, Cornelius called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on

him continually; and when he had declared all these things unto them, bade them make ready for the journey on the morrow. The distance from Cæsarea to Joppa was about six-and-thirty miles, a formidable journey in those times. And on the morrow these good men set out on their journey, and as they drew near unto the city, it was so that Peter went up upon the house-top to pray, for the roofs of houses in Judea were flat, and places of resort for meditation and prayer; and as he prayed he became very hungry, and would have eaten; but while they made ready he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, which probably represented the Church of God, and this sheet was knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things of the earth, and fowls of the air, typifying, it may be, the fact that the Church of Christ, under the Gospel dispensation, consists of all sorts of persons, of all nations—Jews and Gentiles. And there came a voice to him, saying, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten any thing that is common or unclean," by which is meant, that which is unclean by the law of Moses, showing that Peter closely adhered to the ceremonial law. "And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven." While Peter was pondering over these wonderful things, and doubting what this vision could mean, the men that were sent from Cornelius stood at the gate of Simon's house, asking whether Peter lived there. And the Spirit bade Peter go down and meet them. The interview gained, each told of the wonderful revelations they had received, the result of which was, that Peter returned to Cæsarea with the men Cornelius had sent to him. And when Peter entered the house of Cornelius, the latter fell down at his feet and worshipped him; but Peter being better taught, would not allow this for a moment, and bade him arise, saying, "Stand up; I myself

also am but a man." And now, Cornelius having called together his kinsmen and near friends, and having Peter in their midst, he urged him to tell them of all things that were commanded him of God. Then Peter opened his mouth—preached unto them Jesus—the result of which was, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

Now, dear friends, let us endeavour to glean some lessons from this important narrative.

First, we learn from this interesting sequel the value of prayer. Both Cornelius and Peter were praying men; they were in the attitude of prayer when God met with them, and revealed His mind and will to them in the matter before us. Surely we ought to "watch unto prayer," as the exhortation of Scripture runs, "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints," &c.; "and for me," says Paul (Eph. vi. 18). As an old divine says, herein is a duty enjoined—prayer, and blessed directions about it, viz.—

- I. The time; always.
- II. The kind; all prayer and supplication.
- III. How; viz., 1. In the Spirit; 2. With diligence; 3. Constantly.
- IV. For whom? 1. For all the saints; 2. More particularly for the preachers of the Gospel.

Herein then, dear friends, surely is a safe guide for us in our devotional meetings. It has been suggested to me that we should especially pray for the ministers of the Gospel in this town. By all means—here is the Scripture injunction. The apostle Paul says, "And for me, that utterance may be given me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel."

And, dear friends, let us in connexion with this association use well the throne of grace. Let us be like Nehemiah; while the enemies scoffed, he prayed and continued his work. Oh it is wonderful what prayer has effected. As the immortal COWPER sings—

"What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes often to be there."

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

"Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Let, then, prayer be a prominent exercise in this our labour of love. Let us not advance in self-sufficiency, but, like Cornelius and Peter, be found often on our knees.

2nd. It sets before us an example of obedience to God's commands. Directly Cornelias had received the angel's instructions to send men to Joppa, he calls two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually, and bade them prepare for the journey. Unbelief would say, "Oh it is all a dream—only a fancy; better let it pass." Peter, too, in his turn, was as obedient to God's command when the Spirit of God said unto him, Arise, get thee down, three men seek thee, "Peter went down to the men which were sent him from Cornelius," without gainsaying. The Psalmist tells us that the mercy of the Lord is extended to those who keep His covenant and remember His commandments *to do* them; while, on the other hand, what evils do we bring upon ourselves by running counter to God's commands. It was this that brought upon the children of Israel in the wilderness all their trials. It was this that brought upon a rebellious Jonah all his sorrows. God ordered him to go to Nineveh, instead of which he took ship and went to Tarshish. And if we were to open out the history of all the Old Testament and New Testament saints, we should find that it was struggling against and running counter to God's commands that brought upon them hours of distress and years of sorrow. Let us then take, in this matter, Peter and Cornelius as examples of ready obedience; but, after all, there is no such an example of patience and obedience ever to be found as He, who, obedient to His Father's will, came into this world, suffered, bled, and died for us—Jesus our Redeemer.

3rdly. We are told of the *one thing*

wanting. Cornelius was a devout man; and no doubt, from the description given of him, as well as from the fruits and effects of his life, which are told us, he was a Christian. Still, one thing more was wanted, which the circumstances of this history were to bring about, namely, *the felt power and presence of the Holy Spirit.* Without the Holy Spirit how can we move on in divine life? Are we in sorrow and distress?—He is said to be a Comforter. Are we feeling our weakness and insufficiency?—He is a Helper of our infirmities. Does our lamp burn but dimly?—He is our oil of gladness. Are we groping our way in darkness?—He is a guide unto all truth. Are we thirsty?—He is the channel by which we receive the water of eternal life. Do we need instruction?—He is a Teacher; the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say. Do we long to know if heaven will eventually be our home?—The Holy Spirit is the earnest of the saints' inheritance; as says the apostle Paul, "After ye believed, ye were sealed with the Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance." We shall need, dear friends, the presence of the Holy Spirit at every meeting, if we would gain real profit of soul, or desire to be useful to our fellow men. Do we open God's word?—It is God the Spirit who alone can reveal to us the meaning of its sacred truths; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit maketh alive. Do we approach the throne of grace? What empty and vain work it is without the Spirit. Do we desire to see others converted?—The work of regeneration is the work of the Spirit. Do we need comforting when our spirits flag in the work?—He is called the God of all consolation. Do we desire to be by this instrumentality strengthened in the divine life?—The work of confirmation is His. As the apostle Paul desired that He would grant you according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man. May we know, then, what it is, like Cornelius and his household, to feel the power of the Holy Ghost.

4thly. Christian union is enforced—"What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Hedged up with all the prejudices of a Jew, Peter began to

reason with God when called upon by Him to eat of those things which were not lawful under the ceremonial law; but how different his language after the vision. Then could he say to a humble Roman and his family, "God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean." After God had opened his eyes to the fact that His people are *one in Christ*, he saw no difference between Jew and Gentile when both were sanctified by the Spirit of God, and cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus.

Dear friends, are we exempt from Peter prejudices? Do we never feel inclined to give the cold shoulder to a fellow Christian because he happens to differ with us in some minor matter of Church discipline or external? Surely there will be no difference in the Church triumphant! Why so much felt among the members of the Church militant? What God hath cleansed then, dear friend, call not thou that common. It is sufficient to know that thy companion has been cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus; and then he is thy brother. Different stations and ranks in life there must be, and ought to be; and true Christian principles will never lead us to disrespect our superiors. The following is a safe motto—

"In needful things unity,
In doubtful things liberty,
In all things charity."

Upon this point we might observe that we rejoice to think that one of the signs of the times is an increase of Christian unity. As one has truly observed, "Never in the history of the world has the gathering of Christians been so wide and general as now. The various tints and colours we have all worn are being lost in the bright light of united love. Believers are meeting now who never met before. Formerly they were one in doctrine and theory; now they are one *in practice and love*." Surely we have reason to praise God and take courage. And, dear friends, if this association should do nothing more in Bury than bring together Christians, and make them feel that, after all, there is no great gulf between them, but that they can work hand in hand in a common cause, it will have accomplished no mean matter. Be not, then, behind indi-

vidually in showing your desire to carry out the motto alluded to—

"In needful things unity,
In doubtful things liberty,
In all things charity."

It has been truly observed, "that you may preach unity long enough, and do little to unite: but engage in some effort in which all Christians have sympathy, and immediately differences are forgotten, and heart cleaves to heart, and hand joins hand in the glorious enterprise." Surely this Young Men's Christian Association already recognizes this fact, and is prepared not to preach, but to practice such unity.

6th. We are encouraged to exercise faith. Peter was told to get down from the house-top, "nothing doubting;" and Peter went down to the men which were sent unto him from Cornelius, and said, "Behold I am he whom ye seek." Here was implicit faith exercised in that God whose counsel he had just been receiving. He did not count the cost, but at once consented to go to Cesarea. We must not be discouraged by difficulties which arise, or enemies who endeavour to hinder. We must proceed, "nothing doubting," believing the work is of God, and He will accomplish His own purposes in His own time and in His own way. We must recollect that the battle is the Lord's. We may grow weary, and imagine unbelievingly that we labour in vain, and spend our strength for nought; yet surely it cannot be so if we proceed with simple confidence in God, "nothing doubting." Seldom is anything successful where all is smooth sailing. Let us not be discouraged, then, if we have to breast the waves of opposition.

"He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress;
Hath had n' occasion, nor no field, to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.

"Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;

And only men show their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

"For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown."

Let us proceed, then, "nothing doubting." Have we an opportunity of dropping a word of caution to the swearer? we should do it "nothing doubting;" we should not say it is of no use. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it *shall* be found after many days," is the distinct promise of Scripture. Have we an opportunity of talking earnestly to one dead in trespasses and sins? we should do so "nothing doubting," leaving the issue with God. We are too apt to shrink from all such work with feeling, "oh, it is not a favourable opportunity." But he that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap, as we know not the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow with the unborn child, even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all. Let us *sow*, nothing doubting, and resting upon the assurance, "In due season ye shall reap if you faint not."

7th. We are warned against creature idolatry. "Stand up," says Peter, "I myself also am a man." Cornelius when he entered his presence felt the difference; knew *he*, a Roman, was in the presence of a Jew, and therefore did him homage. But Peter had passed through the school of humility, and had learnt that God was no respecter of persons. Is there not this tendency to a species of creature idolatry in us all? In conversation, how much we talk of the man. In church or chapel, how much we think of the man. The snare of idolatry has insinuated itself into every age of the Church's history. This you will recollect was Judah's sin (Jer. xvii. 4, 5). The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond. "Cursed be the man who trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." But blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord; "he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh; but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." If then we would be fruitful Christians, we must cease from the creature, and put our entire trust in the Creator. You will recollect, that when Paul and Barnabas performed miracles in the name of the Lord at Lystra, the

people called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercurius, bringing unto them oxen and garlands, and would have sacrificed unto them. But the two faithful followers rent their clothes in token of their abasement, and rebuking them, said, "Sirs, why do ye do these things; we also are men of like passions with yourselves, and preach unto you that you should turn from these vanities unto the living God."

8th. We are reminded to persuade others to join in our labour of love, and also of the privilege of united worship. Cornelius did not shut himself up in his chamber when he gained Peter's society, but gathered together his household, which is evident from his appeal to Peter, "Now therefore are we *all* here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God;" but more especially from the statement "that he had called together his kinsmen and near friends" to be ready for Peter's arrival. Our religion should not be a selfish religion; our constant desire should be to pour out what the Lord pours in, and as far as God gives ability,

"To tell to sinners that surround,
What a dear Saviour we have found."

Dissemination should be our aim; and the spiritual welfare of our relatives and friends our constant concern. I would say, then, to the young men present, pray specially and frequently for your companions in business. What, if your prayers should be answered, and while you are wrestling for a certain one, that one begins to wake up to the reality of his position as a sinner in the sight of God! What consolation can be greater than the thought that you have been the humble instrument God has raised to call down blessings from above upon such an one's soul?

Lastly. When they all met, Christ was preached or set forth: the result was the Holy Spirit fell upon all them which heard the word. "Jesus Christ—He is Lord of all," was the substance of Peter's address in the midst of Cornelius's household. And He must be the substance of our addresses, of our meetings, of all we do and say. You know the motto we started with. Let us earnestly desire to carry it out—"First

of all, last of all, and entirely, Christ Jesus, whom to know is life eternal." Let this be our guiding-star, and we may expect and shall have the blessing. Lower the tone, and you lose the prize, even the realization of Christ. You may run away from this one grand theme; but after all you will find He is the one thing needful. The world may tempt you to blend things sacred with things secular; but you will find the former only will do for the day of adversity and the hour of death. We do not undervalue, nay, would encourage by every possible means the cultivation of the mind; but if talents thus improved be not laid at the foot of the cross, no real good will accrue from the instrumentality used.

Thus, dear friends, we have endeavoured to lay before you lessons which have suggested themselves to the mind while reading and pondering over this history of Peter's vision; and we think that all these lessons may be applied to the working of this Young Men's Christian Association: for we have had brought before us,

Ist. The value of prayer. Cornelius and Peter were both in the attitude of prayer when God met them, that revealed great and important truths to them. Oh that we may be praying men; men in earnest for the spiritual welfare

of those by whom we are surrounded. And then,

2ndly. We saw the needs be for obedience to God's commands. If this matter is laid upon our hearts, let us not flinch when difficulties present themselves; but let us keep in view God's will, and then do not let us forget the deep necessity for the power and presence of the Holy Spirit, nor be unmindful of cultivating that oneness of spirit which shall cause us to call nothing unclean which God hath cleansed. Furthermore, may faith be in lively exercise, that we may be found advancing, "nothing doubting;" recollecting the injunction, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Let us be warned, too, against creature idolatry, especially that inward idolatry which leads to self-sufficiency; nor should we be backward in persuading others to join us; but, like Cornelius, who, when anticipating soul profit himself, called together all his household and kinsmen: and last, but not least, let Christ and Him crucified be our prominent theme, recollecting his own statement, "Them that honour me I will honour."

"MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING."

My Lord delays!
Long have I watch'd, through dreary night,
For tokens of His coming bright—
Watch'd as men watch for morning light:
But still my Lord delays!

My Lord delays!
Age after age has roll'd away,
Without the dawning of a ray
That brighten'd to that glorious day;
And yet my Lord delays!

My Lord delays!
Though long "the Spirit" and "the Bride"—
"Come, Jesus, come!" have longed cried,
"Thyself, dear Lord, no longer hide!"
Still, still, my Lord delays!

My Lord delays!
Though cruel foes have spoil'd the vine
He planted with His hand divine,
And drooping to the earth it pine;
Yet still my Lord delays!

My Lord delays!
E'en though the world is growing old,
And faith and love are waxing cold,
And men bow down to gods of gold;
Still, still my Lord delays!

My Lord delays!
Stay! ask once more, "What of the night?"
"It comes! it comes! the morning bright!"
The shadows soon will take their flight:
Say not thy Lord delays!"

My Lord delays!
"Nay, see you not the Crescent wane?
The nations burst Rome's iron chain?
The fig-tree blossom once again?
Say not thy Lord delays!"

"He comes! He comes!
By all the signs He gave of yore,
By wonders great and judgments sore,
Learn that the Judge is at the door;
Thy Lord no more delays!"
Wavertree. W. M.

A HINT TO THE TEACHER, AND A HELP TO THE TAUGHT.

[We copy the subjoined from the *Ragged School Magazine*. We are quite sure that the law of kindness is the right law for both young and old. The principle of law and Gospel—harshness and gentleness—is well laid down by HART, and it runs through the whole, so to speak, of both moral and spiritual economy—

“Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
This dissolves the heart of stone.”

And again,

“’Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move!
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.”

Some time ago, whilst inspecting a convict-prison, we conversed with one of the officials, who stated that during his three-and-twenty years' connexion with prisons, some seventy to a hundred thousand prisoners had passed under his hands; many of whom were most desperate characters. “Will you, then,” said we, “give us the result of your experience? Which have you found to answer best,—severity or the kind word?” “The kind word,” was his immediate answer. We were pleased to have so satisfactory a reply from one who had such extensive opportunities for testing the principle.—*Ed.*]

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

More than thirty years ago there was a boys' school kept by a noted old school-master, whom I will call Mr. Mitchell. He was a good-hearted old man, but, after the fashion of those times, he ruled his boy-subjects with the rod.

Among his pupils was a wrong-headed boy—I will call him Gerald—who loved fun and mischief far better than study. He was the rebel of the school and the plague of good old Mr. Mitchell, who flogged and flogged him until he cared no more for the old man's rattan than for the idle wind which whistled in the keyhole of the school-house door.

After a time, Mr. Mitchell procured an assistant—I will call him Mr. Swan. This gentleman was tall as a granadier, stout as a genuine old Dutchman, and

brimful of kindness. With him the rod was a last resort. His sceptre was love. His appeal was made to the honour and the affections of his pupils, and not to their shoulders and palms.

Mr. Swan soon found his way to the better nature of Gerald. Under his treatment that boy soon became the “dux” instead of the plague of the school, very much to the surprise of old Mr. Mitchell. No boy had better lessons, or was better behaved than Gerald.

The new master made it a rule to place a strip or band of white rag round the arm of every late scholar, which he was required to wear through the greater part of a session of the school. This had a greater effect in preventing late attendance than whip or ferrule ever had. The boys shrunk from that badge of delinquency as from a stain upon their honour.

One afternoon, Gerald, having been at a fire during the noon recess, was late. The monitor at the door held out the badge as he entered the room. Knitting his brow, and flashing fire from his eyes, he scowled and said:

“I won't put that thing on my arm!”

“You must!” replied the monitor, trying to pass it round his arm.

“I won't!” said Gerald.

A scuffle then took place, which soon brought old Mr. Mitchell to the spot, armed with his terrible rattan. Of course he sided with the monitor. Gerald would not yield. The old man plied the rattan. The boy's blood was up. He used his arms and legs, and being a very stout boy, was more than a match for the trembling old teacher. Hearing the noise of this strife, Mr. Swan came from a recitation-room, and, stepping to the senior master, touched his arm and said:

“Give Gerald up to me. I'll manage him.”

The old man was too glad of this powerful reinforcement to refuse its aid. So he gave up the struggle, and went to his desk. Mr. Swan turned to the boy, and in kind but firm tones said:

“Gerald, come with me!”

The boy rose sullenly and followed his stalwart teacher into a recitation-room.

"Sit down," said Mr. Swan, pointing to a seat.

Gerald obeyed. The teacher sat beside, took his hand, and said:

"Gerald, do you think it necessary to have laws in a school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is'n't it right to enforce those laws when they broken?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. By coming in late you broke a rule. The penalty for this is the wearing of this band. Will you put it on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, Gerald. I thought you would submit to law after a little reflection. Now go to your seat."

With sullen aspect the boy went to his seat in the school-room with the badge of late attendance on his arm. After some time he went with his class into a recitation-room; but when the lesson was over, instead of going back to his seat, he went to the window, and placing his elbows on the sill, rested his chin upon his hands, and stood, in sullen mood and with vacant eyes, gazing on the empty air.

Presently Mr. Swan entered the room. Seeing Gerald, he at once guessed the subject of his thoughts. Knowing

that the dignity of school-laws had been sustained by Gerald's submission, he approached the sullen lad, and gently removed the band from his arm.

In a moment Gerald dropped his hands upon the window-sill, buried his face in them, burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed like a broken-hearted child. Kindness had conquered him.

"Oh, Mr. Swan!" said he, after a few minutes, "you don't know how wicked I felt when you came into the room. I was making up my mind never to care for myself again, and to be just as wicked as I could be. But when you untied the badge my heart melted, and my bad feelings all went away. Now I feel like never being a bad boy again."

Gerald kept his word. There was no better boy after that in Mr. Mitchell's school.

To-day Gerald is a thrifty merchant in this city of merchant princes. But he had a narrow escape from ruin. Had he kept his wicked purpose, he would probably have been a poor, guilty, wretched outcast, instead of the respected man he now is. Boys should be careful not to let such wicked purposes as he felt into their hearts, for it is not often that a kind, sensible, loving soul, like Mr. Swan, is at hand to cast them out.

Gerald was conquered by kindness.

HELPS BY THE WAY.

REV. SIR,—Seeing in the *Gospel Magazine* an account of the amount of money you still require towards liquidating the debt for the erection of your new church in Bedminster, I feel in duty bound to do what little I can. I mentioned to a relative that I would give you 2s. 6d., when she replied she would give the same, so that inclosed you will find 5s. in stamps. Accept the same as a small token of our esteem for you as the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and as an expression of our thanks for the spiritual consolation we have received, under the teachings of God the Holy Ghost, from the perusal of the same. I do verily believe that the dear Lord, whom you serve, will give you every arthing of the money. I have not the east doubt but that there are scores of subscribers to the *Gospel Magazine* who

are wrestling Jacobs, and will ultimately be prevailing Israelists with God on your behalf. Therefore, dear sir, be not discouraged; hope in God, whom you will yet have to praise; yes, for God hath said it: "I will also do it; call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Trust in the Lord, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

I hope you will pardon these few lines from a perfect stranger to you in the flesh; but, bless the Lord, I do hope and trust we are related in Jesus; there is such a oneness of spirit, when I read your pieces in the *Gospel Magazine*. May the Lord continue to bless you, and use you for His own glory, is the prayer of

Yours in Jesus,
T. K. H.

Manchester.

"THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES;"

OR, "A DIVERSITY OF OPERATIONS, BUT THE SAME SPIRIT."

WHEN God's own truth sweet poesy in-
spires,
To light her torch at heav'n's own altar
fires,
She casts a light on sin-benighted earth,
That more exceeds in its substantial
worth
The flash of human intellect and wit
Than does the sun the marsh-born gleams
that flit
Before the traveller's eyes, oft to mislead
Him into dangers, whence he'll scarce
recede.

But bright-soul'd poesy—by Faith well
taught,
By Love sustained, on Hope's strong
pinions brought,
High soaring, into realms far, far beyond
The loftiest flights of earth-born fancy
fond—
Will prove a joyance to the Christian
mind,
That can a true and solid pleasure find
In hearing glories *faith* reveals, when
sung
On harps with heav'nly aspirations strung;
Which feels the kindred, sympathetic tone
Of deep-soul music vibrate in its own.

How such enjoys MONTGOMERY'S sweet
lay—
The bard who shows so well what 'tis to
pray;
And feels, with NEWTON, vehement desire,
Soul longings, tow'rd the God of grace
aspire:
With COWPER, breathes the Spirit's plaint
and sigh,
That asks—to live to God, to sin to die:
Or lists, while WESLEY sings of realms of
light,
Where saints "made perfect," in one
song unite;
Ascribe their vict'ry to the Lamb, and
raise
To God, in Him, eternal songs of praise.

Who marvels, joys not, at the wealth un-
told
Of thought (worth more than e'en a Roths-
child's gold)
Through faith, deep love, high hope, and
child-like trust,
The spirit all too glad for son of dust,
Of WATTS? whose soul lived more above
the sky
Than on the earth; whose spirit seemed
to try

The eagle's flight, up to the Source of
light—
To pass the gates of heav'n, and gain a
sight
Of that fair, sinless land, where grief's
unknown,
And all are happy, gathered round God's
throne.

We join with KEN to sing at morn and
eve;
With HEBER, o'er the heathen world to
grieve;
And learn with BONAR, in his graceful
line,
Upon our Saviour's bosom to recline.
Or, with MCCHEYNE, to breathe the soul
away
In ardent longings, for the Lord's glad day
Of full revealing to the love-sick soul,
That could not bear the body's frail
control.

At MILTON's lofty visions then we pause;
His mighty theme the trembling spirit
awes:
Repose with EDMESTON in Sabbath sweet,
Where wearied spirits such refreshment
meet:
And find TOPLADY, in his precious line,
Express our heart's deep want of grace
divine:
Rejoicing in the truth set forth by KENT,
Redemption rich and full God's love has
sent.

The spirit which such glorious sight ob-
tains
With DODDIDGE sings in cheerful happy
strains;
Or, if some dark'ning grief the heart
should feel,
Breathes resignation in the words of
STEELE:
With KELLY says, "we do not here abide,"
And looks with him to Jordan's farther
side.

On Bethlehem's star we gaze with heav'n-
taught WHITE,
And trust our Saviour's guiding grace
with LYKE:
Recalling with GLENELG Christ's suffer-
ing
hour,
Find in our trials all-sustaining power;
And led by CONDER, with strong faith's
clear eye,
See God our Refuge is for ever nigh.
With LANGFORD now begin that theme of
praise
Which GOODEN affirms the Church shall
ever raise:

With ADDISON, the life-long past survey,
 Unnumbered comforts giv'n us by the
 way
 Bid us with WARDLAW lift the thankful
 voice,
 And in such daily benefits rejoice :
 And while the penitential tear we shed
 With FABER—with him, too, our souls are led
 To love the Lord, adore His wisdom,
 might,
 And find the way to bear His searching
 sight—
 Thro' the atoning, sanctifying grace,
 Which in His favour—presence, gives us
 place ;
 Brings safe thro' all to realms of life
 above,
 To bask in glad light of Eternal Love.
 Oh ! never dwell on differences we find
 In men like these—they were of kindred
 mind ;
 In love to God, tho' differing in degree
 Of knowledge, faith, and power the truth
 to see.
 With thoughtful prayer the truth from
 error sift—
 Take what is good, and bless God for the
 gift.
 Remember Peter needs Paul should re-
 prove !
 God's own set time will ignorance remove :
 The treasure's still in earthen vessels
 stor'd,
 That we may know all power is from the
 Lord.
 'Tis not *our faith* entitles us to heaven,
 But *God's own grace* all freely to us given ;

The Spirit might have opened Peter's
 eyes,
 Made him as Paul in Gospel freedom wise :
 Yet he was left some frailty still to show,
 Till truth *love-spoken* serv'd the wrong to
 show.
 But from this great apostle's failing thus,
 How deep the lesson that is taught to
 us—
 Not to assume *we* must be in the *right*,
 And others *wrong*—displeasing in God's
 sight.
 But with an humble earnest spirit pray,
 Corrected may *we* be as well as *they*.
 No harsher thought than this our minds
 should share,
 A brother needs a *needy brother's* prayer.
 This holds in morals and in doctrines too,
 If seeming imperfection comes to view ;
 As partially some neighbour's course we
 scan—
 Remember then this neighbour is but
 man.
 If from that fault in faith or conduct free
 Ourselves, to God let thanks and glory be.
 And, gifted thus with His enriching grace,
 To plead for others let us seek His face.
 'Tis thus the Spirit's unity, the bond
 Of peace and love, will strengthen far
 beyond
 All present thought ; the world will silent
 grow,
 Amaz'd the power of love divine to know ;
 Then will men glorify our Father's name,
 Compelled with us His honour to pro-
 claim.
Bedminster. 000.

RESTITUTION AN EVIDENCE OF CON-
 VERSION.—Mr. Nott, missionary at
 Tahiti, preached from the text, "Let
 him that stole, steal no more." The
 next morning, when he opened his door,
 he saw a number of the natives sitting
 on the ground before his dwelling. He
 requested an explanation of this circum-
 stance. They answered, "We have not
 been able to sleep all night ; we were in
 the chapel yesterday. We thought,
 when we were pagans, that it was right
 to steal, when we could do it without
 being found out. Hiro, the god of thieves,
 used to assist us. But we heard what
 you said yesterday from the Word of
 God, that Jehovah had commanded that
 we should not steal. We have stolen,
 and all these things that we have brought

with us are stolen goods." One then
 lifted up an axe, a hatchet, or a chisel,
 and exclaimed, "I stole this from the
 carpenter of such a ship," naming the
 vessel ; others held up an *umeti*, or a
 saw, or a knife ; and indeed almost
 every kind of moveable property was
 brought and exhibited with such con-
 fessions. Mr. Nott proposed that they
 should take the plundered property
 home, and restore it, when an opportu-
 nity should occur, to its lawful owners.
 They all said, "Oh no, we cannot take
 them back ; we have had no peace ever
 since we heard it was displeasing to
 God, and we shall have no peace so long
 as they remain in our dwellings ; we wish
 you to take them, and give them back to
 the owners whenever they come."—*Trench.*

RELIGION is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

Our Letter-Bag.

HEARTS AND HANDS; OR, HELPS BY THE WAY.

[BEING very much disposed lately to say, with respect to our Editorial work, "Who hath believed our report?" in consequence of the lack of words of encouragement that have come to hand, we are compelled to acknowledge that, upon turning over our MSS. in search of copy for the printer, we have received some loving rebukes to our repinings in the form of letters, two or three of which we subjoin, as they may be a source of encouragement to others as well as ourselves.

For the signal way in which the Lord has been pleased to own and bless our broad-sheet "OLD JONATHAN," we do indeed desire to magnify and adore His great and holy name. How little did we anticipate such a circulation, and such results, when we started that work in the little humble village of Bonmahon. —Ed.]

A SUFFERING BODY, BUT A CHEERFUL SOUL.

MY DEAR SIR,—For the last fourteen years it has pleased my heavenly Father to permit me to labour in various parts of His vineyard in reading and expounding the Holy Scriptures amongst the poor, as a layman in our beloved Church of England; and I have reason to think (and for which I thank my covenant God and Father) that my labours have been blessed to the souls of many of the Lord's chosen ones; but now, through severe affliction, the door is closed. For the last six months I have lost much blood, through excessive toil amongst my people. My medical man has given me strict orders not to attempt visiting again. You cannot tell how I feel it.

I am writing to one almost a stranger to me, having had the privilege of seeing you only twice. Still I feel that I am writing to a Christian friend, and a Christian brother, and one who can administer and speak a few words of comfort to the afflicted.

My dear Sir, glad shall I be to receive

a few words from you to cheer me up. Not that I depend upon man. Oh, no! but I thank God that I am able to look to One who was afflicted, and who knoweth the infirmities of His people.

You cannot tell how much I value the *Gospel Magazine*. Such works are the only books I care to read, with the exception of my Bible. It is indeed a Magazine full of Gospel truth, making Christ everything, our All in All.

And now a word for dear *Old Jonathan*. I have received from Mr. Collingridge this year 1108 papers, the last of which was disposed of to-day; *Old Jonathan* is much valued in this parish (a population of 6,000).

A few months ago a lady bought a few papers of me, and gave one to a young man in the street. He told the lady that he had heard about *Old Jonathan*, and wanted to know how he could be supplied with it monthly. She directed him to my house. The young man called, and asked me if I could supply him monthly. I told him I would do it with pleasure, and if he procured me six subscribers I could send them by post under one penny stamp. The young man sent *Old Jonathan* to his father (a working mechanic), who was much pleased with it; and he now receives from me twenty-four papers every month. Having received three short, but interesting, letters from him, I enclose them for you to read, and to do what you think proper with them; and I trust, under God's blessing, it will be the means of stirring up many more in circulating *Old Jonathan* every month.

Having a few Christian friends in this parish, I find them a valuable help to me in circulating *Old Jonathan* monthly. Last month I received from Mr. Collingridge 290, and this month it will be 300, and (God willing), I trust I shall be able to send them out.

May I ask you to remember me (in my affliction) at the throne of grace, that I may be supported? Oh, what a privilege it is to have a throne of grace to go to, and a God to call upon in all

our trials and troubles, and who has said, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, I will deliver thee: and thou shalt glorify me."

May He bless you, and prosper you in building up *His Church* for His own glory, is the earnest prayer of

Yours faithfully,

Ashford.

R. N. T.

FROM AN OLD DISCIPLE'S JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—On Monday morning I left home, 8 A.M. At — I found the clergyman's wife supplied *Old Jonathan*. I then passed over the hill into —, and a Mr. B., shopkeeper, very kindly inquired after Mr. Doudney's health, and how things prospered at the wooden church. This man, I believe, is a real friend. At — I found *Jonathan* had a few friends, one by the name of V.; also a number of enemies. I then passed on to —, and two engaged to use their influence to give publicity and circulation to all your works. I then went to —, but was repulsed; but at — I was told of Mr. W., a schoolmaster (but because of illness I could not see him), who until lately supplied *Jonathan*. I called upon the Rev. —, but the moment I named *Old Jonathan* he said, with scorn, "I know nothing of *Old Jonathan*;" and, turning upon his heel, went into his study with great haste, leaving me in the hall filled with wonder; but I was not discouraged, for I found a few who spoke kindly of *Jonathan*. I then went to —, but that was all a blank.— Tuesday, I went to —, and Mr. C., a shopkeeper, was very kind, and took warm interest in my works; but I found it a dreary place generally. I then went to —, and I judge, from what I saw and heard, that something considerable will be done among the paper-mills and paper-makers. I then went to —, and the clergyman said, "I cannot see why the people here should want to be more godly than their neighbours." I then went to —, but *Old Jonathan* was new to them. A Mr. F., grocer, local preacher, and superintendent of Sunday-school, engaged to introduce *Jonathan* into the school.— Wednesday, I went to —, and a

schoolmaster, by the name of Mr. T. said he had heard of *Jonathan*, but never had seen it before, and he would introduce it into his school. He was much pleased with "Pilgrim Papers," and filled with delight when he saw "Rutherford's Letters;" and said he should see a gentleman whom he knew would buy them. I then went on to —, and a Mr. — took a great interest in the publications.—Thursday, at —, where the Rev. Timothy East laboured in the church for many years. I found a Mr. —, a temperance advocate and mercer, took me by the hand; also was anxious to know how he could be supplied monthly. And Mr. —, of —, made a similar inquiry.

I now found myself so stiff with walking, that when I was set down I could hardly rise up. But, upon the whole, I was not sorry, but rather glad, and said to the Lord, "It is for thyself I am walking." I call nobody Master but the Lord. It is in His presence, and under His eye, that I am moving. And for part of two days the words, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace, and not of evil," afforded me sweet and wonderful meditation. I get more into the spirit and nature of my work now than I was at the beginning.

I thus have given a sketch of my movements, and must close, praying for the peace of Jerusalem and her ambassadors.

Yours obediently,
T. C.

FAITH STRENGTHENED.

REV. SIR,—From reading the accounts, some two or three months back, in *Old Jonathan*, of Two Learned Blacksmiths, I feel disposed to send you the enclosed account of Mr. BLYTHE HURST, the Winlaton Blacksmith.* It was copied from the *Record* newspaper at the time it occurred. I also send you two other pieces, "The Blind Boy,"* and "His Hand Never Struck Me."

I read, dear Sir, with heartfelt delight (while, I trust, it has been the means of establishing my faith in God's never-failing providence) in the present month's *Gospel Magazine*, "A Page from the

* See *Old Jonathan* for May and June.

Book of Providence," &c. Truly, might we not say, "What has God wrought?" And may it please our covenant God yet more largely to manifest His approbation of your work and labour of love by speedily giving you all you need for the completion of your church, &c.

The good Lord knows how willingly I would give you further help were it in my power. But this I do, and feel it a great privilege, I remember you and your work *unceasingly* at the throne of grace, and trust that God's past and very gracious dealings with you will greatly tend to incite me still more implicitly to lay the matter before Him.

That He would very graciously strengthen your faith, bless you very largely with His presence, and give you very many *precious* souls for your hire,

is the ardent wish and sincere prayer of one who has picked up many a *delicious crumb* from the *Gospel Magazine*.

G. H.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Again I enclose you £25 towards your church, &c. I do hope you will soon see your object accomplished. Your record of the Lord's lovingkindness, in the *Gospel Magazine* for May, was cheering indeed. How forgetful we are of daily goodness, at least I am—so undeserved. In haste, my dear brother, yours in an ever-precious Jesus,

London.

J. H. B.

P.S.—Do not all His dear family find He leads them each in the right way?

THE RESURRECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAD BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Will you allow me to make a few remarks on your esteemed correspondent's article under this title? It is always a pleasure to me to see the signature of "T. A.," of *Islington*, not only because his articles are invariably clear and sensible, but also perhaps because, to a very considerable extent, we are generally agreed; and this is especially the case in the present instance. That I hold the pre-millennial doctrine of the first resurrection as strongly as "T. A." himself need not be told to any one who has read my articles in the October and November numbers of the Magazine; but while cordially agreeing with what he says on this point, I am constrained to differ from him on some other points embraced in his valuable article; and I trust and feel confident that he will not be offended at my stating my reasons for so differing.

My first difference, then, has reference to the resurrection of Israel. I think the term "resurrection" may be legitimately applied to the restoration of the Jewish nation, considering the language of Ezekiel in the 12th verse of his 37th chapter, "Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and

bring you into the land of Israel." But I do not think that either Dan. xii. 2, or Isa. xxvi. 19, speak of this resurrection. I am not quite clear whether "T. A." means to apply these passages to the restoration of Israel as a nation to their own land, or to their *national conversion*; because, while he says in reference to Ezek. xxxvii. 12, "'Behold I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you'—where?"—"into the land of Israel;" yet he presently observes, "This then is not the resurrection of the New Testament, but that of the Jewish nation, at which time they will be *born again*; to which, I believe, our Lord alluded in his conversation with Nicodemus (compare John iii. 5, with Ezek. xxxvi. 25—28)." But, in either case I think he is wrong. With regard to the former passage (Dan. xii. 2), that eminent critic, Dr. TREGELLES (in whom we find the rare combination of vital Christianity, doctrinal soundness, and profound learning) renders it, "And many from among the sleepers of the dust of the earth shall awake; *these* (i.e., those who awake) shall be unto everlasting life; but *those* (i.e., the rest of the sleepers) shall be unto shame and everlasting contempt." Just as in Rev.

xx., after "the first resurrection" has been mentioned, we are told, "but the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." Thus we see that this important passage has reference to both the first and the final resurrection, not of Israel merely, but of all the dead. And an additional evidence that those who are spoken of as "awaking unto everlasting life," are in fact "those that are Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. xv. 23), is afforded us in the following verse, where, concerning the same parties, it is said, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Here, then, they are described by symbols of heavenly glory totally inapplicable to the nation of Israel. And so, in like manner, when the prophet Isaiah says, "Thy dead men shall live; *my dead body shall they arise*" (such is the literal translation), we have those who share in this resurrection identified with Christ as being His members, according to the apostle when he says, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones" (Eph. v. 30).

But the second point on which I must differ from "T. A.," is on the applicability of the term "*resurrection*" to denote the new birth, or *regeneration*. I am bold to say that regeneration cannot with any accuracy of language be called a resurrection. For, not only is the Greek word *ἀνάστασις* never so used in Scripture, but a moment's consideration will show how utterly inappropriate is even its English equivalent "*resurrection*." *Ἀνάστασις* is defined by ROBINSON, in his *Greek Lexicon*, "*RETURN to life*." Resurrection is defined by WEBSTER as "*a rising again*." Mark, not simply a life, but a *return* to life; not simply a rising, but, if I may so express myself, a *re-rising*. As generation, therefore, must precede *re-generation*, so a previous life must precede *re-resurrection*. Now, the new birth is the

impartation of spiritual life; but it is a life which we never before possessed, and therefore is not a *resurrection*. It is a rising from a death in trespasses and sins, but since we were previously always dead, it is not a *re-rising*. True, indeed, it is said (John v. 25), that "the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live;" but the naturally dead and the spiritually dead differ in this, that whereas the former first lived and then died, the latter have never lived at all; and consequently, while that which is spoken of in the 28th verse of this chapter is truly a resurrection, that which is the subject of this 25th verse can only be called regeneration.

I hold, then, that we have in Scripture only *three* (not *four*) resurrections.

(1.) That of Israel; by which I understand, from Ezek. xxxvii., their national restoration to the land of Palestine.

(2.) That of the mystical body, of which Jesus is the Head—the first resurrection, at the commencement of the millennium; and

(3.) The resurrection of damnation, at the close of the millennium.

If "T. A." can show me that I am wrong, I will gladly be taught by him; and if, on the other hand, he thinks I am right, I shall be equally glad to have his adhesion to my view. Day by day everything connected with the interpretation of prophecy becomes of greater interest and importance. We stand on the eve of stupendous events. "Men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth." May God in His infinite mercy grant that we may be "accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,
W. MAUDE.

Wavertree, Liverpool.

THE shinings of Christ's presence on the soul give existence and gradual maturity to the inward graces that enrich the heart, and to the peaceable works of righteousness which adorn the life of every true believer in His name.

Scholastic niceties, when pushed to excess, are directly opposite to the genius of the Gospel; and open the way, not to Christian knowledge, but to the endless mazes of sophistry and strife of words.—*Toplady*.

DIVINE FOREKNOWLEDGE AND COVENANT ARRANGEMENT.

It must be conceded that the Saviour assumed a pre-ordination in all events. He was constantly using such language as this: "The hour is come;" "The hairs of your head are all numbered;" "Your names are written in heaven;" "Many be called, but few chosen;" "No man can come to me except the Father draw him;" "For the elect's sake, whom He hath chosen, God hath shortened the days;" "To my sheep I give eternal life." But then, what sort of a pre-ordination was it which the Saviour recognized? Was it mechanical or moral? Was it a blind destiny or a wise decree? Was it the evolution of a dark necessity, or "the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God?" Was it the fiat of an abstract law, or the will of a living person? In one word—Was it Fate, or was it Providence?

Most comforting is it to study this doctrine with the great prophet for our tutor, and so to see the propitious aspect which it bears when rightly understood. As interpreted by "the only-begotten Son from the bosom of the Father," that pre-arrangement of events, which the theologian calls predestination, and which the philosopher calls necessity, and which old heathenism called fate, is nothing more than the will of the Father—the good pleasure of that blessed and only Potentate whose omniscience foresaw all possibilities, and, from out of all these possibilities, whose benevolent wisdom selected the best and gave it being. And he alone can understand election, or exult in Providence, who, in right of the Surety, can look up to God as his Father, and so take the same views of the Father's purposes as the Saviour took, equally revering the majestic fixity of the firm decree, equally rejoicing in its wise foresight and paternal kindness. "Fear not, little flock, it is *your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.*" "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed *good in thy sight.*" *The hour is come*, that the Son of man should be glorified. "*Father, glorify thy name.*" And, just as you might imagine some poor, wandered child waking up amidst the din and tumult of a factory, and cowering, half-delinquent, half-stupified, into his dusky corner, afraid lest this thunderous enginery rush on him and rend him to pieces; and still more paralyzed when he perceives in its movements the indications of an awful order—the whole spinning and whirling, clashing and clanking, in obedience to a mysterious and invisible power: but whilst he is watching from his hiding-place, another child comes in of an age about his own; and this other walks fearlessly forward, for his father leads him by the hand, and shows him the beautiful fabrics which are flowing forth from all the noisy mechanism; or, if there be some point in their progress where there is risk to his child from the flashing wheels, he speaks a word, and that portion stands still, for his father is owner of it all: so to the poor waif of mortality, the outcast child of apostate Adam—to the godless spirit waking up in this world of rapid revolutions and tumultuous resonance—there is an awful sense of fatality on the one side, and a crushing sense of impotence on the other. So selfish is man, and so cruel is the world—so strange are life's reverses, and so irresistible is the progress of events—that he momentarily expects to be annihilated by the strong and remorseless mechanism; when, in the midst of all the turmoil, he perceives one of like passions with himself, walking calmly up and down, and fearing no evil, for his Father is with him, and that Father is contriver and controller of the whole. So, my friends, it depends on our point of view whether the fixed succession of events shall appear as a sublime arrangement or a dire necessity. It depends on whether we recognize ourselves as foundlings in the universe, or the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ; it depends on this, whether in the mighty maze we discern the decrees of fate, or the presiding wisdom of our heavenly Father. It depends on whether we are still skulking in the obscure

corner—aliens, intruders, outlaws; or walking at liberty with filial spirit and filial security—whether we shall be more panic-stricken by the power of the mechanism, or more enchanted with its beautiful products. It depends on

whether we are spectators or sons; whether our emotion towards the Divine foreknowledge and sovereignty be “O Fate, I fear thee;” or, “O Father, I thank thee.”

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

EARNESTNESS AND SIMPLICITY.

[We (doubtless in common with multitudes of Ministers), have received the following. Its tone is such as to induce us to give it a still wider circulation.—Ed.]

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—You will never know from whom this letter comes. It is sent in much prayerfulness and in simple faith. Pray give a kind, and charitable, and prayerful attention. We are living in a crisis in the history of our nation—in the history of the Church of England—in the history of the Church of Christ. To what are we of the clergy called?

Let us all ask ourselves these plain questions:—

Do we personally enjoy interest in and communion with the Lord Jesus Christ?

Do we yield ourselves to the teaching and comfort, and sanctifying influences, of God the Holy Ghost?

Can we, in the spirit of adoption, call God our Father? And are we giving to Him the loving service of obedient children?

So much as to the Experiences of our own souls. My dear Sir, look into your own heart, and, as in the sight of God, seek an immediate and an honest answer to these questions.

Then, as to our Ministry,—

Do we always go forth to our work from our knees? If not, can we wonder that we so often come in without a sense of God's blessing?

Do we keep in mind the value of a human soul? If we did, how the honour and importance of our work would appear!

Are we ready and skilful in speaking to every one of our people about salva-

tion? The business of the Minister of Christ is about souls, and no place or season should be unsuited for his work.

Is our great subject, “Jesus Christ and Him crucified?” Ruin in Adam, redemption in Christ, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, are the great topics of the Scriptures. My dear Sir, look over your sermons and ask if these things have had their right place and proportion in your teaching.

So also as to our Example,—

Is the distinction between us and the world so clear, that even the world must observe and feel it?

Are we so temperate in word, spirit, and way of living, that men may see the flesh to be subdued to the spirit?

Are we greedy of gain—anxious about preferment—given to pleasure—wrapt up in sloth—or caught in the snare of mere formalities?

Is the Word of God sweet to our souls, rich on our tongue, dominant in all our decisions about religious truth?

God knows the motive which suggests these questions. They are put with an eye to His glory. If the clergy of the Church of England should all rise in a prayerful and pious spirit, and fully embrace all their noble opportunities, by God's grace a work would commence in our country over which every Christian patriot would weep for very joy.

Believe me, my dear Sir, though personally unknown, to be very faithfully yours,

AN ENGLISH PRESBYTER.

May 10, 1860.

P.S. A copy of this letter will be sent to 16,000 clergymen in the United Kingdom.

God loves to lade the wings of prayer with the choicest and chiefest blessings. Many Christians have found, by experience, praying times to be sealing times. They have found prayer to be a shelter to their souls, a sacrifice to God, a sweet savour to Christ, a scourge to Satan, and an inlet to assurance.—*Brooks.*

Obituary.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND HAPPY DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRITTON,

LATE OF EALING, MIDDLESEX, WHO DIED ON THE AFTERNOON OF
SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860—AGED 25.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

On Zion's glorious summit stood
A "numerous" host redeemed by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divins;
I heard their song and strove to join.

MAN by wisdom knew not God—the things of God are *spiritually* discerned. Affliction, alone, cannot produce salvation—but salvation's Author can indeed make affliction profitable—even joyous, giving glory to God. This is God's design in His chastening process of love, to prepare the objects of His favour for eternal enjoyment with Himself. It is therefore attempted in the few following remarks to show the *excellency* of the work of Christ in the soul by the blessed Spirit's power, rather than any in the departed, for, though she was lovely in life—from infancy to womanhood—as the constant wife and the tender mother, it was Him who bestowed all, and freely, and it was Him who in great compassion and faithfulness made known His love in the trying hour, when all else failed—when the ever-devoted husband—the loving child—the countless comforts of home—yea, all the world beside, could not procure a moment's ease. Had she any merit of her own to plead for such great salvation? None—she confessed herself a sinner before God, and unworthy of it. Hers was indeed a favoured path through this tearful vale—Heaven showered upon it, unsought, choicest blessings—but here was ground for fear lest too happy, too much at ease, she should be permitted to forget the *uncertain* hour when she must for ever part with all. But God's sweet and unchangeable mercy never forgot her. How unwelcome to her now bereaved partner came that last sad night. She had been brought through her trying confinement with a fine boy (still spared—with another, five years of age),

and was considered to be progressing favourably to restoration, when disease of the heart presented itself. How did he on returning home (the last time to see her alive), cling to the hope of her continuing a little longer with him: but no—her brief sojourn here was about to close for ever; day-light departed, and with it his last hope, for her doctor said she might die in an hour—a minute! No one but her husband to watch with her that sad night; to her, one of soul conflict with the hours of darkness—to him, of deepest sorrow. But He, the Man of Sorrows, who appeared to her (her eyes, natural and spiritual), on the previous afternoon, through the window of the apartment where she lay, was with her, yea in her midst, to comfort and strengthen her, so that while sinking in body she rejoiced in spirit! His everlasting arms were around her, for He showed her His drooping head—His wounded hands, and feet, and side—and sweetly assured her that in love He died for her, and that He would come again to take her to Himself. What grace was this! She now only waited to see her parents, to tell them what great things the Lord had done for her soul, and then go forth to meet her Lord.

Early in the morning a messenger was despatched to London. How anxiously did she watch for her mother's arrival: she was sitting in a chair (a lying position was forbidden), labouring for every breath, and listening to every sound, often requesting her husband to look from the window for her coming. Meantime her greater consolation still was that her Saviour was coming too; and for this visit she longed and waited with much patience, saying often, "*He* will come again—He will come again!" with emphasis of peculiar satisfaction and

promise. It was the mother's privilege to see her daughter, to shed tears of gratitude over her, as a child of God so peculiarly favoured. It would exceed due limits to tell the half of what was really uttered by her; or the half of that love with which she afterwards received her father, who was favoured with only one short hour's interview before her triumphant departure. We could only bless, and that continually, a taking God; for that room was indeed a sacred spot on that wintry afternoon—the warm abode of love. Jesus was manifestly there to the living as well as the dying. Dying, did I say? There is no death to the believer in Him whose record is, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and He who was her life, did appear to lead her through the dark valley. How could she fear? He was with her. Sweetly did she counsel her husband concerning himself and his children: most tenderly had her compassionate and faithful Lord hidden from her mind's view all that could distress her feelings: her faith was unclouded, and she was ready, nay, she longed exceedingly for His coming. At length she again saw, on the very spot through the window, that paradise, that glory, He was come to take her to. Her eyes were fixed upon it. She entreated her husband and her mother to support her towards the window; thus supported, *and dying*,* she walked, yea, pressed forward to meet Him;—to leave husband, children, home—parents—all—even her own body, to hasten to her Lord's arms! for, while thus supported and led, describing as she approached the window the beauty of her vision (a paradise and gates of glory), in terms of inexpressible sweetness and wonder that they who were thus honoured to support her could not see also, she said to her husband, in tone divine, "Oh, you must come with me, darling!" The willing foot, raised for another step, fell; so her head; one sigh, and her mother's arms received her breathless body; and her more willing spirit fled—was gone! I hasted up at the nurse's call only to

see her death-white face, and bless God again and again for taking her so graciously to Himself. One moment in the full possession of all her faculties, bodily and mental (for she cautioned her mother, on leading her towards the window, to be careful not to suffer her dress to go near to the fire), and the next minute a corpse! What triumphancy can God's grace give poor sinners in a dying hour, and safely carry them to that happy land where they can know no separation—where no tears can flow—no rude blast can reach!

Our daughter never made any outward profession of religion; indeed, providential circumstances seemed much to militate against the advantage of Gospel hearing. The secret life of God in her soul is nevertheless believed to have been there deposited from her very infancy; that incorruptible seed, which, when shone upon by the Spirit of love, was made manifest to the praise of His name. She said to her mother, "Do you remember one evening (she was then about ten years of age), when we thought you were dying, I slid up stairs into your room to kiss you, and you asked me to read to you the 14th chapter of John, and you, dear husband (turning to him), read it *to me*, who am really dying?" She followed all the words with marked satisfaction, especially those of the 27th verse, at the head of this paper. She also entreated them to sing a hymn that was a favourite of her brother's, when, in illness, all hope of his recovery was given up by our medical attendant, Mr. BATEMAN. It commences:—

"I will go to my Saviour!
O, sweet happy thought."

Her mother attempted to sing, and failed in the second line: seeing this, she said, very emphatically, twice over, "Do not say 'I will go;' say, 'I am going:.'" She also sweetly repeated a verse, to be found on a grave-stone in Islington Church-yard—(she would wander, when a girl, alone and with her sisters, to read this verse, and more recently when living in Thornhill-square, on her visits to her parents' home at Islington, would go out of her way to read her favourite inscription)—which she requested to be engraved upon her own in Abney Park

* Her Lord came to visit her the day before as she lay in bed; and the next day, on her dying feet, she hasted forth to meet Him.

Cemetery, where her earthly remains were deposited on the afternoon of Friday, 16th March. A summer's sun, for warmth and brightness shone on her grave, and no breeze was felt—no sound was heard, save that of the preacher's solemn words, ascending through the still air.

Reader, dear reader, what sayest thou to these things? Art thou saying,—

"Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?"

Precious inquiry—our dear one is *there*. We have a blessed abiding assurance of the fact; and more—we hope to see her there. She was once *such* a trembler; and when she came to cross the cold stream of death she rejoiced! Oh, think of this! And why not you—poor trembler—and rejoice too in the same hope that held her up, when all around gave way? Her end was peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Our friends say, "Oh, your loss: we hope that you are resigned." Our loss is our gain; resignation is swallowed up in admiration of what the Lord has done—may we say, for us all. May each and all say with St. Paul, "Not only me, but for all those who wait for His appearing."

Islington.

Z. W.

THE LATE REV. W. CARUS WILSON.

THE above venerable servant of God has entered his rest. He was born in 1792, and was the eldest son of W. W. CARUS WILSON, Esq., who was M.P. for Cocker mouth, and for upwards of half a century a magistrate for three counties in the North of England. For some years he had been in a declining state of health, and obliged to live far away from his lovely residence in Westmoreland (Casterton Hall), where often resorted some of the best men of the past and present generations: there have played in their boyhood, when on a visit with their parents, the late Lord MACAULAY, the sons of WILBERFORCE, and many others of high name. The Rev. W. CARUS WILSON had the singular felicity of embodying, if not anticipating in his various plans of benevolence, the leading ideas of the age, and his name

has long been a household word in every Christian family. In church building, in the diffusion of a cheap Christian literature, and in education, his exertions for half a century have earned him the blessings of rich and poor. The important Church patronage which SIMON of Cambridge vested in the hands of Mr. W. CARUS WILSON and three other trustees, as also other churches by others intrusted to him (the building of many of which he was chiefly instrumental in), have all been powerful engines for the spread of evangelical truth. He brought out the first penny periodicals that ever appeared in England—"The Friendly Visitor" and "Children's Friend," and afterwards edited the "Christian Guardian" and "Teachers' Visitor." For many years 50,000 copies of these were printed every month. He was thus the father of the cheap religious literature of the day, and blessed results have, indeed, been produced by these in thousands of British homes.

His efforts in the cause of education are chiefly identified with the Clergy Daughters' School, and the School for Training Servants and Schoolmistresses, at Casterton. From the former sprang up similar institutions at Brighton, Bristol, and elsewhere. During the forty years, or more, since it was established by him, it has been the greatest boon to a large number of the clergy, whose daughters are boarded, clothed, and educated there for £14 a-year. Governesses' situations are found for the girls on leaving; so that there is the twofold advantage conferred on a clergyman—a sound and cheap education, and future provision for his daughters. In the Servants' School more than 100 poor girls are supported for £10 a-year each. These schools, containing more than 250 girls, are overflowing. They require nearly £1,000 a-year in voluntary contributions. The late Queen Dowager, after her visit to Casterton, was a warm supporter of these institutions, and often consulted Mr. WILSON in the disposal of some of her charities. At the time of the Irish Famine several girls were taken into these schools free, from Ireland.

Of late years ill health has caused him to live abroad, or in the South of

England; and the interest he was induced to take in the Sardinian army while in Italy was transferred to the British army when he resided afterwards in the Isle of Wight, being there close to Portsmouth.

During the Crimean War Mr. W. CARUS WILSON also put forth much influence and energy in the interests of the French army. Mainly through funds supplied by him, over, we think, NINETY THOUSAND copies of the NEW TESTAMENT (the "Ostervald" version) were placed in the knapsacks of the soldiers; and over four hundred copies of the Bible were received with feelings marked by gentlemanly courtesy by officers in the French service, including Generals, Colonels, and all inferior grades.

His sympathy and cordial exertions in this work were not limited to the camps of Boulogne, in which it commenced, but extended to the camp at St. Omer, to Paris, Lyons, Dijon, Pau, and much more extensively at the ports of embarkation at Marseilles and Toulon. Countless thousands of tracts, too, spoke the truth, in season and out of season, to those brave men who fought side by side with the soldiers of England, when so many laid down their lives during that brief but trying war.

At the time of the Indian Mutiny, his love for the British soldier was particularly manifested. Among this long-neglected set of men he found the warmest hearts under the roughest exterior, and a close personal attachment sprang up between him and the soldier. He collected and provided, and found situations for many of their families; and no one who watched the embarkation of some of our regiments from Portsmouth, and witnessed the touching leave-takings with him whom they regarded as their father, and heard the sad, yet hopeful commendations of their dear wives and children into his kind hands while they were among the dangers of the deep and the horrors of war, will ever forget these scenes, or remember them without a tear. He established at Portsmouth the first Soldiers' Institute, from which others have taken their origin. With more than 200 soldiers in India he kept up a monthly personal correspondence; he

wrote numbers of tracts, and in three years sent out upwards of one million and a half of Bibles and tracts to soldiers in all parts of the world. Many truly touching letters he received would add, as Lord SHAFTESBURY once said, "not a little to the religious literature of the day." In him has the soldier lost his best friend, for his heart yearned over their best interests.

In his last printed paper to the soldiers occurs the following sentence from his pen:—"If my life is prolonged, I feel it will be at the intercession of my dear soldiers. Was there ever a poor sinner so blessed as myself with the privilege and upholding of intercessory prayer? How many thousands in the Prayer and Bible meetings throughout India, as well as Britain,—and, indeed, the world,—are praying for me! Here is a body-guard worth having—dear, praying soldiers moving Heaven."

Not only in the garrison, but in the town of Portsmouth, were his labours greatly blessed in the diminution of crime and drunkenness. So touched was an extensive brewer there by his tract on drunkenness that he conscientiously relinquished his trade. In public life he was a pioneer. His character was remarkable for energy, and a moral courage that was sometimes sublime, a most singular forgetfulness of self, and the deepest humility. As a preacher he was fervent, persuasive, and very solemn, with the incidental advantage of a very musical voice, a noble figure, and a most benign countenance. The hidden spring of his life from first to last was a mighty power of love to God and man. Few, perhaps, have been allowed to do more for their fellow-men, and no one ever felt more how little he had done. When asking the blessing of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who visited him on his death-bed, his Grace replied: "I assure you, my dear friend, I feel it is the greater asking a blessing of the lesser."

His deep humility was most touching; especially when in his last days friends who came to his bedside said they owed everything to him, his quick reply was, "Owe it to God, not to me." Nothing grieved him more than to have his good works spoken of. To one of his sons, almost at the last, he said, "You may

not see in mine a triumphant death-bed, but you will see a poor sinner creeping into heaven."* His whole soul, as it were, ran over in kindly consideration for others, and "the Lord be praised" was the constant gilding set upon every mercy. He never doubted, however harassed or low, that when he could not trust himself, he could well trust his Saviour's love and strength. Almost the last lines he uttered were the following:—

"Let no proud stone with sculptured virtues rise,
To mark the spot wherein a sinner lies;
Or, if some boast must deck the sinner's grave,
Boast of His love who died lost man to save."

Shortly before his death he personally commended his schools to the Bishop of Carlisle, and he has been kindly engaged, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in placing the trust on a permanent footing; he, with the Bishop of Ripon, Lord Shaftesbury, W. W. Carus-Wilson, Esq., and others, will be trustees. Some little time ago Mr. WILSON and these schools were subjected to a severe attack from Mrs. GASKELL, in her "Life

of Charlotte Brontë," which was suppressed in the third edition of that work; but it moved him not. Many friends urged him to take up the matter publicly, and even legally; but here his indifference to the world's opinion shone forth, for he felt that what God had so long blessed would continue to be blessed, and his chief regret in the matter was, that any of his friends or family should have made any defence. A long and admirable letter appeared in the *Times* and other papers in his support, and all the leading Reviews saw the injustice of the attack. We may say that CHARLOTTE BRONTË, the gifted authoress, left the Clergy Daughters' School when quite a child, and that very shortly after she had gone, the late Bishop of London, on going over the school, observed, to a Middlesex magistrate now living, that "if in the providence of God anything happened to him, he could wish no better home for his own daughters." Praised be God, the founder's warfare is accomplished; his works will follow him; thousands will rise up and call him blessed; his numberless acts of kindness, private as well as public, will never be known till the last great day.

Mr. WILSON departed on the 30th of Dec. 1859, at 20, Montagu-place, London, and was interred in the family vault at Casterton. He is succeeded by his eldest son, W. W. Carus Wilson, Esq., who married the daughter of Edward Lytton, Esq., Master in Chancery, late M.P. for Coleraine, and cousin of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.—*Daily Express*.

* Sweet thought! Reader, as a sinner saved by rich, and free, and sovereign grace, will you not be abundantly satisfied to "creep into heaven?" "And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land" (Acts xxvii. 44).—Ed. G. M.

A CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

THE lamented Dr. GEORGE WILSON, in his paper on "*The Sacredness of Medicine as a Profession*," thus beautifully points out the benevolent, moral, and Christian character of medicine:—"We should all be medical missionaries," he says, "whether we practise among the rich or the poor, the wise or the ignorant; among nominal Christians or undoubted Pagans. Therefore I adjure you to remember that the Head of our profession is CHRIST. He left all men an example that they should follow His steps; but He left it specially

to us. It is well that the statues of Hippocrates and Æsculapius should stand outside of our College of Physicians, but the living image of our Saviour should be enshrined in our hearts. The symbol of our vocation is the serpent; but it should be thought of not merely as a classical emblem, but as recalling the words of Him who said, 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' May none of us be ashamed to call Him Lord! May we all confess Him before men, that He may confess us before the angels in heaven!"

The Protestant Beacon.

A MARTYRS' MEMORIAL IN SMITHFIELD.

Now that we are fast coming on the time when the face of the field will be changed, when railway works and new roads, and a market structure, will render the place so unlike its present forlorn aspect that it will be hard to remember the site as the same, we again call attention to the subject as one demanding immediate action on the part of all who are favourable to the proposal. It is our custom to honour historical sites; we make pilgrimages to Canterbury, and Runnymede, Bosworth and Netley Abbey; country cousins enter Westminster in their lists of places which must be seen during a sojourn in London, and when a good man dies all classes join in subscriptions for the erection of a monument. Why should the Martyrs, who gave their lives as witnesses of the truth in Smithfield, during an age of persecution, have their monument only in the page of history, instead of speaking, through a visible memorial on the site of their sufferings, to this and future generations, of the triumph of spiritual liberty which was sealed with their blood? The greatness, the freedom, the prosperity of this nation, are not the results of accident or chance; brave hearts have given up all in life to purchase the blessings, and we inherit, even in our quiet social life no less than in our political liberties, the rights and privileges secured to us by the self-sacrifice and endurance of the heroes and martyrs whose names glitter as stars of the first magnitude in the dark firmament of England's past. As wood-violets cluster at the corner of a tomb, and perfume the air that whispers of the dead, so the memories of the Martyrs diffuse a fragrance over the page of history, and cause us to rejoice even while the relation of their agonies pains us to the quick. They themselves have found their reward; they feared not those who were able to kill the body, but were not able to kill the soul; and the lesson of their sacrifice to cement with their blood the glorious temple of English liberty should be told to this

and future generations by a memorial on the site where the fire raged, and priestly domination proved itself impotent in the very acts of torture wherein it was supposed to have its seat of power. Good deeds, heroic fortitude, the giving of the heart's blood for the cause of God and truth, these are things to be remembered; but the infamies of human invention, taught of the powers of darkness, are not to be forgotten, and the spirit of persecution which "dragged them into fame and chased them up to heaven," needs its memorial as much as the blessed names that shine through it like comets with tracts of light to endless ages. Remember Wickliffe, remember Bonner, remember Elizabeth, remember Mary; remember the rising of the day-star that ushered in the meridian of free conscience; remember also the night that preceded it; the storms that made the horizon purple; the lurid flame, which, leaping up in mockery and defiance to heaven, did its best to hide its light with the smoke of human sacrifice, but was quenched—quenched by the water of life poured upon it, by God's providence, in the moments of the martyrs' agony. Shall we turn the sacred bones of those who perished in the once bloody field of sacrifice, as so much lifeless earth, or regard them as still living, and sanctified to us in the institutions of which they are the foundations? Shall we not gather them together as a glorious pile, and cover them with a great and grand memorial of the triumph of truth and liberty, achieved for us by those "who feared not death, but gave themselves to God," the willing witnesses of the Protestant cause in its hour of struggle and attempted extinction? There will be an open space in the Smithfield of the future where an architectural mass will be wanted. Such would be the proper site for a Martyrs' Memorial: the time has come for a final determination on this matter. There is no source of funds except that unfailing source—voluntary subscriptions. Is there any man who holds his Protestant faith and political

freedom precious who will not subscribe to such a work? It should be the grandest monumental pile ever set up on holy ground, and as some few embers of the papal sacrifices smoulder among us and threaten to revive, it may do much towards their final extinguishment, by proclaiming in a visible sign of the blood spilt in bygone ages to purchase toleration. From this time forth not a day should be lost. The Metropolitan Railway and the New Market will change the aspect of the scene, and a Martyrs' Memorial should be determined on before the site gets appropriated to some other purpose.—*City Press*.

PATRONAGE OF POPERY.

THERE are in England 1236 priests, 950

chapels, 37 monasteries, and 12 colleges; 400 schools, with 1,044 teachers, and 45,907 scholars; and the Government grants to these schools are 46,258*l.*; to Romish chaplains in the army, 7,229*l.*; Roman Catholic Reformatories, 8,000*l.*; to Maynooth 30,000*l.*; to Irish schools, 115,000*l.*; to gaols and workhouses in Ireland, 10,000*l.*; and to colonies in India, 20,000*l.* Thus the total direct expenditure of the British Government annually on behalf of Popery is 226,487*l.*; and, in addition to these direct pecuniary grants, it is obtaining a direct social influence, by getting appointments in the Royal Household, Treasury, Colonial Office, Poor-law and State Paper Offices; as governors of Government prisons, judges in the county courts, and in the magistracy of the country.

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME.

ANOTHER year hath roll'd away,
And why am I thus bless'd,
With health and strength from day to-day,
While others are oppress'd?

An Ebenezer to my God
Shall here erected be;
For hitherto life's path I've trod,
My Jesus helping me.

Come now, my soul, turn back with me,
To that eventful time;
When first thy Saviour look'd on thee,
And whisper'd, thou art mine.

Hast thou forgot how Satan sought
To hide him from thy view,
And storms of persecution brought,
But Jesus help'd thee through?

Hast thou forgot when God design'd
To take my father home;
How hard it was to feel resign'd,
And say Thy will be done?

When friends turn'd foes on every side,
And refuge seem'd to fail;
'Twas then thy Jesus strength supplied,
And caus'd thee to prevail.

For God had said, the fatherless
Should trust His sovereign will;
And He through all their deep distress
Would be their father still.

To guide them with His ransom'd crew,
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
As through each storm they cry, hereto
The Lord hath helped me.

And hath not Satan often tried,
With all his secret power;
To lead thy trembling feet aside,
In dark temptation's hour?

But He who in the desert knew
Temptations like to thee;
Stood by, and thou couldst say hereto
The Lord hath helped me.

Sometimes rebellious thoughts would
rise

Against the mighty God;
When Satan said more flowery ways
He might to thee afford.

And oh, how oft with doubts and fears
Hath he beset thee too;
And made thee cry with bitter tears,
Lord Jesus, help me through.

Now here thou art, though often faint,
Pursuing still thy course;
Content to take each sore complaint
To Jesus, the right source:

And say, Lord, cleanse my leprous heart,
And from each foe defend;
And bid each inbred sin depart,
And help me to the end.

Thanks—thanks to Him who by His word,
Reveals things from above;
And holds us by the threefold cord
Of His electing love.

For when we land in Canaan bright,
Secure from all we fear;
We'll sing with pure unfeign'd delight,
The Lord hath brought us here.
Wingerworth. B. D.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

ACTS XII.

WHAT a mercy, beloved, that the enemies of the Church of God, in their opposition to His cause, can only go as far as the Lord allows. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." At a period in the Church's history we find a wicked king, by name Herod, "stretching forth his hands to vex certain of the Church." He is suffered to kill James, a servant of God, with the sword; and, because this malignant act pleased the Jews, he proceeds further to take Peter and put him in prison. To make all secure, he delivers poor Peter to four quaternions of soldiers; and, as if this was not enough, poor helpless Peter is bound with two chains, made to sleep between two soldiers, and keepers are placed before the door of the prison. Oh what a tight hold doubtless did Herod think within himself he had got of Peter! Escape is impossible; and, humanly speaking, indeed it would appear so. But human fetters are only as bands of straw when the Lord means to work; and, though they be multiplied, they but increase the display of man's weakness when the power of God is brought to work upon them. But while Herod was thus suffered to take all the means in his power to keep poor Peter bound hard and fast, there was a quiet influence going on that Church history affords abundant proof has worked wonders; and that influence is *prayer*—earnest, heart-felt prayer. For we are told that while Peter was kept in prison, "prayer was made without ceasing of the Church of God for him," importunate wrestling with a covenant God for a specific object, not a rushing into His presence and dictating to Him, which we fear is too much the case in the so-called revival prayer-meetings of the day; but the continuous heart-felt prayer of the Church of God, the regenerated family. Oh, such prayer must call down the needed blessing; though it tarry, wait for it. And what was the result in the instance under consideration? Why, behold the angel of the Lord came upon Peter in the dead of the night, and a light shined in the prison; and this

angel smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, "Arise up quickly." And his chains fell off from his hands; and, following the angel, he passes in safety "the first and second ward;" then they come to a great iron gate, which offers no impediment now, "but opens to them of his own accord;" and so they pass through all opposition, and, gaining the open air, the angel departed from the astonished apostle. When poor Peter had come to himself, and considered the thing, he proceeds to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together, praying doubtless for his very deliverance, not at all calculating how it could be effected. And while they were thus praying, Peter knocks at the door of the gate, and a damsel named Rhoda, when she heard Peter's voice, opened not the gate for gladness, but, running into the little praying company, declares that Peter is there. "Oh," they respond, "thou art mad—it is his angel!" So that when the promise is realized and the prayer answered, they really doubt its truth. They pray; God grants the answer, and they doubt still; nevertheless it was a fact accomplished in the Lord's own way in answer to the unceasing prayers of the Church, the result of which was, not merely deliverance to the servant of God, but glory to the name of Jesus; for it is added, that while wicked Herod, who dared to fight against the Most High, was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost, the word of God grew and multiplied. Oh then, beloved, surely we may be encouraged to pray on to that God from whom alone cometh our help. Is thy soul in prison? Is it fast bound by human agency? Does there seem no probability of deliverance? Recollect how prayer prevailed in poor Peter's instance, and—

"Fly to the throne of grace by prayer,
And pour out all your wishes there;
Effectual fervent prayer prevails,
When every other method fails."

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

[AUG. 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever." "Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 44, }
NEW SERIES. }

AUGUST, 1860.

No. 172, }
OLD SERIES. }

THE ONE WORD WANTED.

"Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."—Matt. viii. 8.

BELOVED, in our last we dwelt somewhat upon the Authorship of faith; we ascribed it all to the Lord, and in no sense nor in any degree to the creature, though that creature may be made use of by the Lord as an instrument through whom and by whom that faith should operate. We purpose, as the Lord may help us, in our present paper, to pursue for a little that line of thought, and then to give, in the case of the centurion, a striking example of the power and operation of this God-wrought principle of faith.

In our last, you will remember, we quoted sundry Scriptures which seemed upon the face of them to imply a power upon the part of the creature to originate or produce faith. We trust we proved, that, upon closer investigation, they bore no such construction. In the passages which we shall now quote, the Lord Himself will be seen as the sole-Begetter of faith.

In the 17th chapter of Luke, and the 5th verse, after our Lord had been giving His disciples some difficult lessons upon the nature and obligation of forgiveness, the largeness and extent of that forgiveness so startled them, and seemed so far to surpass any preconception of theirs, that they exclaimed, whilst addressing themselves to the Lord, "Increase our faith;" as much as to say, "Our faith at present is so weak as to produce no such results as these; therefore, Lord, in order that we may accomplish such great things as those Thou hast set before us, increase, we pray thee, our faith;" for doubtless they already perceived somewhat of the truth of that saying, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

In the 12th of Romans, and the 3rd verse, the apostle distinctly ascribes the gift of faith to the Lord, when he says, "According as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith;" that is, as it hath pleased God, out of pure sovereignty, to give to every elect man, or vessel of mercy, such a degree or proportion of faith as seemed good in His sight. Again, in the 12th chapter of the 1st of Corinthians, and 9th verse, amid the gifts of the Spirit, which are thus enumerated, it says, "to another faith, by the same Spirit;" this faith we conceive to be a peculiarly working faith, some special or extraordinary measure of faith, which wrought very obviously in contradistinction to the dictates of carnal sense and reason—the prominent grace of its possessor being faith—but of which, in common with every other measure of faith, the Holy Ghost—and He alone—was the Divine Author. In

Gal. v. 22, faith is distinctly classed among the fruits of the Spirit. In Eph. vi. 23, the apostle prays for this blessing, "Peace be to the brethren, and love, with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ." In Hebrews xii. 2, the Lord Christ Himself is distinctly declared to be both "the Author and Finisher of our faith." There we see, that not only is God represented as the Begetter of faith, but each Person in the Godhead is set forth as the Originator and Bestower of it. 'Thas is man neutralized in the work, and the glory given to Him to whom alone it is due. That is a glorious expression of the apostle, in the 2nd chapter and 12th verse of his Epistle to the Colossians, where, in the most conclusive way, he speaks of "faith of the operation of God."

Beloved, we have dwelt somewhat at length upon the Authorship of faith, because of its vast importance, and from an ardent desire to divert the reader from a contemplation of self, and to lead him, in quest of faith, to a simple looking to and pleading with the Lord for it. Blessed and God-honouring are those cries,—“Lord, increase our faith;” “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.” Both are significant of Divine teaching, and both prove the pleader to be under the sweet influence of faith.

We now pass on to the case of the centurion. And, in the onset, would remark, that at first sight it may appear as though there were a dissimilarity in the account given by St. Matthew and St. Luke. The one says, that the centurion *came* to Jesus; the other, that he *went* to Him; but this apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled, when it is considered, that among the Jews it was a common saying, that “a man’s messenger is as himself.” How many of the seeming disparities in the Scriptures might be accounted for in the same way, were we but familiar with Eastern customs and Jewish habits and observances. Were it anything but the testimony of God, about which the carnal heart of man is so wont to cavil, there would be a very ready accounting for matters which time and distance must veil with a certain measure of perplexity and obscurity.

We are told by the evangelist Matthew, that “when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto Him a centurion beseeching Him, and saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented.”

Now, there is in this history so much that is encouraging, that we are most anxious, by the power of the Lord the Spirit, to trace it out, in order that the Lord’s timid and trembling ones may be cheered and strengthened thereby.

See, first, beloved, who it was that came to Jesus—a centurion, a Roman soldier; and one, too, in authority. To a certain extent in independent circumstances, and yet most dependent; brought so low in heart and feeling, as to come or send to the Lord, *beseeching* Him. Ah, how soon the Lord can bring down the lofty looks and proud feelings of men, whatever their position. Yea, what a poor test is position as to feelings and fears. Many a man may be the envy of his fellow-man as to condition or circumstances, and yet how blind are such envying ones as to what that apparently exalted one is the subject of. How little is known of his inward sorrow of heart—his depression—the daily discovery of the utter impossibility of anything of earth to solace or satisfy. His very position adding to his care and responsibility; his affluence and attainments only making him a mark for envy, jealousy, and evil-sayings, whilst the veins of sweet sympathy are closed, and the delights of pure and unselfish friendship are unknown. How prone are

the Lord's poor to overlook this position of the rich. How commonly are the better-circumstanced of the Lord's people placed in the position of Peter and John, when the lame man who laid daily at the Beautiful gate of the temple, "gave heed unto them, *expecting to receive something from them.*" If there be not this expectancy on the part of the humbler friend or brother, the suspicion of such being the case will doubtless frequently haunt the mind of the richer man, and thus the sweets of pure friendship and Christian brotherhood are invaded. How delightful must have been the position of Peter, and how glowing his emotions as well as those of the recipient of the blessing, when the former said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." So with the Lord's servants; they may not have gold or silver to give, but it is at once their privilege and their mercy to say to the Lord's spiritually lame and halting ones, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And the Lord giving power with the word, how special the interest and how peculiar the love experienced, both by the instrument the Lord condescends to employ, and the recipient of the blessing.

Again, the centurion was a soldier, and, as a soldier, was exposed to much that was calculated to distract and disturb—yea, to throw innumerable stumbling-blocks in his way to Jesus, or in his profession of attachment to His name and cause. But these facts are left on record to prove, that Jesus has his servants in all places, and that his grace is sufficient for them under all circumstances. It is not for poor short-sighted creatures either to choose or to decide for or of themselves, and to say, "God cannot dwell here," or "God cannot abide there." In every age He has had, and in every place He will continue to have, His people where even His own dear children least suspect. There were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal in Elijah's day, and there were saints and brethren among Cæsar's household in Paul's day.

Moreover, the centurion was a Gentile, and as such he might have been discouraged by the saying of Jesus upon another occasion, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Hence we find that all these difficulties and discouragements are left upon record, on purpose to cheer the heart of every seeker of Jesus; so that nothing should stand in his way, nor aught impede his progress: on the contrary, if he understands his position, he will sooner or later construe his difficulties into so many promptings and inducements to flee to Jesus, as his only Helper and Deliverer.

We next discover that it was not on his own account personally, but on behalf of his servant, that the centurion came or sent to Jesus. Amid the wreck of the fall, of which selfishness is so lamentable a feature, it is sweet to have evidences of sympathy. It is blessed to find examples of pure disinterested friendship. The master, in a position to be "looking for nothing again,"—not seeking for any return,—but practically sympathizing and earnestly seeking succour and deliverance for his servant.

Again we learn how varied the source of trial, and what folly to imagine that anxiety, and pain, and disquietude, can only come on certain grounds, or be confined to certain limitations. It is what *God* intends shall constitute a trouble, and not what man conceives may or ought reasonably to be considered one. It was the remark of a good old minister, that "if God meant a grasshopper to be his burden, that grasshopper would be more than he

could manage." Paul's, "thorn in the flesh"—whatever that thorn was, certainly gave him more trial and annoyance than any other of his troubles. The very word conveys the idea, that it was a something small, vexing, irritating, annoying. But "thorn" as it was—small as it was—he "besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from him"—an entreaty which it does not appear he offered in reference to any one of that long list of heavy trials of which he elsewhere speaks.

Hence we believe, that it is oftentimes the very *littleness* of trial that constitutes its *greatness*. Sympathy is sweet, and, as poor finite creatures, we are prone to look to our fellow-mortals for it; but, if the trial be trifling in its nature or aspect, we hesitate to speak of it, lest it should provoke a smile rather than produce sympathy. If a man were to fall and fracture an arm or a leg, though the fractured limb may be set, and he be going on well, his neighbours on the right hand and on the left—his friends far and wide—would be most prompt and earnest in their inquiries; but let another have pricked his finger with a bramble-bush, and that finger become inflamed and extremely painful, let him roll his head on his pillow with tooth-ache, or writhe upon his bed under an attack of gout, the thing is treated as a matter of course, and but little, if any, concern or sympathy manifested.

How do such facts as these endear the friendship of Him who sympathizes with our sorrows, be they greater or less. It is enough for Him that they make us sad, uneasy, anxious. Come from what source they may—press heavily or otherwise—He is ready to hear—He is willing to help—He is waiting to be gracious. No reproach, no taunting His. Great or small the trial, in itself considered, is not with Him the question; whether personal or relative matters not; affecting mind, or body, or estate, is of no moment. 'Tis enough that it is *trial*, and with such tried ones He deeply sympathizes; over such His bowels yearn; and to such He says, "Cast thy burden upon me—let me bear the weight—be mine the load—lean on me, and thus let my strength be perfected in weakness."

Oh, reader, what a sympathizing—what a precious—Christ is ours! Be it yours and ours increasingly to put Him to the test. We need not fear. We need not hesitate. We need not stand in doubt as to the sort or the size of our care or our cross. Sufficient it is that it makes the heart ache, that imperceptibly it draws forth the sigh, and, may be, gives expression in the tear. 'Tis the very thing that Jesus loves. 'Tis that which awakens His sympathy, and makes Him long to open out the love and the tenderness of His heart. Each trial and every perplexity, each loss and every cross, are but as so many love-words by which He speaks to thee, afflicted one, and says, "Child, friend, brother, I want thee! Come, tell me all! What aileth thee? Let me know the worst? What dost thou want? How can I help? 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?'" Such are the whispers of Jesus. This is the interpretation of every trial and temptation. Such is the explanation of the hieroglyphics of trouble, and anguish, and sorrow, which, in His Divine sovereignty, and according to the good pleasure of His will, He sets before His people as they journey onward and homeward, through the wilderness of time, to their blessed, and glorious, and imperishable inheritance in eternity.

Beloved reader, for the present adieu!

Yours to serve in the Gospel of Christ,

1, Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,
Bristol, July 21, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

A SUDDEN STROKE, BUT FROM A FATHER'S HAND.

MY DEAR SIR,—“Out of much affliction and anguish of heart I write unto you with many tears,” &c. I cannot help giving you a little account of the last fortnight of my life, for little did I think, when I came to hear you at the Circus, the Lord was preparing me for the trial of losing a dear and devoted wife. Circumstances would not admit, or she would have been there; for she had for some years been desirous of hearing the Gospel from your lips; for her chief general reading was the *Gospel Magazine* for some years past. Having a family of small children, she had not much time for reading, but the Magazine was her constant companion. She never made a great profession of religion, but used to say, “I am afraid of saying what I do not really experience;” but frequently would express a desire, with tears, to experience what she heard others talk about; and sometimes after a sermon would weep, but say nothing more than, “I wish I could know it for myself.” She was a walking Christian; her delight was with the people of God; she often said, she wanted no other people, and yet it was done in so unassuming a manner, that we rarely heard her speak of religion except on such occasions. She held a place in the affections and prayers of those who knew her in the little cause which we attend, opened by the Rev. W. HUNTER; but, as I do not wish to take up your time, I will come to the point.

I went to Portsmouth to hear you this day fortnight, when she was comparatively well, as we thought. I returned and repeated to her the text (2 Cor. iv. 17), and related to her much of the substance of the sermon, and the peculiar way I heard it, feeling a remarkable gloom on my spirit, and wrestling with the Lord that I may leave the future in His hands, and not feel forebodings of trial, the sort, or kind, or time, I had no idea of. But on Saturday she complained of great pain in her head, and I called in medical aid, who informed me she had fever, and a tendency to the brain. Every means were taken; but Saturday night

came insensibility and delirium. Now the trial. Your text still following me—the gracious Lord making use of it to support me—intense anxiety that my dearest earthly tie should (if it was the Lord’s will to remove her) leave a living testimony of the life-giving power of matchless sovereign grace and never-dying love of a covenant God be revealed to her never-dying soul. This was the earnest wrestling of my soul, and never did I feel such nearness at His dear feet as then, with the assurance that the affliction was for some wise purpose, and a sanctified one to some soul. The following day, when she evinced more composure and partial rationality, I said, “My dear, do you know me?” I then said, “Is Jesus precious to you as the Saviour of sinners?” “Yes.” I asked her many questions at intervals after that manner; all she answered satisfactorily; but I still had a fear whether she did not answer all with a kind of general consent, and I tremblingly put, “Can you say, God be merciful to me, a sinner?” She said, “Oh, yes!” And can you say too, “Thank God, I am not as others?” &c. She said quickly, “No, no.” And thus I saw the evidence I wanted of divine life. She answered many questions thus satisfactorily; for the nature of the disease being to benumb the brain she dozed most of the time, suffering much at intervals (brain fever), frequently answering questions satisfactorily; and Saturday night we considered her dying, when a friend, at intervals, put the following questions: “Is Christ precious?” “Yes.” “Are you enabled to give up all for Him?” “Hard work to give up all.” “Do you wish to be able?” “Yes.” “Can you give up your hope in Him?” “No.” “Did you always feel that?” “Late years.” “Do you think you shall get better?” “Yes.” “Do you fear dying?” “No particular fear.” “If you die, where is your hope?” “In Jesus,” she said, quite firmly. She gradually sunk, but said once, “I’ll close with Him.” At another time, “All right, I shall see Him,” with a peculiar brightness on her countenance.

After that evidently much in prayer, then a gloom on her countenance, and about an hour before she died, she said, "All right, all right," at different intervals; and I said aloud in her ear (for she was very deaf), "If you are happy in Christ, and Christ is precious, raise your hand" (for she was past speaking), to which her fingers answered by raising. On the Monday morning she gently — gradually, breathed her last; as I have heard *somewhere*—

"Not pluck'd, but gathered by the hand of love,

As tender fruit or fragrant lilies are."

Thus, dear Sir, I lose a dear wife, and my six children a most anxious and loving mother; and the Church of God a true friend: for, as she frequently said, they were the people she wanted to be with; beyond those with whom she was connected by ties of nature, she did not want the world.

I should not have written you this account, but having known you in spirit the last ten years by reading your writings, with a frequent desire to hear you; and the first time I did, you were the means in God's hands of conveying the text, and supporting me in trial.

Yours very sincerely in the bonds of the Gospel,

Bosham.

T. G.

Well may it be said, "In the midst of life we are in death." She was a very healthy woman.

[Bereaved and afflicted one,—Little did we think, on the occasion to which you refer, when you came to shake hands after the service, of what awaited you. And what wisdom do we see in the Lord's dealings, that He should so graciously hide from us the trials He may have in reserve for us. Prone as poor, timid, unbelieving creatures, to look to the black rather than to the bright side, we know not what would be the consequence if the trial were always foreseen. No; blessed be God, it is as (if we mistake not) we remarked on the evening to which you refer, we often crowd a year's, a month's, or a week's, or a day's trials, into a moment; that is, we anticipate trial—we meet it far beyond the half-way; but, after all, our God only lays

on the trial moment by moment, and at the same time gives momentary strength to bear up under it. The trial is never sent without the strength to endure it. Aye, and the trial (as you have blessedly proved it) is wondrously seasoned with His tenderness, and love, and compassion. It is as though the Lord would say, "Dear child, I am about to afflict; it is necessary that I should do so; my purposes require it; but my hand shall be laid upon thee with utmost tenderness. I'll not forget with whom I have to do. I know thy frame; I will not lose sight of the fact, that thou art dust."

Ah, brother, sensitively as He has touched thee, hast thou not at the same time *proved* Him thereby? Dost thou not know more of His all-sufficiency—more of His tenderness—more of the sweetness of His sympathy? Hast thou not, notwithstanding the bitterness of the cup thy Father hath bidden thee drink, been called into the banqueting-house, and there found that His banner over thee was love? Hast thou not had a draught of sweet-bitters, enjoyed pleasurable-pain, been sheltered under a bright cloud, and been privileged to behold a death-smile? Paradoxes these to the worldling, or the merely nominal professor; but blessed realities to God's own child. Ah! secrets these, only to be admitted to a knowledge of in the depths—the depths! glorious depths these! sunny spots these—bright and glorious discoveries these! Thy Father had a favour in view for thee, and this was his manner of bestowing it. He sent His love-message under a black border and a dark seal, but open it—fear not—'tis love—all love! Read on, 'tis all writ, and signed, and sealed, in love and blood. He gave thee a motto—He sent thee a love-word—He bade thee consider it. "This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for thee a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory." Ah! yes, it is but a moment; a whole life's troubles, were that life prolonged a thousand years, were but as the twinkling of an eye compared with eternity. And tons' weight of trouble shall prove lighter than a feather, side by side with the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Therefore, cheer up, brother; it will

L.DERNESS.

in his "coat of mail,"
 of lies and malice;
 his head the brazen
 rebellion against God,
 the dark plume of his
 The very antetype in
 of Gath, and like him
 own by the "smooth
written I" in the "sling"
 and from the hand of Him
 David's son and David's
 as unequal does the con-
 s that which thus typified
 truly might it be said con-
 antypical David, as it was
 to the typical, "Thou art
 n, and he a man of war from
 " Wise in the experience of
 and years, flushed with almost
 pted victory over man, skilled
 of subtilty of seduction, and
 to every trick of temptation,
 it's completest triumph or most
 able defeat depending on the
 how, O meek and gentle Lamb of
 art thou able to go against this
 al Philistine—this Goliath of the
 to fight with him? Nor let it be
 that in speaking thus I ignore the
 our's Divine nature. I do not
 let, nor would I for one moment
 re the reader to forget, that Jesus
 i just before been declared to be the
 n of God by a voice from heaven
 self (Matt. iii. 17). I contend for no
 abeyance" of the Divinity even in the
 lowest circumstances of our Lord's
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 during the continuance of this mys-
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 narrative of the evangelist as the Son of
man alone, and not as the Son of God.
 The devil, indeed, reminds him of the
 latter title, for the purpose of tempting
 him first to *doubt*, and then to *presume*;
 but Jesus himself does not make use of
 it as a means of defence. Had He
 chosen on this occasion to display His
 divine power, He could, doubtless—as
 He himself asserted on another occa-
 sion—have "prayed
 would have given H
 aver's legions of angels"

hears. It is true some are given up to believe Satan's great lie; for that enemy knows well that if he can cram we poor creatures with notions of the Holy Ghost, such is the relation between Christ and the Spirit, that any knowledge we may think we have of Christ, that knowledge is only a notion, and the christ is not God the Father's Christ, but an imagination; for no man can call the Christ of God Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.

I know the different denominations in the professing world have each their ideal lord jesus christ, even as there are lords many and gods many; but the Father and Spirit's Jesus Christ is but one, the Father gave but one, and the Spirit reveals but one: nor did Jesus promise to pray the Father but for the gift of one Comforter.

In discoursing upon the Spirit's work you said that He comforted as a Remembrancer. In a moment my thoughts pitched upon one thing; but as you proceeded you pointed out that which I had within, which I did not know was there until you described it. Fathers in Christ are distinguished by knowledge, but if I am distinguished it must be by ignorance. You said the Spirit comforted by bringing to our

remembrance the dealings of the Lord with His people, as left upon record, and leading us to see that our exercises corresponded with theirs. I was constrained to say, this is true; for many things passed in review to the eye of my mind which were in me a confirmation of the truth. I will mention one thing out of the many. Rising one morning, my mind all tumult and darkness, so opposite to that sweet tranquillity arising from nearness and fellowship with the Lord, I judged something must be radically wrong with me. In the heat of this tumult, and under this crushing load of carnal reasonings, the words rolled through my thoughts like a pure sweeping and refreshing stream—

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears."

Here I saw it was with me as it had been with them; my load was eased, my heart cheered, and I could expostulate with my soul as the dear man of God did with his, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul," &c.

Faithfully yours,
T. C.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

JOHN XX. 11—15.

BESIDE the sepulchre she stands
With weeping eyes and clasped hands;
For e'en the precious clay is gone,
And she is left indeed alone.

"Where have you laid Him?" is her cry
To one, unknown, who standeth by;
"If you have borne him hence away,
The place to me reveal, I pray."

"*Mary!*"—with such a tender flame
No lover e'er pronounced the name
Of her, round whom his earthly love
Its tendrils of affection wove.

Not from the morning sky, it seems
To float from some far land of dreams;
The voice is nigh her—at her side,
A voice like bridegroom's to the bride.

Quickly she turns in glad surprise,
The stranger starts from his disguise;
The tokens in His hands she knows,
And all her heart with rapture glows.

"*Rabboni!*"—in that faltered word
The cry of all her soul is heard;
As, in her love and reverence met,
She kneels to clasp those blessed feet.

But thus approach'd no more may He,
E'en by His dearest follower be;—
"Touch me not, for I must ascend
To God, and thence the Spirit send:

"But go and tell my brethren,—tell
How I have conquer'd Death and Hell;
"Tell Peter too,* who disowned me,
That he my pard'ning love may see."

Christ talks no more on earth with men,
In words articulate as then;
Yet oft to humble saints draws nigh,
Though shren'd above the glittering sky;

And still, at peaceful eve or morn,
Into the waiting soul are borne,
In gracious accents, many a word
Of love, like that which Mary heard.

And still the soul responsive bounds,
Whene'er it hears those heavenly sounds;
And fain would fly on wings of love
To clasp Him on His throne above.

Waverree.

W. M.

* Mark xvi. 7.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MATT. IV. 1—11.

I. THE COMBATANTS.

THERE is a book by a modern writer, with the name of which alone I am acquainted, entitled "*The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*." The battles which this writer describes are of course those of the warrior "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood;" battles the causes and consequences of which were alike political, and which at the most only fixed the limits of earthly empires, and decided the fate of earthly kings. But though of these "fifteen" may be enumerated as "decisive" in this sense, the really decisive battles of this world—the great conflicts upon which its moral government and eternal destiny depended—have been but *two* in number; the one fought in Eden, the other in the wilderness. Conflicts *these* altogether destitute indeed of the external "pomp and circumstance" of human warfare; as silent as that in which the day-spring conquers the darkness of the night; but of which the soul of man is the great battle-field, and in which all the powers of heaven and hell are arrayed against each other upon eternal issues.

It is the latter and most momentous of these which is described in the Scripture to which I desire, dear reader, at this time to direct your attention. It is indeed a great and awful sight which we have to contemplate; let us do so therefore with awe of spirit and solemnity of mind.

Look first, then, at the *combatants* in this mighty conflict. On the one side we behold "the *man* Christ Jesus," full indeed of the Holy Ghost, which had descended upon Him at His baptism immediately before, but, in all His sinless human weakness, armed with no weapon save the written word, and "emptied" (virtually at least) of all the Divine power and glory which was His as the Eternal Word. On the other is Satan, the prince and god of this world, clad in all the panoply of hell. In his hand the spear of temptation, "the staff whereof is like a weaver's

beam;" sheathed in his "coat of mail," a bell-forged texture of lies and malice; and having on his head the brazen helmet of impious rebellion against God, over which floats the dark plume of his demon Pride. The very antetype in short of Goliath of Gath, and like him to be overthrown by the "smooth stone,"—"It is written" in the "sling" of the Spirit, and from the hand of Him who is both David's son and David's Lord. Quite as unequal does the conflict seem, as that which thus typified it; and as truly might it be said concerning this antetypical David, as it was said by Saul to the typical, "Thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." Wise in the experience of four thousand years, flushed with almost uninterrupted victory over man, skilled in every subtilty of seduction, and trained to every trick of temptation, with hell's completest triumph or most irretrievable defeat depending on the issue, how, O meek and gentle Lamb of God, art thou able to go against this infernal Philistine—this Goliath of the pit—to fight with him? Nor let it be said that in speaking thus I ignore the Saviour's Divine nature. I do not forget, nor would I for one moment desire the reader to forget, that Jesus had just before been declared to be the Son of God by a voice from heaven itself (Matt. iii. 17). I contend for no "abeyance" of the Divinity even in the lowest circumstances of our Lord's humiliation. But still it is plain, that during the continuance of this mysterious conflict we see Jesus in the narrative of the evangelist as the Son of *man* alone, and not as the Son of *God*. The devil, indeed, reminds him of the latter title, for the purpose of tempting him first to *doubt*, and then to *presume*; but Jesus himself does not make use of it as a means of defence. Had He chosen on this occasion to display His divine power, He could, doubtless—as He himself asserted on another occasion—have "prayed to His Father, who would have given Him more than twelve legions of angels" (Matt. xxvi. 53).

Nay, He needed not the help of angels; one word from His own Divine lips, and Satan had been overthrown, like the emissaries of the sanhedrim in the garden of Gethsemane (John xviii. 6). But he does nothing of the kind; He confines Himself strictly within the limits of humanity. He wrestles against Satan with man's infirmities, and with the means which man has at his disposal. He endures hunger, and allows Himself to be approached, accosted, and tempted as a man. *As a man* He stands before the tempter; *as a man* He triumphs over him, and, above all, *as a man* He quotes the Scriptures, which were written by man's agency and for man's use. How this thing could be—how He who was God, could, without ceasing for a moment to be God, descend thus to a human level, I presume not to inquire. It is part of that great mystery of the Incarnation which lies beyond the limits of human reason, though within the wider domain of human faith. This only we need to know, and this the inspired record plainly teaches us, that *for us*, and in *our nature*, Christ fought again the battle lost in Eden, and turned man's defeat into man's victory, without the aid of any superior advantages.

Such, beloved, were the combatants. Nor were spectators of the conflict wanting. Though the scene was the wilderness, and though no human eye beheld it, yet was there "a great cloud of witnesses." For, as during the typical engagement to which I have referred, the armies of Israel and Philistia gazed on with anxious interest, so now, on the one hand, like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, were massed the powers of hell; and, on the other, in heaven-ascending tiers, were ranked the angelic legions. And oh! with what absorbed attention did they both regard the conflict! What volcanic passions raged in the breasts of those—what awful joy thrilled the hearts of these! The sympathies of heaven and hell were concentrated upon, heaven and hell were themselves embodied in, the wondrous combatants; and the everlasting destiny of earth and man hung upon the defeat or victory.

Yes, well may we with awful ponderings call to mind what tremendous con-

sequences depended on the issue of this conflict. Though, indeed, no tongue of angel can tell, no imagination of man can fully estimate those consequences, man, be it remembered, had already lost a battle and Satan gained a victory; but in the wisdom and mercy of God the result, though disastrous, had not been final. Man was to have one other opportunity of retrieving his defeat; one other champion was allowed to stand forth on his behalf; but if He failed, the last remaining hope of humanity perished, and the power of Satan was consolidated for ever. Oh how momentous, then, were the consequences. Well might Satan arm himself to the teeth for such a struggle; and well might we—had we been spectators—have needed all our faith in our Divine though lowly champion, to prevent our hearts sinking with apprehension. For if, in the beautiful imagery of the prophet, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever;" and if in this super-celestial system Christ himself is the Sun of Righteousness, in whose reflected light alone all these hosts of heaven shine; then had His defeat in this combat blotted out the very sun from the heavenly firmament, and spread a veil of night over all its glittering galaxies. Yea, inasmuch as the ultimate results of the work of human redemption are not to be confined to man, but shall extend to the whole intelligent universe, for "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places shall be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God;" and above all, inasmuch as "this same Jesus" who fought this mighty battle as a man, is nevertheless at the same time God, His defeat had virtually been the defeat of Jehovah himself. Satan had thus indeed scaled the battlements of heaven, and set his throne above the stars of God; not only had the race of Adam for ever fallen, but—strange and impossible supposition—buried the throne of the Eternal beneath its ruins. But O, blessed Saviour! the victory is Thine and ours. Though Thou didst look and there was none to help, and wondered that there was none to uphold, Thine

own arm brought salvation unto Thee, and the word of thy God upheld Thee. Thou didst spoil hell's principalities and powers; thou didst cast Satan as lightning down from heaven; and even in the midst of Thy human weakness didst prove that Thou wert indeed "the Lord of hosts, the Lord mighty in battle."

II. SATAN'S PLAN.

In order properly to describe a battle, it is essential that we should as far as possible understand the plan of the general who provokes the action; his reasons for the particular disposition of his troops, his choice of points of attack, as well as the ulterior objects which he may have in view. And so, beloved, if we desire to enter at all deeply into the great spiritual battle which we are considering, we must endeavour to comprehend Satan's plan of action therein, since *he* is throughout the attacking party, while the Saviour up to the close stands on the defensive, and only then with one irresistible stroke puts the enemy to flight. Hence we are told that "the tempter *came to Him*," not that He went to the tempter. And this is important; not only because it shows us that the attack is Satan's, but also as teaching us the important practical lesson, that all we must hope for in the battle of temptation is to *maintain our ground*. If we need to pray continually, "lead us not into temptation," we have equal need to take heed that we do not ourselves run into temptation. When Satan attacks us, we are indeed to "*resist*" him, and, God being our helper, "he will flee from us;" but if we rashly attempt to beard the lion in his den, the consequences will be on our own heads. We shall then go to war in our own strength, and find by bitter experience that that strength is perfect weakness. Therefore it is that St. Paul, in his graphic description of the Christian armour (Eph. vi.), exhorts the believer to "*stand*"—the attitude of resistance; not to advance—the action of aggression. And also that the armour which enumerates is on the whole defensive; even "the sword of the Spirit" being used, as we learn from the Saviour's example in the present conflict, pri-

ncipally to parry the thrusts of the enemy.

To return, however, to Satan's strategy. This happily it is not difficult to understand. JOHN BUNYAN, in his well-known allegory of the "Holy War," has given to the town of Mansoul *five* gates, called respectively "ear-gate, eye-gate, mouth-gate, nose-gate, and feel-gate." And this enumeration is so far correct, that each one of the five senses may become a channel of temptation; but it had been perhaps more in accordance with Scripture usage to have given the town of Mansoul only *three* gates: I mean those three mentioned by St. John as including all that is in the world—"the world that lieth in the wicked one"—namely, "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life" (1 John ii. 16). These are the three gates of Mansoul in which the battle of temptation ever rages. The first is a low wide portal, always standing open, and needing therefore to be continually guarded; the second may be called "the beautiful gate" of sin, and is of rare architectural design and exquisite workmanship; and the third is a lofty entrance, with towers surmounted by the banners of pride, and from which the trumpet of fame is blown both loud and long. By one of these gates alone, as Satan well knew, could he enter the Redeemer's human soul; and, accordingly, not only do we find that his temptation corresponded herewith, as being threefold in character, but moreover that its very order is the same. Satan first tempted our Lord through the lust of the flesh, or the natural animal appetites, as being the easiest and readiest access to the soul, and that accordingly through which he takes captive the vast majority of mankind: failing in this, he next addressed himself to the lust of the eye, as involved in the ostentatious display of special goodness or estimation in the sight of God; and, being *once* more defeated, he finally, and as a last resource, presented to the pride of life, or the desire of power, dignity, and glory, the most magnificent bribe ever offered to it. Nor, (and herein lies much of the practical instruction to be derived from the whole narrative,) is Satan's procedure

in this case one specially adopted for the occasion, for if we carefully compare the temptation in Eden, as recorded in the third chapter of Genesis, we find the very same temptations pre-

sented in the very same order, though with very different success. This, however, we shall endeavour to point out in detail under the next head.

(To be continued.)

A SATURDAY NIGHT'S REFLECTION.

Six-and-thirty years ago, almost if not exactly to a day, I was wandering upon this very common, and this identical sea broke upon the beach, and turned up the shingle, as now. I was a youth then, just turned of thirteen years. The path of life stretched far and gloomily before me. I said gloomily, and I use the word advisedly; for my heart had been set upon a certain course, but difficulties presented themselves in my way, and there seemed not the veriest hope of my wishes being fulfilled. My choice of a profession seemed strange and unaccountable to him at whose heart my welfare unquestionably lay near. Hence in this particular I had not his sympathy, nor for a season his help.

Under these circumstances, having left school, I wandered on this common. Cricketers were at play, as now. With deep heart-sadness I walked on, not with pleasure, but merely to while away an hour. Presently one of the batsmen having struck the ball heavily, it flew towards me, and caught me just behind the ear. It was marvellous I was not killed upon the spot. The anguish was intense. I then knew not the Lord as mine; but knew myself a sinner, lost, helpless, and undone, unless the Lord had mercy.

This little incident occurring as it did, in my then state of mind, writhing under my disappointment, seemed only to confirm my fears that I was forsaken both of God and man. As I fled from the spot, in intense pain from the blow I had received (the cricketers only laughing, instead of sympathising), I felt ready to go and throw myself into the sea hard by: there seemed no hope for me; I was on the very verge of despair.

But how changed my position now! Not only was my then ardent desire far more than realized afterwards, but that self-same God who was then sustaining me, and leading me by His unseen but

Almighty hand, soon after revealed Himself to me as my God in covenant. And when suing at His footstool for mercy, I pledged myself that, if pardon were bestowed—

“Then would I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I had found;
I'd point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.”

He did pardon; and years and years rolled away after that pardon was sealed upon the heart and conscience in love and blood; but oh, at length the Lord's good and gracious time came for me to go forth proclaiming the richness, and the fulness, and the power of a free-grace salvation, in and by the blood and righteousness of Jesus. And here I am to-night, through the good hand of my God upon me, brought six-and-thirty years onward on my pilgrimage, since the circumstance to which I have adverted. Nought has failed of all that He promised me. Every need has been supplied. Every enemy overcome. Every trial encountered. The adversary of souls in ten thousand instances foiled. “My God has in very deed supplied all my need, according to His ‘riches in glory by Christ Jesus.’ All glory to His dear name. “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.”

And now, on this Saturday night, through the same good hand of my God upon me, I have the delightful prospect before me of proclaiming on the morrow His goodness, and His lovingkindness and mercy, to some two thousand of my poor fellow-sinners.

Oh, I feel that if I, of all men, did not declare His handiwork, the very stones might cry out.

Oh, thou Spirit Divine, move my heart and touch my lips on the morrow, that I

may in very deed, with unction, and dew,
and power, proclaim the unsearchable
riches of Christ.

Well may I, of all creatures, sing—

“For mercies, countless as the sand,

Which daily I receive

From Jesus my Redeemer's hand,

My soul, what canst thou give?

“Alas! from such a heart as mine,

What can I bring Him forth?

My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin;

My all is nothing worth.

“Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,

For all He has bestow'd;

Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,

And call upon my God.

“The best returns for one like me,

So wretched and so poor,

Is from His gifts to draw a plea,

And ask Him still for more.

“I cannot serve Him as I ought,

No works have I to boast;

Yet would I glory in the thought

That I should owe Him most.”

D.

THE CURSED THING IN THE MIDST OF GOD'S ISRAEL.

ALL Scripture is given for our learning; and every thing which concerned literal Israel proclaimed with trumpet tongue, “Salvation is of the Lord;” “not by might nor by power.” After being brought out of Egypt with a high hand and outstretched arm, and made to travel, and to rest, at the command of Jehovah through all their wilderness way, at length they arrive at the border of their own land: and now they must be stripped of all self-dependence—yes, in rolling from off them the reproach of Egypt, they must be left wholly dependent upon God's protection. Dear reader, look at the children of those whose carcases fell in the wilderness through fear of the giants of Canaan, made sore and helpless in the very mouths of their enemies, and they not able to set their teeth upon them! And the wealth of Jericho—the first-fruits of the land, must be wholly devoted to God; and the city taken in a way wholly to exclude human power and wisdom: even as all the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb are gathered, by the foolishness of preaching. Yet, small as was the amount of human agency employed in the taking of Jericho, there was enough to inspire the hearts of Israel with self-confidence; so that a handful of them was deemed quite sufficient to take Ai. And how did it fare with them? Ah, their hearts melted and became as water, and made their leader intercede on the ground of the honour of Jehovah's great name—a plea that could not fail. But there were stolen goods in the camp. That which belonged exclusively to God was appro-

priated to self. But why was Achan's sin punished with such fearful severity, when, in the law, stealing from man only required restitution? Ah, reader, the stolen property belonged to God, and in this case no restitution could be made.

When Adam stole an apple from God's tree, not all he possessed, including all the wealth of the universe, could make restitution; he, and all his, would have fared as Achan did, had not *One* graciously restored what He never took away.

Reader, the sin of Achan is but little understood. He desired to enrich *himself* with what belonged to *God*! See how the Lord multiplies words to describe the enormity of his guilt. Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them; for they have *even* taken of the accursed, or devoted, thing, and have also stolen and dissembled also, and have put it *even among their own stuff*. Now, what is this sin but the sin of Adam? It was the sin which entailed perpetual leprosy upon Gehazi and his seed. It was the sin that provoked Jehovah to hold up Ananias and Sapphira as a beacon to all generations. It is the filthy stream on which the devotees of mystic Babylon float down to eternal perdition; and it is the plague-spot on all the doings of the Church of God: and those of us who shall live to see Ai taken, will see our glorious Joshua build an altar unto Jehovah of *whole stones*, for He will not give His glory unto another.

New Brunswick.

METRIOS.

REDEMPTION.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood."—Eph. i. 7.

Oh, that this blessed truth was engraven upon and in every heart that reads it, for it comprises the whole Gospel. The sinner that has redemption through His blood has every other blessing with it. "*In whom?*" In Christ. No redemption but in Christ. Then the blessed pronoun "*we*;" that is, the whole Church of God collectively, and every loved sinner individually. It is not enough to hear of others having salvation; but have *we*—have *I*—this redemption here spoken of? or, am I seeking after it? Thousands hear of redemption preached as a general subject for the whole world, and take it for granted they will be saved whenever *they* like. This is the awful delusion the devil is now binding professors and profane with; but it must be borne in mind, there is no redemption for any but the *redeemed*. This we will prove; and that all mankind are redeemed, or may be, or will be, is nowhere found in the Word of God. Redemption, then, and all spiritual blessings, flow from God's eternal choice of His people in Christ before the foundation of the world. But this truth, by the world and professors, is set at naught. Why? Because they are not partakers of it. "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world." And thus was the Church blessed with ALL spiritual blessings then; and the blessing of redemption was amongst them; and the other blessings are *holiness, blamelessness, adoption, acceptance, and forgiveness*; all these blessings laid up for the Church, and given to every member thereof, when the Lord's time of love is come; and they are not *offered* to sinners—"I give unto them eternal life" (John x. 28)—as say and preach those who have never been brought to realize the blessedness of them. Everything the Lord does for sinners, He does effectually. What is the use *offering* life to a dead carcase! There must first be life to receive it. It would be thought absurd that a person should talk of offering life to a babe; why the babe either *has* life, or *has* no existence. So with the

sinner; he cannot know he is a sinner; he cannot feel he is a sinner, till there comes life from God. Then he lives; is a living man, and can perform living actions.

In that blessed passage John vi. 39, we have the Father's will concerning the Church; and in the 37th that will, carried out to the object of it, by the Lord Jesus: first, "All that the Father giveth me;" or, "hath given me" (in the 39th verse); secondly, "shall come to me;" and thirdly, "I will in no wise cast out." Here is in this passage the whole Gospel, in those glorious doctrines: first, God the Father's Election; second, Effectual Calling; and third, their Eternal Salvation. How these blessed truths warm the heart of that sinner who knows his "election of God;" can prove his "calling by grace," and God's choice of him to salvation. How beautifully redemption is set forth in the 25th of Leviticus; every Levite that had been sold was to be redeemed. Levite means, "joined;" thus, how sweet, that every soul that has been joined to the Lord Jesus He *was* redeemed, and none else. He died, for none else. Himself says, in the 10th of John, "I lay down my life for the sheep;" but since the blessed Jesus uttered those words, men have got so much more love than He had, that they represent He died for the goats as well—died for every one—for all the world. Oh, what liars men have got: and let them be so; but let God be true, for woe to that man that shall add to, or take from, His words (Rev. xxii. 19). We will now turn to some of the Old Testament saints, and see what they knew of redemption. In Psal. xxxi. 5, David was so blessed with this truth that he could commit his spirit into the Lord's hands and say, "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." How blessed when the soul knows it is done—"hast redeemed me." And here, beloved, not like the Arminian, who says it is his own will and doing; but "*thou*" didst it. Oh, yes! where it is effectually done, the answer will always be, "*Thou*" didst it; and,

moreover, it is a thing *DONE*, not to *be* done. "Hast redeemed me," is in the past tense; not may, or will, both of which are blessed; but when a thing is done, which we can see and believe, there is more blessedness in it to the soul-doubting and troubled about the matter. If I am in trouble about a large debt, wherewith I have not to pay, and no likelihood of ever having, it may console me a little for a person to tell me they *will* do it; but if they tell me they *have* done it, and give me the proof, then it is settled at once. So with salvation, it was settled at once, "By the which will we are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." "For by *one* offering, He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 10, 14). Well is it said in the next chapter, "If we sin wilfully after that we have received a knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." Certainly not, beloved; we do not want another sacrifice. "Christ was once offered" — "offered *one* sacrifice for sins—for sins for ever;" in the margin, one sacrifice of everlasting efficacy. Here you see there is no need of another; and, in fact, there remaineth none. Had there needed another, the first could not have been perfect. Let us now, beloved, turn to the Gospel in Isaiah, and some of the most blessed gospel there is there too. How astonishing! The Lord's people knew more of covenant transactions 700 years *before* they actually took place than some people do now, 1800 years since they *have* taken place. The prophet, speaking of the highway (the gospel), and the way (Jesus Christ), says, the "redeemed *shall* walk there;" then,

he must have known, what a many do not now know, the doctrine of redemption, or he could never have said the "redeemed." And the Lord, speaking to the Church (in chapter xliii.), "Fear not; I have redeemed thee." Oh, how blessed, beloved, is this, "I *have*;" you see it is all the Lord's doing. And in another place, "Mine own arm (Christ) brought salvation unto me." What a blessed "Fear not" the Lord often speaks to His Church; poor things, who are always fearing things are wrong, and fearing when there is no cause for fear. How sweet when the Lord speaks "Fear not" to the soul; only His blessed speaking will dispel their fears. There is one more passage, beloved, I must just quote, it is such a blessed one; it makes my heart full, and run over: it is the new song of the redeemed to Christ (in Rev. v. 9, 10), "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and *hast* redeemed us to God by thy blood, *out of* every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Oh, what a song is that! How sweetly Election shines here! These were redeemed "*out of*" every kindred, &c. I dare say the Arminian would like it to read, "And hast redeemed *every* kindred, people, and tongue," which must be so to support such a false doctrine, which is not the doctrine of the Bible. May grace tune our hearts to sing this song on earth; then we shall join the redeemed in heaven in swelling the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

S. S.

If free-will was possessed of those enormous powers which the Arminian scheme supposes, it would be vain and idle in a man to pray to God for victory over temptation, or to give Him thanks for victory obtained. When free-willers kneel down to petition God for any spiritual blessing, what is such conduct, but a virtual renunciation of their own distinguishing tenet? And, on the

footing of that tenet, what an unmeaning service is the ascription of praise.

Away with prayer, away with thanksgiving. Neither the one, nor the other, has any reasonable pretext to keep it in countenance on such principles. The whole lower creation cannot exhibit a more glaring example of human inconsistency than a free-willer on his knees—*Toplady*.

THE OLD HOSPITAL-MAN.

JOHN EAMES was born at Stoneham, in Hampshire, in 1818. He entered her Majesty's service, and served on board the ———. But in speaking afterwards of this part of his life he would say, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "What a character I was then—how blind."

He was some time engaged as nurse in Haslar hospital, where, in April, 1858, he was taken ill. During the summer of that year he removed to Landport, and was directed by God to the house of a Christian woman, where he obtained lodgings. When she spoke to him of the salvation of his soul, she found him very dark. He said he hoped to go to heaven, but he could give no reason of his hope; and she told him she feared it was not well grounded. At her persuasion he went to the Circus, where he heard a sermon upon the Prodigal Son. That sermon was greatly blessed to him; he said he felt it was all for him; and he became very anxious to know Jesus as his Redeemer. In speaking afterwards of the Lord leading him to Himself he said, "The Bible is the only thing that will teach a man any good; but, alas! how little I thought of it in my life. All I then sought was the world, and the things of the world; I never thought of God until it pleased Him in mercy to afflict me with illness. He placed me with kind friends who had found Jesus, and there, by God's mercy, I was led to see that I was a sinner. I cannot describe the horrors of my mind, but I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me, and spoke peace to my soul, a peace which passeth all understanding, and which the world taketh not away. Oh! how can I praise the Lord enough for all His blessings to me? And He has not only given me spiritual blessings, but temporal comforts, too, in my illness. I have many blessings in kind friends, and I return them my grateful thanks." It became his delight to search the Scriptures, and he found them a source of the greatest pleasure, and fully understood the feelings of David, when he affirmed the Word of God to be sweeter than honey

to his mouth, and more precious than fine gold. He said to a friend, after a night of much pain, "How sweet it is to trust in the love of Jesus—how it sweetens all my pains and afflictions; for what is my pain compared with the agony that Jesus felt for me? Oh! what agony that must have been which caused the cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' But for that cry, where now could I look for mercy?"

At another time he said, "Affliction is the sinner's best benefactor—when afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; grace shines the brightest for scouring, and is most glorious when it is most clouded." Again, he said, "'My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' I am not poor, I am heir to a crown of glory—how then am I poor?"

He dwelt much upon the declaration of Jesus on the cross, "It is finished,"—those words on which alone the sinner's hope depends. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," &c. (Rev. vii. 14—17), also gave him much comfort. To another friend he said, "Oh! I've had such a happy feast—I've had such views of Jesus—I've been so near to Him, that I forgot I was ill. Oh! I'm a brand plucked from the fire." Again: "I have had happy times with Jesus. On Wednesday night it appeared as though Jesus were beside me, and He said, 'It is sufficient—I am your keeper.' It was a happy time." Upon being asked if he were anxious to die, he answered, "Yes." "Is it because you want to be freed from suffering, or to be nearer Christ?" He replied, "To be with Christ, and then I know I shall be free from suffering; but I am willing to wait God's time."

Another day he said, "I am thirsting after Christ. Oh, what beauty I see in Jesus now! I was only beginning to see Him when you first visited me; but now I see such a fulness that I cannot describe it—it passes understanding." The tears were flowing down his cheeks

while speaking. One day he said, "The mind of man is a wonderful thing—it thinks, desires, and reasons—some thoughts cause peace and some gloom; but the most curious thing is, the mind is so formed by God that its desires are never fully satisfied but with one thing. Nothing can satisfy the guilty mind, dreading the wrath to come, but the knowledge of God; nothing can please the soul but the love of serving Him who is love; nothing can satisfy the immortal mind but to die unto Christ, and to awake up in His likeness amidst the glories of heaven, to enjoy the love of God for ever and ever—this is the mercy of God, and it is satisfying.

He was very anxious about those who were not seeking Jesus, and would often pray for them. He would tell them of the sweet comfort he had found since he had known the Lord Jesus Christ. He appeared always to have faith that God would strengthen him in his last hour. He would say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil," there is light amidst the shadows. I know whom I have believed. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at the last great day He will raise up this mortal body changed to immortal, washed in the blood of Jesus, and free from all sin and sorrow, and all pain. I shall dwell with all the ransomed of God's kingdom for ever and ever. Oh, blessed thought! who would not wish to die to be a partaker of such bliss?"

He often seemed to enjoy sweet communion with God, and used to say it was a foretaste of heaven—the bright visions appeared too much for his feeble frame. Once he said, "O wealth! O riches! O all the world! what would

you now avail me if I were not clad in Christ's righteousness? But, thanks be to God, I have the helmet of salvation, whereby I can defy the world, the flesh, and the devil." He said to a friend who called to see him ten days before his death, "Last night I thought I was dying when they lifted me into bed. I could not see any one in the room. I thought I was going. I forgot every one here, and was looking for Jesus—my Jesus—for I expected to open my eyes in heaven." He was expecting some friends to join him in commemorating the Saviour's death. In speaking of it he said, "If I had not been saved now, the sacrament would not save me. I only wish to receive it in remembrance of Christ having shed His blood for me;" thereby manifesting that he did not consider himself any nearer heaven by partaking of the Lord's Supper, but simply in obedience to Christ's command, "This do in remembrance of me." He delighted in showing forth Christ's death, knowing that remission of sins had been granted him through the shedding of His precious blood.

He said the next day, "I am still happy, anxiously looking for Jesus." And on his friend taking leave of him he said, "I shall not see you many more times; but we shall meet in heaven." A few days after this, the same friend saw EAMES again. He could not speak; but when his friend spoke to him of resting on Jesus, of being complete in Him, he raised his eyes towards heaven and smiled. Early on the morning of April 4th, 1849, he fell asleep in Christ. Shortly before he died he stretched forth his hands and said, "My blessed Jesus is here—Jesus is with me!"

THE FULNESS AND FREENESS OF CHRIST.

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, let him be never so guilty, never so filthy, never so unworthy, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." Lord, at whose door dost Thou stand knocking? Is it at the rich man's door? or at the righteous man's door? or at the qualified and prepared man's door? "No," says Christ, "it is at none of these doors."

At whose then, O blessed Lord? At the luke-warm Laodicean's door; at their door who are neither hot nor cold, who are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. "These," says Christ, "are the worst of the worst, yet if any of them shall open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." Ah, poor souls, Christ is willing to bestow the best gifts upon the worst sinners.—*Brooks.*

MAN'S DUTY TO HIS NEIGHBOUR—WHAT IS IT?

“*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*”—Rom. xiii. 9.

A question is asked, What is man's duty to his neighbour? and the apostle gives the answer, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” And the Lord Jesus gives the same answer to His disciples, and those that asked Him, in the days of His flesh, which is taken from Lev. xix. 18, and was commanded the children of Israel. When the Lord gave His law to the children of Israel, He also gave this command with it, “This do, and thou shalt live;” and, verily, in “keeping of His commandments there is great reward.” In tracing the children of Israel it is seen how they *did live* when they kept His law; and when they departed from it how the Lord chastised them by their enemies. But without dwelling further on the literal meaning of the words, let us see if we cannot find some blessed *spiritual* meaning in them. Some spiritual lessons can always be drawn from any scripture when the Holy Spirit, without whose teaching, help, and guidance is granted us, we cannot understand; He must give the hearing ear, and also the “understanding heart.” Since the fall, man cannot fulfil this command of God as His holy law requires; and there is only one man, the God-man Christ Jesus, that ever did fulfil it—many have tried at it, but never accomplished it. We have a remarkable instance, beloved, in the 19th of Matthew: “And, behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?” Jesus tells him, “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments:” one of which was, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” He tells Jesus he has done this, and asks, “What lack I yet?” Then comes the test, “Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.” This proved that other truth of the Saviour's, “Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also.” His treasures were upon earth, therefore his heart was; for at that saying he “went away sorrowful.” What an exact representation is this young man,

beloved, of the religion of the day—that of free-will, and meriting salvation by works. Thousands, like this young man, come with all their doings to Christ; and there is Free-will, with all her boasted dignity, enthroned in the sinner, with “What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?” It is very striking, that although no works of the sinner can gain him heaven, yet when persons came to Christ with the law and works in their hands, the blessed Jesus preached the law to them, and cut them out work enough to keep them working all their lives. You hear people talk and preach of working for salvation. Why, their own words condemn them! Because, had they really and earnestly worked for salvation, they would soon find it vain and ineffectual, and would despair of both *themselves* and their *works*; as dear HART says—

“How can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see what none e'er saw;
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law?”

It reminds me of the saying of a dear man of God, more than a hundred years ago, “The Arminians preach up works: but you must go to the Calvinists for them.” Whereas eternal life is not to be had by doing ANYTHING AT ALL—not even any *good thing*; and those who expect life that way will never have it. And those who do not know how it is to be had, or how it comes, I will tell them—it is not by “*doing*,” but by “*BELIEVING*.” In John iii. 36, Jesus himself says, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” How sweet is this, beloved; here is the secret. And observe how blessed it reads, “He that believeth *HATH* everlasting life;” not may have, or perhaps will have; oh no! no ifs, or perhaps, or peradventures; it is settled—a thing certain. The sinner is either living or dead. If dead, and is the Lord's, he will surely live; for Jesus says, “The dead shall hear His voice and live” (John v. 25). Here you see the Lord's order; it is not *do*, and then live, as Arminians hold; but it is *live*, and then do—“I

said unto thee in thy blood, Live" (Ezek. xvi. 6). Our blessed Jesus is not so hard-hearted (I speak it with reverence) as half of our preachers, who flog the sinner for not working, when he is not living. Such "blind leaders of the blind" will both at last "fall into the ditch," if mercy prevent not.

I have said man cannot fulfil this command of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But, beloved, I will show how it is fulfilled; and that is, by the Lord Jesus, on behalf of all His people. When He took His people's nature, He then became His people's neighbour. And did He not love His neighbour as Himself? Nay, more: "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die;" but He died for the wicked, and His neighbour was His enemy; and none but Jesus ever died for an enemy, if any have ever died for friends, instances of which there are. Well, then, Jesus has proved whether He loved His neighbour—first by His Father, when He left Him in His agony; second, by Justice, when it seized Him for His neighbours' debts; and, without going any further, by men, devils, hell, and death. All, all proved Him, whether He loved His neighbour as Himself. Oh, here was that love to His neighbour proved which is written of Him in Song viii. 7, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;" if it could, surely it would have been done when both earth and hell conspired to do it—that is why no works or doings can purchase this love, it is so precious. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for (this) love, it would utterly be contemned." Then, in that blessed parable (Luke x. 29—37), the account

of the man who fell among thieves, and was left half dead; but "a certain Samaritan had compassion on him." Then Jesus asked which of the three was his neighbour? How beautiful is this—the Lord Jesus speaking of another, but meant Himself all the time; but this religious young man could not see Him. If any doubt whether the Samaritan means Jesus, we will not stay to dispute; but one thing we do not doubt, beloved, but are sure of—that it was none but the blessed Jesus passed by *us* when we lay dead; it was none but Jesus was *our* neighbour—and this proved He loved His neighbour as Himself. Man's duty I have not said anything upon, and have not room to say much. We all know when a man takes a wife he takes her for better and for worse; all her debts become his, and his duty is to support and protect her in every way. So when Jesus took His Church to be His bride, His wife (Rev. xxi. 9), it became *His duty* to protect and save her; and, bless His holy name, He has done so, for the Holy Ghost, speaking by Paul, in Eph. v. 25, says, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." What the Holy Ghost says must be right. Then how wrong for those who say Christ died for the world—gave Himself for the world. Why, here you see, beloved, He only "loved the Church," not the world, and only gave Himself for *it*. Oh, WHAT LOVE! first loved it, then gave Himself for it—redeemed it. Did He not in this fulfil all duty? Oh yes; and went to the end; He is the "end of the law," and "love is the fulfilling of the law."

S.

"THE BURDEN OF THE FLESH."

WHEREFORE, O my soul, are the glorious things of God, and the important concerns of futurity, no greater in thy view? Because the remains of original corruption still keep thee at some distance from thy Maker; and hinder thee from seeing eternal realities in the momentous light they deserve. Why do the perishing interests of time appear so great? Because we are immediately conversant with them; and they have,

naturally, too deep a place in our vile affections. MILTON represents the seraph Uriel as dwelling in the sun. Was this, in a spiritual sense, our case, were our hearts right with God, and could we constantly walk in the near uninterrupted light of His blessed countenance, how would the world dwindle in our esteem; what a speck, what a comparative nothing, would it appear!—*Toplady*.

FREE GRACE *versus* FREE-WILL.*To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

SIR,—If you should deem the accompanying letter worthy of a corner in your excellent periodical, I shall feel glad of its insertion.

Mr. PARKS has been the honoured instrument in the Lord's hands in bringing me out of darkness into marvellous light; and you will see by the letter I have written to him, how I have profited by teaching.

I am, Sir, &c.,

Openshaw:

P. G.

DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR,—According to my promise I purpose giving you, as nearly as I can, the substance of a conversation which I had with a fellow-traveller on my way from Oldham to Ashton, on Good Friday afternoon, April 6.

Having overtaken a man on the road, I began the conversation by remarking, "This is a romantic looking place; can you tell me the name of this part of the country, for I have never been here before?" When he told me, I remarked, "Well, but if I have never travelled this road before, I doubt not but many thousands have who will never travel it again." "Yes, that shall be true," my companion remarked; "I have travelled it above forty years myself, and during that time I have seen many changes: but (said he) I often think what a brother of mine once said, that man when he came into the world was innocent, and pure, and good, but that he got spoiled by bad example and bad influences." I replied by saying "that I thought his brother was speaking *off the Book*, for that those remarks were contrary to the language of Scripture, which explicitly says, that "man is born in sin and shapen in iniquity," and that "from the womb he goes about speaking lies;" so that it was impossible to get pure water from an impure fountain: for, as our first parent sinned, and fell from purity, we his posterity have participated in his fall, and partaken of his infirmities." "Yes, yes," my com-

panion replied, "but man makes matters worse by not doing his duty, not complying with the instructions of the Bible. He has the power to obey, but will not use it. And you very truly say, that we all fell in Adam, but you forgot to add, that we may all rise again in Christ."

I replied, "I hope you will not be offended with me if I am very distinct in my remarks, for I can assure you, if you are right, I am dreadfully wrong. Believe me, man has not the power to obey the commands of God; and if he had, he has not the inclination. And as for making things worse, that I will not deny; but doing his duty will never make his soul acceptable in God's holy sight. Nothing but perfection can stand before Him, and nothing but perfection can proceed from Him; therefore He gives a perfect promise, but He knows right well that we have not the power to obey; but that lessens not the obligation on the part of man. Therefore if poor man has not a perfect Representative to stand in his shoes, he must be justly lost for ever. Again, I do not intend to say that the remedy is equal to the disease. The curse is universal—the blessing is limited. The curse is upon all Adam's natural seed—the blessing is only upon Christ's spiritual seed."

"Well," said my fellow-traveller, "I don't read my Bible in that way, and I don't want to do either. Salvation is free—free for every one. Bless God, if poor sinners will but come to Christ, they may buy wine without money and without price. He says, "Come unto me," &c. Christ will not deny Himself, if sinners only feel their want of Him. When I was in Oldham I felt hungry, and I bought some bread and cheese; I am satisfied now; I feel refreshed and strengthened. So it is with the sinner who feels his need of Christ; Christ is waiting to bless and save him. This is the Gospel. I recollect my grandfather, when he was seventy-three years old—and mind, he had always been a Church and king man; went to church sometimes, the

same as most churchmen do—(I bit my lips, and allowed him to proceed)—always a decent sort of a man. But one day when he was sick, he wanted his daughter to read to him out of the old Bible; and she read part of the third chapter of St. John, 'The wind bloweth,' &c. 'Read that again,' says he; and she read it again. 'Well,' says my grandfather, 'I have read my Bible all the days of my life, but I never read that before with such light;' and he got such an insight of his need of Christ, that he was converted, and subsequently died and went to glory."

I replied, "there is one great mistake which most free-willers make, viz., they mix up free grace with free-will. I agree with you in a free grace gospel, but not in a free-will gospel; and, although you say that you believe in Christ, allow me to tell you that you cannot believe in Him savingly except by a special act of the Holy Spirit, opening your eyes and heart, so that you may see and feel your lost estate by nature, and your utter inability to help yourself. There never was but one with a free will in this world, and that was Adam; and a sad mess he made of it, although the advantages which he possessed were a thousand times greater than ours: yet God, to show man that man could not live without his Maker's help, suffered him to fall, so that His glory and sovereign grace might subsequently shine forth with greater brilliancy and power in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. Not that we can really add or lessen the glory of God, for God is essentially happy in himself; we can only reflect His glory. Take and destroy this world, and all which it contains—yea, the universe itself, yet God will still be happy. Poor free-willers look upon God as a supplicant, begging of man to partake of the good things of the Gospel. I look upon such conduct as derogatory to the majesty of God. True, Christ says, 'Come,' &c.; but mind you, those only can come into whose heart His Holy Spirit has put a sense—a spiritual sense—of their want and need of Him. You would never have bought any bread and cheese, if you had not felt hungry; neither can

any poor sinner come to the Lord Jesus Christ except he feels his need of Him, and is spiritually hungry. Excuse me for speaking so long, you will think I am going to have all the talk to myself; but just allow me to tell you what I call the gospel plan."

"Well," says my fellow traveller, "before you proceed any further, allow me to say, that salvation is conditional. God has done His part: man has the power either to accept or reject the Gospel of Christ. I will not believe that God made any man to damn him; it would be unjust on the part of God to do so. God has given man a free will to act as he pleases, and I hope I shall never have any such narrow conceptions of God as you have just expressed. No, I am an old man, and I have served God a *many many* years, and I know what I am talking about. Bless God that ever I did know Him. *Salvation is free.* Some years ago I went to Manchester to hear one Wm. GADSBY preach, but he was from home on that day; and I went to hear old NUNN preach instead. And what do you think he said? Such horrid stuff he came out with, I shall never forget it; I was completely disgusted."

"Well, friend, I was going to try to describe the Gospel plan of man's salvation to you when you stopped me. May I now proceed?" "Yes," says he. "When man fell in the garden of Eden (you must bear in mind that God knew he would fall) a mighty plan previously drawn out by the Triune Jehovah was only beginning to manifest itself. A Saviour was promised, and in the fulness of time came, and was manifest in the flesh. But remember, that before the Saviour came, God from the beginning of time showed His sovereign power by making certain members of the human family the recipients of His grace and Divine favour; such as Abel, Enoch, Noah: and after the flood He set His love upon Abraham, even while he was a heathen. Afterwards He selected the nation of the Jews. Was it, do you think, because they were better than the other nations around them? No; the direct opposite is the truth. They were actually worse than any other nation or people on the face of the earth. Was

their salvation conditional, think you? Did God make the Egyptians to damn them, think you? Did God make devils to damn them, think you? What is man that he should question the sovereign power of Almighty God. Think you that God would not be just in sending you and me to hell for ever? Yes, I am sure He would. We deserve no better place; and in hell we should not have one word to say against His justice. And listen, if you and I are ever saved, it must be by the righteousness and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ imputed, and imparted to us by His Holy Spirit. Believe me, God has a people in the world, an elect people. He ever had, He ever will have, until the number of His jewels is complete. And as to your reference to Mr. NUNN, I never had the pleasure of hearing that man of God preach, but I can scarcely credit that he would make such assertions as you have stated. Allow me to add, that the Rev. Wm. NUNN was only like every man of God besides—slandered and misrepresented, his honour wounded, his Christian spirit vexed within him; but now I believe he rests in hope of a glorious resurrection."

"I cannot see with you," said my companion. "If we are to be saved, according to what you say, we shall be saved; come what will; we can live as we like, it is all right. But what do you think about so many thousands up and down the country being converted?"

I replied, "If it is God's work it will stand. He is not confined or limited to any means in His approach to the sinner; but you must not believe all that you see in print."

"Well," said he, "I will tell you a circumstance that came under my own notice. A young man that used to lodge with me (but now resides in B.) was lately converted; his conscience was so pricked, that he actually came from B. and knelt himself down at my bedside at 12 o'clock at night, and begged my pardon, for he confessed to having robbed me at various times of upwards of 6*l.* in money. What do you think of that?"

I replied, "It was good, but if he had given you the money back it would

have been better; but that it would be the best of all, if the young man was sincere in the sight of God. It is not in accordance with God's general plan to convert multitudes at once. Mind you, I do not say He cannot; for on one occasion 3,000 were converted. It is only here and there that you meet with a real heaven-taught being, a child of God; and let me tell you *that* child dare not live in sin. Sin is sometimes very sweet for the present moment, but he dares not love it, because God hates it; and if he has had the Spirit of Christ imparted to him, *he* will hate it too in his inmost heart. Sinning is our great infirmity; we shall ever sin while we are in the flesh: we can never be perfect here. And we can never stand in perfection before God except through the perfection of the Lord Jesus Christ, who will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, without giving any account of His matters. He is a sovereign in grace as well as a sovereign in nature; man cannot interfere at all with the works of God. If He does, he spoils them. You cannot make any conditions with the Almighty, except through Christ, who is the great Mediator between a perfect God and imperfect man. You say that salvation is free. That I will not deny; but I deny that it is for every one. If it is, every one will be saved; but the Word of God, backed by our own experience, tells us differently. Therefore it proves to a demonstration that it is not for every one; and if we have any power in ourselves in obtaining it, we shall become partners in our own salvation, and take part of the credit of it to ourselves: but we know that God says, "I will not give my glory to another."

My companion replied, "It's all very fine talking, but you'll find your mistake out some day."

I replied, "If I am wrong, I hope I shall; but I know *where you are*. I have been there myself. I know that you, and such as you, look upon such as I, and all entertaining similar views, as narrow-minded, conceited, and self-wise, without possessing any charity or philanthropy. But we cannot help *your* thoughts. I believe you are sincere in your religious profession; but

just one word with you, and then I've done. I cannot convince you, and you cannot convince me; but from what you say, you think that man has power to turn to God when he likes. I think, on the contrary, that all the power belongs to God. Your doctrine robs God of His glory; on the contrary, mine gives Him all the glory: and if I never see you again in this world, I believe that what I have told you is the truth—so good by."

"Good by," says my companion; and we parted.

I pursued my solitary course, thinking what a world I was in! I said to myself, Is religion a mockery? Is the Bible a fable? Is the soul immortal? Is there a futurity? A heaven and hell? Lord, teach me by thy Holy Spirit, and ever keep me in the paths

of truth, for the sake of Him who paid such a mighty ransom for the eternal security of His people! I can truly say in the language of the Psalmist, "Although I am small and of no reputation, yet forget not I Thy commandments!"

Dear pastor, excuse me for writing this long letter to you. I assure you I felt exceedingly interested in the conversation. I do not think I have given you all; but I have given you sufficient to prove to you again, if proof is necessary, that there are many thousands of professing Christians going down to perdition, because they think that they have the power to turn to God when they like; a power which only belongs to God.

Yours faithfully,

To Rev. W. Parks.

P. G.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

It was necessary that our Lord, in order to sympathize fully with His people, should not only identify Himself with their *nature*, but, in some degree, with their peculiar *circumstances*. This He did. It is the consolation of the believer to know, that the Shepherd has gone *before* the flock. He bids them not to walk in a path which His own feet have not first trod, and left their impress. As the dear, tender, ever-watchful Shepherd of His sheep, He "goeth before them;" and it is the characteristic of His sheep that they "follow Him." Our Lord was eminently fitted to enter sympathetically into every circumstance of His dear family, so that no believer shall be able to say, "Mine is a solitary case; my path is a lonely path; I walk where there are no foot-prints; I bear a cross which none have borne before me; surely Jesus cannot enter sympathetically into my circumstances!" Then there were an end to the tender sympathy of Christ. If there were a case among His dear family, of trial, affliction, or temptation, in which Jesus could not enter, then He could not be "in all points" the merciful and sympathetic High Priest. View the subject in any aspect, and ascertain if Jesus is not fitted for the peculiarity of that case. Shall we commence with the *finer* feelings of our

nature? They belong to Him; and in Him were of a far more exquisitely tender and chastened character than in us. His heart was delicately attuned to the gentlest harmony of ours; not a refined and tender emotion, but He possessed in a higher order the tenderest affection; the most delicate and confiding friendship were not strangers to His capacious heart. He knew, too, what it was to have those gentle ties rudely sundered by inconstancy, and painfully severed by death. Over the treachery of one, and the tomb of another, His sensitive spirit had poured out its grief. Beloved, the heart of Jesus is composed of the finest chords. You know not how accurately and delicately it is attuned to yours—whether the chord vibrates in a joyous or a sorrowful note. You are, perhaps, walking in a solitary path. There is a peculiarity in your trial—it is of a nature so delicate, that you shrink from disclosing it even to your dearest earthly friend; and though surrounded by human sympathy, yet there is a friend you still want, to whom you can disclose the feelings of your bosom—that friend is Jesus. There is sympathy in Jesus to meet your case. Go to Him—open all your heart; be not afraid—He invites, He bids you come.—From "*The Sympathy of the Atonement.*" By the Rev. O. Winslow.

THE FRUITS OF SELF-DENIAL.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I enclose my card and a post-office order for £2. I wish it was double what it is; but I have great pleasure in sending even this, though I wish it was more. I think you will, perhaps, laugh at the sums; but they have all been fancied wants, and instead of gratifying them, I put the money to my card, determining to keep it till it reached £2. Ah, dear friend, our real wants are few; who is it that is really content with such things as he or she has? I, for one, am ashamed of myself. "Thou shalt not covet" needs to sound continually in my ears; and I do long more and more to cease from living to self, to really live with Him whose I desire to be in life and death.

The Lord bless you, dearly loved friend, in *His work*. O I did so love to read what you said of telling *Himself all*, and not going to *man*. At times I hope I do love to tell *Him* what I would not tell to man; and yet, sweet paradox, it is a man I do tell it to, for man only

can feel for and sympathize with an awfully-tempted sinner; and were not this dear man God too (and therefore nothing is impossible to Him), oh, I must sink into despair, for none can help me but One to whom nothing is too hard.

Ah, dear brother, it is to Him who *was* tempted in *all points* I must go; for, look where I will, and ask who I will, none but He can enter into my case. And yet, though I know this, how I run to all but Him. How I slight this precious Friend! How I dishonour His dear name! How I deserve His wrath! Oh, wretch that I am, thus to requite His love and doubt His grace.

I am a sufferer still, dear friend; so excuse this short note: only I do love His service, if only to give a cup of cold water, and I love His servants dearly too. If you please to send me another card, and have patience with me, I may hope to spare you a trifle more.

Yours most affectionately,
Wisbeach. M. A. G.

CHEERING WORDS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN ONE PRECIOUS LORD,—What a precious portion of the hidden manna, how sweet to the taste, how refreshing to the soul! With the King's word there is power, when He said, "Arise and walk," He put strength within to do so. What a sweet *lifting up* under the light of His countenance! Oh, the privilege of "leaning on the Beloved," and looking up to Him whilst walking in the way of holiness! No lion to be feared then, but the adder and the dragon trodden under foot. This makes the weak say, I am strong—strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Now I know the Lord saveth His anointed. He saw me lying under a juniper-tree, and has holpen me with a little help. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but I will remember the name of the Lord our God: His way is perfect, and He is a buckler to all them that trust in Him. He has

indeed brought me far on my way, and not one thing hath failed of all His gracious promises; His mercies have been constant, abundant, overflowing. Oh, that I could praise Him in life, word, and deed; but He knows I am a bankrupt, and is content to, shower down His blessings without money and without price.

Your letter is most cheering. May the richest blessings of the God of Israel be upon you and yours.

I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours in the love of Jesus,

H. E. A. C.

P.S. I must tell you, since I finished this note, Mrs. T. (a sister of Miss C——) has thanked me for a few copies of *Old Jonathan* that I sent her. She is going to a meeting on behalf of the cabmen, and says she will take *Old Jonathan* with her to distribute. May the Lord make them a blessing.

THE CHARACTERS OF A BELIEVING CHRISTIAN, IN PARADOXES AND SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY LORD BACON.

CONCERNING this remarkable piece, Dr. PARR writes, in a letter to Mr. C. BUTLER, "But now comes the real difficulty. What shall we say to the 'Characters of a Believing Christian in Paradoxes and Seeming Contradictions?' Here I am quite at a loss to determine. If an ingenious man means to deride the belief of Christianity, could he have done it more effectually than in the work just now alluded to? Mr. HUME would say, 'No; there is some uncertainty as to the authenticity of this little tract.' I suspect that BACON meant to try his strength, and then to return quietly to the habitual conviction of his mind, that Christianity is true." Such was the learned pundit's opinion; but perhaps some of the less (humanly) learned readers of the *Gospel Magazine*, who, "by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil," may, like ourselves, form a very different one. In the year 1762, the third edition of the "Characteristics" was published, in a penny tract, with the following excellent preface:—

"In order to prevent a misconstruction of the following paradoxes, it may be needful to inform the reader, that, when rightly considered, they are no ways ludicrous, sarcastical, or profane; but solid, comfortable, and godly truths taught by the Holy Ghost in the school of experience, and well understood by them who are truly Christians. I do not say that every *babe* in Christ can understand them all; but this I think I may venture to affirm, he that understands none of them hath not yet learned his A B C in the school of Christ. But if any should ask me why I choose to publish his lordship's Paradoxes rather than any other, I answer, 1st, Because, though very comprehensive, yet they are but short, and may therefore be easily purchased by the poorer sort of Christians. 2ndly, That the *minute* philosophers and *ignoble* gentlemen of our day might hence be taught, that a fine gentleman, a sound scholar,

and a great philosopher, may be a Christian, since we find not only a *Paul*, a *Justin Martyr*, &c., but even in our own nation, so great a philosopher as my LORD BACON, espousing and confessing the Christian verity. In a word, reader, if thou understandest these few paradoxes, bless God for them; if thou understandest them not, thou mayest, like the *Eunuch*, call in some *Philip* to thy assistance; but, above all, permit me to advise thee to ask of the Father of lights, who giveth wisdom liberally, and upbraideth not.

"I am, for Christ's sake, thy friend and servant,
F. GREEN."

1. A Christian is one that believes things his reason cannot comprehend: he hopes for things which neither he nor any man alive ever saw; he labours for that which he knoweth he shall never obtain: yet, in the issue, his belief appears not to be false; his hope makes him not ashamed; his labour is not in vain.

2. He believes three to be one, and one to be three; a father not to be elder than his son; a son to be equal with his father; and one proceeding from both to be equal with both; he believing three persons in one nature, and two natures in one person.

3. He believes a virgin to be a mother of a son, and that very son of hers to be her maker; he believes him to have been shut up in the narrow room whom heaven and earth could not contain; he believes him to have been born in time who was and is from everlasting; he believes him to have been a weak child, carried in arms, who is the Almighty, and him once to have died who only hath life and immortality in himself.

4. He believes the God of all grace to have been angry with one that hath never offended him; and that God, that hates sin, to be reconciled to himself, though sinning continually, and never making, or being able to make him satisfaction; he believes a most just God to have punished a most just person, and to have

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justified himself, though a most ungodly sinner; he believes himself freely pardoned, and yet a sufficient satisfaction was made for him.

5. He believes himself to be precious in God's sight, and yet loathes himself in his own. He dares not justify himself even in those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes God accepts him in those services wherein he is able to find many faults.

6. He praises God for His justice, and yet fears Him for His mercy. He is so ashamed as that he dares not open his mouth before God; and yet he comes with boldness to God, and asks Him anything he needs. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but evil; and yet believes that God means him all good. He is one that fears always, yet is as bold as a lion. He is always sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving of thanks. He is the most lowly-minded, yet the greatest aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving.

7. He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition; when he is ablest, he thinks meanest of himself. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches. He believes all the world to be his, yet he dares take nothing without special leave from God. He covenants with God for nothing, yet looks for a great reward. He loseth his life and gains by it; and whilst he loseth it, he saveth it.

8. He liveth not to himself, yet of all others he is most wise for himself. He denieth himself often, yet no man loveth himself so well as he. He is most reproached, yet most honoured. He hath most afflictions, and most comforts.

9. The more injury his enemies do him, the more advantages he gains by them. The more he forsakes worldly things, the more he enjoys them.

10. He is the most temperate of all men, yet fares most deliciously; he lends and gives most freely, yet he is the greatest usurer; he is meek towards all men, yet inexorable by men. He is the best child, husband, brother, friend; yet he hates father and mother, brother and sister. He loves all men as himself, yet hates some men with a perfect hatred.

11. He desires to have more grace than any man hath in the world, yet is truly sorrowful when he seeth any man have less than himself; he knoweth no man after the flesh, yet gives all men their due respects; he knoweth if he please man he cannot be the servant of Christ; yet for Christ's sake he pleaseth all men in all things. He is a peacemaker, yet is a continual fighter, and is an irreconcilable enemy.

12. He believes him to be worse than an infidel that provides not for his family, yet himself lives and dies without care; he accounts all his superiors, yet stands stiffly upon authority. He is severe to his children, because he loveth them; and, by being favourable unto his enemy, he revengeth himself upon him.

13. He believes the angels to be more excellent creatures than himself, and yet accounts them his servants; he believes that he receives many good things by their means, and yet he neither prays for their assistance, nor offers them thanks, which he doth not disdain to do to the meanest Christian.

14. He believes himself to be a king, how mean soever he be; and how great soever he be, yet he thinks himself not too good to be a servant to the poorest saint.

15. He is often in prison, yet always at liberty; a freeman, though a servant. He loves not honour amongst men, yet highly prizeth a good name.

16. He believes that God hath bidden every man that doth him good to do so; he yet, of any man, is the most thankful to them that do aught for him. He would lay down his life to save the soul of his enemy, yet will not adventure upon one sin to save the life of him who saved his.

17. He swears to his own hindrance, and changeth not; yet knoweth that his oath cannot tie him to sin.

18. He believes Christ to have no need of anything he doth, yet maketh account that he doth relieve Christ in all his acts of charity. He knoweth he can do nothing of himself, yet labours to work out his own salvation. He professeth he can do nothing, yet as truly professeth he can do all things; he knoweth that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believeth he shall go to heaven both body and soul.

19. He trembles at God's word, yet counts it sweeter to him than honey and the honey-comb, and dearer than thousands of gold and silver.

20. He believes that God will never damn him, and yet fears God for being able to cast him into hell. He knoweth he shall not be saved by, nor for, his own good works, yet he doeth all the good works he can.

21. He knoweth God's providence is in all things, yet is so diligent in his calling and business as if he were to cut out the thread of his happiness. He believes before-hand that God hath purposed what he shall be, and that nothing can make Him to alter His purpose, yet prays and endeavours, as if he would force God to save him for ever.

22. He prays and labours for that which he is confident God means to give; and the more assured he is, the more earnest he prays for that he knows he shall never obtain, and yet gives not over. He prays and labours for that which he knows he shall be no less happy without; he prays with all his heart not to be led into temptation, yet rejoiceth when he is fallen into it; he believes his prayers are heard, even when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he prays against.

23. He hath within him both flesh and spirit, yet he is not a double-minded man; he is often led captive by the law of sin, yet it never gets dominion over him; he cannot sin, yet can do nothing without sin; he doth nothing against his will, yet maintains he doth what he would not; he wavers and doubteth, yet obtains.

24. He is often tossed and shaken, yet is as Mount Sion; he is a serpent and a dove; a lamb and a lion; a reed and a cedar. He is sometimes so troubled, that he thinks nothing to be true in religion; yet if he did think so, he could not at all be troubled. He thinks sometimes that God hath no mercy for him, yet resolves to die in the pursuit of it. He believes, like Abraham, against hope, and though he cannot answer God's logic, yet, with the woman of Canaan, he hopes to prevail with the rhetoric of importunity.

25. He wrestles, and yet prevails; and though yielding himself unworthy of the least blessing he enjoys, yet,

Jacob-like, he will not let him go without a new blessing. He sometimes thinks himself to have no grace at all, and yet, how poor and afflicted soever he be besides, he would not change conditions with the most prosperous man under heaven that is a manifest worldling.

26. He thinks sometimes that the ordinances of God do him no good, yet he would rather part with his life than be deprived of them.

27. He was born dead; yet so that it had been murder for any to have taken his life away. After he began to live he was ever dying.

28. And though he hath an eternal life begun in him, yet he makes account he hath a death to pass through.

29. He counts self-murder a heinous sin, yet is ever busied in crucifying the flesh, and in putting to death his earthly members; not doubting but there will come a time of glory, when he shall be esteemed precious in the sight of the great God of heaven and earth, appearing with boldness at His throne, and asking anything he needs; being endued with humility by acknowledging his great crimes and offences, and that he deserveth nothing but severe punishment.

30. He believes his soul and body shall be as full of glory as them that have more; and no more full than theirs that have less.

31. He lives invisible to those that see him; and those that know him best do but guess at him: yet those many times judge more truly of him than he doth of himself.

32. The world will sometimes account him a saint, when God accounteth him a hypocrite; and afterwards, when the world brandeth him for a hypocrite, then God owned him for a saint.

33. He, death, makes not an end of him. His soul which was put into his body, is not to be perfected without his body; yet his soul is more happy when it is separated from his body than when it was joined unto it. And his body, though torn in pieces, burnt to ashes, ground to powder, turned to rottenness, shall be no loser.

34. His Advocate, his Surety, shall be his Judge; his mortal part shall become immortal; and what was sown in corruption and defilement shall be

raised in incorruption and glory; and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness. Glory be to God.

Reader, it will be no unprofitable em-

ployment to do, what we have not at this moment time to do—supply the Scripture proofs to these spiritual paradoxes. W. M.

“QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.”

1 THESS. v. 19.

It is to be feared that not a few of the Redeemer's family—knowing that Paul was writing to believers—regard this text with a certain amount of horror, owing to their not being well-grounded in the truth which runs through the whole of Scripture, that it is as impossible for a believer (who is a member of Christ's body) to be lost, as it is for Christ himself (the Head of that body) to be lost.

To those believers who cannot live in the enjoyment of the everlasting covenant made by the Father with the Son on behalf of His people, we would say for their encouragement, that their souls are, notwithstanding their feelings, as secure as God himself can make them; for the Saviour's words are, like Himself, ever the same—“He that believeth *shall* be saved.”

Yes, beloved, believing brother or sister, weak and fearful, apprehensive of every breath of Satan's mouth, lest by it you should be blown away into eternal misery, truly has the poet said of you—

“More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven.”

The dear Redeemer loves, with an equal love, her who, with trembling steps, afraid of being seen, comes behind Him to touch, as it were, but the hem of His garment; and him who can with boldness look Him, as it were, in the face, and say, “Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee.”

“Quench not the Spirit.” A living Commentator* thus remarks on this text—“The thought of *removal* is not connected with the word ‘quench;’ as the quenching of a lamp does not imply its *removal*, but simply the quenching of its *manifested flame*.”

If we work out the apostle's illustration, we may suppose that the lamp

represents the body of the believer, the oil the Holy Spirit, and the flame the fruits of the Spirit.

It is patent to all, that when I quench a lamp I do not act upon the *oil*, but simply upon the *manifested flame* produced by the oil. The oil remains where it was, and is capable of reproducing a similar flame at a future time. So if I quench the Spirit, in myself or in another person, I do not *remove the Spirit*, but simply quench *some flame* produced by that Spirit. The Spirit remains, and is capable of reproducing a similar flame at a future time. For example—the son of wealthy, worldly, haughty parents, becomes a Christian; anxiety for the souls of all in the house is a flame kindled by the Spirit, but again and again is that flame quenched by the haughtiness of his parents, or, it may be, by his own natural haughtiness: yet, let those difficulties be overcome, and the flame will burn brightly—you will see that young man labouring earnestly for the salvation of the souls even of the domestics.

Again. Some time since a Christian friend was leaving the country in rather straitened circumstances, and requested of me the loan of five pounds. I, being over-ruled by one near to me, refused; and I shall never forgive myself as long as I live. The flame produced in my heart by the Spirit was sympathy with a member of Christ's body; that flame was quenched by the person mentioned. I need not say a word upon the impropriety of quenching love, sympathy, or any other fruit of the Spirit, in myself or in another person, under any circumstances whatever.

It is, I conceive, a misapprehension to suppose that because “the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul,” He may also depart from one of God's people; for Saul was not among that number.

It is said (1 Sam. x. 6), “The Spirit

* Mr. B. W. Newton.

of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into *another man*." And again (ver. 9), "God gave him another heart." But we have abundant proof that God did not give him the "*new heart*," or implant within him the "*new man*;" which "new heart" or "new man" is the characteristic of every one upon whom the Holy Spirit, in His saving operations, descends, and which forms an *indissoluble* bond of union between the Saviour and the person brought under those operations.

The Spirit of the Lord, I apprehend, came upon Saul simply to endue him with the necessary qualifications for discharging the duties of the office to which God had called him, as was the case with the judges of Israel, and others. Even when it is said of David (1 Sam. xvi. 13), that "the Spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward," it is to be understood only in an official sense, and is not to be confounded with the saving operations of the Spirit, under the power of which David was also brought, in addition to his being officially capacitated, by the Spirit, for the office of king of Israel. The two operations were, in a sense, distinct. The monarch endues a subject with power to act for him, but that sub-

ject is not necessarily his son—his child. Saul was not necessarily a child of God because he was fitted, by the Spirit of God, to perform certain acts and discharge certain duties.

Endless confusion will follow, if we regard the Spirit's operations on men as being confined to the work of conversion. We shall, in that case, be required to believe that Balaam was converted; that the messengers of Saul (1 Sam. xix. 20) were converted; nay, that Saul himself was converted (for after the Spirit of the Lord had departed from him, it is said (1 Sam. xix. 23) that "the Spirit of God came upon him, and he prophesied"), unless we admit (which we dare not do, in opposition to God's truth) that the Spirit may descend upon a man, the man may become a believer, and afterwards, from some cause in the man, the Spirit may depart from him. God's truth warrants my saying that it is as impossible for a believer to sin away the Holy Spirit as it would be to take away the existence of that Spirit.

Some say this doctrine encourages licentiousness. Such, I think, have never been brought under the power and preciousness of this truth; for, that it acts powerfully to discourage any such wickedness is the constant experience of

JOHN.

FELLOW-FEELING.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I herewith send you the first half of my promised paper on the Temptation, and hope to send the conclusion in the course of the month.

When I read your remark in the "Page from the Book of Providence"—"I can do more with the Lord than with men; and I would sooner, a thousand to one, ask anything of the Lord than of my fellow-creatures," I said to myself, "Why, this is what I always feel, and what I thought no one but myself did feel!" Ah, dear brother, I doubt if even you could sympathize fully with my intense repugnance to depend upon the help or ask a favour of man; a feeling all the more painful to me, because, like you, I always set it down to the pride of "my dunghill heart," though,

like you again, whenever I have asked man's favour it has been withheld. Well—glorious truth!—*we have the Lord still!* "Blessed is the man who hath the God of Jacob for his help; and whose trust is in the Lord his God." He will never fail us; He will never disappoint us; if our faith can but lay hold of Him we shall not be ashamed or confounded, world without end.

I was much pleased also with the lines on "The Cloud of Witnesses. Who is '000,' of *Bedminster*?" Hymns and hymn-writers are very interesting subjects to me; could not "000" tell us something about some of them? I should be glad to cast in some little information I have collected.—Very faithfully yours,

Liverpool.

W. M.

PATIENCE.

"Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord."—James v. 7.

JAMES was here writing for the comfort of some of his brethren under trial and affliction, and exhorting them unto a patient suffering of affliction unto the time that the Lord should come to deliver them; and to those who know the restlessness of their own minds under trial, and who long to, but cannot, feel this patient endurance, these words, if sent from the Lord, will always prove a very salutary exhortation.

Afflictions are the common lot of mankind; but the Lord so works the afflictions of His people that, although they may be exactly like a worldling's, in their appearances, yet they work quite a different result in them. Job's afflictions would likely have made a worldling hang himself; but it humbled Job in the sight of God. Jacob's trials would most likely have done the same for him, but under the sanctifying hand of God they led him to look upwards. The fact is, the Lord not only orders and carves out our trials in kind, weight, and measure, but also works *in us* in strict agreement with his trials *out of us*; and so providence *without* and grace *within*, both worked by the same great hand upon the pivot of his unvarying love, cannot but work results different—far different—from what trials must do for a worldling.

But one of the most remarkable works of the Lord is to lay a heavy burden upon the poor sinner's shoulders, and yet work in him so as to make him patient under it. This is what James aimed at. He was not exhorting the people to try and scheme themselves out of their trials (that they will surely be at without any instruction either from the Lord or His servants), but to patiently wait until the Lord should come to deliver them. A child of God in trouble is sure to be any thing but patient. David said he should one day perish by the hand of Saul, and the Lord's anointing him to the kingdom would all be futile. Jacob said every thing was against him. Ephraim was like a bull unaccustomed to the yoke. Job and Jeremiah cursed the day they were born. Anything but patient endur-

ance this. Still, by and by the Lord gave the proper turn; and when He does (and He *always will*), then the poor soul will say, "surely after I was *turned* I repented, and after I was instructed I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth." This *turn* originates with the Lord. We should always go on plunging and floundering, wriggling and twisting, complaining and rebelling, unless He gave the turn; hence one who knew this cried out, "*Turn me, and I shall be turned.*" It may consist only in a thought; but still He must give the right thought at the right time, or it will never turn us to Him. It may be by the Word sweetly sliding across the mind, throwing a new light upon our path, and raising up fresh life in the soul. Still that word must come direct from Him, or it will never turn us to Him. We may be turned from one source of relief to another, and from this to a third; and so go on all our lives: but shall never turn to Him until He works it in us. He did it by only *looking at Peter*; but still it was the same *power that spoke Lazarus from his cave, lifted Ezekiel from the ground, and looked Peter from his self-confidence.*

The Lord often sees fit to raise His people up to a sweet patient reliance upon Him, in preference to delivering them from their trials; in fact, He gets more honour by the first than He does by the last. James speaks of "*suffering affliction*," of laying down and "*enduring*" trial, and of a "*patient waiting*" for the Lord to come and deliver. This is not the work of the flesh. Nature will not do this; the Lord only can. Hence the apostle exhorts them by a figure, "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath *long patience* for it." This *long patience* is no easy task while the Lord's hand keeps pressing us sore; yet, when the Lord works this long patience in us, how sweet it is to lie passive in His hand and know no will but His: and when we find *our* carping wills rising up and objecting to *His* will, to cry out to

have our wills brought down, that His alone may reign. How many times the child, with a playful spirit, pleads for his fleshly will to be brought into the Lord's, and sings—

"Renew our wills from day to day,
Blend them with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done."

I speak it advisedly when I say, that this rich experience in the soul, simple as it may seem, is more to be coveted than deliverance from trial. This is what the apostle exhorted to, and this may the children of God plead for—"the Lord direct our hearts unto the love of Christ, and the patient waiting for His coming."

Hastings.

CEPHAS.

FAITH'S ESTIMATE OF AFFLICTIVE DISPENSATIONS.

(Continued from page 575, Dec., 1859.)

"And she answered, It is well."—2 Kings iv. 26.

To have a frame of heart of a piece with these words is one of the highest attainments of faith; and it brings to my mind the apostle's prayer for the believing Colossians (ch. i. 11), "That ye might be strengthened with all might according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." According to the degrees of that glorious power, which is communicated from God to the believer, so does his faith in God increase or decline.

All our strength is from above; it is not lodged within. Our supplies are from God, not from ourselves. Be the affliction ever so heavy, be the continuance of it ever so long; if the Christian be favoured with the might of God's power, he is strengthened to bear it with all joyfulness. Whence is it else that so great an example of faith as Jacob was, when he comes to part with his beloved Benjamin, for awhile finds himself so exceedingly distressed? When he was turned out of his father's house with his staff only, he is submissive and content; and afterwards, when Esau came out against his with 400 men, he acts with moderation and prudence, sets every drove in order, prepares his presents, and gives every one a speech for his brother (Gen. xxxii. 16). Surely at this time he believed "*all was well.*" But when Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and Benjamin is going after them, all these things are against me (Gen. xlii. 36). God left faith alone there, and then it soon fails. If the arm of His power be withheld, the actings of our faith soon cease. Hence I conceive it

is that the Holy Ghost lays such an emphasis upon the story which my text is a part of. "Through faith, women received their dead raised to life again:" the emphasis lies upon the persons, not so much upon their faith, or the glorious effect of it—"Through faith, women," &c. Such as had the warmest passions, and tenderest affections, and therefore the most aggravating sorrow when all that was dear to them was gone, even they believed: faith conquered nature; there was submission under heart-rending providences, because they believed. The mighty power of God, when a believer rests upon that, all things are safe, "*all is well.*" When Jacob lost but one son, he refused to be comforted (Gen. xxxvii. 35); this good woman in my text had but one to lose, and no hope of another in his room, yet she says, "*It is well.*"

So that the doctrinal observation raised from the words was this, Faith in God's promise and power will bring a man to submit to the sorest and most trying dispensations of providence: or faith, when it is in exercise, will teach a Christian to say of all God does, "*It is well.*"

In discoursing on which, I proposed, I. To show you what submission is; or how and in what sense we are to understand the expression in my text, "*It is well.*" This has been considered; and we come now,

II. To show what are the grounds of this submission, or whence it is that a believer says of all God does, "*It is well.*"

1. The sovereignty of God is a ground of this submission. God has an absolute power, and right of dominion, over all His creatures, to dispose and determine of them as seemeth Him good; He has a right to do what He will with His own. This quieted Aaron when fire from heaven consumed his two sons (Lev. x. 3). "*Aaron held his peace.*" And Eli, when that tingling sentence was denounced against him and his household (1 Sam. iii. 18), he said, "*It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.*" This gave David ease, when he was driven from God's sanctuary, and his throne usurped by his ungodly son (2 Sam. xv. 26); "Behold, here I am let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him." In these instances the affliction was not only borne, but *accepted*; as the word is (Lev. xxvi. 41), "If their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they then accept of the punishment of their iniquity, then will I remember my covenant with Jacob," &c.; that is, willingly borne, contentedly enjoyed. So AINSWORTH renders it. O, it is a sweet frame when our trials are *accepted* ones; when God's chastening hand is esteemed a kindness; when physic as well as food excites our thankfulness. I do not say God's sovereignty alone, in our clearest views of it, will of itself bring our souls to this: yet this I say, that sovereignty works submission. How dare I repine that God takes away part of my substance, when He has a right to all? My children, my friends, my frames, were all but lent me. God gives us nothing to have and to hold but His Christ (and we cannot always see our hold of Him). Why should I object, why murmur, why gainsay? Doth He give any account of His matters? Is it befitting Him that has absolute dominion over all His creatures, to be arraigned at man's bar? Or is it in my breast, by all my devices, reasonings, and demurs, to change the purposes of His heart? Lord, I will puzzle myself no longer with *hows* and *whys*, and *yets*; Thou hast done it. I rest there. It seemed good in Thy sight; that's reason sufficient. Thus God has left it, and I dare not bring in my yet—"Lord, I would fain have it otherwise." My friends, you bring in a bill of complaints against God and His pro-

vidence; this grieves you, the other is not right with you: a third thing you find hard to submit to. Pray, where is there any one has a trial like Aaron, Eli, David? And yet the remedy was near, and it is a tried one—"It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." This never fails when it is well applied. If it be really taken it will do you good; but it is not enough to look at the cup, and then turn away your head from it: or take it as children do physic, with their eyes shut. No, no; the more you weigh matters over the better always. The more purely faith eyes God's sovereignty in all, the stronger are the actings of it; "it is the Lord," and Eli has nothing more to do with it. Let God choose my portion; best I am sure then it will be, and pleasantest in the end: for, even when He acts as a sovereign, He forgets not His relation as a father; in His hands we are safe. Faith acts herein with the greatest reason, for it is the highest reason to leave all with Him who worketh, ordereth, over-ruleth, all that befalls us for His own glory and our spiritual good. This, therefore, is one reason or ground of this submission.

2. The justice and righteousness of God is a further ground of submission (Job xxxiv. 31), "Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement; I will not offend any more." If sin sits heavy, all afflictions will soon appear light; and the sensible Christian is for digging deep into his own heart: for the more spiritual sins, which are most offensive to God, are most secret and hidden. Bye-ends and aims in duty, pride, vain-glory, carnal confidence, insensibleness under providential rebukes, worldly dispositions, lifeless frames, creature-love, and hopes, and expectations. Where is the man free from these things? And yet, when awful strokes come, where must I look for the Christian who is patient and submissive under them? Who if he does not fret and fume under the rod, yet is not apt to harbour thoughts within, as if God dealt hard measures by him? Sirs, converse more with the nature and perfection of God; converse more with His holy law; converse more with thy creatureship, and more with thy natural guilt and corruption: or else submission, as necessary a

duty as it is, will never be practised by thee. When a Christian is in a right frame, his heart always goes with Ezra's words (chap. ix. 13), "After all that is come upon us, for our evil deeds, and for our great trespasses, thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." The best way to prize our mercies is to be affected with our sin. Scarce any trial comes but a little heart-examination will suggest what the cause is. But where there is no special sin for which God visits, is it not enough to reconcile thee to the stroke, that thou art so unhumiliated, so unholy; that thy heart starts aside so oft from God: that thou art so far from Him, so unlike Him, so full of plague sores, from which thou hast not been thoroughly cleansed? When once thy heart comes to be duly affected with these things; when God speaks (as Zophar has it, Job xi. 5, 6), "when He shows thee the secrets of wisdom, that they are double to that which is," that which appears to be; thou wilt have sensible apprehensions and knowledge of this, "that God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth." Just thoughts of the justice and righteousness of God is another argument of submission.

3. The wisdom of God, as exercising itself in all that befalls the Christian, is a further ground of submission. To this holy Job has recourse (chap. ix. 4), "He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength: who hath hardened Himself against Him and hath prospered?" The expression imports (says CARYL) "that He hath infinite wisdom. His is not wisdom only in the tongue, or some flashes of wit, but deep, solid, rooted wisdom." He is God only wise. From eternity He saw what we should need in time; and our supplies were all wisely adjusted, settled, and proportioned in the everlasting covenant: and therefore nothing can be wrong which we meet with in time; it is all the way to rest. The way lies through thorns, and briers, and crosses, and snares; the *wisdom* of God has so ordered it for the best; there is no getting any other way to glory. What was said of Israel of old, is true of us now, "And He led them the right way, that He might bring them to a city of habitation" (Psm. cvii. 7). We know it was not the shortest way, nor was it

the smoothest, but it was the right way. It was the way which God's wisdom had appointed, as best suiting with their froward tempers, and the ends of His own glory. Alas, till we get to see this, we shall never speak the words of my text from the heart. If we do not see God's *wisdom* in our trials, we shall never be thoroughly brought to submission under them. Look at them afresh; see, inquire; it may be you have passed over some circumstances attending them too lightly. Whatever your burden be, it is suited to you back; it is the proper trial of your faith. "By these things" (says Hezekiah) "men live, and in all these things are the life of my spirit" (Isa. xxxviii. 16). Every single circumstance attending your trials has its use, and makes most surely for your advantage. Perhaps you have a stout spirit. God sees it proper to break your heart with reproaches, to lash you with the scourge of tongues; or it may be your credit sinks, your reputation wastes; or else, it may be, strong pain upon your bed pulls you down, till you look no higher than just yourself. This was the very trial you needed; for by it the end for which it was sent is attained. Or it may be you are of a tender spirit, your heart has been wrapped up in the creature; here you have settled, fixed, and nothing could move you from it. Well, God will deal with that to kill your creature-love and delight; your all is taken away with a stroke. He rends the creature from you; husband, wife, children, friends. God removes these to bring your heart nearer to Himself; or it may be you are of an ambitious, aspiring temper; but as you climb, so you fall. God unravels your schemes, breaks your plots, *advances* you to poverty; and a blessed advancement that is in your case: it is what best suits you. You could not bear to be rich, to be used tenderly, to be indulged. Again, others there be who are cross, rugged, who value no man. The world smiles; the creatures they have, wife, children, lands, &c., all are with them: and they are of that unhappy temper, they think all no more than they deserve. But infinite wisdom has provided for them too; God will bring down their high looks: they shall be afflicted ~~in~~ the creature. Their sorrows

shall grow out of the root, in the fruit whereof they expected comfort; no stroke so heavy, no rod so smarting as this. Moses had his Zipporah, Abigail a Nabal; David had Absalom; Ammon, Adonijah. Better follow children to the grave, than bring them up for hell. The thought wounds as it enters the heart; yet there is wisdom in all this, because no other physic will reach the case, no other affliction will do you so much good, therefore God applies this. And then as to the time of an affliction, God's wisdom shines in that. When you began to grow weary, Him, heartless in duty, proud of gifts, or fixed in some evil course, then was the time that the hand of God was lifted up; He would bear no longer. And is there not also wisdom seen in making contraries work together for your good? That which is now your burden, might have been your ruin. "Out of the eater comes forth meat." Joseph's seeming death was the way to save his father and his family alive. *Our sorest crosses are often made the way to our sweetest comforts.*

Thus a believer cannot reason always, but finds it hard to believe so it shall be, when the trial is upon him; but he rests here, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known" (Ps. lxxvii. 9). Oh, says the Christian, my God is here; the dispensation is not so dark but I see God in it: He works deep. Trace Him I cannot, but follow Him I will; it is my duty and my delight to resign to Him. I cannot wade in the sea, it is out of my depth; but God can walk there. The reasons of His dealings with me I see not, but they are laid in infinite wisdom. I may believe Him, trust Him, hope in Him, though I cannot see Him. He knows His own way; let that suffice. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Be still; say no more. God, a God of counsel and wisdom, hath thee by the hand, and He will not fail thee. "Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron" (Psm. lxxvii. 20). *God's infinite wisdom is a ground of submission in the darkest steps of His providence.*

4. The love and mercy of God is a further ground of submission. These are always at the bottom of the sorest trials; and when the believer sees this,

he says of whatever God does, "*It is well.*" If He chastens, He sustains, and refines when He tries. "He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold" (Job xxiii. 10). Gold loses nothing by the fire but its dross; it is not consumed in the fire, but only made more pure. There is a sparing justice, and a punishing mercy. Thus God says of the wicked (Ezek. xvi. 42), "So will I make my fury towards thee to rest, and my jealousy shall depart from thee; and I will be quiet, and will be no more angry," enough to make one tremble at the hearing of it. If God corrects no more, He will destroy next. Here is a sparing justice. To the godly there is also a punishing mercy (1 Cor. xi. 32), "When we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." There is a blessing hid in the worst of things; better to be punished now, than to perish for ever: it is kindness in using the rod to prevent the child's ruin. (Amos iii. 2), "You only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities." Above all others, says God, I will see to you; and it is condescending love in Him thus to punish. Why should He not give us up? He might say, as in Isa. i. 5, "Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more." But His love, His mercy, holds out still. The believer, in the most dark and cloudy day, has light enough to read so far in the name of the Lord, as that He is Jehovah, merciful and gracious. Two things, when faith is ever so little helped, it will discern and rejoice in; namely, sparing mercy in this life, and saving mercy in that which is to come. It was a melancholy time with the church (Lam. iii.). God had brought her into darkness, inclosed her ways, filled her soul with gall and wormwood; yet when she bethinks herself, says she (ver. 22), "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." We are yet on this side hell; it is not so bad with us but it might have been worse. God lives still, and His compassions are as full, as free, as ever; "in these is continuance, and we shall be saved." A full end is not made of us,

be our trials what they will; "in measure when it shooteth forth God doth debate with it." Sparing mercy we see here, and saving mercy will follow after. Now, whatever comfort God removes, He does not take away His Christ, His great gift; our pains may be great, but His comforts are sweet, and infinitely overbalance them. Though our bodies may be covered over with sores, our souls, our consciences, are sprinkled with blood (Heb. xii. 24). Blessed trial which brings us thither! To be sure love is in it, or else Christ would never have been rendered precious by it. And then the rest remaineth for us; and it is well kept, for Christ hath possession of it, "thither as our forerunner He is for us entered" (Heb. vi. 19). Not gone as a private person into the rest, but gone thither as our representing Head, to occupy our place against we come thither. It is a comfort to the saints, that in this world they have the worst place they shall ever have; things grow better with us daily, as every day brings us nearer to our Father's house. A traveller has but little concern that his money is all spent, when he has got within sight of home. What though there be no candles in the house, when we are sure break of day is near? The believer is looking for the mercy of Christ unto eternal life; and there is much mercy amidst all the trials which he meets with in his way to it. Every cross is sweetened with some mercy. This is another argument for submission. I should go on; but one word of use shall close at present—it is this:—

USE.—Observe providence, if you would profit by it. Experiments are reckoned choice things; they are to be laid by, and kept against a time of need (Psm. cvii. 43). "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." A Christian should be best versed in the history of his own life; there is always matter of instruction and entertainment there. Do not let signal mercies pass and repass without taking account of them (Deut. viii. 2); "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no." Some of the minutest circumstances of providence are the sweetest, because they are introductory to many others. Ahasuerus's not sleeping was the circumstance which led the way to the salvation of all the nation of the Jews. Three things I would earnestly recommend to myself and you to be well studied; each of our pains in the work will be abundantly recompensed by the pleasure of it: one is the study of providence, the other of grace, the third of our own hearts. A Christian may find work enough there, to keep him employed all his life long. Observe providence if you would profit and be instructed by it; "whoso is wise will observe these things." Much spiritual wisdom it argues, and much of God's lovingkindness will you discover by it.

(To be continued.)

WE SOW NOW; WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.

At early morning sow,
At evening scatter seed;
We cannot tell when it may grow—
When God may bless the deed.
Though barren is the soil,
And little fruit appears,
Yet we should never cease to toil,
E'en though we sow in tears.
If we must often weep,
There is a season due—
A proper time when we shall reap,
Nor shall our sheaves be few:
That harvest now delays,
Like bread on waters cast,
Which may not come for many days,
But shall appear at last.

We still must persevere,
We still must sow the grain;
Duties alone are ours here,
Results with God remain.
He always comforts those
Who are in grief cast down:
Though small success He now bestows,
He shall with victory crown.
Those who now weeping go,
And precious seed do bear,
And who beside all waters sow,
Let not their hearts despair;
They shall not always mourn,
Though fond desires are cross'd;
For they rejoicing shall return,
And not a sheaf be lost.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN, ABOUT THE DREADFUL SIN OF LYING.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight (Prov. xii. 22). The lip of truth shall be established for ever (xii. 19). He that speaketh lies shall perish" (xix. 9).

WE can vouch for the truth of these sayings when we consider that the words "Thou shalt not lie," are one of the commands of God spoken from Mount Sinai, and has been repeated by all his servants in succession. And we know that, sooner or later, the breaking of the commandments of God brings woe. We have many instances on record of God's just judgments for this sin, but where one more striking than the case of Ananias, and Sapphira his wife? And, through later ages, we have heard and seen of endless pain and misery arising from its baleful influence.

There are lies which stand before men in a more hideous form than others, but in the eye of God they all stand stripped of any garment which may have hid from mortal vision their loathsomeness.

There is the lie which, with gigantic stride, goes forth to injure nations; the lie that crawlth into the family circle; and the lie which entereth the heart of a *little child*; this is the small seed of a most noxious weed, which, if it spread and is not stayed, will soon choke the ground.

It is of one of these, which fell into the heart of a fair young child, that I fain would tell you, which, if it had not been upturned, would have sprouted, growing with her growth and strengthening with her strength; but, happy for that fair one that it was, for the soil into which it had fallen was rich and fertile, and whether wheat or weeds fall into ground like this, it will flourish if once it strikes a root, in due time bringing forth fruit after its kind.

Mrs. Graham was a wise and discreet woman—a watchful mother, and one who looked well to the ways of her household, and did not eat the bread of idleness; and she had resolved to lead her daughter in the path of a virtuous woman, teaching her betimes the ways of industry.

Now, when Lilly was four years old, by dint of much motherly patience and perseverance, Mrs. Graham had suc-

ceeded in instructing her little one in the first lesson of sewing, and a happy morning was it for both Lilly and her mamma when she finished hemming her square of print without drawing it out of shape, and her mamma said the stitches were pretty regularly placed,—“And,” said she, “I think you may begin to try upon some useful article. Now see, here is a pocket-handkerchief for yourself; you must do this all through without the assistance of me, or any other person, and when it is completed I will give you a story-book as a reward; but mind, it must be done very neatly, and all by your own hand.”

Light and glad was Lilly Graham's heart as she sat in the morning sun, and she sung in sweet infantile voice as she laboured to complete her task; and all the morning until dinner-time, that day and the next, did her little fingers ply the needle and thread. The third morning found her by the nursery window trying to keep to her task; but this morning it was very hard work, for her papa had brought her home, the night before, a nice little story-book. She had examined and admired its pictures, and now she was anxious to trace out their explanation; she sat uneasily at her work, wishing to be free without the trouble of doing the sewing; so she lost her time in wishing and sighing, and taking stolen peeps at her new book. Thus she sat when Hannah, her brother's nurse, who sat sewing by his cot, marked her weary looks, and, in mistaken kindness, offered to ease her of her burden. “Lilly, dear, are you tired of that stitching? Come here, how much have you got to do yet? why you have not finished one side; you will never have finished at this rate.” And, from a desire to show her superior quickness and cleverness, she took the handkerchief from the hands of Lilly, and said:—

“There now, you go and sit by the window and read your nice book, and I will finish your work in a few minutes.”

"But mamma said I was to finish it all myself, or I should not get the reward."

"Oh! she will never know if you do not tell her."

The temptation was strong, and Lilly did not need much persuading, although she did feel backward at disobeying her mamma; but in the enjoyment of her book she forgot all about the handkerchief, and the agreement she had made, until she was aroused by Hannah telling her that it was finished. In her joy she forgot her disobedience, and the lie she was about to tell; and, taking it from Hannah, she folded it and put it into her work-basket, till her mamma should come into the room. She came at last, and was surprised to see Lilly reading.

"Now, Lilly," said her mamma, "where is your sewing?"

"I have finished it."

"Have *you* finished it!"

"Yes."

But the "yes" lingered on her lips as though she were loath to let it go forth."

"But," said her mamma, "that cannot be, for when I left the room an hour ago you had not finished one side, which had taken you two mornings, and you had been very industrious to get that much done—and now you say it is finished. How is this?"

But Mrs. Graham knew how it was, and Lilly knew that she did; and with downcast eyes she awaited the reproof. She knew how she had grieved her kind mamma, and when she thought of that, and how happy she might have been at her work all morning, and then after dinner have enjoyed her book—it threw a dark shadow over her, for now her mamma had taken it from her until she merited its return. But the reward which she had well nigh earned, and the pleasure of having done well, were lost for ever.

Five sunny years of Lilly's life have passed since that well-remembered morn and time of trouble; she has grown to be a fine tall girl of ten years old. It is a fine summer morning, and her mamma and her are about to pay a visit to her grandmamma, where Lilly intended to spend her holidays. Her grandmamma's residence was pleasantly situated in a country lane, a quaint white house with green door and shutters; it was sur-

rounded by a neat little garden, which was well sheltered by a thick hawthorn hedge, and, like many houses of its day, a latticed porch guarded its door, upon which was trained honeysuckle and roses. All without was order and cheerfulness combined, but within it was a perfect elysium of comforts—for old Mrs. Graham was a model of true kindness, good nature, neatness, and order, both in her person and household. And as she met them at the door, she looked as fresh as the roses that surrounded it, dressed in her close-fitting black gown, white muslin apron, and neckerchief which lay in snowy folds across her bosom, and her large-crowned lace cap, from under which peeped locks which almost matched in whiteness the muslin which she wore—and her naturally quick step gained elasticity as she went about assisting her one faithful servant to prepare dinner for her visitors. In the afternoon, they went out for a walk, and to see a friend—a lady who had some very nice little girls—which Lilly's grandmamma said would be very nice company for Lilly whilst she stayed in the country.

The children spent a very pleasant afternoon, and before they parted had become attached to each other; and an invitation was given them—which they accepted with joy—to come and spend the whole of the next day with Lilly at her grandmamma's happy abode.

Lilly was almost bewildered by the pleasures of the present, and those which she had in prospect; but in the midst of all her happiness it pleased her mamma very much to see that she had not forgotten her brothers and sisters whom she had left at home; for when her mamma was preparing to return home in the evening, she got her grandmamma's permission to send them a bunch of flowers from the garden. But although she was surrounded on every side by her heart's desire, yet sorrow was close at hand. She ran up and down the garden, getting a flower here and another yonder, until she came to the porch; she put up her hand to reach a cluster of roses which she saw, her foot slipped, she fell with the roses grasped tightly in her hand; when she got up again, to her alarm and distress, she found that she had torn away from the porch a large branch of the rose-tree!

"Oh! dear me;" she cried, "what-ever shall I do! it is broken off, and I cannot repair it! and if grandmamma is not very angry, it will trouble her very much to have her favourite rose-tree broken:" and she went into the house with a heavier heart than she had come out with. She coned it over all the evening, after her mamma's departure, scheming and planning how she might escape the confession of having been the cause of the disfigured porch—and whilst she mused the thought came:—Suppose I say that *Snap* broke the rose-tree; she would not be so angry with the dog as with me. But this last thought was worse than all the rest, for she had framed a lie, and to her remembrance came the former pain which she had endured for this sin, and the good lessons her mother had taught her through her life, and the labour and pains she had taken to show her the wickedness of lying—and with

it came a full confession of all, not only that she had spoiled the rose-tree, but how she had almost added to her misfortune a lie.

Her grandmamma folded her in her arms and kissed her.

"Dear Lilly!" she said, "I am so glad to see that you have found it so hard to tell an untruth, and that you remember so well the teachings of your kind mamma, that I cannot grieve about the breach in my rose-covered porch. That in time will be filled up. But if that falsehood had remained in my little one's bosom, it might have robbed her of that which could never have been restored."

So, with her grandmamma's blessing, she retired to rest: when she awoke in the morning, the early sun was shining brightly, and the sunshine of her young heart, which had been clouded the night before by sin, shone forth as bright as ever.

ANNIE P.

SANCTUARY ABUSE.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE RIOTS OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

ENGLAND, awake! arise! gird on thy strength!

A mighty foe appears, who will at length Destroy thy peace, and trample on thy right;

For he is deep and cunning, black as night,

To undermine thy ramparts; even now Attempt is made to strike the fatal blow. Oh, Christendom, arouse! thy truth's at stake;

To thy religious liberty awake!

See, in the Church, what havoc he has made;

And canst thou see, unmoved, a foe invade

Within her walls, and daringly destroy Her sacred rites, and still feel no annoy? Ah! how she struggles with the dang'rous foe!

And can ye be indifferent to her woe, And see her languish 'neath the fatal stroke?

Arise! the mercy of your God invoke In her behalf, whose cause ye ought to plead,

As Protestants of England—if indeed Ye still retain the dignity and name Of such a noble privilege and claim. Where 's the primeval glory and renown, The Church's splendour and the Christian's crown,

Which in the early days so brightly shone? Alas! her glorious truths are trampled on.

'Tis more than sacrilege, the sad abuse That's made by those who ought the Church to use

As God's own house, where those in praise and pray'r Who early seek Him thus shall find Him there.

But now, within her walls the priests profane

God's holy laws, and take His name in vain. To feed their pride, the temple they adorn With decorations such as wise men scorn; While they her doctrines dare to set aside, And fatal error in their place provide.

Such is the dang'rous foe, of which beware,

And boldly to defeat him now prepare; Stand up for truth, and in God's holy name

The glorious Gospel in the Church proclaim.

Beware of *error*, though so finely dress'd, 'Tis falsehood practis'd, where the truth's profess'd.

The times and seasons, all alike portend The coming crisis of an awful end, When truth shall triumph, and to all around

Her light disclose and error shall confound.

Rise, then, ye Rulers of the nation, rise! To your own cause and interest be wise; Detect the danger ere the poison spread, And ye shall have no foe to fear or dread!

E. B.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

MOUNT ZION THE PLACE OF DELIVERANCE FOR CAPTIVE SOULS.

"But upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness; and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions."—Obadiah 17.

BURDENED one, this precious passage has rolled in upon our mind this morning. Perhaps it is that we may be the channel whereby comfort may flow into your captive soul; and we are not, blessed be God, going to recommend you a remedy we have not tried and put well to the test ourselves. No, beloved; to communicate that we have not tasted and handled ourselves in secret, is more than we dare do. Mount Zion is our hallowed resort, and we want to show you, that, whatever be the nature or character of the trial that oppresses you, Mount Zion is a sure place of deliverance. You may run thither with decided assurance. And it is so sacred a Mount that its walls of fire will destroy all thine enemies that attempt to injure thee.

But we must first put you on your guard concerning another Mount, which looks very much like the one alluded to; and so completely has Satan smoothed over the way, and rendered the pathway plausible, that, if he could, he would deceive the very elect; and no part of scripture shows up this deception more forcibly than this brief, but precious, prophecy of the prophet Obadiah. He is called a minor prophet; but, verily, the matter of his prophecies is "*multum in parvo*," and of the deepest moment to the heaven-bound soul as well as to the seeker after Zion. The name Obadiah signifies a worshipper of the Lord; and the marked feature of his writings is to show, by striking contrast, the deception, position, and termination of the false worshipper, and the character, career, and end of the real worshipper in Zion. Nor can he be in any way a false prophet, for it is God Himself who reveals these great things to him by means of a vision, a way frequently employed by Him in Old Testament times to reveal to His people His mind and will concerning the coming of the Messiah, or important events in connection with His kingdom. We are not quite sure that in a less degree He does

not employ the same means now. Many of the Lord's dear people, well known to us, and whose testimonies we no more doubt than our own existence, have had such visions as can leave no doubt upon the mind that they have been revelations from above: however, more about this another time—while now we confine our attention to the vision of Obadiah. It is the policy of the world and Satan to imitate every thing that is real and genuine. Does the mint issue its genuine coin with the superscription of royalty? Wicked men issue their coin of spurious metal so near the original as too frequently to deceive the people. Does the honest merchant send forth his bale of costly goods? Mercenary dealers ingeniously imitate the same, and palm them upon the public. Does the conscientious chemist dispense his balm in a pure state? Deceivers are at hand sending forth spurious compounds, to the injury of health. And as in the lower order of things, so in the higher. Is there a real church—Satan has a false one. Is there a professor—Satan models a professor. Is there a Mount Zion—Satan raises a Mount of Esau. It is necessary, then, to examine, discriminate, and expose—and this, too, with no ordinary help—for our foe is subtle and his work ingenious; and, if we may be allowed the expression, he carries on a flourishing trade, especially in these far-famed "days of revival." Now tells Obadiah: Thus saith the Lord God concerning Edom—What and where is Edom? We believe mystical Edom is Antichrist—Rome, the great centre—and every species of idolatry the spreading-out of this fearful cancer. Take one comparison in proof of this:—God says, by Obadiah, concerning Edom, "Thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down saith the Lord," (ver. 3, 4).

Now compare this with what Jehovah says concerning Mystery, Babylon, the great Mother of Harlots, and Abominations of the Earth: "Her sins have reached unto heaven . . . How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her, (Rev. xviii. 5—8). Surely then, beloved, the description, elevation, and overthrow of Obadiah's Edom and John's Babylon are synonymous. Well, then, beloved, it becomes evident that Satan has a church, within which is a "Mount of Esau" (Obadiah 8), up which ascend false worshippers, the end of which shall be the fearful judgments so clearly prophesied. But here's our mercy, sin-burdened one, crying for mercy one, trembling one, "But upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness; and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions." Follow us, then, while, by God the Spirit's help, we look at—

1. This sacred spot, Mount Zion.

2. The peculiarities of this sacred spot: it is a place of deliverance, and a place of holiness.

3. The dwellers on this sacred spot—the House of Jacob.

Lastly. Their salvation, and final victory: "they shall possess their possessions."

1. The sacred spot—Mount Zion. We might think of it thus—Mount Zion, *past*, *present*, and *to come*. Ist. Mount Zion *past*—literally a mount in Jerusalem upon which the temple was built; and it is also said to be the spot where our dear Redeemer partook of the passover with his beloved disciples. Hallowed ground, indeed; sacred precincts that bore the footprints of the Son of God. If one thing on earth would gratify the writer more than another, it would be visiting those memorable places, and joining the few real followers of Jesus who now worship Him, in sincerity and in truth, on Mount Zion. Few they are, but we believe they are the first-fruits of the coming harvest. But, beloved, 2dly, Mount Zion "*present*,"

by which we mean that spiritual Mount which we know something of within. "Show me the spot you describe" would say the sceptic, "and I will believe you." But the faith of the children of God replies, and feels, "the kingdom of God is within you." So then, if literally in the past it was where the temple was built, so spiritually "ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost;" and so, if literally in the past it was where the passover was eaten, so now Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us, and upon Zion we eat daily of His precious body, which is meat indeed, and drink of His most precious blood, which is drink indeed; for our spiritual systems are nourished and kept alive by the blessed effects of His doing and dying. Nor will monthly occasions by way (properly so) of outward demonstration to the Lord's command "do this in remembrance of me," satisfy the ever-craving appetite of the new-born soul. Give me this day my daily bread, is his morning cry. A periodical ordinance may be well, but he must have a perpetual ordinance; for his experimental feeling is, Give me Christ, or else I die. And so, as the meaning of the expression Mount Zion is "a looking-glass," the child of God looks within, and says, My Zion in present realization is within—the Lord dwelleth there—I feel His presence—I know His power, for, day by day, but for His proving Himself the stronger man armed within the citadel of my heart, Diabolus would prevail with his mighty weapons of warfare and determined opposition to one so weak in self, and only strong in the strength of Zion's king: therefore, beloved, while Mount Zion was, in Jerusalem, a mount upon which the temple was built and the passover eaten, our Mount Zion is the place of true worship within—our Jerusalem is the realization of that grace which the Lord has said shall be consummated in Jerusalem above, which will be *glory*. The Lord God is a sun and shield—He will give grace (Jerusalem present), and glory (Jerusalem future), and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly; and nothing short of this heartfelt, spirit-witnessing-within religion will do for all true worshippers on Mount Zion, be they outwardly Jew or Gentile.

And now the other point—Mount Zion

future—about which we only desire to say a word or two, because there is far too much speculation abroad upon this matter, and we would not dare to be wise above that which is written, nor struggle to push the other side of our dear Redeemer's own assertion in answer to His disciples' inquiry, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" and He said unto them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power," (Acts i. 6, 7.) Still there are two points we may urge with safety. 1st. That the time of Zion's mighty Deliverer's appearance on earth is fast approaching—the signs of the times point to it. Every thoughtful man is convinced of it—prophecies are being fast fulfilled—Antichrist is tottering—and those who are watching the movements of God's ancient people are fully aware, that never since the apostolic age has there been such encouragement to preach the Gospel to the Jews, while, on the other hand, it is a well-known fact the Jews are beginning to look upon Christians as their best friends, especially English Christians.

Probably, dear friends, it would not be out of place here to urge upon the readers of the *Gospel Magazine* to be on the watch for God's hand in connection with his ancient people. In affection I would ask, Is there not a laxity on the part of Christians upon this important point? My own mind is impressed with the belief that presently we shall see a mighty "revival work" among the Jews. To go into the length and breadth of so important a subject would be impossible in the limits allowed in these pages; but let me give a reason or two for presuming to advance such a statement:—

1st. A few years ago all efforts to get the Jews to relinquish their ancient opinions was derided and deemed impossible; now circumstances are transpiring which render them perfectly accessible to the missionary—nay, there is an earnest desire on their part to be instructed in the truths of the Gospel. 2nd. The Jews in Germany, in the Levant, Egypt, Syria—aye, in all parts of the world, more or less—are beginning to shake off the yoke of their traditions: and this we do believe is the breaking up of the clods preparatory to the sow-

ing of the everlasting seed of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. 3rd. The late wars and rumours of wars have brought about free access to the whole body of Jews on the continent of Europe, the result of which is that they have come very generally to the opinion, that English Protestant Christians are their best friends. So that the Jew is being prepared by God for the visits of the Gentile, and God is making use of kings and nobles to effect this object. Beloved, do not misunderstand the writer; he is not among those that believe in the conversion of every Jew upon earth—there surely is no scriptural authority for such a belief—No, no!—while multitudes of Jews are receding from Judaism (mark the fact), they are not becoming Christians, but among the intellectual "*Sadduceism is taking the place of Judaism.*"* Still we do believe, that, by the forenamed means, God is gathering out His own from among His ancient people, but as yet it is only as the small rain before the shower. We repeat our conviction, that the shower is at hand: beloved, get often upon Mount Zion, and look out for the cloud, for assuredly it is near. The times and seasons knoweth no man, but to watch the signs of the times, in anticipation of the coming of the Bridegroom, should be the employment of every true citizen of God's spiritual Zion.

Reader! has it ever occurred to you to seek out some Jew or Jewess who lives in your neighbourhood, and talk to them of Jesus? Try such a movement—looking above for direction—and who knows but what God will bless the simple effort? And the other point we would name as sufficiently clear, beloved, is the fact that He, Zion's mighty Deliverer, will stand again upon the spot which was the scene of His sufferings—there shall He stand the great Deliverer of His chosen ones—Jews and Gentiles. For upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness; and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions; and, says St. John in his Revelation, "I beheld, and lo, a Lamb stood upon Mount Zion" (Rev. xiv. 1).

But, beloved, we must leave the hereafter to be developed gradually; yet surely, before the gaze of all God's

* *Jewish Intelligencer*, May, 1860, p. 141.

spiritual Israel by Him who alone can bring about the mighty purposes of His divine mind. We turn with joy to the fact, 2ndly, *that this Zion is already a place of deliverance and holiness to every seeking soul.* Moreover, it is a place of deliverance for every form of captivity that the poor sinner can be the subject of. Is he pressed down on account of the weight of his sins? Mount Zion is the place of deliverance, for Jesus dwells there; hence, it is written, "*Salvation cometh out of Zion.*" Is he in bondage on account of the terrors of the law? He is at the wrong Mount; let him leave Sinai, and seek Mount Zion, for there only is deliverance. Is he feeling the power and persecution of Satan? That arch enemy cannot approach Mount Zion, for there is a wall of fire round about her. Is he feeling the captivity that a world of care and concern brings about? The hills of Zion will afford a balmy relief to his care-worn frame. Is the fear of death holding him in cruel chains? Zion's King has taken away its sting. Have the powers of hell got hold of him? Such are groundless fears, for there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Oh! hallowed Zion! thou city of the great King! not merely a favourite spot to all God's people, but to God Himself, who "loveth the gates of Zion."

And so much is Zion His concern, that in the sacred volume which contains His divine mind and will, there are upwards of eighty allusions to favoured Zion. But, beloved, not merely is Zion a place of deliverance—past, present, and to come, prophetically and experimentally, *but it is a place of holiness—“Upon Mount Zion shall be holiness.”* It is no light matter to tread upon so sacred a spot, where cherubim say to cherubim, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts." And thus it is a place of holiness, because Jesus is made unto us "*sanctification*:" these are sweet points. We can only mention and pass on to notice, 3rdly, the dwellers in Mount Zion—the house of Jacob—"Jacob have I loved; Esau have I hated. In thee shall all the seed of Jacob be blessed." And the meaning of the word Jacob is a *Supplanter*. Now, dear reader, if we again watch the signs of the times,

how significant is that point now mooted, namely, to remove the Popedom to Jerusalem. There then, on the very spot where the mighty Deliverer is to come, will be the man of sin, the head-quarters of his power. And will not our spiritual Head—the Head of the house of Jacob—prove indeed "*the Supplanter*?" Nor should we lose sight, dear reader, of the movements of that man of schemes—the Emperor of the French. His eagle eye is now fixed upon Turkey, and he is desirous of combining with Russia to deliver the so-called Christians in Turkey from the wretched treatment they are receiving; yea, to liberate them from the power of the Sultan. If, in God's hands, he is his tool to effect this, who can doubt but what the break-up of the Ottoman empire will be the result? Then will be a highway to the Holy Land, probably first for Antichrist, and then for the house of Jacob, when the great Supplanter will terminate the struggle by proving Himself to be the stronger man armed with the power of the Very God of very God. Dear reader, "Watch unto prayer." The times are big with comfort: the mind of the writer is solemnized beyond measure by his convictions. But, in the midst of all, the last point we must dwell upon should be our comfort and encouragement, namely, the gracious assurance this passage gives us, "*That the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions.*" **THEIR** possessions! Yes, they are theirs as certain as if now in realization, because a faithful God has promised it. Nor should we pass over the *three* shalls of an unchangeable God that are here before us. "In Zion there *shall be deliverance*; *shall be holiness*; and the citizens thereof *shall possess* their possessions. Oh! beloved, sometimes we get a foretaste of what those possessions will be, and know the truth of the apostle Paul's assertion, "*Ye are come, already come, to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.*" Well, then, there are possessions present, namely, all the blessings in Christ Jesus, and which flow from Him into the soul; and the possession hereafter, namely, a kingdom of glory. So that while now the joy in prospect is like a flash of lightning bursting in upon the veiled spirit for a moment, and lighting it up

with inexpressible bliss, what must it be to be there? Beloved, get often upon this "martello tower," and watch across the sea of life for the coming of Zion's King.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

P.S. As we close our paper, beloved, the following sweet hymn came to hand, and seems so to the point, that we desire to subjoin it :—

ZION'S GOD REIGNETH.

"Lord, what comforts to my heart,
Do thy precious words impart!
Ever say—to *Zion* say,
Chase thy gloomy fears away.

"*Zion's* watchmen, sound aloud,
Though thine enemies may crowd;
Keep not silence, publish peace,
Zion's comforts *shall* increase.

"Bring good tidings from above,
Tidings from the God of *Love*!
Sound again, and yet again,
Zion's God shall ever reign!

"Yes! in spite of all her foes,
What though earth and hell oppose,
All their feeble rage is vain,
Zion's God must ever reign!

"Though the billows now may swell,
All with *Zion* shall be well;
Yonder shore she soon shall gain,
And *her* God for ever reign!

"There on yonder peaceful shore!
Every struggle will be o'er;
Freed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
Zion shall *with* Jesus reign!

"Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
Come, Lord Jesus, come away!
Come with all thy blood-bought train,
And in *Zion* ever reign."

E. B. M.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE MARTYR, BISHOP HOOPER.

ON a recent evening a lecture was delivered in the School-room, Ryecroft Chapel, Gloucester, by Mr. W. HIGGS, entitled "The Life and Times of Bishop Hooper." The audience was not very numerous. The lecturer opened his address with a few preliminary remarks upon the social and political struggles which disturbed the age in which Hooper was born, and which resulted in the total dissolution of the monastic system, and the dawning of the Reformation. The following is a brief epitome of the lecture :—

We had no record of John Hooper until his 19th year, when he was admitted into the University of Oxford. Here he became a disciple of Erasmus, and shared with William Tindall and others the suspicion and persecution drawn down upon that celebrated author by the publication of his works. Having left the university he became a monk of the Cistercian order. He soon returned to Oxford, where he applied himself to the study of the Scriptures; but the persecution of his enemies again compelled him to retire into private life. At the period of the

dissolution of the monastic system he was residing with the Black Friars at Gloucester. His connexion with this order probably introduced him to Sir Thomas Arundel, into whose service he entered in the double capacity of chaplain and steward. Here his religious views appear to have changed, and, at the suggestion of his patron, a kind and generous man, he was examined by Bishop Gardiner, with a view to his conversion, but without success. Bishop Gardiner's failure probably founded that unswerving hatred with which he ever afterwards regarded Hooper. About this time the "Bloody Act" was passed, and, with many others, Hooper was obliged to leave the country. He arrived at Strasbourg, where he married a lady of high family and great piety. He thence passed to Zurich, where he published his "Earlier Works." He again arrived in England in the month of May, his enemy Gardiner being in the Tower. During the next month he was occupied in reading lectures in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to very numerous audiences. Hooper was always an advocate for simple rites and

ceremonies, and he was thrown into Fleet Prison for refusing to subscribe to the Popish formulas. He, however, consented to submit his cause to the consideration of the Privy Council, and was ultimately liberated. Having secured the friendship of the King, he was ordained Bishop of Gloucester, notwithstanding the rancorous opposition of his enemies. He was indefatigable in his new vocation, preaching three or four sermons daily. Being remonstrated with for pursuing his labours so ardently, he replied, "We are born for our country, and not for ourselves." At the accession of Mary, he was again imprisoned upon various frivolous pretexts, and eventually sentenced to death. On the 4th of February, he was informed that he would be executed at Gloucester. He received the tidings with composure, breakfasted at the "Angel Inn," Strand, and was escorted to Gloucester on horseback, arriving here on the Thursday. On the Saturday morning, he was conducted to St. Mary's-square, where the stake and faggots had been placed, amid the indignant murmurs of some 8,000 persons, who, however, were prevented from rescuing him by the presence of a large body of troops. Most of our readers are familiar with the details of this atrocious event. He was chained to the stake, but the faggots would not burn, and his sufferings were prolonged for nearly an hour; and though he was frequently asked to recant, under a promise of pardon, he steadily refused. The lecturer concluded by expressing a hope that a suitable memorial would shortly be erected in Gloucester.

In reference to this subject, which is beginning to attract attention beyond the locality of Gloucester, we quote the following from the *Derby Mercury* :—

"A MARTYR'S MEMORIAL.—An attempt is being made to raise sufficient funds for the erection at Gloucester of a monument to Bishop Hooper, one of the 'noble army of martyrs,' whose name was early inscribed in 'the Marian death-list.' About 200l. have been subscribed under the example, sanction, and patronage of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Rev. Sir John Hobart Seymour, Bart., the Rev. Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford (treasurer), and Samuel Morley, Esq., Manchester; but 100l. more are required to erect one worthy of

the noble and courageous Reformer and the cause in which he suffered—that of Protestant truth, and its fundamental principle, religious liberty. The proposed design is a beautiful Gothic spire—60 feet high—richly ornamented, with an effigy of the good Bishop in a niche, having an open Bible in his hands, and apparently engaged in his beloved work of preaching the Reformed Faith. The promoters of this object solicit the aid and co-operation of their fellow Protestants, and contributions, however small, will be thankfully received. The Rev. Philip Gell, Duffield Bank, has engaged to transmit any donations from this neighbourhood, the following having been already subscribed:—T. W. Evans, Esq., M.P., 1l.; Rev. Philip Gell, 1l.; Miss Jane Cox, 10s."

The following letter, which has been received at Gloucester, affords a proof of the interest the subject is exciting, and places it in rather a new light :—

"St. Werburgh's Vicarage, Derby,
"May 11, 1860.

"DEAR SIR,—If I can find any one willing to take charge of the collecting card which you have sent me, for Bishop Hooper's monument, I shall have much pleasure in placing my name at the head of it for a small contribution. The object is one worthy of the attention of all true Protestants. And, for my own part, I am not the less disposed to regard the memory of that holy martyr with veneration because he was anxious to effect a more complete Reformation in doctrine and forms of worship than was approved by many of his fellow-reformers, and even fellow-martyrs. The events of the present day sufficiently attest his wisdom in the matter of ceremonies and ritual. He saw clearly enough that nothing was harmless or indifferent which could be readily made use of as a lure to attract the doctrines or the worship of the Church of England to the system of the 'Great apostasy.' Had his principles been adopted and fully acted upon, the present Bishop of London would not be embarrassed with the difficulties presented, by the Popish practices of St. George's-in-the-East; nor would a Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have found any difficulty in determining what practices and decorations were or were not idolatrous.

"I heartily wish success to the undertaking in which you are engaged.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

"W. F. WILKINSON."

Obituary.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF MR. J. ANDERSON,

LATE OF COCKFIELD, SUFFOLK,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH, 1860, AGED 65.

MR. JAMES ANDERSON was, for a period of nearly twenty years, an occasional preacher, and a firm supporter of a little cause connected with a chapel in the adjoining village of Staningfield. The people assembling there were, for the most part, of the Primitive Methodist persuasion, and Mr. A. was known as an upholder of their peculiar tenets.

The subsequent conversations, detailed in the enclosed brief records, will show, not only the extent to which these views had taken possession of his mind, but also the process whereby a deliverance from them was vouchsafed to him.

The lady who details the conversation is herself a trophy of rich and distinguishing mercy, being the wife of the principal landed proprietor residing in the parish.

I have thought it better that she should speak in her own language, although she was but one witness, out of several, of God's great goodness and mercy to him :—

When I visited Mr. ANDERSON, about twelve months ago, I felt a great desire to know if his views of salvation were like mine (he always having been looked upon as a Christian for many years), and we had often conversed together upon the love of Christ; yet I had sometimes noticed expressions which seemed to me that we somewhere differed. During one of my visits, it was so much upon my mind to ask him plainly, "Do you not see more of the electing love of God the further you go in the way of the Lord? and that God has a people in the world, His own chosen ones, whom He calls by His Spirit where and when He pleases?" "Oh no," he answered; "the further I go the more plainly I see to the contrary of that. What use would it be of our praying for our children, or relatives and friends, if that were the case? Suppose, Mrs. B., for instance, you have a family, and some of your dear children are chosen

of God, and others are not, would not that make you very unhappy? I think it is much too narrow an estimation of God to believe that." And many such arguments were used by him in favour of his free-will doctrine, but which I cannot remember just now.

And here, to my shame, must I confess what an ungrateful creature was I, and how weak my faith, and after all that the dear Lord had shown me, too. I actually doubted which could be right, he or I; and even thought, at times, it must be myself that was in error. But, praised be our God, He enabled me to cry earnestly to Him, for Christ's sake, to set me right about the matter. My prayer was daily, sometimes hourly, "O Lord God Almighty, hear me, and for Christ's sake lead me in the right path; if I am wrong, put me right; if Mr. A. is wrong, put him right." And one day, as I was leaving his house, the prayer in our Litany came very forcibly in my mind, "That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived." And very many times has the blessed Spirit enabled me to pray that prayer from my heart, naming Mr. A. and myself before the throne. Another time, when leaving his house, the words of that beautiful hymn of Cowper's, latter part of last verse, came with power to my mind—

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

And now it is my happiness to know that our gracious God, whose tender mercies are over all His works, heard and answered my poor unworthy prayers; for on Thursday, May 17th, I received a message from Mr. A. requesting me to go and see him. When I went into his room I was delighted with his conversation. The strings of his tongue were indeed loosed, and he could then give God all the glory. He was suffering much from bodily weakness at the time

and with some difficulty of breathing he said, "Oh, Mrs. B., how plainly I can now see that no man can come to Jesus except the Father, who hath sent Him, draw him. We cannot believe just when we please, for faith is the gift of God. And, oh, what a gift that is! for it includes a great deal." I asked him if any particular portion of God's Word had been precious of late? Yes, the 14th of John he thought the most so, although he had been too ill to read it; yet many words in that blessed chapter had come to him by the Holy Spirit, who takes of the things of Jesus and shows them unto us. I read that chapter to him, every verse of which he said seemed his; particularly 16 and 17. He stopped me by saying, "Oh, what love dear Jesus shows to sinners. Even the Spirit of truth," he repeated, "whom the world cannot receive: they cannot, indeed they cannot, till God by His Spirit reveals it to them." I quoted Rom. viii. 14: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And then what holy joy beamed in his countenance as he repeated, "the sons of God." Again he would wipe the tears from his eyes and say, "What hath God wrought? Truly it is He that works in us first and last; He is the Author and Finisher of our salvation. Ah, Mrs. B., there was my error, in not looking alone to Jesus. We are told to look and wait; but it is the Lord alone can enable us to do that." I asked him when the Lord showed him his error? He said, for the last two or three weeks the Lord had been gradually opening some fresh scripture to him, which all seemed to tell him this, "that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." "Sometimes my Saviour comes to me with such words as these, 'I have redeemed thee;' and oh! my joy is so great, it seems too much for my poor, weak, worn-out body." I

spoke to him of the spirit of revival which was taking place throughout the world; and concluded by saying, "Surely the Lord is at work." He added, "And no man can hinder it." "Do you not think that the people of Cookfield are beginning to search out for the truth? and that the Lord has sent the truth to this place, although many know it not?" "May He continue it for His name's sake." He then went on to tell me how much he wished to see Mr. JEFFREYS and Mrs. SALTER; indeed he quite *longed* to see them. "Do you think they would come?" I said, "I am sure they will rejoice to see you; for that is their greatest joy to know of the dear sheep being brought into Christ's fold." He said he had sent a message, but he did not know if they had had it; and every time he heard a carriage stop, "Oh, there is the shandry now! Oh, Mrs. B., I want to tell them what the Lord has done for my soul, and that I was in error when they saw me last; and also Mr. DOBREE—who labours hard for the Lord—how much I should like to see him—and Miss LANGHAM too. Give my Christian love to them, and may you, Mrs. B., soon have the happiness of seeing Mr. B. and your dear children brought to the knowledge of that Saviour with whom all things are possible."

I have seen him once since that day, nine days before his death. All his rejoicing was still in God his Saviour. The words then uppermost in his mind were, "My sheep know my voice, and they follow me." And I had just before had a word in Ezek. xxxiv. 15, "I will feed my flock," &c. Part of that chapter I read to him, and much did he enjoy it. He also said how he was brought to feel that he had no strength in body, so it was in soul, entire dependence on his God from first to last. "I lie here a prisoner of hope, waiting till the Lord speaks the word, 'Come up hither.'"

WHEN grace is improved and exercised, gracious services are easily performed. The more our natural strength is exercised and improved with the more ease and pleasure are all physical duties discharged; so the more grace is acted

and exercised, with the more profit and delight all Christian services are performed. Such souls find wages in their very work; they find that not only for keeping, but also in *keeping of His commandments there is great reward.*

Reviews.

Six Sermons. By the Rev. W. BIDDER.
Brighton: J. Verrall. London: W.
H. Collingridge.

THE commending feature of these sermons is, not soundness of doctrine merely, but that doctrine grounded and maintained by the repeated and most apt authority of the word of God. Few, if any, quote Scripture with greater facility than Mr. BIDDER: we need scarcely add, that this as a gift is invaluable. These sermons, as a manual of sound doctrine, are most valuable.

The City Press. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

WE have already expressed our belief that this weekly journal is, to our mind, the most marvellous production of the age. Other London penny papers have no restriction, but are of world-wide range; whereas this Journal, published in the same size and at the same price, is professedly limited (as its name would import) to the City of London. But the originality of its articles upon the lions of London renders it worthy of a careful reading by every true-born Briton, as furnishing him with invaluable detail and data of establishments and institutions of leading interest in the Metropolis of his country. The elaborate reports of parish meetings are another striking feature in the *City Press*, and commend it to the perusal and attention of parish authorities throughout the kingdom. That the *City Press* is increasingly bold in the glorious cause of Protestantism is to us a ground of increasing thankfulness. It watches with peculiar tenacity both priest and puseyite; and, in connexion with the parish reports to which we have alluded, is doing Protestantism an essential service in showing up the intrigues and strenuous efforts of the priesthood to force themselves and further their own Popish ends in poor-houses, and at the parish boards. We hope the *City Press* will still continue vigorously to denounce every attempt to foist Popery upon our poor, and to denounce such doings as the following,

which we copy from its last issue. We are prepared for such interference in Ireland; but when open-air preachers are assailed in our own land of liberty—and especially in London—by Popish priests, and their poor, miserable, and deluded vassals, it is rather too bad. Things are hardly ripe enough for this yet.

"OPEN-AIR SERVICE, VICTORIA STREET, HOLBORN.—On Sunday morning last, an attempt was made to hold out-door service in the above place, but which proved unsuccessful, it having been entirely frustrated by the determined opposition of a large body of Roman Catholics. The Rev. R. G. HARPER, with Mrs. HARPER, and several friends connected with Fetterlane Chapel, met as above about ten o'clock, and a place having been selected, commenced with singing and prayer, when the rev. gentleman began to address the people assembled from the words, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings,' &c. A number of boys who were present at once commenced a system of annoyance, by repeating the words of the preacher with various irreverent additions; this was partially checked for a short time, but afterwards renewed with more determination, assisted shortly after by some hundreds of Roman Catholics, who came across from their own chapel for that purpose. These immediately set up a discordant noise—hooting, shouting, &c., at the preacher; some crying, 'Go away from our church!' others saying, 'There's a Protestant God!' and, at last, becoming so excited, and mingling threats with their cries, Mr. HARPER deemed it advisable to desist; and with his lady and friends at once left the place. During the disturbance, one woman went behind the preacher and struck him; others threatened to knock off their hats, &c. The conduct of the police-officer on duty was most exemplary."

The Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer. London: Abraham Behisch, Bevis Marks, St. Mary Axe.

In keeping with its title.

An Outline of the Memoir of Elizabeth Miller. Written by Herself. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

A SWEET and simple narrative of a young person who died at the age of 17 years.

Milk for Babies, and Strong Drink for those that are ready to perish.

Bristol: C. T. Jefferies, Redcliff Street.

THIS little work is published in the form of "Letters to a Friend seeking Jesus," and is the production of a City Missionary labouring in the vicinity of Bristol. As a manual of sound doctrine, and a guide to the weary and sin-burdened, it is excellent. Perhaps the best title we can give it is, a hand-book for the heavy-laden. For a sick friend or a burdened soul, the little work before us is most appropriate.

The Fallen and their Associates. By the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

DOUBTLESS there are few of our readers but are acquainted with the very laudable and praiseworthy efforts which the Hon. BAPTIST NOEL and sundry kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen have of late taken with a view to rescue the fallen women who nightly parade the streets of the West-end. The various midnight assemblies to which they have been invited have led to the recovery of a goodly number, and we should hope that many have not merely been temporarily but savingly reclaimed.

The book before us is one that is entitled to the serious perusal of every parent and guardian—yea, more, it may be read to advantage by those who are bordering on manhood and womanhood, inasmuch as the warning voice is to be heard from its pages, as that voice resounds from the prison, the poor-house, the garret, the cellar, or may be in the sepulchral echoes of the stoneless grave or the pauper's coffin. Oh, the amount of misery and woe to be found within the covers of these 90 pages. How the heart sickens in the contemplation. How dreadful is the consequence of sin even in the present life, how deadly the hold that Satan has upon the human heart. Trumpet-tongued as is the language of Scripture, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and "The way of transgressors is hard," yet, until the Holy Ghost dispels the delusion, and, in spite of the sinner, breaks the fatal spell, how heedless is that sinner! how in love with his chains! how well pleased with his thralldom! how deter-

mined to brave all risks; or how despairing of relief!

That Mr. NOEL has given much and careful consideration to this painful, at the same time most important subject, is clear from the valuable work he has produced. We should give it our unqualified approbation, but for the *universal redemption* that it advocates. Against this, as a matter of principle, we must protest; and, as on other occasions, declare to Mr. NOEL, that it neither gives force to his otherwise affectionate and faithful appeals, nor does it tend to the promotion of the great object he has at heart—to address himself indiscriminately to all as though they were the redeemed, the purchased possession of Christ. There is another equally affectionate, equally forcible, and much more scriptural mode of appeal to which Mr. NOEL would do well to give heed, inasmuch as the glory of God is involved in the same.

Contributions towards a new Metrical Version of the Psalms of David. By Κληρικος, First Fifty. London: Aylott and Son, Paternoster Row.

THIS is not altogether an unsuccessful attempt to turn the beautiful Psalms of David into verse. Some Psalmists have, in certain sections, done better; but more have not succeeded nearly so well. In such a task, every one aims at an impossibility, and therefore, if all fail, no one can wonder. The author before us, therefore, may take some comfort to himself in his partial failure. We say *partial*, because there is much pleasing verse in his compositions; and although it may not attain to the perfection of the sublime original, his version may be perused with considerable pleasure and profit. And this is no slight praise in a work of such a character.

Western Australian News Letter. London: Andrews, Church Court, Clement's Lane.

INTERESTING and important to emigrants, and the friends of those who have emigrated.

The Journal of the Typographic Arts. London: C. Cornish, Red Lion Street, Holborn.

No. 5 of a Journal of deepest interest to all connected with the profession.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever." "Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 45,
NEW SERIES. }

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

{ No. 173,
OLD SERIES.

HOPE AND HELP; OR, WORDS TO AND FROM JESUS.

"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." "And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour."—Matt. viii. 8, 13.

THERE is not a doubt, beloved, that with the centurion were matters more immediately affecting himself and his own individual state and condition than the illness of his servant; but to our mind the pleasing feature of his case is, that these, at least for the time, were overlooked. The present pressing case was that servant's sickness, and his anxiety was that *he* should reap the benefit of Jesus being at hand.

The longer we live, the stronger is our belief and confidence in this mode of approaching the throne of grace. We doubt if we are singular in the conviction, that when there is no heart nor power to pray for *one's self*, there may be found both heart and power to pray for *others*. It is one of the sweet secrets of sympathy, and meets its reward, not merely in the precious flood of love and light that flows into the soul, but in the enlargement of heart that immediately follows, and in the ability, afterwards, to petition for blessings upon one's own soul.

Ye ministers, when ye enter the pulpit cold and lifeless, with no dew upon either fleece or floor, ye bow the head upon the cushion; ye attempt to lift up your heart to the Lord, and pray Him once again manifestively to be with you; but there seems a cloud upon the heart darker and denser than a dismal December day. Ye feel it to be as it were of no use. You are ready to relinquish your hold—to sit down in despair; to throw off your armour, and to give up the battle. But, in the anguish of that critical moment, there comes a thought—the Lord's poor and needy now assembled before Him—and instantly the cry bursts forth on their behalf, "Lord, remember *them*, pity *them*, help *them*, deliver *them*; never mind *me*, so long as *they* get the blessing." And oh, what relief does this very cry bring; what an opening, what freedom, what light, what love, what liberty! The Lord coming in in this unexpected channel, and opening out in a moment the oneness of the family, the identity of interest.

Oh, the blessedness of being able for the time being to set aside *self*, the forgetting personal wants and home necessities, in a holy wrestling and an ardent importuning on the behalf of *others* !

Reader, hast thou tried the experiment ? If not, the Lord help thee to begin. Say not, "I must first reach to such a standard myself. I must know that I am personally a child, and individually blessed, before I can attempt to pray for others." Not so. Waive for the moment thyself. Set aside those subjects which have so long been thy burden at the throne. Begin about some poor and needy one. Thou must know at least some—perhaps many—such. Take one of these to the mercy-seat. Tell the Lord he is very desponding, and ask Him to speak a love-word to his heart, that so his drooping spirit may be revived. He feels himself a sinner, and he wants that relief which blood alone can produce ; ask Him to drop that blood upon the conscience, and to let him feel its purging, cleansing, healing properties. Remind the Lord—for He loves to be reminded—of the marvellous efficacy of that blood ; tell Him that myriads upon myriads it has cleansed, and healed, and purified ; tell Him that though the sins of a multitude which no man can number have been as scarlet, that blood has made them as white as snow ; though they were red like crimson, that blood has made them as wool ; and that still its efficacy remains ; that what it was it still is—as pure, as purifying, as powerful as when it first gushed from Immanuel's side. Oh, tell the Lord all this, and that too with an eye to that poor, sin-burdened brother, and, we had nearly said, we will pledge ourselves thou wilt all of a sudden and in the most unlooked-for way, feel the springing of hope and the budding of joy on *thine own* behalf. "What !" thou wilt say, "and is this of Immanuel's blood, this, and nothing less than this ? then why should I despair ? what is there in *my* case so desperate that it should not reach it ? Why should *mine* be an exception ? What stronger language could Jehovah use than that He has used ? 'Is anything too hard for the Lord ?'"

Oh, beloved, are not such sensations—such enkindlings of hope and expectation—such a holy resolve to venture upon the efficacy and the virtue and the freeness of that blood, an abundant recompense for the heart-cry on behalf of a poor fellow-sinner ? If it be true that "he that watereth shall be watered, also himself," surely here shall that truth be felt.

We believe that the sweets of sympathy are among the richest blessings God bestows in the present time-state. It is attended with a twofold benefit. Not merely does the special object of that sympathy enjoy a peculiar relief and satisfaction from the discovery that he is not alone, for at least another shares his sorrows, but that other is enriched and comforted by the very effort to impart relief and consolation. And then, how precious is the reflection, that if these are facts, appertaining, as they do, to the mere finite creature of a day, cramped as those creatures are by all the selfishness, and narrowness, and stoicism of fallen humanity, in how much larger and more glorious sense must the selfsame truth stand in reference to that mighty Him, that great and gracious High-Priest, who can in very deed be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin ?" Yes, no thought can conceive, much less language describe, what *His* delights are in sympathizing with *His* suffering and sorrowing members. If, in eternity past, and ere He entered upon *His* sacred mission, *His* "delights were with the sons of men," humanly speaking, how much greater

must those delights be *after* He had taken human nature into union with His Divine, and in that very humanity endured all its sinless infirmities and numberless privations. Not merely as the omniscient God is He acquainted with all that His suffering member is, but feelingly and experimentally, as man, "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," does He now practically understand and correspondingly sympathize with him. And who can in even a ten thousandth degree imagine the joy with which the Lord of life and glory administers to the necessities of His poor and needy brethren? If man, sinner as he is, feels pleasure in helping his fellow-man, and realizes in some tiny measure the truth of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," what must Christ, the God-man, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," feel?

Oh, ye poor, and helpless, and sin-burdened ones, go to Jesus with your manifold necessities, and seek by cries, and tears, and groans to give Him the opportunity of exercising that benevolence and that sympathy which, whilst it relieves you, will rejoice Him. Consider, beloved, what is involved in that Scripture, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and *thou shalt glorify me.*"

To return to the centurion. In reading the Word, it is striking to note the varied way in which the Lord Christ dealt with His applicants. His great object was the test of their faith, and the proof of their love; but they were subjected to that test in different ways. The faith of the Syrophenician woman was to be tried by silence and then a rebuff; that of Martha and Mary by delay; that of the centurion by a promise, but so worded as to draw forth an answer and an argument, which at once stamped the character of his faith, and led to the Lord's expressing His admiration.

"Lord," said the centurion, "my servant lieth at home, sick of the palsy, grievously tormented." "I will come and heal him," said Jesus. He spake thus, well knowing at the same time to what observation it would lead, and what a proof that observation would be of the centurion's belief in His omnipotency. "The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

How different the centurion's estimate of himself to others' estimate of him. The elders of the Jews, who came to Jesus on behalf of the centurion, pleaded (as we find in the 7th of Luke) "that he was worthy for whom He should do this: for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue," said they. No worse argument could they have used as a ground of compliance upon the part of Jesus. It is not "worthy" applicants that *He* wants. 'Tis "the poorer the wretch the welcomer here." The feelingly vile, and the sensibly lost, and the hopelessly undone—these are the subjects for the good Physician to work upon—these the objects of His Divine sympathy and superabounding love—

"Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call."

Ah, what different teaching—that of these Jewish elders and this of the broken and contrite-hearted centurion. Oh, the boon of a broken heart! Oh, the priceless value of a humbled and contrite spirit! More worth these than a crown bespangled with diamonds of costliest kind—a wreath composed of loveliest gems.

"Speak the word only," said the centurion. Thy coming is needless.

Thou fillest all space. Thy word is law. Almighty thou to save. Therefore, speak but the word; that word shall accomplish all I want. "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

Here he recognized the authority and kingly power of Jesus. The prevailing thought on the part of the centurion was the power of Christ. There was not the shadow of a doubt as to His ability. Hence he approached Him upon the ground of the exercise of His omnipotency. Here He glorified the Son of God. And He would illustrate the display of His almighty power by a simple reference to his own position as one in authority, and his practice of directing and commanding if he wanted a thing done.

The figure and illustration was marked and beautiful, and the Lord accepted it as a tribute to, and acknowledgment of, His majesty and dominion over all persons and events. Hence, after expressing His admiration as Mediator, His marvelling as man, He said unto the centurion, "Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour."

Thus we see how the Lord honoured the faith that honoured Him. He was "strong in faith, giving glory to God." The Lord, in return, stamped the outgoing of that faith with His Divine approval, and the immediate exercise of that power which the faith He had implanted so sweetly and blessedly acknowledged.

Now, beloved, as a ground of edification from this subject, we would suggest two things: First, the centurion's anxiety for Jesus to bring His almighty power into operation. We would lay an important stress upon this, because we so commonly meet with those who, on the ground of their confidence, express *their* hope and *their* trust in Jesus. They are looking to the fact that they are coming to Him—calling upon Him—pleading with Him; and hence they hope it will be well with them. How many do we meet thus upon the very brink of eternity. *Hoping* and *trusting* that Jesus *will* do something for them, and they at the very moment with (so to speak) one foot in the grave! What is this but a delusion of Satan?—what but the same procrastinating spirit, under another form, by which he has ensnared their treacherous hearts through all the journey of life?

Now, with this centurion, as in all the cases left on record where Jesus heard and helped, it was not the plea *to* Jesus, but the power put forth *by* Jesus, that satisfied—this, and this only. Some tell us that there is salvation in Jesus, and it is only for the sinner to exercise faith in that salvation, in order to his being saved. And such are censured and rebuked because they do not believe,—as though it were in the power of the creature to do so, and as though faith was not the gift of God. Thus is the person and the power of the Holy Ghost treated as a thing of nought,—virtually ignored.

We contend, that whilst faith seeks *for* Jesus, it is never satisfied until it receives something *from* Jesus. It is Jacob's "I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" it is Samuel's "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" it is David's "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" it is Paul's "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" it is Peter's "Lord, save, or I perish;" it is the publican's "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" it is the dying thief's "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" it is

Mary's, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him."

In all these cases—and this is the true nature of saving, Spirit-wrought faith—there is no resting in the mere *application to Jesus*, but the looking for, and being satisfied with nothing short of, the *aid from Jesus*.

Reader, do you know experimentally the distinction?

The second suggestion is this—the satisfaction and comfort which are to be gathered from the Lord's comment upon the faith of the centurion, "Verily I say unto you," said Jesus, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Now, wherein consisted the greatness of this faith? what was there remarkable in it? The centurion had a sick servant; all attempts at healing him had failed; he hears of Jesus; he goes to or sends for Him; he acknowledges his own unworthiness of Jesus coming under his roof, and exclaims, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." Now, if this were faith—and precious Spirit-wrought faith it was—are not thousands and tens of thousands of the Lord's dear family, who have even the like measure of faith, and yet are at the same time the subjects of numberless doubts and fears as to whether they have saving faith at all, or whether they are seeking Jesus in His own appointed way? What poor, broken-hearted, Spirit-convinced sinner but feels his own wretchedness and his own lost state and condition? Does not such an one feel his own utter helplessness and vileness? Is he not prepared to say,

"If I'm cut off and sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well?"

So convinced is he of his own utter demerit and hell-deserving, that he feels God would be just in his condemnation. At the same time he feels there is no salvation but in Jesus. He is resolved to look to no other source—to try no other way. It is with him, "Give me Christ or else I die." And does he not at the same time say, "Speak the word only, and thy servant shall be healed?" What is this but precisely the same faith as that wrought in the heart of the centurion? We are at a loss to discover the difference. If the one were great, the other is great; and it is a great faith—and a God-honouring faith too—that brings a man to reject himself—to reject his own righteousness—to reject his own works, as all of nothing worth, and as not weighing the weight of a feather in the balances of the sanctuary; and to be looking to and pleading only the perfect work and spotless righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the work of God. It is He, and He alone, brings a poor proud pharisaic sinner to this; and the same gracious Lord that does so, will, in His own good time, say to such sinner, as He did to the centurion, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,*
Bristol, Aug. 20, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

THE power of God considered as exerted in and for His believing people, becomes a gracious medium of their present and eternal felicity. But that same adorable attribute, when set in array against reprobate angels and men, burns as a fire which none can quench.

Who knoweth the power of thy wrath? And oh, how irresistibly will that power be made manifest, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that believe not the Gospel.—*Toplady.*

HAPPY NANCY'S SECRET; OR, CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

THERE ONCE lived in an old brown cottage, a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere from village to village, by the name of "*Happy Nancy*." She had no money, no family, no relatives; and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the Great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"Oh, yes, I'm for ever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy? You are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you, what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses: they've got to thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I a'n't got anything to trouble myself about you see 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, make my garden things come up the same, season after season, He can sartainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out, suppose——"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything

right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why if I was you I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our mistrust.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do whatever your hand finds to do, and there leave it. Be more child-like toward your heavenly Father; believe in His love; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in your own; and above all, "wait till the suppose comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

What is it to cast the care on God?
Is it to keep the heaviest load,
And lay some trifling weight aside,
Still taking thought for every hour,
As if the Lord's providing power
Were still unknown, untried?

—*Christian Treasury.*

THE gifts of the world are fading; a false oath, a spark of fire, a storm at sea, a treacherous friend, brings all to nothing in a moment. But the gifts

that Christ gives are permanent and lasting. The grace He gives is called an *immortal seed*; and the glory He gives is called *everlasting glory*. —*Brooks.*

A SOLEMN INQUIRY AS TO MINISTERIAL COMMISSION; IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Grace, mercy, and truth from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, be with you, Amen. It has long been my happiness to be favoured with your Christian friendship, and I would say to the praise and glory of that grace which has given us a name and a place in God's house, better than that of the sons of the mighty and of the noble of this low country, to hold sweet, intimate, and, I trust, instructive fellowship; so that upon a remembrance of these tokens of covenant mercy, I would say, on the behalf of my brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, Peace be upon you.

Many indeed have been the refreshing seasons experienced from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power, at our social prayer-meetings. Many a time, after the toils, and burdens, and conflicts of the day, have we turned our feet into the sanctuary of the Lord's house, to hear what God our heavenly Father in Christ Jesus would say unto our souls; and I would desire ever to speak it to the glory of His dear name, that He has never proved a barren wilderness, but so precious has been His visits; so timely the supplies of His grace; so measureless His mercy in the application of the precious blood of Christ to our souls, that I am sure, so precious and manifest has been the love of God our Father, that surely we have heard the still small voice of the Holy Spirit speaking, not to the outward ear, but to that holy principle within our hearts, formed after the image of Him that created it, and saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land: arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." I refer to these seasons to encourage a constant and a diligent attendance upon the means of grace, remembering that the Lord in them has promised the enjoy-

ment of the blessing, even life for evermore; and I do hope, and most ardently desire, that we shall never, through the deceitfulness of sin, and the power of temptation upon the heart, "forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, and so much the more as we see the day approaching."

And now, my dear brother, I have a word to say, in reference to the work of the ministry in which you are now engaged, and I do so because I feel persuaded you know my concern for your spiritual welfare, and my anxious desire that the Lord will bless you, and make you a blessing. I am fearful my remarks are likely to be disesteemed and set at nought, seeing that they come from one so ignorant and worthless, even from one who has not been called to minister in holy things, and, as far as my feelings are concerned in the matter, never will; but allow me, with all freedom and affection, to carry out the inquiry as it regards the authority you have for the solemn and responsible position you now occupy. That you are a subject of divine grace there is no doubt, for you carry about you the dying of the Lord Jesus, for His life has been manifest in your mortal body; so that when He, who is your life, shall appear, you will appear also and see Him as He is. But, my brother, I cannot conceal my suspicion that all is not right in reference to the work of the ministry in which you are occasionally engaged; having never heard you myself, or any report reaching my ear that you have advanced anything contrary to the Word of God, my fears respecting the lawfulness of the ground you now occupy have not been awakened on that account; but simply and alone from the conviction, that as "no man taketh this honour unto himself but he that is called of God, as was Aaron," so you ought to be able scripturally to show your commission for the line of conduct you are now pursuing. I ask you, then, my brother, to tell me how, and when, and under what circumstances you received your warrant for attempting to explain the way of life and salvation to

those who are sitting in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death? It has long been my opinion that Satan not only selects, and qualifies, and sends into the world instruments to proclaim a gospel not the Gospel of the blessed God, but also he ensnares even the heirs of glory themselves, so that many children of God are found, for a time, running before they are sent as the messengers of the God of salvation, to testify the Gospel of the blessed God. This he accomplishes by inflaming their minds with zeal, which is not according to knowledge: with love to immortal souls which goes beyond and exceeds the boundary of the covenant of grace, which is ordered in all things and sure; and who, in their over-anxiety to convert the whole world, extend their sympathies and prayers beyond the limits of electing love and unmerited mercy, as manifested through the glorious medium of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, on one memorable occasion, said, "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine." And is it possible that Satan, who is the restless and determined adversary to the Prince of Peace, has any hand in qualifying, as it may be called, and in sending men forth whom God has never sent? Oh, yes! many cases I could refer to, where even the subjects of grace themselves have been deceived by the deceptive influence of the father of lies, and have vainly imagined they possessed every qualification for the solemn and all-important work of the Christian ministry. With those I have witnessed the injurious influence it had upon their usefulness in the Church to which they were united, as well as the ruinous effects that have followed upon their business in the world. I will not say that this will be the end of your exertions; still, I must say I stand in doubt, and would press home upon your conscience the solemn inquiry, "Who hath required this at your hands, that ye should tread my courts?" Have you considered, that on every occasion of standing up in the name of the Lord Jesus, you professedly proclaim yourself to be the Lord's messenger—His mouth—declaring to the people the iniquity of their sin; and the method which Infinite Wisdom

hath devised, carried out, and finished, through which a guilty sinner can, in harmony with mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, be delivered from the bitter pains of eternal death?

I would ask my brother, whether the holy law of God, in its killing, condemnatory power, has been so applied to his conscience, as to feel himself fitly instructed to sympathize with those who are doing business in deep waters, and who apprehend will be poured out upon their guilty heads, the cup of wrath, and fiery indignation of the Almighty? Have you so known and felt the devices and cruel suggestions of the prince of darkness, as to be able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith you have been comforted of God? Have you been brought to death's door in your experience? and have you so felt your hopeless condition as that no other arm but the Lord Jesus's could snatch your despairing soul as a brand from the everlasting burning? and have you, by those painful exercises, been divinely instructed to point your companions in tribulation to the only one ordinance of heaven, which is Christ, and that in full view of the fearful amount of man's aggravated guilt, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world?" Have you been taken into the sanctuary with David, or with Paul, and, with them, felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, as that every testimony which you may make in the name of Jesus would tend to show your hearers that salvation from the bitter pains of eternal death is alone to be attributed to the free, unconditional, electing love of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit?

Much indeed, in our day, is said of the conversion of the heathen, and large sums of money collected, and great exertions employed to bring about the accomplishment of the promised and universal dominion of the Prince of Life; but, alas! so far as my observations extend, very little indeed is said of that glorious plan, devised by infinite wisdom, in which is secured Jehovah's eternal glory, and the saints' everlasting blessedness. I hesitate not to say, that the simple, yet glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel are but very partially preached in this highly-favoured, yet

guilty land. I have endeavoured, with Christian candour, to think well of all men; and, in their exertions to promote the Redeemer's kingdom, to respect the purity of their motives; still, I feel necessity laid upon me unreservedly to say, that my soul has often been pained when hearing from the pulpit most daring insult offered to the ever-blessed Spirit, whose office it is to quicken the sinner dead in trespasses and in sins; and whose influence is alone sufficient to carry on and complete the work of grace in fulfilling, in the heirs of glory, the good pleasure of His will, and the work of faith with almighty power. I refer to this lamentable fact, that I may express with affection towards you my fears and suspicions that you will drink into the spirit of this system, and be found ranked among those who hold up, and that by a side-winded way, a conditional salvation. I do assure you it doth not require an eagle's eye to discover the bent and inclination of your mind; the very tone of your conversation, as well as the spirit of your supplications at the throne of grace, confirm, in my mind, the truth of every observation made. I ask you again, when and how you received your certificate for presuming to stand up, in the name of Him whose glories are great in the heavens, and from whom all the servants of the Most High directly receive their commissions? If, then, you have been set apart, and your soul anointed with the unction grace of the Eternal Spirit, and your lips touched as with a live coal from the altar of God, methinks you cannot but hold up, with fervour and soul-delight, the never-decaying glories of a free-grace salvation, as eternally finished by the suffering life and ignominious death of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is God over all, and blessed for evermore, in prosecuting your work. I hope you will never have recourse to means of Satan's devising, by criminally supposing the promise of the Holy Spirit insufficient to bring sinners, far from God by wicked works, nigh, by the blood of the Lamb of God, slain from before the foundation of the world; unless accompanied by strong appeals to the conscience of the sinner in whose mind the light of eternal truth has never entered. I make this remark

believing such a course only tends to deceive the sinner, confuse and distress the saint, and cast the most unworthy reflection upon the faithfulness of Him who hath said, "My counsel shall stand, and all my pleasure shall be done." I would remind you, that the overturning of Satan's empire is to be effected, not by human might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the living God. Remember, I beseech you, that the weapons of your warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; and if you have been called to the work of ministering in holy things, you simply relate God's method of salvation, even by grace, free, unsolicited, unmerited grace alone, sure I am it will prove the power of God unto salvation to all those who believe in His dear name, unto life eternal: Do you ask me for the date of this salvation? I would endeavour to lead your mind backward to the day of eternity, when Christ, Jehovah's everlasting Son, was set up as Head over all things to His Church, and all His members with Him; so that the number of His redeemed cannot be increased by all the carnal exertions of a blind and misguided zeal; and, blessed be God, can never be decreased by all the malice and subtilty of Satan himself; nor by the secret or openly united efforts of the powers of darkness. As the proclamation of the Gospel of the blessed God is the appointed instrument of opening the eyes of the blind, and in raising the dead, so the Holy Spirit is the almighty agent, by whose power alone these effects can follow, to the praise and glory of that grace which hath made us accepted in the Beloved. On the other hand, if you imagine that by the force of persuasion, or by the pains and penalties of a violated law, you can secure the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, let me tell you, you will spend your strength for nought, and your labour will be utterly in vain. Sin, as it exists in the human heart, is of that malignant and uncontrollable nature, that no human instrumentality alone is sufficient to bring it into subjection to the will of God. This is that spiritual leviathan that no human ingenuity nor power can tame; for, behold, the hope of him is vain. Shall not one be cast down even

at the sight of him? His heart is as firm as a stone, yea, as hard as a piece of nether millstone. Darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear; upon earth there is none his like; he is made without fear. I mention this for the purpose of showing my brother how vain will be all his endeavours to dispossess the strong, armed with any power less than His who holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hands; and who hath said, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

In thus so plainly addressing my brother, I do hope he will receive it kindly; for I think he must be convinced my only object is his spiritual advantage and joy of faith. And if, indeed, the Lord the Spirit has given him the tongue of the learned, that he may speak a word in season to them who are weary, it will be no difficulty for him to tell me how and when the Lord called him to proclaim among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. But if he is at a loss upon this all-important point, and can neither answer my inquiry for his own comfort or my satisfaction, I most solemnly entreat of him, for his own peace of mind, for the good of souls, and for the honour and glory of God, to engage no longer in this most solemn employment until he can say, "By the Spirit of revelation in the knowledge of Christ unto me, who is the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among my fellow-sinners the way of life and eternal salvation, through the doing and the dying of the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

And now, my dear brother, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which alone is sufficient to instruct you into the mystery of God, of the Father and of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge; and I do hope it will be my happiness to hear you proclaim, under the influence of the Eternal Spirit, a full, a free, a simple, yet glorious salvation, as it shines in colours brighter than the rainbow; and diffuses its blessings upon a guilty world—even light, life, and liberty from Calvary's holy summit, and

a bleeding Saviour's dying groans. If the power of the Glorifier of Christ rests upon your heart and upon your tongue, you will not fail to set before the people the truth as it is in Jesus, knowing that this is the appointed instrument of raising a guilty world, from the ruins of the fall, into the enjoyment of the favour and smiles of a covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus. I humbly presume in this testimony the Father's everlasting love, the Son's complete and eternal sacrifice, as well as the Spirit's efficacious grace, is included; which, when united, is designed to show that "salvation is of the Lord, and that His blessing rests upon His people." I am aware that your steadfastness in the faith will be sharply assailed by the god of this world, as well as the influence of a conditional salvation, which almost universally abounds, will have upon your views and feelings. But I would most solemnly entreat you to consider what I say, and may the Lord give you understanding in all things. Never for a moment forget the Source from whence flows salvation, with all the blessings that accompany it, as expressed by the prophet when he said, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: and therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." I do believe that if this truth were freely proclaimed from one end of the land to the other, unfettered by human inventions, and untarnished by words without knowledge, it would do more in exciting a spirit of inquiry, and in producing a feeling of concern, even in the minds of those that are dead in trespasses and sins, which would issue, under the Holy Spirit's grace, of making more visible the heirs of promise of whom the Saviour spake. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." I would remark also, that, in connexion with the Father's everlasting love, we should never fail to unite the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, the glorious channel through which grace, with its numberless blessings, is communicated, with eternal glory in that bright world where sin, and sorrow, and death will flee away for ever.

And this is not all. Another chief blessing of the everlasting covenant is the gift of the Holy Spirit. Without this every page of divine revelation would be a mere blank, the finished sacrifice and glorious intercession of the Lord Jesus could never be known, nor the Father's eternal and measureless love ever enjoyed.

But I must bring my remarks to a close. They would not have been so lengthened and pointed had you not sought my advice and approbation upon the object you are pursuing. And now I will only add, that if you have been set apart to unfurl the banner of the cross, and to exhibit before the people the wonders of redeeming mercy, the truths I have referred to will be your meat and drink; and you will not fail to direct the saints of the Most High to them for support in trouble, strength in the hour of temptation, and victory in death; even to the "chief things of the ancient mountains, and to the precious things of the everlasting hills." Not that I mean that those truths should be stated in a cold and lifeless manner; or that your hearers should only receive them in their judgments, without affecting the heart. Oh no; there is a divine savour and sweetness, a power and a glory felt in the soul that receives them in the love of the Spirit; for "godliness is profitable for all things, having

the life that now is, and that which is to come." Indeed, it is a base reflection upon the Author and Finisher of faith to say, as some do, that these heavenly and divine realities lead to licentiousness; whereas it is only by a belief of the truth that we are preserved from the snares of the wicked one, and kept steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labour will never be in vain in the Lord. If, then, the children of light and of the day desire to put to shame the ignorance of foolish and wicked men, let them see that they are carrying out, in conduct and conversation, the holy influence of these sacred truths; and thus, in this most effectual way, "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." Let us see, then, that we walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise; deeming the time, because the days are evil.

And now, again, I would commend you to God, beseeching you that "thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, proving thyself to be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine. These things command and teach." And, may the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush rest upon you and your works, is the most earnest prayer of yours in the Lord,

Huckney.

BARTIMEUS.

THE FORGETFUL CHILD.

WHAT mean these throbs, and anxious cares?

What mean these sinful doubts and fears?
Hast thou no God, to guide thy way,
And go before thee day by day?

Has He not guided hitherto?

Has He not promis'd so to do?

And will th' eternal God revoke

One promise which He ever spoke?

Oh! poor faint-hearted, feeble saint,

Is this "to walk and never faint?"

Thus to distrust His love and power,
When storms arise, and tempests lower?

Where is thy faithful covenant God?

Where thy dependance on His word?

Hast thou no love, no hope, no life,

Thus to give way to fear and strife?

Come to thy Father! nestle there,

Pour out thy soul to Him in prayer;

Tell Him thy sinful unbelief,

Ask Him to give thee sweet relief.

Thy woes, thy wants, and cares are His,

Why should thy soul to Him heart-distrust?

His love, His power, His heart is thine,

Oh, wherefore murmur or repine?

Birmingham.

E. B. M.

A MAN never begins to fall in love with Christ till he begins to fall out with his sins. Till sin and the soul be two, Christ and the soul cannot be one.—*Brooks.*

“COMMAND DELIVERANCES FOR JACOB.”

Psm. xliv. 4.

How often do we read time after time the same passage of Divine truth and see nothing in it; nothing to suit our case, nothing to excite our admiration, nor even our attention. We little think how much beauty, what a wealth of comfort, or what a suitability to our own particular necessities, lies buried under the external covering of words.

We remember this beautiful passage, “Thou art *my* King, O God, *command* deliverances for Jacob,” was pointed out to us by a dear friend. It came home with power at that time, and often since it has proved a precious morsel, coming in when the soul was bowed down under a wearying sense of the captivity of this world.

Deliverances for Jacob! Why should deliverances be commanded for Jacob? Poor Jacob! Surely there was nothing to love in him. What a weak, mercenary creature he was; how all his actions displayed his poor, fallen nature. But God had chosen him; ere the eyes of the twin-brothers had opened on the light of day, God had chosen one—rejected the other. “Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.” God chose him to typify His Church, His chosen ones, who should be scattered throughout the world.

Jacob was nothing, less than nothing in himself, yet he was favoured to wrestle with God. What a condescension that the Great Eternal should wrestle and be wrestled with by one of His own finite, insignificant creatures! But more than this was granted to Jacob; not only did he wrestle, but he *prevailed*! What a glorious assimilation between the Church and her type. Jacob prevailed in olden times—God’s favoured ones wrestle and prevail now and always with Him. Jacob’s name was changed to Israel, a Prince of God. His chosen vessels are denominated kings and priests. As there was nothing in Jacob to recommend him, so was there nothing in any one of the sons and daughters of Zion, that God should invest them with such honours, or exalt them to such dignities beyond those who have no part nor lot

in the heavenly inheritance? But with Jacob they were chosen in Christ *before* the foundation of the world.

In the Psalm before us the Church recounts mercies received at a previous time, and tells how formerly by the hand of God the heathen were driven out, and the people of the Lord planted; how they had gotten the land in possession, *not* by their own sword or by their own strength, but by the right-hand of God, His arm, and the light of His countenance. And why? Because they were so much better than the heathen, that they deserved to become the inheritors of the good land? Because they hearkened to the voice of the Lord to obey Him in all things, to love Him with undivided soul, and to serve Him with constant and unwavering devotion? Because they were a great and noble nation, justly meriting the honour and love of the God of Heaven? No. For none of these things did the Lord set His love upon them, for they were the fewest of all people—a rebellious and stiff-necked generation, easily turned from the service of the true God to the idolatry of even a golden calf, ready were their evil hearts of unbelief on the first opportunity to substitute the worship of the similitude of an “Ox that eateth grass,” for that of “God their Saviour.” But because the Lord “had a *favour* unto them,” because He loved them, and because He would keep the oath which He had sworn unto their fathers, because He had bought them, and, as a faithful Redeemer, loved them from first to last. Israel once redeemed, was redeemed forever. Although oftentimes rebellious and backsliding, no power of earth or of hell could again throw around them the chain of bondage, for Jehovah, the Lord of all, was their Omnipotent Redeemer. “I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour. I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee. I am the Lord, your Holy One, the Creator of Israel, your King.” But although Israel’s redemption was glorious and permanent, there were yet many

enemies to fight against, many storms to encounter, many floods of tribulation to pass through, which, though not able utterly to overthrow them, still caused great sorrow and fearfulness, and required more than their own feeble strength to deliver them. These trials were purposely sent upon them for the glory of God and for the manifestation of His power among the nations of the earth. Where would poor Israel have been many a time without the arm of the Lord for a defence? How often would their enemies have cast them down and destroyed them, but for the Lord who fought for them? How often was the name of the Lord a strong tower whereunto they could run and be safe? And blessed be His name now, for the Church ever findeth therein a safe retreat from the persecutions and slanders of the world, the fiery darts of Satan, and the many afflictions of life.

How precious is the thought that the Church is not trusting to an arm of flesh for deliverance. No earthly monarch is the trusted Saviour of the little flock, but One who, as Maker and Sovereign of all, possesses a power before which every earthly monarch must bow. "Where the word of a king is, there is power" is true, in a limited sense, of earthly dignitaries; and if of them, how much more of our King and God, who by a word called the universe into existence, and by a breath of His mouth could sweep into eternal destruction the whole creation? As Israel of old often needed the help of the Lord, so now, how many are the circumstances in which the children of God are placed from which there can be no escape, no deliverance, by any earthly power. These waters of affliction, how deep they get, deeper every hour, surely, the next wave will utterly overwhelm us. Surely, this heavy load of trouble will weigh us down and crush us to the very earth. This overhanging storm-cloud, when it bursts upon our head, will dash us to a fearful destruction. This wearying disease, that, when night comes, makes us sigh for the morning, and when the day dawns, causes us to cry out, "would that it were night;" surely, we shall soon faint, and fail beneath it. This painful season of poverty, and forsaking of friends, and struggling, and disappointments, and dis-

quietude of mind, will certainly ere long sink us into despair. Is there no one to aid? no friend in all this wide world to lend a helping-hand? no sympathizing ear to listen to the tale of woe? no generous heart to feel for us and to share the burden with? No, no; there is not one on the earth who can help us; indeed, at times, even our friends appear to be conspiring against us; all things seem to combine to work our ruin. And yet the Church, whatever her trials may be, and however dark the prospect, is assured that "*All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called, according to His purpose.*" And it is a blessed position for us, when trials and afflictions are our portion, to be cut off from all earthly sources of comfort. This is just the point to which the Lord brings all His favourites at some period in their lives. He separates us from everything whereupon we might place our hopes, or to which we might look for deliverance; and it is then, when we are shut out from everything else, the Lord mercifully shuts us up to himself, and we cry out, "*Thou art my King, O God, command deliverances for Jacob!*"

Blow on, then, ye storm-winds of trouble, and let the waves roll, and the thunders roar, and the lightnings flash! Work on, Satan, and weave thy most potent and most subtle web of snares and of temptations. Go on, gay, giddy world, with thy phantom joys and transient fascinations! The greater the storm and higher the waves, so far greater the praise and the glory which shall be ascribed to the Prince of Peace, who, as He once with a word calmed the storm of the natural elements, shall speak into peacefulness the storms of trouble and afflictions which rage against His elect. He who suffered temptation is able to succour them that are tempted. Our great High Priest can be *touched* with a feeling of our infirmities, and Satan's web, perverse and powerful though it be, resisting every effort of the creature to unravel it, shall be dispelled by the breath of the Creator, as the morning mist vanishes before the rising sun; for thus saith the Lord, "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered, *for I will contend with him that con-*

tendeth with thee, and *I will save thy children.*" *Our King and our God* is "He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers—that bringeth the princes to nothing. He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity." All these fleeting and transitory things may hold us within their power for a time, but that time is limited; the end of all things is at hand, when, after many minor deliverances, the one great and finalemanicipation shall take place which shall set the feet of the saints of God securely and everlastingly upon Mount Zion, within the pearly gates where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Stratford.

H. E. W.

SUMMER MUSINGS.

Oh Summer, glorious Summer, my heart leaps at thy sound,
For music-mirth and fragrance on every side abound;
Why shrink we from the fervid heat thy golden pinions fling,
While countless sources of delight around thee ever spring?

The incense of the meadows arises to thy throne,
To thee the song-birds warble with joy-inspired tone;
The tender flowers that shrank from Winter's cold and storm,
Like courtly maidens throng thee, thy retinue to form.

The ruddy fruit upon the bough its sweetness owes to thee;
Beneath thy patronage goes forth the never-wearyed bee;
The valleys clothed with waving corn, rejoicing shout and sing,
And myriad creatures 'neath thy smile spread out the golden wing.

The cloudless azure of thy sky, the twilight's softened shade,
The darkling firmament, with countless stars array'd;
The silver moon that bathes in light, the mountain, vale, and sea,
Make this poor world as fair as poet's dream can be.

Whene'er my soaring mind would form some faint idea of heaven,
Thy glowing hues and sunshine unto my thoughts are given;
With these the cloud-built temple profusely I array,
And half forget how quickly thy glory melts away.

I cannot think it sinful to raise my fancy high,
And deck with charms material the world above the sky;
For fair is thy creation, O Fountain of all joy,
And man's transgression only its beauty can alloy.

And when on Sinai thou stoodst, thy statutes to proclaim,
An awful robe begirt Thee, 'twas darkness, smoke, and flame;
But yet beneath thy feet a glorious pavement shone,
Clear as the heaven in its light—blue as the sapphire stone.

When in the isle of Patmos the loved disciple lay,
And, by thy Spirit favoured, beheld a future day,
The heavenly world was opened—the throne of light was seen,
Encircled by a rainbow of never-fading green;

He saw the saints victorious that awful throne surround;
He heard the music of their song, like the water's rushing sound;
He saw a flowing river—its streams were streams of life;
He saw the tree upon its banks with healing virtues rife.

But if my wing too boldly soar, forgive the daring flight,
And bid me quietly return from those blest realms of light;
Feeling that nought can paint that land so pure and fair,
For 'tis a world untouch'd by sin, and Jesus dwelleth there.

E. D.

In a world like the present, it is often extremely difficult to connect integrity with prudence. The man who will be honest, must run some risk.—*Thyldy.*

ON THE NEW BIRTH.

THERE are some Christians who have not been exercised with the doubts and fears, and deep distress of mind, which others have been exercised with on their being brought to Christ. They have not been so sorely burdened, yea, crushed down with the weight of sin, as to fear there could be no hope for them—they have not drunk so deeply of the worm-wood and the gall as many have, but have been led to see themselves guilty, condemned, lost sinners; and at the same time, through mercy, have been enabled to see their sin laid on Jesus, and to trust in Him for salvation; they see no hope in themselves—see themselves to be nothing but sin, and trust to be saved by Christ alone. As they had not the deep mental suffering that some others have had, neither have they now the great depth of joy that many have, but only a comfortable hope in Christ. This want of depth of feeling of one or other kind, or of both, causes them to be exercised with perplexing doubts and fears of another kind. They think, that, because they have not felt as others have, that they may not be amongst Christ's people—that they may be deceiving themselves even while trusting in Christ. May such have grace to come to Jesus just as they are. Rivers of tears will not make them more fit for His salvation. The language of unerring truth is, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). If the following remarks, the result of an examination of the Bible, through Divine grace, lead any such to a more settled state of mind, by encouraging them to cease writing bitter things against themselves, without "crying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace," they will not have been written in vain. May the Holy Spirit use what has been written in accordance with His Word, to the honour and glory of the Triune God, and pardon every error, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Change and death are stamped on everything below, and man has not to look far for proofs that he cannot long remain here. What, then, are his hopes for the future? The believer in revelation, knowing that there are only two

places for the whole of mankind—heaven and hell—hopes to spend eternity in heaven. And what is heaven? and what will be the employment of those of the human race who through grace arrive within its happy gates? and what the society walking its golden streets? It is not possible for our finite capacities to comprehend, on this side the grave, the happiness of heaven; for though "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10), yet such is the limited state of our understanding, that we can form no adequate idea of heavenly realities—we can only "see through a glass darkly;" we can only "know in part." (1 Cor. xiii. 12). And that which we learn from the Word of God is only made known to us by comparison with earth's greatest and best things (according to our time state), as the way most suitable to the present state of our understanding. Enough, however, is shown to us to enable us to see that the "remaining rest of the people of God" is a state of supreme bliss, and that lasting for ever. We are told of a place preparing for us if we are Christ's, and of many mansions in our Father's house. We are promised "everlasting life"—to be "in paradise"—an entrance into the "kingdom prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world"—"an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away." There are also glorious descriptions of this blissful state in various parts of Scripture, particularly in the 7th, 21st, and 22nd chapters of the Revelation. The very essence of the happiness of the redeemed will no doubt be their seeing Jesus, and being like Him, and their consequent freedom from all suffering and sin. Oh, to be free from sin! What happiness! Of this happy Church it is said, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." The employment in heaven will be the serving God day and night, by ascribing

to Him endless praise, crying, "Salvation to our God that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb;" and in fulfilling all His will. And how glorious the society in which we shall be numbered! We shall be with God—the Triune God—Father, Son, and Spirit. We shall be with the elect angels, and "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues;" who, stripped of their "vile raiment," their "filthy garments," shall be clothed with "white robes," and stand "before the throne."

Such, then, is something of the state of the redeemed beyond this earthly life. But what a vague and uncertain notion of heaven have some who hope for it, without being able to give a reason of their hope; to them it is nothing more than an escape from punishment—an escape from hell. They forget that heaven is a "prepared place" for a prepared, for "a peculiar people"—a sanctified people; and that the unregenerate man could not be happy in heaven, were it possible for him to find admittance there. How could he delight in serving God, whom he hates? For "the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. viii. 7). The whole human race lost all title to heaven in the fall of Adam, and became the children of wrath, subject to death spiritual, temporal, and eternal. Who, then, are the people for whom this blissful abode is prepared? and may we know whether we ourselves are in the number? This is an all-important question. They are *sinners*—for Jesus Christ "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" they are the *lost*—for "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." Do we, then, feel ourselves to be such? This is a most urgent reason for our coming to Jesus. He will turn away none that come to Him, however black and vile they may be—for publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of God. Salvation is all of grace; not one particle of it is of works. We shall have heaven without any merit of our own—"It is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of your-

selves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

But how is sinful man to be made fit for the presence of God, when the unerring Word declares that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and "the soul that sinneth it shall die?" The same Word also tells us that "God hath made Jesus sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21); that "by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14); that "we are complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10). So that, not to multiply texts, God can look upon us as if we had never sinned, because Jesus died for us. He can look upon us as perfectly holy, because He sees us united to Jesus, and as partakers of His holiness. We are "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6). These texts apply to all those who are Christ's people. This is, indeed, glad tidings of great joy; this is good news, "that when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life."

But before we can know that we have any share in the joys above—before we can be assured that we are "partakers of the glory that shall be revealed," we must become *regenerate*; we must be made God's children by adoption and grace (I speak now of the work carried on *in* the soul); for our Lord Jesus Christ emphatically declares, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3).

The necessity of regeneration is, therefore, a great fact, one of vital importance, and one which ought to engage our earnest consideration.

Let us briefly endeavour to find out what regeneration is by an examination of the written Word of God; and then show how it may be known that we are regenerate, from the same Word.

1. Regeneration is that work which is effected in man (*i.e.*, in redeemed man) when he is said to be "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 13); to be "born of water and of the Spirit" (John iii. 5); and "of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). The same thing is intended by St. Peter, when he says,

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Pet. i. 3); and when he speaks of "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 3). St. Paul speaks of our being "saved by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus iii. 5). The new birth is also spoken of under other terms. It is called a passing from death unto life, *i.e.*, a resurrection; for Jesus says, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (John v. 24, 25). And St. Paul, writing to the Ephesians, says, "God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ" (Eph. ii. 4, 5). All God's Church were "virtually" regenerate when Christ rose from the dead, as may be seen by this last quotation, "quickened together with Christ;" as well as by what St. Peter says, when he tells the believers to whom he wrote that were regenerate "by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead," as shown above. But we shall confine our remarks to the new birth, as it is connected with the saved sinner in this time-state; for just as the redeemed sinner was justified in the purpose of God, ere time was, and ("virtually") justified by faith

(Rom. v. 1), so every living member of Christ's mystical body, every one belonging to the invisible Church, undergoes the new birth in this world. There was a time when he was born again, even here. As he was born naturally to become a man, so he has been born spiritually to become a believer—a living Christian (John i. 12, &c.) As "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," so the Holy Ghost breathes into the dead sinner spiritual life before he can become a living saint. The commencement of this new vitality, of this new nature, is the *new birth*, or *regeneration*. This takes place when God in any way begins to work effectually with the sinner to bring him into the glorious liberty of the children of God. The time when this Divine act takes place may be widely different in different individuals, as may be seen by the examples presented to our notice in the Scriptures (but of this more presently). Of the manner we can say nothing; for Christ himself says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit;" and that "the kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground, . . . and it should spring up he knoweth not how." What an encouragement for those who are employed in any way by Christ in His cause! This is certain from the Scripture quoted, as well as from other passages which might be shown, that when and in whatever way the new birth takes place, it is the work of God. To Him be all the praise.

(To be continued.)

MINISTERS.—Lord Bolingbroke, the celebrated infidel, was one day reading Calvin's Institutes. A clergyman (the Rev. Mr. C., who died curate of Battersea), of his lordship's acquaintance, coming in on a visit, Lord B. said to him, "You have caught me reading JOHN CALVIN; he was, indeed, a man of great parts, profound sense, and vast learning; he handles the doctrines of grace in a very masterly manner." "Doctrines of grace," replied the clergyman, "the doctrines of grace have

set all mankind together by the ears." "I am surprised to hear you say so," answered Lord B., "you who profess to believe and to preach Christianity. Those doctrines are certainly the doctrines of the Bible; and if I believe the Bible, I must believe them. And let me seriously tell you, that the greatest miracle in the world is the subsistence of Christianity, and its continued preservation as a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of such as you."

THE CROSS AND ITS BENEFITS.

BELoved, we suppose you to be no stranger to grief. Your heart has known what sorrow is. You have borne, perhaps for years, some heavy, painful, yet concealed cross. Over it, in the solitude and silence of privacy, you have wept, agonized, and prayed; and still the cross, though mitigated, is not removed. Have you ever thought of the sympathy of Christ? Have you ever thought of *Him as bearing that cross with you?*—as entering into its peculiarity, its minutest circumstance? Oh, there is a fibre in His heart that sympathizes with, there is a chord there that vibrates to, that grief of yours. It is touched the moment sadness and sorrow find their lodgment in your bosom. *That cross* He is bearing with you at this moment; and although you may feel it to be so heavy and painful as to be lost to the sweet consciousness of this, still, it rests on Him as on you; and were He to remove His shoulder but for a moment, you would be crushed beneath its pressure. Then why, if so tender and sympathizing,

does He place upon me this cross? *Because of His tenderness* and sympathy. He sees you need that cross. You have carried it, it may be, for years; who can tell where and what you would have been at this moment but for this very cross? What evil in you it may have checked; what corruption in you it may have subdued; what constitutional infirmities it may have weakened; from what lengths it has kept you, from what rocks and precipices it has guarded you, and what good it has been silently and secretly, yet effectually, working in you all the long years of your life. Who can, tell but God himself? The removal of that cross might have been the removal of your greatest mercy. Hush, then, every murmur: be still, and know that He is God, and that all these trials, these cross dispensations, these untoward circumstances, are *now* working together for your good and for His glory.—*From the "Sympathy of the Atonement," by the Rev. O. Winslow.*

THE PROPHETIC NUMBER, 666.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—I observe in your June number, p. 264, that "J. B.," of Liverpool, has discovered that the Greek letters composing the name of Louis Napoleon, numerically valued, amount to the prophetic number of 666. This fact is worth investigating in its bearings on the times we live in, and in relation to the important occurrences of the day. I am, however, of opinion that Popery as a system, personified in each successive Pope, is the beast whose number is 666. Popery, I think, answers all the conditions descriptive of the beast described in Rev. xiii. 11, to the end; and each successive Pope assumes the name of "Vicar of the Son of God;" and this title is prominently vaunted in an inscription over the Vatican door in Latin, "VICARIVS FILII DEI," the numerals of which, in *Roman characters*, its own proper significance, amount, when added, to 666.

Thus: V.	=	5
I.	=	1
C.	=	100
A.		
R.		
I.	=	1
V.	=	5
S.		
F.		
L.	=	1
L.	=	50
I.	=	1
I.	=	1
D.	=	500
E.		
L.	=	1
		666

If this will help the investigation of prophetic students I shall rejoice.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
Chester. W. W.

ENTERED INTO REST.

ANOTHER of our beloved correspondents has been called home—the deeply-taught, the highly-favoured RUTH. She has left a blank in our staff of writers. None seemed more indulged with closet-communion and with sweet visits to and from Jesus than she. But it is accounted for now. Though it was our privilege personally to know her, and, upon the two or three interviews with which we were indulged, to feel we were with one whom the Lord loved, we had not the slightest suspicion that she was so deeply afflicted. It appears to us that Jesus—and we had nearly said Jesus only—was her *confidante*. It was into His ears she poured her sorrows—upon His bosom she leaned. Hence her special support—hence her peculiar solace. She “dwelt on high!” She had in deed and in truth “risen with Christ;” and, as a blessed fruit and consequence, her “affections were set on things above, and not on things on the earth.” Her theme was Jesus! His person—His blood—His righteousness her hope—her boast. And now she sees Him as He is.

We have thought of her much—followed her in spirit and desire. We have stood upon the brink of the Jordan, and as by faith we saw her caught away from this valley of tears, and rising higher—higher—higher still, until she entered the portals of the blessed—we have looked, and lingered, and longed! As we saw her enter within the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, bow in adoring wonder at the feet of Immanuel, and was conducted to the mansion He had prepared for her, took her golden harp, and began the song which none but the redeemed from among men can sing, we could but exclaim—

“Happy songster!

When shall I your chorus join?”

The first intimation we had of the departure of this loved and now-glorified sister was given us in the annexed letter. It took us greatly by surprise, for we knew not of her illness.

Nottingham, July 27th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,—It falls to my lot to inform you of the departure this morn-

ing of our beloved sister in Christ, RUTH BRYAN, who fell asleep soon after seven o'clock, and has joined the upper house of the one family in heaven and earth, and exchanged this mortal corruptible state for an immortal, far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.

Precious saint! her name will be ever fragrant to those who enjoyed her sweet society. I said, writing to a relative of the dear departed, that others may have seen her equal, I never did, nor expect it again on this side Jordan, therefore the loss of the church here is irreparable; but I speak as a child, God is all-sufficient, the residue of the Spirit is with Him; and the passing away of an Elijah may be the introduction of an Elisha: yet while I write, faith staggers, and unbelief rejects the idea, and proclaims it an impossibility.

I am not aware of any personal knowledge you possessed of her real, sterling worth, but you will have gathered much from her writings; the illuminating grace of God shone in that soul like a sunbeam, throwing out its light and heat to those who came within the circle of its rays. Oft-times have I found her little room a Bethel, the house of God, yea, the gate of heaven; and never once do I recollect coming away from her presence without the savour of that name which is as ointment poured forth, and oft-times, amidst the business and confusion of this world, abiding for weeks together.

Dear as she was, I would not bring her back, but thank God for that fixed, eternal, irrevocable purpose that secured such a large amount of grace to her here for the benefit of His church, and then without passing through the infirmities of old age, gathered her to Himself as a shock of corn fully ripe in its season.

The busy, diligent gleaner, in that one field, the field of Boaz, for she had orders not to go into that of any other man, found many handfuls dropped on purpose, and gathered as much as the lap of her earthly tabernacle could carry; but now she ranges over those fields of light and blessedness where

gleaning is out of the question, for the extended powers are filled to overflowing from the fountain-head fulness of Him that filleth all in all. But my feeble pen shall never attempt to set forth "RUTH;" I should spoil her, much less Him of whom she could say, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." God willing, she will be interred next Thursday.

I am, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,
J. F.

—

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LATE
DEEPLY-LAMENTED
MISS RUTH BRYAN,

Daughter of the Rev. John Bryan, who departed this life July 27, 1860.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."—Luke viii. 25.

MY DEAR FELLOW-LABOURER IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD,—With great diffidence I forward to you for insertion in your valuable Magazine, a sketch, a rough outline indeed, of one of my flock, peculiarly dear to me; whose holy attainments, ever rendered more capable of proclaiming Jesus than hearing of Him, while endued with an unaffected, child-like simplicity, which rendered her truly unconscious of what she possessed; even as the shining of Moses' face, after communion with Jehovah, evidently was unknown to himself while beheld by Israel.

Believe me, yours in Jesus,
Nottingham. A. J. BAXTER.

It not unfrequently happens that, in passing over certain spots, we are attracted by a sweet and odoriferous perfume, wafted from some secret plant, luxuriating in quietude, and concealing the richness of its beauteous adorning, while sending forth its delightful and exhilarating fragrantcy; and when, after a careful search, it has been discovered, we are constrained to wonder that such lovely hues and exquisite aroma should be confined in such seclusion, rather than occupy a pre-eminent position among well-known and highly-appreciated botanical productions. And yet how often is this the case in spiritual things. Saints, who can triumph with the prophets, in that the Lord hath "clothed them with the garments of salvation, and covered them

with the robe of righteousness" (Isa. lxi. 10), whose hands, when engaged in works of faith and labours of love, drop with sweet-smelling myrrh, "which their Beloved has left on the handles of the lock of their souls" (Song. v. 5); and who are, in all things, "a sweet savour of Christ;" "weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who rejoice;" "glorying in tribulation," and "abounding in hope;" carrying the crosses of others, so that they may but realize their crown; and thus not looking on their own things, but also partaking, without dissimulation, in the griefs and burdens of their fellow-pilgrims. How often, perhaps, are such, privately, "*well-known*" precious ones, publicly, comparatively speaking, "*unknown*." The sweet perfume of their heart-breathed, holy, and fervent meditations of Jesus may indeed, from their pens, have been wafted by the stirring breeze of public literature; and when such unctuous and glorious truths, developing the immutability of the Father's love, the altogether loveliness of the Person and work of Jesus, and the humbling and exalting revelatory power of the Holy Ghost to the Church elect, and one with Christ by indissoluble union, as have, from time to time, emanated from the pen of such an unobtrusive and humble-minded individual, as one signing herself "RUTH" and "A GLEANER," have been perused by the divinely taught; the question may often have been aroused, "Who is this?" there being a peculiarly unusual warmth of expression, clearness of perception, and throne-like nearness to the Lamb who fills it, combined with utter self-abnegation while speaking of the glorious honour of His majesty, and of His wondrous works, and "crowning Him Lord of all." But yet the heavenly-scented plant may have remained undiscovered by multitudes, while admired, and secretly instrumental in making glad in the Lord many heavy-hearted ones, and comforting many drooping and desponding. But the time of mystery and concealment has passed away. The modest flower has been sought and gathered. The divine hand of her Beloved has removed her from her hiding-place in the field of

usefulness in time, and transplanted her in His garden above (Song vi. 2); but like a flower from which essence has been extracted and preserved, she is not even now lost to the Church below; for "being dead, she yet speaketh" in those precious writings she has left behind, and which remain as so many acts and monuments of the power of the Holy Ghost in a vessel of mercy, now filled with all the fullness of God.

The anonymous writer and delightful correspondent alluded to above was then "well-known" in Nottingham, and many other places through the country, and even abroad, as Miss RUTH BRYAN, the daughter of the Rev. JOHN BRYAN, the honoured and highly-esteemed pastor of the Church of Christ assembling in Sion Chapel, Fletcher Gate, Nottingham. She was born on the 6th of July, 1805; and was naturally of a very vivacious disposition, and of a very high order of intellectual capacity. It appears that, like many of the Lord's people, she had very serious convictions in childhood, which wore off, and nothing of a very prominent, though much of a hopeful nature, intimated her being in a state of grace until after her father's decease, which took place in 1823: nor was his ministry much blessed to her, though his counsels were, as seen from her diary. But the firm, unalterable persuasion was riveted on the mind of the servant of the Lord, that his child was one of the Lord's "*hidden ones*," and that the pearl would be fully manifested as rescued from its "low estate" in nature's ocean, and eventually adorn the crown of Immanuel by the power of the Holy Spirit; and the prayer of faith ascended from his soul for the accomplishment of that work.

Some years elapsed subsequent to his departure to glory, ere the "time of love," "the set time to favour" his dear daughter's soul arrived; and then convictions of a most powerful nature came upon her, succeeded by dark despair, which continued more or less for about two years. During this period she was acquainted, as she had been prior to her father's death, with one with whom she was on terms of close friendship to the end of her pilgrimage, and who was then in the

enjoyment of the sweet liberty of the Gospel, and who endeavoured to comfort her with the promises of the Word; but all in vain, so far as affording her effectual deliverance: and she has declared, that she has even gone into the house of that friend, and sat in the same seat, and kneeled in the same place, in hopes of gaining the same deliverance and blessing. But the vanity of all this she soon discovered, and proved that the many of nature's medicines could never cure her soul. At length, about twenty years ago, the Lord laid her on a bed of affliction, and there she learned the experience of the promise, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably unto her" (Hos. ii. 14); for in the midst of the debility from which she suffered, the Lord broke in upon her soul with the love of His heart, the power of His arm, the riches of His grace, and the glory of His finished salvation, producing "joy unspeakable and full of glory." The reaction was almighty, and she exclaimed with ecstasy to her friend, "O, you never told me half of His beauty and love!" These were the days of her holy espousals, and language would fail to describe the rich unfoldings of Christ to her soul, as her Prophet, Priest, and King, Husband, Lord; yea, "All in all." It needs her own graphic pen to even intimate the same; I therefore forbear. The furnace was about being heated, and her precious faith, like gold, was to be tried in the earthly fining-pot of her mortal frame. The frightful disease of cancer in her breast gradually developed itself; and although at the first it was hoped that its progress had been arrested, yet future years undeceived the premature expectations raised in the minds of her friends: but there is not the least doubt, that, while her long preservation from death amidst, sometimes, excruciating suffering, can be scarcely considered less than miraculous, her naturally cheerful and energetic mind contributed largely, by the overruling power of God, to effect this. The ministrations of Mr. ARTHUR TRIGGS in several visits were greatly blessed to her, and a warm friendship subsisted betwixt them, and a long correspondence was the

result, under the signatures "REAPER" and "GLENER." But now to describe the nature and extent of her silent labours and abundant usefulness while enduring the pains of wasting cancer, is too herculean a task (without exaggeration) for any to perform; and the deep sense of her own unworthiness which she ever possessed, losing *self* entirely in Jesus, would prohibit the attempt, well knowing how displeasing fleshly parade was to her heavenly mind. Her boast was "union" to Christ, her life "communion" with Christ. Absorbed in Him, she knew nothing *by* herself, could do nothing *of* herself, was nothing *in* herself; her glory was in the Lord, who had made Christ to her "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," and she felt "complete *in* Him who is the Head of all principalities and powers." How fully she realized the divine doctrine of union with God incarnate, may be slightly understood from an expression she made use of to the writer, when sympathizing with her on account of her sufferings—"You know 'we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;' therefore this flesh is not my own, but His: and has He not a right to do what He will with His own, and to inflict what pain He pleases? But as 'no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it,' I have a claim upon Him to take care of this flesh as His own, and so He will." While racked with agony herself, she forgot it, to minister unto, and pray for, the relief of others, to many of whom she was more than a mother; while as a friend, her open ear to the troubled, with ever-ready counsel which might ever be summed up thus, to be "looking unto Jesus" *only*, will not be erased from the memory of those who knew her while life exists. No secrets committed unto her passed her lips, no tale-bearing was indulged; indeed, it was not *she* "that lived, but *Christ* who lived in her, and the life she lived in the flesh she lived by the faith of the Son of God, who loved her and gave Himself for her." And thus it was, while beautified with the graces of the Holy Ghost, and illumined by the light of her Lord, His glory being seen upon her,

self was lost sight of, like a star fading in the beams of the meridian sun. Towards the end of her journey, she had to endure much soul travail, and great bodily pain; but her rocky confidence remained unshaken, and the evangelical declarations which came from her lips when visited by friends, would proclaim the steadfastness of her belief in the covenant, amidst all the variations of feelings and enjoyments. There are many of the Lord's family firmly rooted in the divine purpose of salvation and decrees of God, who abound in austerity, without experiencing much love shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost; but in her case the equipoise was glorious: *love* in her abounding in knowledge and all judgment, approving things that are excellent, combined with sincerity, without offence, until the day of Christ. The spirit of prayer which she possessed, was great, and many a Bethel has the writer (her pastor) and friends passed in her bed-room, finding it true what she would sometimes say, "*Jesus is no stranger in this room.*" But it is impossible to dwell on particulars in so hasty a sketch, and from all private things at present we forbear. It will not be surprising that so memorably blessed a life should have a quiet and peaceful termination; and that, too, when viewed in connexion with the fact that her excessive bodily weakness, from her exhausting and agonizing disorder, which frequently took away all sleep, and prevented her from lying in any but one position, deprived her of the power of manifesting as fully as before the vigorous energy of her character. To the last she dressed her dreadful wound herself, and declined the proffered service to be sat up with all the last night. And in the middle of the night was heard as usual in wonderful communion with the Lord, when her soul used to appear on the wing; not wrestling for herself alone, but for those she knew and loved: and at half-past seven o'clock on Friday morning, July 27th, without a sigh or groan, she slid gently into the promised rest, and bowed at Jesu's feet in the realms of bliss, commencing uninterrupted communion above for ever. Her thirst to depart for months and years was in-

tense, and when life was protracted after the greatest exhaustion, as was frequently the case, she felt the disappointment as one prohibited for a season from entering into her father's house; but no murmuring or complaining was heard, her sole desire being that of Paul's, that Christ might be magnified in her body, whether by life or death, ease or pain, earth or heaven.

I am here compelled, for the present,

to draw the veil over her, anticipating more complete, though ever faint and imperfect accounts of her, and her occupation for Christ, soon; while giving all the glory and praise to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever, by whose grace one who felt herself the least, vilest, and most unworthy of all saints, was what she was.

A. J. B.

"HAS HE NOT SAID IT?"

DEAR READER—The following extract has just proved such a morning meal to us, that we pass it on to you, hoping you may have similar confidence in a covenant promising God:—

A pleasant summer evening had succeeded a sultry day, when an invalid at Tunbridge Wells strolled out to enjoy the refreshing breeze. She had a few tracts in her hand, and had not proceeded many steps when she met an old woman, to whom she offered one.

It was thankfully accepted, and followed by a request, in a broad Scottish dialect, that the lady would sell her some if she had more. She therefore returned to the house, and brought out a large supply, which she gave to her.

"I can find a ready sale for them as I hobble through the country," said the old woman; "and when I get a lodging for the night, I have often an opportunity of reading one to my fellow-travelers."

She was nearly ninety, she said, but was hale and lively, and able to walk a good way with the aid of a stout stick. She had been a soldier's wife, and for many years had followed the camp in time of war. She was now a widow, going many a long mile to end her days with one of her children.

"You have had a long and eventful life," said the lady, after hearing her story; "but it is nearly over; you are now seeking a home with your daughter,

but you cannot remain with her long; you read good books to others, and sell them, but where do you expect to go when these aged limbs will serve you no longer, and when you will have no other abode than the grave?"

She raised her staff upwards very energetically, and said, "There, I shall be there!"

"How do you know that? It is not every one who dies that goes to heaven."

"*Has He not said it?*" she replied.

"Said what?"

The old woman looked at her questioner with evident surprise at her supposed ignorance, and said,

"Do you not know what God has said?"

"I do know that God has said many things; but I cannot tell what you mean. Perhaps you will inform me?"

"He says," exclaimed the old woman, fervently, striking the pavement vigorously with her staff,—"He has said it, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth'" (Isa. xlv. 22).

On this broad word of promise she took her stand, and found it a sure word of strength and comfort to her aged heart.

Oh, beloved, may we have faith to rest there too, and in downcast moments may this old Scotchwoman's confidence be ours—"Ah! *but has He not said it?*" I will then trust, and not be afraid to trust.

G. C.

SATAN labours might and main to keep your graces low and poor. You never hurt him less, you never honour Christ less, you never mind your work less, than when grace is weak and low. This he knows, and therefore he labours to keep your graces down.—*Brooks.*

TRI-CENTENARY OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

THE celebration of that great event, the Reformation in Scotland, which took place on the 14th instant, was appropriately notified by a single external emblem—a flag on which was depicted an open Bible, with texts on either page; and the proceedings of the occasion were inaugurated by devotional services, and an admirable sermon by Dr. GUTHRIE, from the singularly-suitable text, “The truth shall make you free.”—John viii. 32. Such commemorations have the direct sanction of ancient usage, and Divine command. The Lord’s people, in the days of David, were directed to “remember his marvellous works that He had done, His wonders, and the judgments of His mouth.” And surely, in the practical benefits of such celebrations there is found a sufficient authority and justification. If, as is now matter of historical fact, any and every country is blighted in its intelligence, commerce, and comfort, in proportion as it comes under the influence of Popery, Scotland in particular, and Great Britain in general, have cause of grateful joy in the remembrance of those noble and heroic men who, as the instruments of Divine providence, resisted to the death the encroachments of Popish error. “There were giants in those days:” the Hamiltons, and Wisharts, the Lindsays and Allans, were men of renown—worthy successors of the “noble army of” ancient “martyrs,” to whom the simple truth of God and an open Bible were far dearer than life. We may well admire their heroism, their dauntless Christian courage, their noble daring; but amidst the admiration of their splendid virtues, we must not forget the incalculable benefits which we inherit as the legacy, under God, of their sacrifices and sufferings, their labours and blood. Scotland has long enjoyed an open Bible; and that discloses the secret of her high intelligence,

her commercial enterprise and success, and, above all, of the morality which pervades the masses of her children—qualities which make it the pride of England to acknowledge the brotherhood and oneness of the peoples. But Scotland’s sons and Scotia’s churches may derive substantial religious benefit from the reminiscence, that she owes all to the truth for which their illustrious ancestors struggled and bled. Justly did Dr. GUTHRIE remark, that Scotland yet owed a debt to her martyred dead. But, we apprehend, the principal practical result of such commemorations should be, to realize the spirit, to follow the example, and to embrace the object of those great ancestors. Though we might collect and preserve their ashes in sculptured urns, though we might perpetuate their memory in busts of ivory, or cenotaphs of marble, it were an unworthy and insufficient celebration of departed worth if we did not seek, humbly and prayerfully, to catch their mantle, and realize the inspiration of their faith. “They contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,” they laid the foundation of their country’s greatness, in blood; they have handed to their successors, as with a dying hand, the inestimable heir-loom of an open Bible; and happy indeed will it be for Scotland’s churches if the occasion of this tri-centenary commemoration of the glorious Reformation, and of the devoted and courageous men who were honoured to be its principal instruments, should serve to inflame the zeal of her numerous ministers, and become the starting-point for a renewed, but more earnest and loving, prayerful and believing, publication of the truth as it is in Jesus. What a necessity exists for this loving earnestness amidst the advances of Neology on the one hand, and the encroachments of Popery on the other!—*Christian Cabinet.*

THE promises of God in Christ are evidently meant by the gracious giver of them for the daily comfort of His people; but if we never make use of God’s promises, never exercise faith upon them; never bring them before

the throne for payment, nor make memorandas of them when they are paid, how shall we know their value, or God’s love and faithfulness in their accomplishment?—*Hawker.*

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MATT. IV. 1—11.

(Continued from page 348.)

III. THE CONFLICT.

THE whole temptation of our blessed Lord, as recorded in the inspired narrative, embraces, as we have seen, three several temptations, presented separately in a certain specific order, which order is also the order of their strength: that is to say, they begin with the weakest, and proceed to the strongest. It may be well, however, before proceeding any further, to fix here what is the true order of these temptations; since in this respect the narratives of St. Matthew and St. Luke, the two evangelists who specify them, do not correspond. Both, indeed, agree as to the first temptation, but they invert the order of the remaining two, the second in St. Matthew's account being the third in St. Luke's, and, *vice versa*, the second in St. Luke's being the third in St. Matthew's. But there is little doubt that St. Matthew has assigned them their true chronological order; for, not to rest upon the evident climax of intensity which the three temptations present as recorded by St. Matthew, and which I shall afterwards have occasion to notice, we find in the account given by that evangelist certain notes of sequence which serve to show that he intended his order to be taken as the real one, whereas St. Luke has nowhere affirmed his order. "But why, then," it may reasonably be asked, "does St. Luke adopt a different order, and one that is not chronologically correct?" To this it may be replied, that, take it which way you will the difficulty will remain. *Both* orders cannot be historically correct; if St. Luke's order be assumed to be the true one, then St. Matthew's is not, even as, on the other hand, if St. Matthew's is the true order, then St. Luke's cannot be so. Commentators, however, have made several attempts to harmonize the two orders; the most satisfactory to my own mind being, that we are not to regard each of the temptations as one specific temptation, but rather as the representative of a class of temptations. We are not to suppose that our Lord was forty days in the wilderness

untempted, and that only at the end of that time did Satan present the three temptations that are recorded. On the contrary, we are expressly told by St. Luke that He was "*forty days tempted of the devil*" (Luke iv. 2); and the recorded temptations are, therefore, to be regarded simply as the summing up of the whole forty days' temptation. It is to indicate this that their order is varied by the two evangelists, St. Luke also giving another intimation of the same truth when he says, at the end of his account, that "when the devil had ended *every kind of temptation*, (not *all the temptation*), he departed for a season."

It must also be premised, in order to the proper understanding of them, that, during the first two temptations at least, Satan was not assured of the Messiahship of our Lord. He had heard, there seems to be no doubt, the voice that came from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17); but it would seem he did not know in what sense that sonship was to be understood. That Jesus was in *some sense* the Son of God, he had no doubt; that he was a being enjoying the distinguishing favour of the Most High he well knew; and that knowledge was itself his greatest incentive to oppose, and, if possible, overcome Him. But still he knew not the Divine dignity of Him with whom he had to do; and his object in the temptation was, therefore, twofold:—(1.) To discover who and what Jesus really was; and (2.) To compass His destruction, be He whom He might. And the skill with which he conducts his temptation to these ends, his wonderful subtilty, tact, and boldness, afford us a most instructive and awful manifestation of the greatness of the archangel fallen combined with the malice of the ruthless fiend.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I proceed to consider the first temptation.

1. "*And when the tempter came to Him, he said, If thou be the Son of God,*

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command that these stones be made bread. But He answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Jesus was "an hungered," for, like Moses (Deut. ix. 9, 18) and Elijah (1 Kings xix. 8), He had fasted forty days and forty nights" (ver. 2). And Satan with ready art seizes this as a point of attack, as a peg on which to hang his first temptation. "If thou be the Son of God," he says, "command that these stones be made bread?" What is this "*if*?" Is it not that old, old saying of the tempter's to Eve, only in a new form, "Yea, *hath* God said?" (Gen. iii. 1). Is it true? Can it be possible? The Son of God left for forty days without food? Still, if thou art the Son of God, thou hast doubtless the power at once to supply thine own need, and to convince me of thy real Sonship by commanding these stones to be made bread. What a simple matter it seems; how lawful, and how expedient. And yet, beloved, what a depth of Satan does it unfold; how many-sided is the temptation which it presents. The tempter would have Jesus perform a miracle the performance of which would satisfy him that He was indeed the Son of God, of which, as has already been observed, he yet stood in doubt. This, however, only by the way. He would have Him, further, employ His divine power, supposing Him to possess it, *for his own personal advantage*, a thing which throughout the whole Gospel history we never find Him doing, because to do so were to abdicate His mediatorial function. And though He had thus indeed asserted His lordship over Satan, yet not as his conqueror for us. *For man* to conquer Satan *as man*, this is the work of Jesus. *Being God*, to conquer him *as God*, this were virtually to yield the victory. That is not the way, as the tempter knows full well, in which he is to be cast out of his usurped kingdom in the human soul; or in which his victory in Eden must be turned into a defeat. Even with Satan the Most High will deal only in perfect equity; nor shall his lawful captives be delivered in an unlawful way. Should Jesus conquer him as God, then might Satan yet boast that *by man* had he never been overcome. I

yield, he might still say, but only to God; and it is no disgrace to me, mighty as I am, that I cannot contend successfully with *Almighty* power. "Give me a man that we may fight together."

But this is not all. Suppose that Jesus was *only human* after all, though the greatest, wisest, holiest of the sons of men? Still Satan's temptation is so contrived as to meet him here; for it is a temptation to *unbelief*—to doubt His heavenly Father's providential care, and to seek the means and enjoyment of life, without the sanction and contrary to the will of God. Thus did our first parents, yielding to this very temptation, though in very different circumstances (for they were not, like Jesus, in a barren wilderness, or hungry with a forty-days' fast, but had never known the pangs of hunger, and were in the midst of the enjoyment of all the unforbidden fruits of Eden), eat of the one only tree of which God had said, "Thou shalt not eat thereof, lest ye die." Thus, again, did Israel in the wilderness, yielding to the same temptation, provoke the Most High, and say, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? Behold, He smote the rock, that the water gushed out, and the streams overflowed; Can He give bread also? Can He provide flesh for His people?" (Psm. lxxviii. 19, 20). Mark, then, the completeness and comprehensiveness of Satan's temptation. Supposing Jesus attempted to work the miracle and *failed*; then was His claim to be the Son of God at once disposed of: or, on the other hand, supposing him to *succeed*, then were Satan's doubts as to His Messiahship set at rest. So far Satan foresaw a certain, though secondary gain. But further, to come to his great object, supposing that Jesus possessed Divine power, and used it to work the miracle, then, as has been shown, the work of human redemption had been destroyed at its commencement, and Satan triumphed. Or, once more, supposing Jesus to be only a perfect and holy man; then, yielding to this temptation, He had fallen, like Adam and like Israel before Him.

So much for the temptation: let us see now how our blessed Lord meets it. "*But He answered and said, It is written,*

man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." How wonderful are the words of Jesus! Well does the greatest of uninspired commentators on them say, "There is deeper significance in any one of the words of the Lord Jesus, which He himself said, than in all the sayings of the apostles and prophets. His words are the express outbeamings of THE WORD." Thus it is here. If Satan's temptation was deep, Christ's answer to it is deeper still; so deep indeed that even Satan himself cannot altogether penetrate it. It does not seem so at first sight. It is quite possible to read the words and find in them nothing very remarkable. But learn, beloved, that the words of Jesus do not yield their treasures to careless readers; you must make them your element, you must dive into them, if you would learn aught of their fulness and glory. This word of Jesus, however, is not a new word; the Eternal Word clothes himself as it were in the written word, making His own the language of Moses to the children of Israel: "And He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live (Deut. viii. 3). Thus, He says, *It is written*. Mark, then, here the *weapon* which the man Christ Jesus chooses from the armoury of heaven, wherewith to fight this great battle with the wicked one. It is *the written word*; that "sword of the Spirit" of which all who have used it aright are prepared to say, as David said of Goliath's, "There is none like that." With this weapon does the tempted Captain of our Salvation say to each of His tempted followers, I have conquered, and you shall conquer also. It is not a weapon which a Divine hand alone can wield, but one made for human hands, and which in the feeblest grasp of faith is quick and powerful. And so verily have His faithful servants ever found it; so did His great servant LUTHER find it, when he sang in his triumphant hymn:—

"What though the world should swarm with fiends,

Eager to tear and rend us,
We will not fear; if God befriends,
Success shall still attend us;
The prince who rules below
No harm can do us, though
He looks so fierce and grim;
For Christ hath judged him;
A little word can slay him."

But "It is written" embraces the whole word of God; why then did Jesus in His three answers to the tempter confine himself to the book of Deuteronomy, and even answer twice from the same chapter, the sixth? Why did He not confront Satan with any one of those many clear words of prophecy concerning Himself as the bruiser of the serpent's head? It was because He saw a secret parallel between himself, the Son of God, preparing for the foundation of His kingdom by forty days' fasting and temptation in the wilderness of Judea, and Israel, that other "son of God called out of Egypt" (Hos. xi. 1), prepared for the inheritance of Canaan by forty years' privation and trial in the desert of Arabia. For Israel, presented to us throughout the Scriptures as the type of the Church, is *therefore* also the type of Jesus, as the Head of that Church, "which is His body;" and therefore Jesus, to manifest His oneness and sympathy with His people, appropriates to Himself that which was written for Israel.

But I pass on to consider what it is that is thus written—"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This answer meets Satan's temptation at every point. Satan would have Him declare His Divine Sonship; but Jesus, as afterwards He refused to declare His Kingship at Herod's, so here, He will not declare His Sonship at Satan's bidding. "If thou be the Son of God," was the tempter's artful suggestion, "command that these stones be made bread." "Man shall not live by bread alone," is the Saviour's answer. He does not say that He is nothing more than man, but He takes His stand on the platform of human nature. "Whatever or whoever I am," He seems to say, "and I tell it not to thee; it is as *man* that I meet thee here; as man I conquer or as man I fall." But "man shall not live by bread alone." For

what is *bread*? The usual means, indeed, by which God provides for man's subsistence, but not the only one He has at His disposal. For did He not, for the very purpose of proving this, feed Israel with *manna* for forty years? The secret of its nutritive virtue inheres not in the bread apart from the word (or ordination*) of God concerning it. If bread becomes assimilated with the substance of our body, it is only because God from the beginning had spoken that word, "I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth . . . to you it shall be for meat" (Gen. i. 29). And if instead of pronouncing this blessing upon corn He *had* pronounced it, or *were now* to pronounce it, upon wood or stone, then wood or stone would nourish us as well as wheat does now; nor, indeed, would the wonder be any greater than that the wood cast into them by Moses should have sweetened the waters of Marah (Exod. xv. 23—25); or that from "the stony rock" water should have gushed out to supply Israel in his thirst (Exod. xvii. 1—6; 1 Cor. x. 4). Nay, though without God's ordinance bread itself can nourish no one; yet by that ordinance alone, without visible means of any kind, man can be fed. If God deigns to use means, He has all means at His disposal; or if He chooses to display His energy without a veil, He is superior to all means. Upon His heavenly Father's power, then, Jesus will rely, waiting in patience for the utterance of that word whereby He is to live. And thus He frustrates altogether the design of the enemy, and annihilates his first attack.

Let us not think however, beloved, that when we have explained the nature of this temptation, and learned the means

* "The word," says CALVIN, "does not mean doctrine, but the purpose which God has made known, with regard to preserving the order of nature and the lives of His creatures. Having created man, He does not cease to care for them: but, as 'He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life' (Gen. ii. 7), so He constantly preserves the life which He has bestowed." . . . "Though we live on bread, we must not ascribe the support of life to the power of bread, but to the secret kindness by which God imparts to bread the quality of nourishing our bodies."—*"Comment on the Evangelists," in loco.*

by which it was repelled, that we have altogether done with it. Let us not suppose that this most marvellous narrative was written merely to gratify our curiosity; or to unveil to prying eyes the secret experience of the Redeemer's soul. No; Satan has not done with this temptation, though we may think that we have. Still he comes to Christ's people, as he did of old to Christ himself, saying, "Command that these stones be made bread;" and still we must meet him with the weapon here put into our hands: "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." You are, it may be, in circumstances of temporal necessity; you have literally to trust to providence for the *daily* bread for which you pray. Hitherto, perhaps, you have contrived with more or less difficulty to provide bread for yourself and your family; but suddenly your employment is lost, or your health breaks down, or the undertaking in which you have invested your small means fails. What shall you do? The brook Cherith has dried up, and the command, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath," is not yet given. Nay, matters have gone still further; you have for a time lived on some little remnant of property, or you have obtained some temporary supplies, but even these now fail you; the very barrel of meal wastes, and the cruse of oil, to your feeble faith, seems to fail. Ah! this is an opportunity which Satan will not neglect. Now it is that he comes with His deep but subtle temptation, "Command that these stones be made bread." There is, you know, still one way of obtaining relief, but that way is an unlawful one. There may be no actual dishonesty—that Satan may be afraid to propose—but still the means are equivocal. "Do not," he says, "be so straitlaced; you have trusted in God and He has forsaken you; now you must help yourself. Nay, is it not evident that He intended you should use these means, seeing He has deprived you of all others? God cannot intend that you should perish; He will excuse the step in such an emergency; go forward then; 'command that these stones be made bread.'" But oh, tempted soul, lay hold of the Sword of the Spirit; answer the tempter

"It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." God has said, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure" (Isa. xxxiii. 16). "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things *shall* be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33). "My God," says Paul, "shall supply *all your need* according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19). I have the same guarantees for the performance of these promises that I have for the performance of any purely spiritual promises. The promise of the life which now is, is as sure as that of the life that is to come. If I can trust my immortal soul to the one, cannot I trust my temporal wants to the other? Yes, I will trust my God and Father; I will wait for His seasonable aid, "and though it tarry, wait." I am, indeed, a *dependent*, but I depend on One who is infinite in His resources and unchangeable in His love.

"I will not doubt Him, though His grace delay;
I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay;
Still on His promised mercy I'll rely,
'Tis God has spoken—God, who cannot lie."

But this temptation has also a *spiritual aspect* which must not be overlooked. Your lot is cast perhaps in a place where "there is a famine, not of bread, nor of water, but," as the Scripture emphatically expresses it, "of hearing the word of the Lord." Sabbath after Sabbath comes round, but there is none to break for you the bread of life; or, instead of bread, you are offered a stone. Hungry and thirsty, your soul faints within you. You look back, it may be, to some happier time when you went with the multitude to keep holy-day, and to witness God's power and glory in His sanctuary; and you are ready to cry out with the Psalmist, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" (Psm. xlii. 2). Now, again, will Satan present the temptation, "Command that these stones be made bread." Urging you either to endeavour to satisfy your spiritual hunger with the husks of vain philosophy and lifeless

morality, or to take some unlawful step to obtain relief, rather than wait for the moving of the pillar-cloud. "Give up your old, narrow, Calvinistic notions, and embrace this broader and more liberal view of the Gospel; or abandon the sphere of duty in which providence has obviously placed you; or incur undue responsibilities which you may be unable to discharge, and thus bring reproach upon your Christian profession." These may be his suggestions. But with Christ's answer you will yet baffle all the tempter's wiles. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "True," the believer may say, "the preached word is that which God has under ordinary circumstances given for the food of the inner man; but I can, if it be His will, without a preacher live by His Spirit; without intercourse with Christian brethren be a living member of His living Church; and without the material bread of the Lord's Supper, eat of the Living Bread which came down from heaven. And, though I may be cut off from the precious promise, that 'where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, there is He in the midst of them;' I can yet lay claim to that other not less precious promise, that if I pray to my Father in secret, 'my Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward me openly.' Thus may the believer overcome this temptation of the wicked one; singing, as he pursues his pilgrimage—

"I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

"Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

"And He has breathed into my soul,
A special love of thee;
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

"I love to kiss each print where thou,
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

"When obstacles and trials seem,
Like prison-walls to be;
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

"And when it seems no chance nor
change
From grief can set me free;
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

"Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do,
More angel-like than this.

"Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost."

(To be continued.)

THE MARKS AND EVIDENCES OF DIVINE CALLING: IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR FRIEND,—Are you called with an heavenly calling? Have you been quickened into eternal life by the eternal Spirit of all truth; raised from a state of sleep, lethargy, wretchedness, and woe; brought, I say, now to be a poor, penitent sinner at the footstool of mercy, with weeping and supplications? Is mercy all thy plea? Is blood and righteousness all thy plea? Are you constrained, by the love of God shed abroad in thy heart, to worship God in spirit and in truth? Has the Holy Ghost so convinced you of the sin and depravity of your own evil heart, that you have been obliged from real necessity to fly for refuge and shelter to the Rock of Eternal Ages, with ardent desires from a broken and a contrite heart to cry—

"Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee?"

But, perhaps you will say, What is a heavenly call, and how shall I know it? To this I answer, By the effects or consequences which immediately follow: First, the call is triune—the love of God the eternal Father, the grace of God the eternal Son, begotten in the soul by the quickening influence and power of God the eternal Spirit of all truth. Secondly, the effects—this call by grace conquers, subdues, and overpowers the stubborn will, breaks the rocky heart, sets the man on his feet, illuminates his mind, gives a seeing eye, a hearing, listening, and attentive ear. Besides writing death and destruction upon everything short of God and godliness, the soul becomes like one just awoke out of a deep sleep; it stands and looks, and wonders what

has befallen it; disturbance takes place in the mind as to what had better be done and where to go; it looks around and pronounces all to be vanity and vexation of spirit; it looks at God and trembles with filial fear, lest He, the Judge of all the earth, should one day cut him off as a numbever of the ground. Indeed, from its very movements and breathings, you shall see that scripture fulfilled, "They that believe shall not make haste." Again, the souls thus made sensible and sensitive, being actuated by or from a divine principle-power, or supernatural influence, flies from that which is bad, and comes forth to the light with an earnest desire to be instructed, led, and guided in the right way; so it waits and listens at the posts of the doors and gates of righteousness, if so be it may meet with a token for good. It hears of God as the great and terrible One, who can dash whole worlds to death, and make them when He please, and none dare say, What doest Thou? Further, this living soul hears of a decree and purpose gone forth from everlasting on behalf of a people formed to show forth His praise, and wonders if I was there; it hears of God giving them to His dear Son, and wonders if it was there; it hears of their names being written in the Lamb's book of life, and wonders if it was there; it hears of God the Son becoming incarnate, and so making manifest the union to His people, and wonders if I was there; it hears of His dying the ignominious death of the cross—the just for the unjust—and wonders if it was there; it hears of His rising again for their justification, and wonders if it was there; it hears of His ascending

upon high to make intercession for His people, to plead His own merits, blood, and righteousness, for those who cannot pray for themselves; yea, for those who are sometimes afraid to pray, and wonders if He remembers me—wretched me—

“The vilest of them all.”

It hears of His bearing them on His heart, and wonders if I am there.

My dear friend, this I believe to be, in measure, the movements, and breathings, and desires of a living soul,—a regenerated soul; and to such God says, “My son, give me thy heart, I will fulfil thy desires, I will hear thy cry, and I will save.”

“His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.”

But I do not say but that He may hide the purpose of His grace to make it better known. May the Lord in His mercy keep, guide, and lead you into all truth, and give you praying breath, and sincere desires for His honour and

glory; and, I say, get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding, that you may know that good and perfect will of God; and while it is His glory to conceal a thing, may it be your honour to search it out. Read His Word and seek His face by prayer.

“The Lord whom thou seekest
Will not tarry long,
For to Him the weakest
Is dear as the strong.”

“Remember one thing,
Oh, may it sink deep,
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for His sheep.”

“Let not thy heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
His sacred Word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.”

All these things, with more than I can ask or think, may He grant unto you and me, and His name shall have all the praise. So prays your unworthy servant for Jesus sake,

Brixton.

J. C.

AN ADMONITION RELATIVE TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HARDY, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LEICESTER.

Jesus, the Lord of grace and power,
Whom all the hosts of heaven adore,

Thus moves united prayer,—
Where'er the place, if two or three
To supplicate my name agree,
Behold, I'm present there.

Then say not, sinner, “’Tis but prayers,”
When Jesus bids, and Jesus hears,
But prompt obedience vow.

Hast thou no wants, and none thy friends,
That, though the Lord of heaven attends,
Thy knees refuse to bow?

Not stately walks, nor gazing throngs,
Nor pompous vests, nor learned tongues,
Does Jesus worship ask:

Carnal inventions mock His rules,—
His altar brooks not human tools,
Nor bears the formal mask.

Presuming pride His soul abhors,
Nor poor disdains, nor prince prefers,
Before His mercy seat:

But where His Spirit may impart
A sigh in faith, a contrite heart,
The worshipper's complete.

Whate'er thy sins, O suppliant soul,
What seas of grief around thee roll,
Jesus has pledg'd His ear;

His hand can reach thy hardest case.
Then pour thy woes before His face,—
And haste to pour them there.

But if conjoin'd in praise or prayer,
Thou'dst with assembled saints appear,
Observe these needful rules—

Forecast the time with fix'd intent,
Come humbly plain, nor dare present
The sacrifice of fools.

God is the object there ador'd,
Be every little art abhor'd
Vain glory to obtain:
In earnest be thy soul abas'd
Before the Lord, while thou display'st
Thy vanity to men.

The stately entry, late and slow,
And pride's distinguish'd seats forego,
And all her hateful forms:
The high and lofty One is there,
Nor will His sacred glories share
With sinful mortal worms.

Thy absence at the appointed time
From stern necessity's no crime,
Reason and pity plead:
But sloth and pride, obtruding late,
Deserve reproof, reproach create,
As conscience must concede.

THE CAPTIVES RETURN, AND THE SCATTERED ONES ARE BROUGHT HOME.

"They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them: I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble; for I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born."—Jer. xxxi. 9.

It was a most blessed truth which Moses, the man of God, taught Israel of old, as regarded their being the Lord's property, and that He had a special interest in them. Thus in recapitulating His act of dividing the nations their inheritance, and fixing the bounds of the sons of Adam, which was with an eye to the number of his own Israel, he adds, "For the Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance" (Deut. xxxii. 9). Observe, that while the earth is the Lord's, and He hath made the world, and all that is therein, He has taken unto himself a portion to be His peculiar treasure, whom only He has known of all the families of the earth, and whom He had formed for Himself, that they should show forth His praise. Not in the general or universal praises which arise from all the works of creation, and ever show forth the glory of Jehovah; but in that stupendous work of redemption in which they are redeemed unto himself as a people pre-appointed unto eternal glory, and to obtain salvation through the Person, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus.

The Lord's portion is His people, "loved with an everlasting love," "chosen to salvation," and predestinated unto eternal life, being called to show forth the praises of Him who gathers them from the north country, and from all places where they were scattered. Moreover, He "taketh pleasure in His people, and will beautify the meek with salvation" (Ps. cxlix. 4); which is evidenced in the estimable gift He hath bestowed upon them: not the riches of this world, which perish, not the splendour of tottering thrones, and moveable kingdoms, but the unequalled gift of His dear Son, who as His salvation should adorn and beautify them in time and throughout eternity, inasmuch as their blessedness should be in Him.

Whatever literal interpretation in

regard to the Jews, in their being brought again to inherit the land of Canaan, men may be pleased to put upon portions of the prophetic writings, we leave them to enjoy; having seen their fulfilment in the return from the Babylonish captivity, we consider them now as the express undertaking of Jehovah in the carrying out the purposes of love to the whole Church, which is of God the Father in Christ.

The testimony of Jesus being the Spirit of prophecy, and "to Him gave all the prophets witness;" their diligent searching and inquiry being after the things which the Spirit of Christ had shown them of that salvation which should be revealed; under which revelation the mountain of the Lord of hosts should be established in the top of the mountains, and be exalted above the hills; unto it shall the people flow, and the nations come, the Lord alone being exalted in that day: many, that is out of all kindreds of the earth shall they be brought, each one encouraging the other, saying, "Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Israel, and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths." Again, "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, that shall not be forgotten" (Isa. ii. 2; Jer. i. 3; Mic. iv. 2).

In thus going round about Zion, marking of her bulwarks, and counting the towers thereof, we can but discover that her foundation is in the holy mountains, and the Lord taketh pleasure in her dust; yea, having formed them for himself, they shall show forth the hidden mystery of His love, by their willingness in the day of His power in coming to the feast of fat things, *Gospel blessings*, which He has provided for them, of which they shall eat and be satisfied, and bless the name of the Lord.

Beloved, why look ye so sad, and why hath sorrow filled thy heart, seeing that all thy salvation is wrought for thee, and not to be accounted for by any of those things which pass within you, save and except the great work of the Holy Spirit in glorifying the Lord Jesus unto you as the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble? Bear in mind, the unerring lip of truth hath declared "the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." Of His own will are all the Church chosen in Christ upon the unchangeable foundation of everlasting love, when no spot of sin was upon her, or the least contamination attached unto her, a *pure bride* betrothed for ever in righteousness, in judgment, in lovingkindness, and in mercies; secured by faithfulness to be brought to know Him who was her husband, the shedding of whose blood should open a fountain in which all her time sins and nature transgressions should sink from before the keen eye of law and justice. She shall appear as His *fair one*, having no spot or blemish, before Him in love; the knowledge of which she is made to enjoy by being brought into the educated family, whose peace is said to be great, arising from the effectual working of His power "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were" (Rom. iv. 17).

Doubtless many of the gracious words spoken by the Lord through the prophet in this and the foregoing chapter, had a reference to the return of the captives from Babylon; yet I venture to think a far greater subject was in view when the Lord declares He "will be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be His people." And what can be the meaning of finding grace in the wilderness, but the Lord's carrying out the purpose of His own heart, "when He will assemble her that halteth, and gather her that is driven out, and her that is afflicted, and will make of her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast afar off a strong nation, when He the Lord shall reign over them in mount Zion from henceforth and for ever" (Micah iv. 6, 7). In like manner both Noah and Moses are said to find grace in the eyes of the Lord, who with the whole

Church were everlastingly viewed in Him their *grace Head*, ere they had become captives to him who was stronger than they. Hence they are reminded that all the mercy and loving-kindness now shown to them was the fruit and effect of an everlasting love bourn towards them, and gives them an assurance that in the day of Christ, that is, the Gospel day, all these blessings shall be enjoyed, confirmed by the Lord's own signature—"Thus saith the Lord;" and the reader will do well for his own soul's comfort to review over the many instances within the compass of this and the foregoing chapter the repeated authority for credit to be given for its performance.

And most blessed is it to observe the unbounded limits in this sovereign act of bringing home his banished ones; He will say "to the North, give up, and to the South, keep not back:" the sons far off, and the daughters at the ends of the earth must come (Isa. xliii. 6). Nor shall His glory be given to another, for "Behold"—take especial notice—"I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child and her that travaileth together: a great company shall return thither. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them: I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble; for I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born."

The definition of character here given embraces all the afflicted and poor ones left in Zion, and sets forth the impossibility of anything to arise in the whole of their captive state to prevent their coming, seeing the immutable "wills and shalls" of an omnipotent God that cannot lie engageth to perform it for them, having expressly stated the time of their coming—"In that day the great trumpet shall be blown," the appointment of the means to accomplish the end cometh forth from "the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working" (Isa. xxviii. 29). The time when Zion shall be favoured, the day of her redemption, having been espoused in her purity of nature, must now be

brought to see the love of her Husband in giving Himself as her ransom, proclaimed unto the ends of the earth by the great trumpet of the Gospel, the notes of which have already broke upon her ears in the first great promise made, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," which is echoed back in truthfulness—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Thus she is brought to be sensible of her ruined state and condition as "a Syrian ready to perish;" and no soul that has ever heard the sound of this trumpet but has also felt the drawing influence of Him, who being lifted up as the one antidote for sin and sinners, possesses the attractive power of drawing all that the Father hath given unto Him: and him that so cometh is in no wise cast out.

Again, the manner of their coming.—"When Israel was a child, then I loved him." And who dares give the date when he was not? As a son he was called out of Egypt, and taught to go, being taken by the arms (Hos. xi. 1-3). "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." And it is most blessed to observe, that no obstacle or impediment of any kind shall obstruct this return of the captives, for the blind and lame, yea, every class and description of sinner shall come; for the Lord himself is engaged to bring the blind by a way they have not known, and in paths with which they were unacquainted. Nor shall the ranks be broken in the march of these—the Lord's redeemed. So far under Divine guidance shall they be found, that though walking by the *rivers of waters*, surrounded with all the fatigue, sorrow, and exercise of a great and terrible wilderness they are passing, yet their covenant God hath marked the every footstep, and from Him proceeds the sole cause of their being found walking therein.

Another sweet view arises to the mind of a child of God in this, his

being led homewards. There is no hurry nor confusion attendant thereon; the sweet and sovereign power put forth for them is upon the covenant principle; all is to be done by the Lord himself—"I will cause them to walk," not to run, "for he that believeth shall not make haste." Fellow pilgrim on the road to Zion, depend upon it all hurry and confusion in these things arises from *nature* and not *grace*. The trinity of all true Christian experience is this, *Stand still, keep silence, and open thy mouth*. The first shall capacitate us to see Jehovah's salvation; the second, "strength in weakness;" and the third, satisfaction in being filled with all the fulness of God; thereby proving however to us the way is intricate, and many a time we are brought to a dead stand at the corners of *cross roads*, yet the way itself is straight, and we shall ultimately reach the city of habitation. Moreover, notwithstanding the apparent roughness at times to us, we are secured from all stumbling; the leading and instruction of the child Ephraim being under parental affection.

Thus the close of this beautiful Scripture dispossesses all creature doings or human merit, the Lord asserting his authority for what is done, arising from the relationship subsisting, "For I am a Father unto Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born."

Hear the word of the Lord, ye tempest-tossed and sorely-tried ones; ye weepers on the way, ye mourners in Zion, whose souls are discouraged by reason of the way, lift up your voices and declare His doings among the people, and let the most distant isles, all isolated inquirers on the road, hear ye say, "He that scattered Israel" by the permission of His will, shall in the sovereignty of mercy and love gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock, the cry being "the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than him."

London.

A STRIPLING.

THE curse of unsatisfiability lies upon the creature. Honours cannot satisfy the ambitious man, nor riches the covetous man, nor pleasures the voluptuous man. Man cannot take off the weariness of one

pleasure by another, for after a few exasperated minutes are spent in pleasure, the body presently fails the mind, and the mind the desire, and the desire the satisfaction, and all, the man.—Brooks.

NAPHTALI; OR, SOUL-WRESTLINGS.

"And Rachel said, *With great wrestlings have I wrestled with my sister, and I have prevailed: and she called his name Naphtali*" (Gen. xxx. 8); that is, "*my wrestling*."

CHAPTER I. THE MORNING BREAD. THE GURGLING STREAM AND THE VILLAGE CHURCH SPIRE.

THE MORNING BREAD.

"GIVE us this day our daily bread." Naphtali finds that the daily bread which the Lord supplies him with for his spiritual nourishment is brought to him through a variety of channels. For instance, it is Naphtali's custom to have suspended over his mantelpiece a motto for the year. His motto this year is, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." He has often looked at it and felt its truth; but one evening he was especially drawn towards it; and himself and dear partner, while repeating it, were impressed with the uncertainty of all terrene things. What caused those particular impressions at the time was not manifest; but the next mornings post brought tidings of the death of a near relative, and also the departure from this vale of tears of a long-valued friend. Then came the words with powerful realization, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow;" and the reflections induced thereby, and the comfort which flowed into the soul, as the eternal security of all the Lord's people in their covenant Head was thought of, became *the morning bread*, whereby the soul was strengthened and the spiritual system invigorated.

Again, at early dawn a few mornings ago, these gracious words broke in upon the soul, "All thy paths drop fatness." There seemed nothing particular to induce it; still Naphtali told his beloved partner of the fact, and left it. Again, the morning's post brought tidings—

1st. That the Lord had blessed the means taken to restore one dear to us to health, even though the brink of the grave seemed verily touched.

2nd. That a pecuniary matter, long the source of deep anxiety, had been settled, and

3rd. That another burden which pressed heavily was removed. "Now, dear," said Naphtali's partner, "you can

understand that passage coming home with power upon your heart—"All thy paths drop fatness." Oh, the lifting up of soul that was experienced! Oh, the running back in contemplation to the many deliverances vouchsafed! Oh, the power felt of those sweet lines—

"He that hath help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all the journey through."

Here, again, was "*the morning bread*." By these things, then, do we spiritually live; not upon the trials, upon the perplexities, or upon the deliverances. Oh, no! but these are the means of making necessary precious promises of God's Word, which, unfolded and applied by God the Holy Spirit, become "*the morning bread*;" at least, such is the experience of Naphtali.

THE GURGLING STREAM AND THE VILLAGE CHURCH SPIRE.

It was a beautiful spring morning as Naphtali was wending his way along a country lane. Thoughts of Jesus refreshed his spirit; and when he looked up into the clear sky and thought, Ah! that blue vault is but my Father's footstool, oh! how it made his heart melt and soul leap for joy at the thought. A little further on he came to a rustic gate, and as he stood for a few minutes resting upon its topmost rail, he heard the trickling waters of a gurgling streamlet hard by. Why, recollected Naphtali, I stood upon this self-same spot a long time ago, and listened to that very same sportive stream as it flowed onwards, and here it is still flowing on and on. Ah! thought Naphtali, and so it is with the water of eternal life which flows from behind my heavenly Father's throne. I have many a time thirsted, and here I am still a living witness that that blessed stream has never failed. And now, as he trudged on his way, he spied at a distance the spire of one of dear old England's village

churches. Naphtali may be thought by some a formalist, but he does reverence those old time-standing churches of our beloved land, and he never sees one without a desire to inspect its ivy-grown tower and tarry in its old graveyard. But as he pressed onwards Naphtali could but notice how often he lost sight of the spire of the church he sought; sometimes, it is true, he would surmount a hill, and get a good view of it, but anon down again in the valley he lost all signs of it. Then the turn of the road oftentimes would shut out his view, while anon a little opening gained would bring it in full view once again. Ah! thought Naphtali, it is just so with the heavenly land in which is the Church triumphant; sometimes faith gains a lively view of it; and oh! how it inspires one to press forward! But alas! a bending of the road or a chilly valley causeth it again to be lost sight of; but then we mount some hill of Zion, and, seeing the object of our desire, look again towards God's holy temple. But at last the Church is reached, and "we go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces." So will it be by and by, dear reader, when we join the hallowed company above, and behold with never-ceasing admiration and joy all the parts of the Church triumphant. Oh! how such thoughts cheer the trembling heart of Naphtali!

G. C.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF MERCY.

"Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."—Heb. xii. 2, 3.

Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God?

And what is this sadness that hangs o'er thee now?

Sing the praises of JESUS, and sing them aloud,

And the song shall dispel the dark cloud from thy brow.

O, is there a thought in this wide world so sweet,

As that God hath so cared for us, bad as we are,—

That He thinks of us, plans for us, stoops to entreat,

And follows us, wander we ever so far?

Then, how can the heart e'er be drooping or sad,

That God hath once touched with the light of His grace?

Can the child have a doubt who but lately hath laid

Himself to repose in his Father's embrace?

And is it not wonderful, servant of God,

That He should have honoured us so with His love?

That the sorrows of earth should but shorten the road

That leads to Himself and the mansions above?

O, then, when the spirit of darkness comes down

With clouds and uncertainties into thy heart;

One look to thy Saviour—one thought of thy crown—

And the tempest is over—the shadows depart.

That God hath once whispered a word in thine ear,

Or sent thee from Heaven one sorrow for sin,

Is enough for a life both to banish all fear,

And to turn into peace all the troubles within.

The schoolmen can teach thee far less about Heaven,

Of the height of God's power, or the depth of His love,

Than the fire in thy heart when thy sin was forgiven,

Or the light that one mercy brings down from above.

Then why dost thou weep? For see how time flies,

The time that for loving and praising was given;—

Away with thee, child, then, and hide thy red eyes

In the lap—the kind lap—of thy Father in Heaven.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—MEEKNESS.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."—(Gal. v. 22, 23.)

SOME of the children of God belong to the divine family from their mother's womb; others, as the writer, are allowed to wander in the world deceived and enchained by Satan for many years, till the day of power arrives, in which they are made willing to be saved, and to become the recipients of unspeakable honour. The former are, doubtless, led to see the innate wickedness of the natural heart, its enmity to God, and utter contrast to that new thing which is born of God; but they, perhaps, fail to realize with the second class the extraordinary picture of opposition to every thing that is true that the world represents. They love not the world by heavenly intuition; they know it to be hollow and unsatisfying by experience and the testimony of God's Word. But to have formed at one time one of the giddy throng; to have been of the world, and now snatched from its withering embrace, is indeed to know that all that is of the world is a mocking lie, and the fitting handiwork of him who was a liar from the beginning. What a blessing it is, beloved, that the snare is broken and the bird delivered. Nay, more, that now the bird is endued with wisdom, and is able to recognize the snare, and exclaim, "Surely, in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." Yes, that best of wisdom (the foolishness of this world), the fear of the Lord our God, is now before our eyes, and we are not ignorant of the fowler's devices. Everything, whether it appear beautiful or the reverse, is jealousy brought to the touchstone of God's Word; the Urim and Thummim are consulted, and the decision left in His hands. And as we review the road by which we have been led, how surprising does the lying malice of the enemy, and his carefulness in lying in wait to deceive, appear. We see, then, that he did not too much shock at first the natural conscience. Gross things are allowed to be gross and bad, and one who commits murder or other dreadful crimes is branded as a monster

in human form. But, mark, this seeming concession is only to quiet his victims, and make their destruction more secure; and soon the mystification begins. Small sins are not so bad as great sins. Lying, murder, and adultery must assume a certain form ere the evil heart will allow that such wickedness has been committed. The Bible says, "Love not the world;" but the devil whispers that the Bible must be mistranslated, misunderstood, or perhaps itself mistaken, since it cannot be wrong to love the beautiful world in which we have been placed by so good a God. It says again, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," and "the soul that sinneth, it shall die;" but the tempter replies, "Has God really said so? Do you think it likely that so good a God would ever be so cruel?" And the secret insinuation becomes a wound, and rankles, and festers, till the whole man is utterly diseased. Soon the conscience is silenced, the cloak of propriety is dropped, and the feet run swiftly to destruction.

And in regard to states of mind and shades of character, the devil has even less difficulty in deceiving the world, and inducing it to put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Pride, ambition, haughtiness, and hastiness of temper are not themselves wrong in the world's estimation; they need but careful direction and encouragement to become godlike virtues. These principles are openly professed and preached in the Church. We are told that God does not find fault with the natural heart itself, but with the natural heart misdirected. He only wishes us to be more "*manly*," and to direct the proud and ambitious feelings that are natural to us towards that which is good and true. But, alas! what is the good and true standard which these neologians set up? Will a man, starting from London, arrive any sooner at Bristol if, instead of walking, he runs on the road to Brighton? Can a man with his face

towards hell ever arrive at Zion, even if he should journey with his eyes intently gazing upward?

Now, we read: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble;" and to the simple reader the Bible seems written expressly to condemn what the world applauds. The world despises a meek, humble, retiring spirit; it looks upon such as cowardly, unmanly, and unfit for society. Yet it is with the broken and contrite, and those who tremble at His word, that God delights to dwell. A meek spirit, fit in the world's opinion only for women and children, is, with the Lord, of great price. He sympathizes with it, and rejoices in it as His own work, when He says, "Come unto me," ye poor, meek ones! "for I am meek, and lowly in heart." What encouragement is there here for the poor of the flock, who, at times, sigh for some sign whereby they may distinguish their Lord's handiwork in their own souls. They may feel no raptures of joy, no martyr-like faith, nothing which they think God can be pleased with; and yet, this very feeling of deep unworthiness is the work of true humility and meekness which the Holy Spirit delights in. Such saints, weak in their own estimation, are, nevertheless, strong in the Lord. They will allow that they are humble and resigned, for they feel that they are empty and have nothing to boast of, and can well be resigned when they think of what they deserve, and what blessings in His mercy they enjoy; and whence such emptiness, such meekness in God's sight, such humility and self-condemnation and patience under His mighty and afflicting hand? It is not the work of the human, natural heart, but of the Spirit in His own new creation. Let not such, while they write hard things against themselves, rob the blessed Spirit of His honour and glory. It is His work to make a meek spirit, as it is to make a rejoicing one. Meekness is a work of the Spirit, as well as other more desirable operations in men's eyes. That empty, meek, unanswering valley of humiliation is directly on the road to Zion. In due time, He who brought you low will raise you up to praise Him that He emptied, in order that He might fill you.

It is indeed a sad sign of man's having fallen far short of the glory of God, that even the meaning of some of the divine graces should have lost their significance in our minds. Even when exhibited in the person of the Son of God in all its beauty it has no desirableness to the natural eye. What wonder, then, that its exercise by the renewed creature should amount to a mortification and crucifixion of the old Adam within us? For "meekness" is an attribute of God; it was manifested by the last Adam in a perfect manner. He was not only greater in reproof and conversation, full of goodness and love in all that He did, but He was also meek under the reproaches of His enemies. He committed His cause unto Him who judgeth rightly. He gave not any answer to railing accusations, but, as a lamb is meek and dumb before her shearers, so opened He not His mouth; and in the dealings of God with man now the same meekness is shown. Witness the apostacy of man, his vaunting against God, and his furious blasphemy. He hears it all, but He makes as though He heard it not; and man adds sin to sin, and thinks that God is altogether such an one as himself. We are only saved from the consuming fire of His just indignation by His unchangeable meekness, which He delights to exercise towards all through Jesus Christ; for He is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe. The secret things of God, His electing decrees of love and judgment, He keeps hid; but other matters He deigns to reveal, and explain sufficiently to our limited understanding to render them as it were the property of us and of our children. Oh! for a circumcised heart to receive these things without questioning and murmuring, and to believe that if we honour Him now He will hereafter show us the beautiful oneness and simplicity of truths which appear quite beyond the grasp of our poor finite minds. In this exercise is seen the patience of the faith of the saints. Let us always, however, remember, for our strengthening, that one mark of a true revelation from our Creator must be the presence of seemingly antagonistic truths. Mr. MANSER, in his Bamp-

ton Lectures, and Sir W. HAMILTON, in his published Lectures, clearly show this. We are surrounded by inconceivables which involve us in contradictions to our minds the moment we attempt an unaided solution of the difficulty. We are therefore necessarily shut up to *faith* in the revelation upon such points which can only come from the Creator, even though it may (and that necessarily) fail to *satisfy* our reason. Many false creeds, including that of the Rationalistic, must here make shipwreck (compare 1 Cor. i. 19, 20). So it is true that God chose His elect people in our Lord before the foundation of the world, and also that the same Lord is, in a sense, the Saviour of all men, having redeemed the field of the world and its contents by purchase, and that in Him now the Father shows forth His meekness and long-suffering. But to Him also to whom is given power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as the Father has given Him; to Him is given power to execute judgment against the unrighteous, which has been so long deferred in His merciful purpose. And who shall be able to stand in that day of wrath?

And so it is, beloved, that the saints are called a conformity to His image—to be like Him—to exercise the same meekness that He exercises. Our Father says, “Be ye as I am.” No honour is too great now for those who are in Christ Jesus. Then He gives this character to His saints, “As I am, so are ye in this world.” It is in the strength of this precept and promise that the believer should be as a shining light, a bright example and pattern of Christ-like meekness in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, as he exclaims in return to those around him, “Be ye also as I am, for I was formerly, and still am, of myself, as ye are.” The grace of meekness is part of that perfection and holiness which is required of all who shall abide in the presence of God, and it *is* theirs, blessed be God, who, by union with a risen Saviour, become partakers of His holiness and the divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4; Heb. xii. 10).

It is this doctrinal knowledge of what we are and what we have in the Lord

Jesus, received in the power of the Spirit unto the full assurance of faith, that gives the believer such strength. This beautiful argument is used in the Colossians. “Ye are dead,” or “Ye have died,” writes the apostle; and thereupon argues, “Mortify *therefore*” Again, “Ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him,” after which, “Put on *therefore* as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, . . . meekness.” Ye are meek, the apostle would say, in the meekness which the Lord has put upon you, *therefore* be meek one with another.

How wonderful, beloved, that the character of meekness should be that which is most pleasing in the Father's sight, that meekness which receives His Word as the one thing needful, though it may cut sharply through the poor flesh, and delights in suffering His will, though it may run counter to the fondly-cherished hopes of the old man within; that meekness, which having dealt with God, and in His strength prevailed, now thinks it but a light matter to deal with man, and to commend itself into the hands of its faithful Creator under every circumstance of misunderstanding and reproach. How remarkably is this grace seen in every page of the history of our blessed Lord's life on earth. In it is seen that perfect faith which leaves every matter without a question in the hands of God, and which glorifies Him. In coming to carry out the will of God, and show forth His lovely character, our Lord glorified the name of God; and to follow in His footsteps, to the honour of glorifying God, is the believer called, and to this is he urged by Paul (2 Cor. x. 1), from a consideration of the *meekness* and *gentleness* of Christ, than which, it would seem, the apostle would bring forward nothing more beautiful and God-honouring; and to those who honour God by their meekness will abundant promises be fulfilled. God will guide them in His judgments; with Moses, who was a meek man, will they be honoured with His friendship and communion, for it is such that are meek and that tremble at His word

that He loves to dwell with and bless. For them also, though in man's estimation they may be so unfitted for it, is the inheritance of the earth reserved.

The reason why this precept, the exercise of this fruit of the Spirit, is so much pressed upon the attention of saints is obvious. It is for our good, and it is one most opposed to the natural heart, and therefore likely to be neglected. All the precepts are given for our good; they are not hard laws with which it is a burden to comply, but delightful directions and sign-posts by the way to direct us in the ways of peace and joy, and towards the attaining a disposition most pleasing in God's sight. The precept to meekness is a guide, and one *most* necessary; one to be closely and habitually followed, lest we lose our way in the quagmires of our own hearts. For, though all partakers of Christ have the Spirit of Christ, which is a Spirit of meekness, yet is it but little seen in some. The first direction given in the Epistle to the Ephesians after the first three wonderful chapters is, that they should walk in lowliness and meekness, in order that they might be able to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of

peace. If there be meekness shown among the members of a Church, we may be sure that there is among them much of the blessed Spirit's presence in a holy vitality, earnestness, and happiness. Let us encourage a meekness towards God and man. If we rejoice, let it be in meekness and fear before God. If we sorrow, let it be in meek dependence upon His holy will, and in hope that in due time He will put the cup of joy into our hands again. If any inquire of us a reason of the hope that is in us, let an answer be given with meekness. If any brother go astray, let us restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; and in the same spirit let us instruct those that oppose. Meekness towards God is the essence of faith, dependance, and confidence; and, towards man, is the great adornment of a Christian profession. It should form in these last days a marked contrast with, and a silent witness against, the arrogant pride of man. May the Lord hasten the time when that pride shall be brought low, and His own kingdom be visibly set up to the praise of the glory of His name. Amen.

T. B. L.

Lindfield.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"And Moses brought their cause before the Lord."—Num. xxvii. 5.

How quiet then they might be! With what confidence leave the matter in the Mediator's hand!—how certain of the result! And to whom does Moses point, but to our great Advocate, who daily, hourly, brings our cause before God, who is gone into heaven, now to appear in the presence of God for us? Yes; there He is for us, transacting on our behalf. And what should move us, since He is there, Head over all things to the Church?

The Christian may be surrounded with darkness, persecutions, many enemies, bitter trials—what of all these? Jesus has his cause in His hand—not a devil can stir, not a cloud pass over the soul, not a creature utter an unkind word, or think a hard thought, but with His permission; none can harm (Isa. liv. 17); it is a useless strife, bringing only blessing to the believer; for it brings

the sympathy of Christ—"Why persecutest thou *Me*?" The Christian is in living union with a risen, ascended, and glorified Lord, and nothing shall by any means hurt him. O, it is blessed to be identified with a conquering Lord! Shall He not avenge His own elect? Have they any occasion to take their cause into their own hands? Alas! this it is which brings them so much sorrow; they see their difficulties, and try to extricate themselves, but in vain—Jehovah will have the honour of delivering them. They shall confess, "O Lord, *Thou* hast pleaded the causes of my soul." How quietly may they repose on the bosom of Christ's love (John xvi. 33). He feels every thorn that pricks them. They have only to tell Him—He delivers—He sustains. And "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

[*Extracted from an invaluable little work, issued monthly, entitled, "The Little Gleaner."*]

THE LORD GOD GATHERING THE OUTCASTS.

TRUE TALE, BY A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

I HAVE been accustomed, during a pause in the duties of the afternoon of the Lord's day, to go out into the street and seek to win some stragglers to the school, and bring them in under the teaching of the Word, if only for the hour which remained to us. This day I was returning, after an unsuccessful search, when I was attracted by a child, not far from the entrance to the school-house. Her arms were interlaced in the palisades which surround the enclosure, and her pale face pressed against the iron-work—a child, such as may be seen more frequently in the crowded haunts of our great cities than elsewhere, born amidst vice and disease, dwelling in some dark cellar or hidden den, from which the light of heaven is excluded, as if it bore pestilence rather than healing on its wings.

I have seen many children, and older persons too, in dirt and rags, but I never saw such abject wretchedness as was conveyed in that old-looking wrinkled face and listless form before me. She seemed, in attitude and expression, to have neither interest nor lot in the life around her. I thought she might be about nine years of age, but I subsequently learnt she was upwards of thirteen. I spoke to her, and asked her if she would come in with me, and hear the children sing. She looked vacantly in my face, as if scarcely comprehending my question: but, on my repeating the invitation, she followed me without a word.

The little stranger sat silently listening to the hymn of the children, the simple discourse, and the few words addressed individually to the scholars. The school over, she departed; but on the morning of the following Lord's day, I found her of her own accord seated in the place she had previously occupied.

I know not how it was, I seemed to be used this day as I never had been used before; I felt myself a child speak-

ing to children. The Holy Ghost was very present with me; tears were on the cheeks of many of the little ones; I was myself so engrossed with my subject (the Parable of the Prodigal Son) that it was only at the close of the discourse that I turned to glance at the new scholar. Her eyes were fixed eagerly on my face, as she breathlessly drank in the words which fell from my lips. I proceeded to make the application of the parable, and she drew closer and closer to my side, and, gathering up the hem of my dress fold upon fold, she held it firmly clenched in her long thin fingers, as if she feared to lose me before she had heard the fulness of Gospel grace extended to sinners.

Our parting hymn was sung; the children went away; but *this* child did not move. We were left alone. Then I spoke to her of Jesus. As she was leaving, I said to her,

"Will you come and see us again next Lord's day, and hear of the Good Shepherd, of whom I will tell you?"

"I dare not," she replied. "Father will beat me if I do; he won't let me go to church."

"But this is a school, not a church," I suggested.

"It's like one, though; he won't let me come here but—I *will* come," she added quickly, in an impetuous and determined manner.

I tried to show her that she must previously seek her father's permission; and I offered to endeavour to obtain it for her, if she would tell me where she lived.

A gleam of satisfaction crossed her face, and she minutely described the way to the street, and the cellar in which I should find them. Accordingly, during the week following, I discovered their miserable lodging. The father of the poor girl was absent seeking for work, and the woman I found there, and whom I at first thought was her mother, reluctantly consented for the child to attend the school.

I had scarcely taken my place the next Lord's day, when the gaunt-looking little stranger again appeared. Her earnest attention and evident pleasure increased.

In the afternoon, my new scholar was again in the place she had chosen, silent and absorbed; but the next Lord's day I missed her. The week had nearly closed, when the woman with whom she lived called at my house, and told me the child was very ill; that she had taken a bad cold, in the first place, from attending the school, and adding, I had better go and look after her. I knew it was not likely to be true that her illness could be attributed to the cause she was so eager to blame.

Again I entered the miserable cellar which these poor people called "home;" so dark was it, that on leaving the daylight of the narrow street, all objects within were indistinct.

The occupation of the family was that of rag-sorting. On a heap of the larger rags, which formed her bed (though the room itself had many other nightly occupants), lay my little stranger scholar, more wan and wasted than I could have imagined possible in the short time that had elapsed since we had parted. I approached her, and, after waiting a few moments to see if she would recognize me, I spoke. She knew my voice, and motioned me to go closer to her, eagerly exclaiming in a shrill voice,

"Oh, come! Come here—and tell me of Him!"

"Tell you what—of whom?" I inquired, wishing to discover if she had retained anything of the truth. She looked at me half reproachfully, puzzled at the possibility of my forgetting what I had taught her, and in a subdued voice she replied,

"Why—you know. Tell me of Him—that you called Jesus!"

Motionless she listened, with her eyes fixed on my face, while once more I opened to her the wondrous story of a Saviour's love to sinners, and how He came to seek and to save the lost. I pointed to the one sacrifice for sins for ever—to the blood of the crucified, as the sinner's perfect plea. I told her Satan and our corrupt hearts would strive to induce us to trust anything rather than free grace and a Saviour's

righteousness. The love of Jesus Christ to sinful men was the fountain of living water of which this poor wanderer desired to drink deeply; *she* longed to follow the Good Shepherd—*she* to whom the Gospel of the kingdom had never been preached, and who three weeks ago knew nothing of the treasures *laid up* for all who feel their lost and ruined state and are led to Jesus. Her vacant countenance brightened with intelligence, her very features seemed altered, while she listened with increasing satisfaction to "the good tidings of great joy." Many might have marvelled at her indifference to all outward things, but it was not strange to me; she sought life eternal, and drank in the Lord's loving invitation as one who heard Jesus passing by.

The following day, when I visited her, I was painfully struck by the swift progress of her disease—the flushed cheek and restless eye which ceaselessly wandered around, as if in search of some person or thing she failed to find, the uneasy tossing from side to side, the rapid meaningless question, all convinced me that the delirium attendant on the fever had set in, and filled me with anxiety lest I had come too late to hear her speak to me again, and tell me of her hope.

I bent over her, and asked her if she knew me. She gave me no intelligible reply. In my distress I fell on my knees, and prayed earnestly for one more opportunity of speaking to her of a Saviour; and He, who of old stood by the fever-bed, was beside this also, and that to calm and to sustain; for while I was pleading with Him for help in my helplessness, the poor sufferer's restlessness abated. In less than an hour she recognized me, and her face turned towards me in expectation, as if still thirsting for the water of life.

I took my place by her bed, and went on to repeat to her, in a low voice, the parable of the Prodigal Son, which at our first meeting had so deeply impressed her. The little pinched face became calm and composed, and the distressing excitement gave place to eager but profound attention. At that touching passage, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," &c., she exclaimed, in a short decided manner, a

manner peculiar to these neglected little ones, reared in the very hot-bed of sin and strife—

"Ah! that was *just* like me!—that's good—say it again. A *great way off*? What, ever so far? Away away like me with the devil? That must be far from God and the Lamb!"

After a pause to moisten her poor, black, parched lips, she continued,—
"Yes! *I was a great way off*. But the father saw him before he saw the father—*that's* like me again!"

I tried to make her understand that the Father put away the filthiness of sin for *His* sake alone who had died for sinners, that they might be made holy in His precious blood.

"Oh! how good!—how kind!—But" she hesitated, and covered her face with her long thin fingers, as her tears flowed fast, and sob after sob almost choked her utterance.—"I am afraid *I* have been *worse* than that bad son. I have told lies! and you said no liar could enter the beautiful home. I have used bad words—awful bad words—worse than you know of; and God said no one should take his name in vain . . . I have had a book, too, full of wicked songs, and I have sung them . . . and . . . don't turn away your head, I have . . . stolen too . . . I thought of all this when I came home, and for a long time I felt frightened to go to God; but all at once I remembered about the thief—that *poor* thief who died with Jesus, you know; and as soon as everybody was fast asleep in our room, I got up, very softly I went over into the corner there by the fire, I took my song book and tore it into little pieces, cover and all, though I once thought it so pretty. I struck a match, I burnt it every morsel to tinder! Then I said, 'Dear Jesus! I want very much to love you—I want to get away from the devil—*please* help me! Take away my naughty thoughts—*please* do, dear Jesus?' I think *He* heard me—I know *He* did!" she added, with animation, "for I felt somehow different ever since; I am not afraid now!—*no, not one bit!*—and I love Him—oh! *so* much!"

Much passed between us that I cannot accurately recall. She grew in grace, as those alone grow who are

taught of the Holy Spirit of God; and I was permitted to witness it, evermore to keep in thankful remembrance this landmark of my own spiritual life, and the love of my heavenly Father.

During the night it was necessary to keep her very quiet. Afterwards I read, and prayed, and talked with her, as simply as I could; asking her once or twice if she quite understood me, to which she quickly replied—

"Yes! yes! don't stop; we haven't long."

She remained perfectly calm and peaceful, and about eight o'clock fell into a doze. After an absence of some hours, for the discharge of other duties, I returned, and sound sleep had given place to a sort of stupor. This, however, did not continue long; but her restlessness for a time was excessive, and her throat was so parched and painful that it was with difficulty she could speak to be understood.

I spoke to her of her Saviour's sufferings—of His thirst—; adding, "And all this *He* bore for sinners like *you*."

The upturned eyes and glance of intense gratitude I cannot describe, but I shall never forget, as she whispered, "*Thank you; dear Jesus!*"

I watched her for a few minutes in silence; but she looked at me wistfully, as if she had something more to say, but could not express it; nor could I understand what she wanted for some little time, when I said,

"Do you wish me to thank God for you?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, that's it!" was the reply.

During the next two hours, which were spent in reading or repeating to her portions of the word, or in prayer, she was frequently slightly delirious; but even then out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke, and the often-repeated words, "Father, I have sinned! . . . Saw him a *great way off*;—ran—not the son, the *Father* ran . . . Oh! God, grant me Thy Holy Spirit; Wash me! make me clean in the blood of Jesus!" proved that the parable which first attracted her attention was constantly in her mind.

Night came, and it was evident that the poor tenement would not much longer be required, and that this fair,

new-born, blood-cleansed soul was about to join the countless host of the redeemed.

Death damps stood upon her face, which yet beamed brighter in the valley of shadows, than it had ever shone in the valley of tears; her feet were cold, and her hands also, though they continued folded in prayer.

I whispered a few words to her in reference to the glory she would so soon behold face to face with Jesus.

It was a solemn hour. One mightier than the mightiest of this world was there, and I felt His awful presence; but, thanks be unto the God of all grace! a mightier than *he* was there also, *his* Conqueror, my Refuge and Strength, her Ransom and Deliverer.

For a time all was still, even laboured breathing ceased, when, with sudden energy, and far greater power than I could have supposed it possible for her to have retained, she raised herself up, and with her earnest eyes fixed on my own, she said in a clear distinct voice—

"Fetch them in! Oh! *be sure* and fetch them in, and tell them of Jesus! . . . Tell them of—Jesus!"

Again there was silence,—she scarcely breathed,—a slight spasm crossed her face,—all was nearly over . . . I said, "Dear child! Jesus has gained the victory FOR you!"

She caught the word, and with a shout of gladness, such as never rang from those pallid lips before in the fourteen years of her sorrowful life, she cried,

"Victory! victory!—I am washed—and made clean—Glory!"

The rest of the song was sung with the happy children of her Father's house, "who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall see the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The dead was alive again! The lost was found.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—May His richest blessings be upon you, and your seed with you; that being strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, you may continue to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Yes, beloved, He does indeed "endear Himself wheresoever flesh fails." He is the altogether lovely One. I have been in a "heavenly place," laid on my Father's bosom, with His everlasting arm around me. It was not strength, but *helpless security*. Do you understand me? "A Refuge for the oppressed" is my stone of remembrance. How many we shall have to recount when we have crossed the Jordan; more than we now should be able to express, so great is the sum that it exceeds the arithmetic of time, and can only be told in the pure language of the better country. I have been meditating upon Paul's great fight of afflictions, recorded

2 Cor. xi. 23—28, and his conclusion of the whole matter—"light!" "Our light affliction which is but for a moment." Truly the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it. How gently the Lord has dealt with me. Any one of these trials would have crushed me to pieces. But instead of going forth in the dances of them that make merry, I am full of heaviness because I have not a week's provision for one day's consumption. The Lord has given me meat to eat that the world knows not of, in your opening piece, "The One Word Wanted," very refreshing it has been to my soul, and I pray Him to carry it home to the hearts of others of His poor and afflicted people, that the blessings of them that were ready to perish may be upon you, and fresh songs of praise ascend to our Triune Jehovah.

Ever yours affectionately in the love of Jesus,

H. E. A. C.

The Protestant Beacon.

THE POPE'S VOLUNTEERS.

DOUBTLESS our readers have observed from time to time the announcements in the papers of the illegal enlisting in Ireland, on behalf of the Pope. The most painful disappointment has been the result to those who allowed themselves to be duped by the fair promises *which were held out*. Those who know Ireland cannot but have been struck by the fine body of its police. These were the men who, for most part, resigned their positions, and joined the Pope's brigade, to be treated, as they found to their cost, as the most abject of slaves. Numbers have returned to Ireland in the most pitiable plight—in little better than rags, and all-but starved! We trust the lesson they have thus learned will be a profitable one, and that the practical insight they have now had into their own system, at head-quarters, will not be lost upon them. We wonder how many of them would now be anxious to kiss His Holiness's toe. Who now do they prove to be their *friends*, the Protestant Clergy, or the Priests of their own communion? Who are the men that are ever ready to sacrifice them, but their own self-seeking, lying, treacherous priesthood? Surely, it is time they awoke to the dreadful consequences of their own destructive dogma, that "the end justifies the means;"—that no matter how many of the noble-hearted peasantry, or tall, stately, well-proportioned police of Erin, were sacrificed, so long as the tottering fabric of the Romish See were upheld, or the person of the Pope protected. The *National Standard* thus speaks of the matter:—

"Several of those wretched dupes of the Popish Priests in Ireland, who were induced to violate the law and enlist in the service of the Pope, by the misrepresentations of the Nation, have returned to this country in the deepest state of distress and misery. They are loud in their denunciations of the deception practised upon them, and in their indignant exposure of the shameful treatment they experienced while in the service of their 'Holy Father,' the Pope. They have found by sad experience that the very worst posi-

tion they could occupy in England was infinitely preferable to that which they were so infatuated as to expect in the Papal service. However we may be disposed to pity them, we confess our satisfaction at their being enabled from personal experience to tell their countrymen the real truth as to Rome and its present Government."

THE UNCHANGEABLE CHARACTER OF POPERY.—The following striking passage is extracted from the Rev. HENRY MELVILLE's Sermons, published in the year 1838:—"We are continually told that Popery is not what she once was; and this, no doubt, is one of the most specious of the deceits by which she has carried on her work. We are gravely assured that the Roman Catholic religion took its complexion from the times; and that tenets against which Protestants loudly exclaim, and principles which they indignantly execrate, were held only in days of ignorance and barbarism, and have long since fled before the advance of civilization. And very unfair and ungenerous it is, we are told, to rake up the absurdities and cruelties of a rude and uninformed age, and to charge them on the creed of men of our own generation, who detest them as cordially as ourselves. Be it so: we are, at all events, dealing with an infallible Church; and, unless the claim of infallibility be among the things which she has given up, we are at a loss to know how she can have greatly changed, or how, since she never goes wrong, she can renounce what she believed, or condemn what she did. And the Roman Church is not suicidal enough to give up her claim to infallibility; but she is sagacious enough to perceive that *men are willing to be deceived*; that an excess of false charity is blinding them to facts; and that there is abroad among them such an idolatry of what they call liberal, that they make it a point of honour to believe good of all evil, and perhaps evil of all good. Of this temper of the times the Roman Catholic Church, marvellously wise in her generation, is adroitly availing herself; and

so well has she plied men with the specious statement, that she is not what she was, that they are rather covering her with apologies for their inconsiderate bigotry, than thinking of measures to resist her advances. But there is no change in Popery. The system is the same: intrinsically, inherently the same. It may assume different aspects to carry different purposes. But this is itself a part of Popery: *there is the variable appearance of the chameleon, and the invariable venom of the serpent.* Thus, in Ireland, though the theology of Dens is the recognized text-book of the Roman Catholic clergy, they will tell you, when there is an end to be gained, that Popery is an improved, and modified, and humanized thing: whereas all the while there is not a monstrous doctrine broached in the most barbarous of past times, which this very text-book does not uphold as necessary to be believed; and not a foul practice devised in the midnight of the world, which it does not enjoin as necessary to be done.

"Make peace if you will with Popery; receive it into your senate; shrine it in your churches; plant it in your hearts. But be ye certain, certain as that there is a heaven above you and a God over you, that the Popery thus honoured and embraced is the very Popery that was loathed and degraded by the holiest of your fathers—the same in haughtiness—the same in intolerance; which lorded it over kings; assumed the prerogatives of Deity, crushed human liberty, and slew the saints of God."*

ROMISH CHARITIES.—The insolence of Popery increases in England in the same ratio that its influence declines abroad. The way in which the present Government is treated by the Irish members is most humiliating. Ever since 1829 this country has been under the power of a Popish clique, whose aim is to humble Protestant England. Truly did Dr. DOYLE declare that "Emancipation would only lead a passage to ulterior measures."

A short time ago M. BILLY presented a petition to the Chamber of Deputies

about Romish Religious Societies. He stated among other things, that all the property of monks or nuns, except the dowry, "belonged to their families. They were civilly dead." "That in France families are impoverished by convents, and he implores the Government to place a check on this folly;" and the petition is accordingly examined, and a most able report is drawn up by M. DUFIN, the Attorney-General, in which he states that "the evil, brought to light by the petition, is real; every day it increases; in a few years it will become more and more difficult to apply a remedy." Here we have a Roman Catholic Attorney-General resolutely setting to work to check the evil arising from bequests to convents and monasteries, and in England our Attorney-General, assisted by a Dissenting Solicitor-General, is doing all he can to increase the evil—he will sanction illegal and secret trusts for the sake of a few Popish votes to uphold a disjointed Ministry. The Government want votes, and therefore are ready to give the fair realm of England as a sop to the Popish Cerberus. In 1829 Lord PALMERSTON ridiculed the idea of 30 or 40 Papists affecting the Legislature of this country, and he assisted to make the whip of scorpions, and is now feeling its lash. The priests use it vigorously, and the kind old gentleman winces under the severe castigation; he must submit, because he needs the sweet voices of the Irish brigade. To such a degraded state has our Government fallen that it dare not resent the insolence of the Papists. Every day our laws are openly defied—our dearest interests are sacrificed, and our Government dare not punish the offenders. In England we have Jesuits plotting in our midst in defiance of our laws—nay, we even pay them. We have 37 monasteries, which are illegal, and to some of these our Government votes money, notwithstanding the "brothers" are disorderly and inefficient for the work which they are paid to do. We protest against our Government giving privileges to Papists not enjoyed by others, and we insist upon the enforcement of the law. But, alas! we feel that our Government has not the moral courage to appeal to the Protestantism of England; they rely

* Sermons by the Rev. HENRY MELVILLE. London: Rivingtons, 1838.

upon the broken Papal reed which will one day pierce them rather too deeply; we are fast approaching the same state when the House of Commons complained "of the great resort of priests and Jesuits into the kingdom, and they were disheartened at seeing such Popish recusants advanced into employments of trust and profit, and especially into military commands." That state ended in the loss of a kingdom and a crown, to the family that had basely delivered up the country to Popish influence; and, judging from history, we foresee a similar catastrophe to the dynasty that approved of the Relief Act.—*National Standard*.

MAYNOOTH. — This is a standing monument of political folly and national shame. Mr. PITT allowed himself to be misled by a fallacy concerning the original establishment of this college. And Sir ROBERT PEEL, always leaning to the side of expediency, made a grievous mistake, when, instead of giving it up, as a failure and a disgrace, he sought to quiet the party he had created in Parliament by *fixing* upon his country the burden of its support. Men of his school—the time-serving politicians of our day—seem to deem it a part of their duty to be liberal to Papists, no matter what it may cost the pocket and conscience of Protestants. And so Mr. CARDWELL has once more tested the feeling of the House of Commons, and

found it as yielding as himself to Popish claimants. Fifty-seven members resisted his bill, but a hundred and thirty-five voted with him for giving power to the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland to raise money on the security of the annual grant for the further repairs of Maynooth College.

We cannot understand the House of Commons. It professes to represent the feeling of the country; and yet it goes against that feeling on a matter affecting the fundamental principles of the national faith, and prejudicial in the highest degree to the social interests of the whole realm. The support of Maynooth is the strongest support that can be given to Popery. The annual grant sends out every year a fresh supply of Popish priests, to keep up and perpetuate the system which is known to inflict the most grievous wrong upon Ireland. And the number of priests who thus go forth to corrupt and enslave the people, are far more than are wanted for that country. And so we are training them for our own. The folly—the shocking inconsistency—the real wickedness of this course has been pointed out by high-minded and honest Christian senators again and again; but as long as the House, on the one side and on the other, shows itself unworthy of the name of Protestant, so long will the voice of the faithful be heard in vain.—*National Standard*.

Reviews.

The Magdalen's Friend, and Female Homes' Intelligencer. London: Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a monthly Magazine, conducted by a Clergyman. Its title is at once a key to its contents. This is the first number we have seen, and, as far as we can judge by it, the work is entitled to support. We rejoice that the attention of the community is being directed to the greatly-increasing "social evil" of our own times, fostered as that evil is by the love and easy attainment of paltry show and flimsy finery in dress.

A New Game of the Word and Thing; or, Mamma's Stepping Stones to Reading. Price 4s. 6d. London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill.

EXCELLENT! the work not merely of a clever but evidently experienced hand. It is calculated to be extremely useful; quite a child's companion, as well as mamma's most ready help-meet. We advise mothers and teachers to obtain this new and most desirable "game," as affording some of the easiest "stepping-stones to reading," and so well calculated to occupy usefully and desirably the infantile mind.

Hymns composed on Various Subjects; with the Author's Experience, the Supplement, and Appendix. By the Rev. JOSEPH HART, late Minister of the Gospel in Jewin Street. Roan embossed, 1s.; cloth, 10d. London: W. H. Collingridge.

DID we attempt to give a lengthened critique upon the character and labours of HART, ours would be altogether a work of supererogation. He is immortalized already in the affections of tens of thousands. And if we may make free with his name, he has, under God, attained to the position thus occupied by the simplest of means. He has, as it were, played upon his own name. HART is his name, HEART has been the characteristic of his labours. This is the grand secret of his usefulness; this the *why* that tens, if not hundreds of thousands of copies of his hymns have been required. It is not the talent they exhibit—not their poetry—not the beauty, and force, and power of their imagery—for these WATTS far surpasses HART—but it is the heart-utterances; that wonderful power by which he was enabled to express what he *felt*. “As in water face answers to face, so doth the heart of man to man.” HART, by the power of that Spirit who has so eminently blessed his labours, rouses fellow-feeling, and thus a sweet, living union, is realized. He has gone to his rest, but thousands tread the self-same path by which he pilgrimaged to the better land; and glad are such pilgrim-followers to catch his wayside songs; to sip of the brooks which *he* sipped, and to bathe in the fountain where *he* bathed, in prospect of at length reaching the glorious heights to which he has attained.

Of the present edition of these, in a certain sense, incomparable hymns, we may add, that it is at once the neatest, the cheapest, and the most portable now in circulation.

The Vine and its Branches. Spiritual Poems. By ROBERT H. NICHOLLS. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Bristol: J. E. Chilcott, Clare Street.

As intimated in the preface of this little work, there is nothing attractive in its style or poetry. It is written in a plain, homely way. But the truths on which the author treats are sound and practical. They are clearly indicative of Divine teaching, and upon these grounds—and not for its poetry—we recommend the work.

Memoir of the late Rev. John Vinall, upwards of Forty-five years Minister of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, and Providence Chapel, Brighton. To which are added, Letters addressed to his Congregations at Lewes, Brighton, and Chichester, during the period that he was laid aside from the Ministry by affliction; also a few others addressed to private friends. London: W. H. Collingridge.

THE name of VINALL has been a household word with us from our earliest recollection. Once a year was he wont to pay a visit to our birth-place, and collected around him would be sundry pilgrims whose names and characters are enshrined in our hearts, and will be to the latest moment of our earthly being. We could only then *respect* and *reverence*, but not *understand* them. We knew full well that they had “bread to eat which we knew not of,” and could only then secretly and ardently desire to be admitted to that “secret which is with them that fear the Lord,” and with which it was clear to our young mind they were personally acquainted.

Under these circumstances it is not unnatural that we should turn to the volume before us with unusual interest. We wanted to know much of the man for whom we had so long-cherished an esteem. We are, however, free to confess that we are disappointed with the Memoir—not for what it contains, but for what it does *not* contain. It is too brief for a man who had reached his 78th year, and who had laboured for forty-five years in one sphere. Apart from his letters, his biography is brought within the compass of thirty pages; whereas we should have expected at least *one* such a volume as those of Mr. BEMAN or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's, men of like spirit, and of the same school.

But in the absence of fuller details, we must be thankful for what we have. Short as is this Memoir, there is abundantly sufficient to stamp him of whom it treats as a servant of God, and to add his name to the “great cloud of witnesses” to the love, grace, faithfulness, and all-sufficiency of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

We cannot but recommend the work as one which will be read with special interest.

[OCT. 1, 1860.]

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

“Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God.”

“Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.”

“Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever.” “Whom to know is Life Eternal.”

No. 46, }
NEW SERIES. }

OCTOBER, 1860.

{ No. 174,
OLD SERIES. }

FAMILY-PORTRAITS—PETER. “I GO A FISHING.”

JOHN XXI. 3.

WE cannot but think, that it was in a hasty, petulant spirit Peter said, “I go a fishing.” If he were not now looking, as aforetime, for Christ to have “redeemed Israel” (see Luke xxiv. 21; Acts i. 6); yet he was disappointed and impatient. He expected by this time some more signal manifestation. Christ had died, and Christ had risen, and both by that death and resurrection had confirmed the testimony which He had given whilst He was with them; but as yet they either knew not or regarded not the promise that the Comforter should come. As yet they had not received those positive directions to “tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high.”

We love the character of Peter, because there was so much *heart* in it—so much love, zeal, boldness. Peter was always *ready*, but not always *right*. His very heartiness and zeal betrayed him into many a snare. Peter was one of those characters that must *learn*, in order to know and to value. Others might learn somewhat by observation. They might, in measure and degree, turn to account what they saw in—what they heard from—others. Not so Peter, he must *learn for himself*; and learn, too, by “terrible things in righteousness.” His lessons had to be burnt into him. Yea, it would seem as though they were engraven upon the very tablet of his heart. Nothing short of this would do for Peter; and there are many of the Peter-school still. His race, in this respect, is by no means extinct. **HART** was one of this school, and there are thousands who will agree with him,

“With some the tempter takes
Much pains to make them mad;
But *me* he found, and always heid,
The *easiest* fool he had.”

Now, we know what Peter did, in the face of the loving caution, the gracious intimation that was given him; nor was it sufficient that that caution should be repeated. He knew he loved his Lord; but, in the warmth of that love, and in the heat of his zeal, he overlooked the weakness, the infirmity, the sin of his poor fallen flesh. He was as yet scarcely aware that he carried about with him a heart that was ever ready to side with

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Satan, and to betray him into a thousand snares. He knew as yet but little of the depths of Satan, or the deceit and treachery of his own heart. Since his call, he had been privileged almost uninterruptedly with the presence of his Lord, and these were not circumstances under which to learn the feebleness and the frailty of the flesh. Let the Master withdraw Himself, and then would he painfully learn that of which he was now comparatively ignorant.

Reader, is not this true? If thou hast long been in the school of Christ, was it not in the felt absence of thy Master, thou hast been taught some little—and, oh, after all, what a little!—about thyself? When indulged with His sensible presence, whilst He has communed with thee, and opened His precious Word, making it very marrow and fatness to thy soul; how little didst thou apprehend the part thou hast since again and again taken. It seemed then as though the world had lost its hold upon thee. Thou didst stand in feeling and desire upon the very confines of eternity, and, as thy meditations upon a precious Christ were sweet, thou didst catch the distant notes of the New Jerusalem song; they vibrated through thine heart; and thou didst long to drop the clay tabernacle, that thou mightest soar on high, and unite with the ransomed throng in their all-glorious and triumphant song. What baubles were worldly pleasures then! How valueless its wealth! How paltry its name and fame! “Vanity of vanities” was inscribed on all beneath the skies! Sincerely didst thou say, “Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me.” Privilege me to pass through the world as not of the world. May my record be perpetually on high. There be my treasure, there my heart!

But, ah, beloved, what hast thou seen and known since of thyself? How many times has that heart of thine betrayed thee! How often ensnared thee! How many, many times, and that in various ways, hast thou denied thy knowledge of the man in whom all thy hopes and expectations for eternity centre! Denied thy Lord? Yes, thou hast acted a Peter’s part again and again. Thou hast been found in company where Jesu’s name was neither regarded, nor His love known, and then, for very shame, thou hast hid thy badge of discipleship; thou hast been *ashamed of Jesus*; thou hast shunned the cross; thou wouldst rather not, for the time being at least, be reckoned with those who “were first called Christians at Antioch;” and what was all this but a denial of Christ—a rejection of Christ? Ah, had He rejected thee, as thou didst Him, where wert thou now?

Again, how basely hast thou backslidden from Him, in despising, disregarding, or speaking ill of his members! Knowest thou not what is written, “Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye?” And yet, because so-and-so was poor or despised, or it may be “counted as the very off-scouring of all things,” as even the apostle of the Gentiles was, thou didst draw off; thou didst avoid such; thou wouldst not cast in thy lot among such. And yet it is written, “I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord;” and again, “He that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me.”

But have any whom thou hadst reason scripturally to believe were among the sons and daughters of Zion, fallen before the world? How hast thou dealt with such? Hast thou taken part with the world in its censures—its reproaches—its cry, “Aha! aha! so would we have it?” Oh, this were

to crucify the Son of God afresh, and in His members put Him to an open shame. If the individual whom thou hast reproached does in very deed belong to the Lord, that sin into which he has fallen *has* caused him, or *will* cause him, to shed as it were tears of blood. He will, sooner or later, agonize at the mercy-seat; he will besiege the throne of grace for pardon; and dost thou think that He who sitteth upon that throne will be regardless of his importunities? Will He withhold that mercy the which He delighteth to bestow? Will He—is it like Him to?—exclude such an applicant? Oh, then, if he regard such with pity, love, sympathy divine, and if He says, “Is Ephraim my dear son, is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.” If such be the tenderness of His heart—such the sounding of His bowels towards His disobedient and His rebellious ones, how, thinkest thou, will He regard any that despise, or censure, or reproach such?

Oh, reader, should we happen to come in contact with any fallen one, whom we have reason to believe to be a member of the household of faith, be it ours, first, to say respecting the sin into which he has fallen, “So did not I, because of the fear of the Lord;” secondly, to give heed to the injunction, “Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted;” thirdly, to remember what our Lord and Master said, “Whoso shall offend” [cause to fall, or ensnare—and what does more so than to reproach or upbraid a fallen brother? what more likely to drive him yet further into sin for very shame or despair, if so be not the world merely, but his professed brethren despise and deny him?] “whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.”

Now, Peter saying, “I go a fishing,” was wrong—yea, very sinful—upon two grounds: first, it was not only the language of impatience and fretfulness, but of unbelief. It was virtually saying, “Well, we are mistaken after all. We are deceived. Why tarry we any longer? We may as well return to our wonted employ.” Reader, we must bear in mind how long he had left his usual occupation, and with what promptitude he had done so, at the bidding of Jesus, “Follow me.” His present proposal was, therefore, a virtual returning to the world, and a corresponding throwing off the yoke of Christ. It was coming under that denunciation, “Whoso putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back (lusteth after the world, as Israel did after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and Lot’s wife after the cities of the plain), is not fit for the kingdom of God.” Peter’s sin was great, very great, in this matter. It was akin to his former sin of the open and positive denial of his Lord. And it must, moreover, be remembered, that his resolve was long after Jesus had said unto him, and Andrew his brother, “Follow me, and I will make you *fishers of men*,” clearly importing what their future occupation was to be, and that by Divine appointment. Moreover, it was subsequent also to that striking appeal of Jesus, in which He proved that the labourer was not only worthy of, but should in very deed have, his hire. “When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing.”

Furthermore, it must be remembered that Peter had had very special

and peculiar indulgence during Jesu's sojourn on earth, for not merely had he heard His words, and beheld His works; not only had he been specially addressed, in answer to the inquiry, "Whom say ye that I am?" with a "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven;" but he had likewise beheld His glory upon the mount of transfiguration, and heard the voice coming out of the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." In addition to all this, after Christ's resurrection, Peter was a personal witness of the fact, in the vacant sepulchre; by a sight of the grave-clothes; by the testimony of the women; by the message which had been specially sent to him; by a personal sight of his risen Lord, as we gather from Luke xxiv. 33, 34, "And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."

Hence we contend that Peter's sin was the greater, inasmuch as it was against so much light and so much knowledge. We dwell upon this, reader, in order that hereafter we may set forth the more by contrast, the love, and the forbearance, and the compassion of our great High-priest.

We have likewise another object in view. It is more than probable, that, among those whom we address, there may be those who, conscious of heart and perhaps lip-departures from the Lord, are "writing bitter things against themselves." They say, it may be, "I have had aforetime such privileges. The Lord was so indulgent. He granted me such peculiar favours. He gave me such light—such a precious insight into His love. He did so entirely 'take me aside from the multitude,' and blessed me with so many benefits, that I thought the world and sin had lost their hold upon me for ever. I never could have conceived that I should have acted the treacherous part of which I have since been guilty. I could not have supposed that there would ever have been a revival of those things which I had fain hoped and believed were dead, and over which I had obtained the mastery for ever. Whereas, notwithstanding all the light, and love, and indulgence, I have sinned in spite of all. I have thus crucified the Lord of life and glory afresh, and put Him to an open shame; and I now see no ground of hope for such a rebel as I have proved myself."

Poor soul, couldst thou have had greater indulgence and more blessed familiarity with Jesus, than that with which Peter was favoured? Yet see you not the way in which he acted, aye, and the way in which every child of God would act, if left to himself, and tempted in the same way? But, as the sequel proves, this was no barrier to the love, and pity, and tenderness, and power of Jesus. He rides triumphantly over all these mountains of sin and transgression.

There was another respect in which this grace of our dear Redeemer was so much the more magnified, and His determination to save the more blessedly shown. It was in that the sin of Peter involved others as well as himself. He says, "I go a fishing." We have already dwelt upon the spirit and temper in which he said this—other six (making, with himself, more than half the number of the disciples) immediately said, "We also go with thee;" so that Peter was the means of ensnaring his fellow-disciples, and in this respect became guilty of that sin under which David groaned so intensely, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation." Personal sins are great; but relative sins, or sins which ensnare

and involve others, are still greater. This was the sin of Peter, and the pardon of which so much the more magnified the mercy and the love of a precious Christ.

Here, for the present, we leave the subject. Dear reader, farewell.

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,*

THE EDITOR.

Bristol, Sept. 18, 1860.

AN AGED DISCIPLE WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES OF THE SANCTUARY.

"Gather not my soul with sinners."—Psalm xvi. 9.

LORD, wilt thou thrust me down to hell?

With rebels must I ever dwell—

Those enemies of thine?

Their company I don't love here,

Must I be herded with them there,

Enduring wrath divine?

In justice, I am well aware,

What's earned I well deserve to bear,

Nor under it repine;

And though it is an awful case,

Hell by desert is my own place,

As wages due 'tis mine.

But could I curse thee, dearest Lord,

If thou should'st give me that reward,

I by my sins have won?

Pour out, I could not, wrath and spite,

Against thee, Lord; all must be right

Whate'er by thee is done.

With enemies I could not rave,

Because I'm certain I should have

Nothing beyond my due;

Oh no! I feel I must—I should—

In hell acknowledge thou art good,

Immutable, and true.

The damn'd, I know, thy name defy,

Blaspheming is their sole employ,

And all they wish to know;

I never can do this I say,

Though thou should'st cast my soul away

To everlasting woe.

Lord, do not drive my soul away

With that blasphemous company,

Who rage, and rave, and roar:

I hope thou wilt not; this to me,

A hell, an awful hell, would be,

If hell was nothing more.

It pains me now to hear their din,

What must it be to be shut in

Where sin is in full sway?

This would be dreadful unto me;

The thought creates felt agony,

And fills me with dismay.

What, live for ever to deride

That suffering One that loved and died!

Is hell, then, such a place?

Lord Jesus Christ, to thee I cry,

To thee I look, do thou draw nigh,

Save me by sovereign grace.

Do not my thoughts towards thee turn?

For thee do not my bowels yearn?

Art not thou dear to me?

High thou art, Lord, in my esteem,

Because, to save and to redeem,

All fulness dwells in thee.

My soul, on whom else canst thou stay

But Jesus? He's the only way

From wrath to endless rest;

Millions are with thee now on high,

With them I thee would glorify,

For this I am in quest.

Can I be lost? No, dearest Lord,

For thou hast pledg'd thy holy word,

And wilt by that abide;

I shall thy face in glory see,

And when I'm with and made like thee,

I shall be satisfied.

My Ransomer, thy praise I'll sing,

And heaven's unmeasured plains shall
ring,

With swelling melody;

Redeem'd from death, sin, wrath, and men,

Poor worthless I shall there and then

Grace ever glorify.

T. C.

It was a sweet observation of Luther, "That for the most part when God set him upon any special service for the good of the Church, he was brought low by some fit of sickness or other." Surely, as the lower the ebb, the higher

the tide; so the lower any descend in humility, the higher they shall ascend in honour and glory. The lower this foundation of humility is laid, the higher shall the roof of honour be overlaid.—*Brooks.*

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S SANCTUARY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—If you think the following Wednesday Evening Lecture, by the Rev. WM. LEACH, of Northampton, would strengthen your numerous readers in the one faith of Jesus Christ, you are at liberty to make what use you please of the same.

Yours very truly,
Northampton. E. L.

"A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary."—Jer. xvii. 12.

In the preceding part of the chapter we have a beautiful and striking contrast between the self-confident man and the man who places his confidence in the Lord. "Cursed be the man who trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." How many poor deluded creatures trust in men. The Roman Catholics trust in their priests, saints, and the Virgin Mary; but by so doing they come under this curse. "And maketh flesh his arm." Flesh here denotes that which is feeble; for let but the Lord blow upon us, and we are like the moth which consumeth away. While some are not trusting upon others, they rely on their strength, their own wisdom, and their own power. But it is said concerning such, "He shall be like the heath in the desert; or, as one of our learned men have rendered it, "He shall be like the blasted tree." Now, view the difference between those whose confidence is in the Lord. "Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." Here is hope and trust blended together, for they are twin graces. Hope is the attendant of faith. The Lord is the object of our hope; and there is none else we can trust in as in the Lord. "He shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river." Will not this language denote valuation, design, and care? When we plant a tree we show that we have a value for it; our doing so implies intention; and also we shall care for its prosperity. What do we learn from this spiritually? The Lord's

people strike out their roots plentifully by the river; for they know where they derive their sap, their nourishment, and support. "And shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." They shall not be afraid of any external circumstances destroying the life of God in their souls. I heard a minister say, that "it often happens that some are laughed out of their religion." Not where there is the earnest reality. A man cannot be laughed out of his religion when it is a vital principle. We may have our day of adversity, but no external circumstances, no fiery trials, no heat of persecution, or anything that may appear to militate against the life of God within us, can ever destroy it, but only tend to cause its increase, and make it more manifest that the work is of God. But to our text.

1st. WHAT IS INTENDED BY THE EXPRESSION, "THE PLACE OF OUR SANCTUARY?" It is doubtless an allusion to the temple and tabernacle. But the temple and the tabernacle were only shadows of good things to come, of which Christ was the substance. We will take a twofold idea of the temple; as a sacred place, and an asylum of retreat. First, as a sacred place. It was the meeting-place between God and His people; the place where God was pleased to reveal Himself to them. Is not Christ God's meeting-place? True, God met Israel in another place, at Sinai; but that meeting was a terrible one to the Israelites. They were not to touch the mount; they were not even to approach the place: but to keep their distance. But this taught the people the lesson that they were in need of a Mediator. It is so with the sinner; when God appears to him in His law, he trembles and fears: for he sees that God is a holy God, and himself so unholy; and there appears an infinite distance between him and God—and here he learns the need of one to come between God and him, even Christ the Mediator. Their distress implied a want of reconciliation; but when He met them in the sanctuary, there He

was reconciled. I consider its meaning in two things. In reference to us it denotes a change of mind; once in enmity, but now reconciled. In reference, however, to God, we view Him as a Lawgiver; and as such, an atonement was necessary to it legally. Again, the sanctuary was the place where God revealed Himself to the people. Hence David prays, that "I may see thy power and glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary." Would you see the power and glory of God, you must see Him in the person of Jesus Christ; for God's power is a destroying power out of Him: but God's power, reflected through this medium, is a saving power. It is the glory of God's grace in the salvation of His people; and nowhere does He appear so glorious. Take the sanctuary, in the second place, as an asylum. We find in the history of England, that there were places where poor criminals and fugitives could find safety. The altars were for the protection of the Israelites. The altar had four horns (at the corners), and these horns were sprinkled with blood; and when the poor Israelite sought protection, he took hold of the horns of the altar, where there stood the high priest, who was sure to look with pity and compassion upon him. There is something very beautiful in this figure. Where do we find safety but in the horns of the altar, and owning the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. Likewise by His intercession we have safety; by His blood and intercession. Paul, speaking of this, says, "Wherefore He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." Here the poor sinner flies to get away from the avenger. He comes and lays hold of the altar; and the high priest knowing his helpless state, pleads for him: and hence He is "able to save unto the uttermost." No matter to what lengths he has gone, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for all who come unto God by Him." Here, then, is ample protection and safety, where Satan cannot deprive you of that refuge; so that, let the law present its claims, and Satan try to drive the sinner away, he will but keep closer to the altar—

"The terrors of law and of God,
With him can have nothing to do;

His Saviour's obedience and blood

Hide all his transgressions from
view."

We will pass on and observe THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN. "A glorious high throne." Of course, as we have applied the former part to Christ, we will give this interpretation also; and I think we shall not be doing wrong in so appropriating it. The throne shows two things; first, *the Majesty of Christ*. A throne is the place for petitioning. Here, then, we see something of the utility of the throne. When her Majesty's subjects desire redress, a petition is sent, to be presented to her throne. Has there been a cry gone up to the Lord from your hearts for His guidance, help, and comfort? How desirable it is that the soul should be in a lively, happy, and comfortable state! There is nothing like this—constant application to, and frequent intercourse with Him, which will make us spiritually rich. It is "a high throne;" which might refer to the supremacy of Jesus Christ: high, and lifted up above all others. But it is a high throne spiritually. I like high things; I like high doctrines; I like to live on high: and I trust, if it is the will of God, to live higher and higher still. Then see the character of the blessings that are denoted by its being a high throne. Heavenly blessings, set up in heaven. "A glorious high throne." Not merely a high, but "a glorious high throne." It is so in its establishment. It would not be a glorious high throne to sinners if it was not established in mercy; but seeing it is mercy's throne, it is a glorious one to them. It is a glorious one on account of Him who occupies it, and because of the influences imparted from that throne. If you get to that throne, you will bring away some of its glories; it will manifest it in the spirit of your conversation. The disciples were taken knowledge of that they had been with Jesus. I like to take knowledge of God's people by their having been with Jesus; and an intercourse with them will prove exceedingly profitable to us. Then, it is a glorious high throne from the beginning. It was so to Adam, and to Noah, and Abraham, and the rest of the patriarchs; and is still so to us, for "He is the same yesterday, to-day,

and for ever :” and you will find that God has never made any medium of access but by Jesus Christ. All were brought to approach God in this way ; and if we wish to do the same, we cannot do so in any other way.

“A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary.” These are truths to be tasted, to be handled, and experienced ; and in experiencing them we shall have some sense of their value.

A SOLEMN WARNING TO PROFESSORS.

A POOR old man named T—— had been regularly attending my cottage readings, when they were commenced (about two years ago) : it always made my heart leap to see him take his seat in his own settle corner near the fire, and when the meeting was over I always stayed to have a parting word with (as I thought) the dear old pilgrim.

“Well, T——, how are you to-night?” I would say.

“Why, sir,” was his general reply, “I trust my spiritual strength is renewed, and I thought it would be before I came.”

“What made you think your spiritual strength would be renewed to-night?”

“Because, sir, just as I was thinking about coming the Lord gave me a word.”

“What word?” Of course it was always different, but sweet and appropriate. I remember one he mentioned, “He brought me into his banquetting-house, and His banner over me was love.”

Some time ago, however, I lost my delight in his presence, and my confidence in his profession, from the news having reached me that he had lately sold a house, and yet was in the receipt of parish pay. Still he came to the meeting, and we generally had a word or two at the close of it ; and oftentimes, I confess, I was led to believe either that the report was false, or that he was a child of God in error, and not a hypocrite.

About three weeks ago he was taken seriously ill ; of course, immediately I heard of it I went to see him. He was certainly very ill, and the doctor gave no hopes of his recovery. I said, “How is it with your soul now?”

“I hope my spiritual strength is renewed.”

“This, at any rate, is the time to test what foundation you are resting on.”

He then said,

“Go worship at Immanuel’s feet,
See in His face what wonders meet ;
Earth is too narrow to express,
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature to make His glories known,
Must mingle beauties not her own.”

I do not remember more of this visit ; but about the next day, as I came to see him, his friends told me that he had been in a terrible passion all the morning, charging them with drinking his brandy, &c. I went up stairs and spoke to him as usual.

“How are you to-day?”

“Well, sir, I trust my spiritual strength is renewed.”

“Now, T——,” I said, solemnly, “I cannot understand you. They have been telling me down stairs that you have been in a passion, and you say that your spiritual strength is renewed. You must be deluded ! I know what it is to be irritable, and I also know that when flesh gains ground in any way, that the spiritual strength is rather lost than renewed.”

He did not talk much, but I read and prayed with him that God would search him, and reveal to him his real state.

Last Thursday evening as we were going to hold an open-air service a young woman brought me a request from him, that we would have a special prayer-meeting for him, for he had deceived me, and deceived himself, and he was *more going to hell than he was to heaven*. The young woman also told me that his distress and cries were such that no one scarcely could stay in the room.

After the service, about eight o’clock,

we prayed for him; I felt deeply the awful position in which he stood—dying fast, and, by his own confession, on the way to hell; and, whether from natural feeling or spiritual influence, I cannot tell, but I was enabled to wrestle with God for mercy on his behalf.

I called to see him after, but he appeared to be very weary, and I did not much question him. On the next day (Friday) I heard from his landlady that about eight o'clock on the preceding night he had become very quiet, and professed to have found peace. I knew nothing was too hard for the Lord, and could but thank Him for the hope that He had heard and answered our prayers.

I saw him in the evening; his voice was very muffled, and I could not understand what he said. I begged him to say yes or no, and then I should know what he meant.

"Do you feel that your sins are pardoned?"

"Can't say that."

"Do I rightly understand that you do not feel your sins are pardoned?"

He shook his head, and said, "No."

This is all I can say from personal observation. I called on Saturday morning, but, as one of our city missionaries was with him, I did not stay. In the evening, as I was going to our prayer-meeting at the wooden church, a message came that he wished to see me, but as I did not anticipate so speedy a change, I did not give up my intention of going to the prayer-meeting, and promised to see the poor man early in the morning. About eight o'clock, however, the message was brought that he was gone. I went to his friends, and one I found was full of hopes that he was gone to rest, because in answer to a question twice repeated during the night, "Are you happy?" he said, "Yes." But the others were very silent. He had confessed to them such continual deceit; going into other rooms and taking money out of the pockets; and just because, when offended, he did not choose to

give vent to his passion in words, that he had cut up the wearing apparel of those living with him, and sat by, not only hearing others suspected and blamed, but giving sentence himself that they ought to be punished.

As to his being happy, or saying he was happy at the last, although it may satisfy those who vainly hope that nearly everybody goes to heaven, it will not satisfy a child of God jealous for his Master's glory; his intellect was, of course, weak, and Satan knows well how to blind his slaves.

As to the peace he obtained whilst we were praying, I must say, that if his after-life had given evidence of it, I should have hoped that our gracious God had visited him in mercy; but as he told me he could not feel his sins were pardoned, and did not appear to be exercised about it, I conclude that it was an effort of nature, thinking we were praying for him gave comfort, and not the answer to our prayer.

And as to the fear and distress which he felt on Thursday, we know that poor Judas "repented himself," and yet was lost; if he had been wrung with agony on account of the dishonour which he had brought upon the cause of Jesus, it would have been different; but the bare fear of going to hell is nothing to build our hopes upon.

For my own part, I feel it is a solemn warning. If knowledge of Scripture truth and Scripture expressions would save, he had plenty; if attendance at a place of worship was of any avail, he was most regular; if an outside morality and apparently consistent walk and conversation could deceive the heart-searching God, then he would have hope; but the secret sins, the hidden love of revenge, and all the evil—the allowed, unjudged evil—of his heart was all known to God. Reader, may you and I never have the hand-writing against us, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Bristol.

H. W.

That state is surely best which keeps you dependent on God, and thankful to Him; and so you shall find it in the end. Reader, trust thou in the Father of all mercies, and the God of all com-

fort, for every supply. Independent Adam, and the independent prodigal, came both to bankruptcy and beggary; therefore trade thou with the stock of God, and thou shalt never fail.—*Huntington.*

THE SCHOOLBOY'S RETURN; OR, THE PARTING WORD, REMEMBER ME!

THE holidays were long—too long—and my boy had become restless and unruly. Play, like everything else, has its day; and the loss of a regular course of occupation will tell upon the heart and conduct even of a child. You may seek to occupy, and interest, and amuse; still, after all, it is neither one thing nor the other. You want him to have relaxation. You want home to be home, and school to be school. The vacation you wish really to be a holiday. Still, as I have said, the holidays were too long; and, after going the round again and again of amusement, he became listless and weary. At times he would express a wish to be at school again. This I overheard, and felt it to be childlike.

At length, however, he became boisterous with the servants, and unamiable with his brothers and sisters. He took advantage of my temporary absence, and was guilty of some two or three acts which I could not possibly pass by unheeded. I strove to show him the impropriety of his conduct, and urged, in particular, the speedy termination of his holidays, and his again being separated from his home, with all that he held near and dear. All was without effect. He pouted his lips, and was exceedingly pert, going so far as to say, "He did not care."

Argument I found to be in vain; appeals were equally in vain. His conduct had now assumed that of defiance. I durst not pass it by. If he got the mastery once, that mastery I knew he would maintain, and the evil influence would possess my other children. I felt I must chastise him. With a cord I laid upon him sundry stripes; those stripes made a slight impression upon his back and shoulders, but they cut deep into my very heart; so much so that I was completely unmanned. A sight of this seemed to do tenfold more in bringing the child to repentance and a plea for forgiveness than the stripes. It was the wound *he* had inflicted upon me that touched his heart, and brought him to tears, and

not the pain which the cord had put *him* to.

" 'Tis love that breaks the bone."

Time passed on until the day before he was to take his departure. That day he was sick. I knew why. He felt his disobedience; he knew his severance from home again was at hand, and he sorrowed at heart. He ate nothing, or next to nothing, all day; his head ached; but I felt sure that, of the two, his heart ached most. He wished to go to bed, and there lay the greater part of the day. Poor fellow! my bowels yearned over him, and I felt half disposed to wish I had no children, that I might be saved these acute feelings.

On the morrow we set out; and, inasmuch as he had his parents with him, he was most cheerful the whole journey. He had yet two days before he finally went to school, and, during that time, had another little brother to see, and much to interest and amuse.

At length the parting hour arrived. He had taken leave of his mother, and, as I was taking him to the railway-station in a cab, he suddenly looked up, and with a tone and look I shall never forget while Reason retains her seat, said, "*Give my love to mamma, and tell her to REMEMBER ME!*" Oh! that appeal; oh! that "*Remember me!*" and after, too, what had so recently occurred, it pierced like an arrow to my heart. It seemed to harrow up my very soul. "*Remember me!*" Instantly my thoughts were carried from the busy, bustling, noisy London, to the summit of Calvary, and there in a moment was pictured before me that wondrous scene of nearly two thousand years ago. Between two thieves my Lord and Saviour hung; and, 'mid the jeers and the scoffings of those guilty gazers, I beheld a mighty change suddenly pass over the countenance of one of the malefactors. Smitten to the very heart's core by Him whose sacred province it is to convince of sin, he is of a sudden awakened to a con-

sciousness of his sin, his guiltiness. He turns, he rebukes his fellow-sufferer with, "We indeed suffer justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss." Then with plaintive look and bleeding heart, he cries, "Lord, *remember me* when thou comest into thy kingdom." "*Remember me*—even *me*, poor, vile, guilty as I am; Lord, *remember me*, even *me*." Oh! the power of that word. Oh! the condescension, the grace, the love of that precious Saviour, as, turning to that previous railer, he exclaims, and that without

dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still. My bowels are troubled for him. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." He who hath said, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zebaim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy

**NOW READY,
A SERMON,
PREACHED at "THE CIRCUS,"
PORTSMOUTH,
On Sunday Evening, July 1, 1860.**

BY THE

REV. DAVID A. DOUDNEY,

Incumbent of St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol.

Subject:—"The Publican's Curiosity; or, the Secret Drawings of Divine Love."

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—FROM HIS NEVER-ENDING.

He stood by himself, with a lofty brow,
And the boast of a sinless perfection;
On what he had done, and on what he would do,
Erecting a claim for protection.

He stood by himself—great Redeemer, unknown

Was the work of Thy free intercession;
He was rich—so he needed no Lamb to atone,

He was whole—so despised the Physician.

They will find themselves equally lonely.

Then trembling in this their dark hour of need,
When the Judge says, "I knew you? no, never!"
In vain their long scroll of their works they will plead,
They'll be banished His presence for ever.

—Extracted from an Old Magazine.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MATT. IV. 1—11.

(Continued from page 414.)

WE come, then, to the second temptation: "*Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, and setteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.*" It was shown in regard to the first temptation, that Satan's object, at least his subordinate object, in framing it as he did, was to make Jesus manifest the true nature of His Sonship, but that this, as well as his main design, was defeated, the Saviour taking His stand upon *manhood*—without discovering whether He himself was or was not *more than man*. Thus baffled, and still in doubt upon this point, Satan renews his attempt, and opens this second temptation with the same insinuation against the Divine veracity in the voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son," which he used so successfully in Eden; saying once more, "*If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.*"

In tracing the parallelism, however, which I have pointed out as existing between the temptation of Christ and the temptation of our first parents—both of which exactly correspond with the apostle John's analysis of sin into "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,"—the least obvious point in the parallelism undoubtedly has reference to the present temptation. How closely the first temptation, which we have been considering, and in which the suggestion of the tempter is that our Lord should command stones to be made bread for the purpose of satisfying His hunger, answers to his first word to Eve, "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" need hardly be pointed out; nor, further, how this word, taken in connexion with the fact that "the woman saw that the tree was good for food," involved an appeal to "the lust of the flesh." And equally plain, in this second temptation, is the

parallelism between Satan's second word to Jesus, "Cast thyself down" (a temptation to presumption) and his second word to Eve, "Ye shall not surely die," which must, like the former, be taken in connexion with the fact, that she saw that the tree was "*pleasant to the eye*," thus involving a similar appeal to "the lust of the eyes." But how; it may be asked, does Satan's suggestion to Jesus, "Cast thyself down," involve any appeal to "the lust of the eyes?" There is confessedly a difficulty here, and one which has, with some commentators, weighed so heavily that, while allowing the existence of the general parallelism, they have felt constrained to adopt St. Luke's order of the temptations; thus making the *last* temptation address itself to "the lust of the eyes," and *this* second temptation rather to "the pride of life." This expedient, however, I am not at all prepared to fall in with; not only because it is a departure from the true order, but also because the last temptation seems to me to be most obviously an appeal to "the pride of life," or the passion of ambition and worldly glory. Besides, though not indeed obvious at first sight, I nevertheless think that the parallelism holds good here as truly as in regard to the other temptations. We must remember that, though "the lust of the eyes" exists in ourselves, it is for the most part fed through the eyes of others. It is not, for example, nearly so much to gratify their own eyes that the votaries of fashion spend so large a portion of their time and money in rich attire, as that they hope it will render them objects of admiration in the eyes of others. It is not merely to gratify their own tastes that the rich and great have their "ceiled houses" so sumptuously furnished, their troops of servants, and their splendid equipages; but because, for the most part, they have no other, no better claim upon the homage and respect of their fellow-men. No; "the lust of the eyes," I repeat, exists in ourselves, but the altar of its idolatry, before which all its

sacrifices are laid, are the eyes of others. Now, when Satan would have had our Lord cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, we must bear in mind that, be that "pinnacle" what it may,—whether "Herod's royal portico, overhanging the valley of Kedron," as ALFORD thinks, or, as WORDSWORTH maintains, "the apex of the tympanum of the temple," it was doubtless some eminence from which a person thereon standing would be *visible* if not *audible* to a large concourse of people below. Hence, as OLSHAUSEN correctly observes, "The point of the second temptation lies in the thought of *parading* the gift of working miracles." "Cast thyself down," that is to say, "Spring down from this pinnacle, as if thou camest down from heaven, and thus announce thyself with becoming dignity." And thus we may, I think, discover "the lust of the eyes" in this temptation as truly as in either of those instances of ostentatious display and worldly vanity to which I have alluded.

But to return from this digression. If Satan had failed in his first temptation in other respects, he had not at least failed to learn that the weapon with which Christ had so successfully resisted him was "the sword of the Spirit;" and he now, therefore, like a bold and determined combatant, closes with Him, and endeavours to wrest it from His grasp. Hence he does not, as on the former occasion, simply offer a suggestion, but pretends to support it by a quotation from Scripture! "Cast thyself down, for it is *written*, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Well may good Bishop HALL exclaim, "What is this I see? Satan himself with a Bible under his arm, and a text in his mouth?" Yes, beloved, so true is the old proverb, that "the devil can quote Scripture when it suits his purpose." It is as though he had said, "Dost thou intend to abide so strictly by what is written? Is thy faith in God so firm and unshakable?—then I know yet another word that will suit thee well. Dost thou, strong in faith, rely implicitly upon the help of thy God, even as a man? Art thou so assured of His assistance when-

ever thou shalt need it?—then *put Him to the test*, show me that thy confidence is not misplaced; and instead of waiting and hungering here in the wilderness, cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple, in the sight of all the people, so shall they and I be alike constrained to acknowledge that thou art indeed the Son of God. For '*is it not written*, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone?'"

Mark, in this quotation of Scripture, the vile *hypocrisy* of Satan. In what visible form he first appeared to our Lord we are not informed. Some have supposed that he came in the form and semblance of a venerable hermit, some as a doctor of the law, and some again as a celestial messenger. But whatever may have been his *outward* form, it is at least certain that he here assumes the *moral disguise* of an angel of light. He surrounds himself as it were with holy things; he conducts Jesus into the holy city, places Him on a pinnacle of the holy temple, and even encourages Him by God's holy word. Yet his object is altogether *unholy*; he turns these holy things to an unholy use, he would cast Jesus from the height of the holy temple into the depth of his own hell, and he wrests God's holy word for the purpose of destroying His holy child. Well does Jesus say of him, "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him." Even when he speaks God's words they become a lie on his false lips; "for he is a liar, and the father of it."

Mark, again, Satan's *boldness*. The very psalm he quotes, the 91st, is emphatically faith's defence against his own hellish might; by which doubtless, in times past, his kingdom had again and again been shaken; and yet he dares in his malice and presumption to turn this well-known promise of angel-protection for mortal man, to the destruction of this wonderful Son of man, who in this conflict will assume to be nothing more. And thus, while in his first temptation Satan displayed a *serpent-like* cunning, in this his *lion-like* boldness is equally discernible. Happily both are in vain; and what is

truly remarkable is, that the very Psalm he quotes, yea, the very words that follow those he uttered, contain a prophecy of Christ's victory and his defeat. Thou wert right, O tempter, to apply this promise to Jesus; for to Him, as the Head of His Church and people, it peculiarly belongs. He was the special object of angelic care; angels delighted to minister unto Him; and doubtless hadst thou instead of merely saying, "Cast thyself down," endeavoured thyself to cast Him down, angels had outstretched their ready arms and borne Him down as gladly from the pinnacle of the temple, as they did afterwards bear Him up with shouts of triumph to His father's throne. But why didst thou not, bold tempter, *finish the quotation*? What says the following verse? "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Ah, Satan! does not this verse concern thee as truly as the preceding one concerned Jesus? Is it not also a blessed promise and a glorious prophecy, that though thou art bold as a lion, God's blessed Son shall "tread" upon thee, as victors tread upon their vanquished enemies; and though thou hast all the cunning of the serpent, He shall "trample thee under His feet," a crushed and writhing worm? But mark, once more, Satan's dishonesty in this quotation. The Psalmist had said, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." But these latter words, so important as qualifying the whole promise, are by Satan dishonestly omitted. The justness of this accusation, though it has been made from the earliest times, has indeed of late been called in question. "This remark," says the saintly Monod, "seems to me subtle; it would seem also that if it were well founded, Jesus would have answered by re-establishing in its integrity the mutilated text." And so also Mr. RYLE observes, "Perhaps more has been made of the omission than is quite warrantable." But I think otherwise; for not only, as I shall presently show, does the fact, if fact it be, that Satan mutilated the passage make our Lord's reply additionally instructive, but as that truly great commentator STRICKLAND well says, to ignore this omission is

"most unjustifiably to press down the everywhere profound word of Scripture to the narrow limits of human speech." No, beloved; I believe that Satan did not without a meaning omit the words "in all thy ways," but that he intended to hide from Jesus the solemn truth, that we can rely upon God's providential help only so long as we continue in God's way.

Let us see, however, how our blessed Lord meets this temptation. "*Jesus saith unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*" At the first he met Satan with the simple word—"It is written." But Satan endeavoured, as I have said, to wrest this from Him. Jesus, however, does not yield up this trusty weapon, or betake him to another; He rather exhibits a further power in it—"It is written again." Satan mutilated and misapplied the word of God, but Jesus does not stay to re-establish the integrity of the text; He does not proceed to show how Satan had wrested its true meaning; He has a readier expedient at hand—"It is written again!" See, here, how our great Forerunner in all that He says and does sets an example for His followers; how He places Himself in their circumstances, and condescends to their weaknesses. It is sometimes very difficult, and to the unlearned impossible, to rescue from an adversary some particular passage of Scripture which he has wrested and abused; but the Scripture contains within itself a power of self-rectification, which, if we have but the word dwelling in us richly in all wisdom, we can at all times use;—"It is written AGAIN." This "again" must not be understood as though one passage contradicted another, rightly understood, for the word of God is ever at unity in itself, but that if two passages seem to contradict each other, we may be sure that one of them is not rightly understood, and that we must in all such cases interpret the *least plain* of the two, so that it shall harmonize with the *most plain*. Thus this saying "It is written again," is for ever the true defence against, and reply to, every one-sided perversion of a saying of Scripture. Does the *Romanist*, for example, put a literal sense upon that plainly figurative expression of Christ,

"This is my body" (Matt. xxvi. 26), in order that it may seem to favour his dogma of transubstantiation? we must reply, "It is written again—I am the door" (John x. 9). Or does the *Socinian*, in his "mean thoughts of Christ," quote the words, "My Father is greater than I" (John xiv. 28)? we must meet him by saying, "It is written again—I and my Father are one" (John x. 30). Or does the *Universalist* endeavour to bolster up his seductive error by that sublime oracle—"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in Him" (Eph. i. 10)? We must remember that from the mouth of the ascended Saviour, It is written again,—"But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the *second death*" (Rev. xxi. 8). Or, once more, does the *Arminian*, wishing to exalt the freedom of man's will at the expense of the sovereignty of God's grace, tell us it is written, "Ye *will* not come unto me that ye might have life" (John v. 40)? we have but to answer, It is written again—"No man *can* come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him" (John vi. 44). Thus, as *Moxon* has well said, "The Scriptures must be for you an arsenal, so well explored that you can immediately lay your hand upon the weapon you want for your defence; or a dispensary, so well ordered that you can find immediately the exact remedy for your disease. You cannot constantly have your Bible before your eyes; you must therefore carry it about in your heart, if you wish that it should never fail you." But in order to that, what a study of the Scriptures—what constant reading—what deep meditation! Well, this is only what God has Himself prescribed to us: "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night!" "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night" (Psm. i. 2; Jos. i. 8). This is

only doing what those holy men did whose example we are called upon to follow. "O, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day.... Mine eyes prevent the night-watches, that I may meditate in thy word.... At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee, because of thy righteous judgments" (Psm. cxix. 62, 97, 148). This is only copying the example given us by our forefathers, even in the days of the wilderness and of martyrdom; those old witnesses, respecting whom it has been said, that if the Bible should ever be lost, the combined recollections of a few amongst them would suffice to write it out again from the beginning to the end. What then, O my God, is the state into which we have fallen! What ignorance of the Scriptures amongst our people! what ignorance of the Scriptures amongst our pastors! Lord! Restore to us the former days."

But to proceed. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The word "tempt" is used in Scripture in two different senses: (1.) to tempt to evil, as when it is said in the text, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be *tempted* of the devil;" but (2.) in other passages the word bears the sense of "try," "or put to the test;" thus it is said (Gen. xxii. 1), "And it came to pass after these things that God did *tempt* Abraham;" that is, put his faith to the test. And so St. James writes (i. 2, 3), "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers *temptations* (or *trials*;) knowing that the *trying* of your faith worketh patience." Now when it is said, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," it is obvious that the word cannot be used in the former of these senses, "for God cannot be tempted with evil" (James i. 13): it follows therefore that to tempt God is to try or put Him to the proof. This may be done in various ways. We do it, for example, when we unbelievably require some sensible proof of the truth of God's promise, or the reality of His grace and power: so the Israelites again and again tempted God in the desert (Psm. lxxviii. 17—20, 40—56). We do it, again, when we wilfully expose ourselves to dangers from which we can be delivered only by an extraordinary interposition of Divine provi-

dence. Or, once more, we do it when we sin with a high hand, as if we would see whether the Most High really had the will and the power to punish us as He has threatened to do. But it is in the second way that Satan would here have Jesus "tempt the Lord his God." "Cast thyself down from this giddy eminence," he says, "relying on God's promise of angel-protection." "Satan had formerly," says CALVIN, "attempted to drive Christ to despair, because He was destitute of food, and of the ordinary means of life. Now he exhorts Him to indulge a foolish and vain confidence—to neglect the means which are in His power—to throw Himself, without necessity, into manifest danger, and, as we might say, to overleap all bounds." But to neglect the means which God himself has placed within our reach, and unwarrantably to presume on the grace and power of God, is as absurd as it would be for a man before commencing a difficult piece of work—to cut off his right hand. This is not faith, but presumption; in other words, it is to tempt God by subjecting His promises to an unfair trial. "Uncalled reformers, daring enthusiasts, even actual miracle-workers of their own will and for their own honour, have all fallen into this sin, because they have forgotten the word of the Master spoken here in faith and obedience. And what if in the eyes of men they have prospered at first in their airy way; it is not because angels have borne them up, but that the prince of darkness (who would, it may be, have carried the Lord also in safety down, even as he had lifted Him up), yet only to their final fall into the abyss."

Such, beloved, is the meaning which seems to lie on the surface of our Lord's answer to Satan's second temptation; but if we rest in this, true and important as it is, we shall have failed to sound the depths of this profound, though apparently simple, word. It is surely a remarkable and significant fact, as we shall find by and by, that *after this second temptation, Satan stands no longer in any doubt as to the nature of Christ's Sonship*. No more do we hear the twice-repeated challenge, "If thou be the Son of God." No longer does

Satan disguise himself, or pretend any ignorance or disbelief of the dignity of his heavenly adversary. But, as it were, face to face, with visors raised and shields displayed, the mighty combatants meet in the last struggle. The one crying out in effect, "I know thee who thou art—the *Holy One of God*;" and the other responding in all the majesty of divine command, "Get thee hence, *Satan*." The question arises then, By what means was Satan thus enlightened? What was there in this temptation, or rather in Christ's mode of repelling it, that revealed to him the Divinity and Messiahship of the Son of God? Ah, methinks it was that in this word—"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," there escaped the ray of the speaker's divine glory which flashed its splendour in the eyes of the baffled tempter; for not only did it repel effectually the temptation as offered to Jesus, on the one hand; but at the same time it contained a tremendous, though covert rebuke to Satan himself. For was not Satan in the permitted abuse of his once arch-angelic powers, in the infatuation of his hate and malice, even then verily and indeed *tempting the Lord his God*? Yes, Satan, this solemn word is at once Christ's defence *against* sin and thy conviction *of* sin; tremble vile tempter, for thou canst still tremble if thou canst not repent—tremble at the God-like rebuke, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." And see how, even as thou didst, without authority, alter and mutilate the sacred Word, the Lord of His divine authority alters the "Ye shall not tempt" (Deut. vi. 16,) of Moses, into "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," in order that it may have an individual application to thyself.

Now does the evil one begin finally to understand that in this *man* he has in fact to do with the *Lord his God*. Now does he begin to cry, like Balaam, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy whom the Lord hath not defied?" And now, therefore, does he shift altogether the ground of his temptation; gathering all his might and greatness for one last decisive temptation—a temptation based on the admission that Jesus is indeed all that He claims—all that, from the

opened heavens, He was before proclaimed to be.

But I must not neglect to point out our own individual liability to *this* temptation of the evil one, as well as to the former temptation which we have considered. For to the weak and sinful members, as well as to the strong and sinless Head, does Satan oftentimes say, "Cast thyself down;" even as we have seen, he says, "Command that these stones be made bread." And this temptation, moreover, like the former, has both a *temporal* and a *spiritual* aspect.

The believer is, it may be, exposed to some carnal temptation, "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. v. 17). Satan would tempt him to "use his liberty for an occasion to the flesh." He tries to palliate the vilest and most open transgression. "If God's elect," so he distils the adder's poison that is under his lips; "If God's elect can never perish; if no sin can separate them from Christ; if the oath and covenant of Jehovah are pledged for their security; then sin as they may, they must get to heaven at last." "Cast thyself down" then; prove the forgiving love of which thou hast said so much; try if God will keep His promise of salvation in spite of thy transgression of His law." So he tempted David of old in the matter of Bath-sheba, and by David's example has tempted thousands since. But,

"be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). For though David had no sooner cried, "I have sinned," than the gracious answer was given, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin" (2 Sam. xii. 13); see how the shadow of that great transgression darkened all his remaining days. How is he made to groan and tremble under the terrible sentence, "Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight? Thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. Now therefore, the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife. Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbour, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun. For thou didst it secretly: but I will do this thing before all Israel, and before the sun" (2 Sam. xii. 9—12). Ah! beloved, it may suit Satan and Satan's servants to make much of David's sin, and to ignore altogether David's punishment, but his subsequent history is little else than a commentary upon these words, and solemnly re-echoes the admonition with which all such temptations are to be met: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

(To be continued.)

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I am writing in great weakness. My health has been failing for some months, yet I have felt unwilling to lay by, until it no longer remained a matter of choice—my unbelieving heart could not trust the Lord in sickness, and now the thing which I greatly feared has come upon me. My dear Lord has said, "I have betrothed thee unto me in *faithfulness*;" in sickness and in health thou art mine. And He has arranged all so wonderfully, and *timed* all so well, not only making my bed in weariness, but so lovingly ministering to my necessities, that I

could now—but for past knowledge—exclaim, "I will trust the Lord at *all* times." Yes, dear RUTHERFORD, He does say, "I defy thee to exhaust my patience or cool my love."

"I want to go home—but I must wait
Till my Lord shall open the prison gate;
And I'll gladly and willingly serve Him
here,
For a day, for a week, for a month, for
a year."

His peace, grace, and mercy be multiplied to you. Remember me before Him.—Ever yours affectionately in His love,
H. E. A. C.

OLD CHINA.

WHAT house is destitute of china ornaments! and how reposingly the eye settles upon a chimney-slab decorated with a few tasteful little works of art! Some rugged minds there may be in the world who are willing to sweep them off as useless and troublesome; but they are the few; and there are those left in every household that will plead for their protection, and will even establish a claim on the ground that the chandeliers can be used for lights, and the vases can be turned to account to drop into them some little cared-for thing. And if a cross grandfather calls it all lumber, even he may be convicted some day of putting his spectacles into the little old china cup his wife's mother presented to her on her wedding-day. "Well, what does all this mean?" say some of our readers. Patience, and you shall know.

We love to look upon the aged, especially God's beloved ones among them, as the old china, the chimney-ornaments of every house. Their work is done; they have toiled through life as the present generation are now doing; their service for others is over, and now they must be served, and, like old china, they are set aside to be cared for, and looked at, and valued as relics of antiquity, and if children of God, beloved, for Christ's sake, and followed as examples of faith and godliness.

In a household, what a blessing is an old Christian, whose age and infirmities producing separations from the world around, is drawn by the Spirit into communion with God.* What large blessings have been reaped by many a godless household from the lonely prayers of some aged servant of God, who seems left upon earth for no other use than, like Moses of old, to talk to God about the cases of those around them.

* The memory of some of our readers may revert either in personal acquaintance, or through the memoir, of the late Mrs. Mary Winslow, who was a gracious example of the loving-kindness of the Lord in a verdant and fruitful old age. There are those still alive who can add another hallowed testimony in that much-honoured and aged servant of God, the Rev. Watts Wilkinson.

Happy household! thus adorned by the presence of one of the Lord's aged family, bending, it may be, under the weight of years, like the golden grain ripening for the sickle, and as infirmities increase, drawing heavily upon the love and patience of those around them. But who can calculate the amount of blessing obtained through these very channels? Who can compute the blest returns from the court of heaven, in reply to prayers sent up by these old and useless ones (as far as active service is concerned), but who are as sentinels in the army of the church militant—the china ornaments of the household of faith? The authority and influence that years give, with or without words, and their magic sway, is a talent in itself. A case in point we may mention:—An old lady, midway between seventy and eighty years of age, was walking, or rather creeping, quietly through one of our thoroughfares, when two dashing young men ran up to each other with warmth, and one exclaimed, "I am glad, my dear fellow, to meet you once more in the land of the living." The old lady, arrested by these words in her slow progress, stopped before the two friends, and said, "Gentlemen, you will pardon an old lady for making a remark upon the words you have just uttered; this is not the land of the living, but the land of the dying and the dead. It is our mercy to know this, and to seek an interest in the land of the living above." The old lady moved on, but not before the two young men, with respectful looks and uncovered heads, expressed their warm thanks for the hint that had been dropped. Who can tell, when heaven's archives are searched, but that it may be found the Spirit of God made that feeble, tottering, useless* old woman the means of preaching the first sermon that these young men ever heard; and one or both of them may have cause to bless the God of all grace, who marked out the circumstances of their way, and through so feeble an instrument brought them to His feet! But what can be more blessed than to

* Useless? Oh, no, no. Our God has a special service for all His beloved ones.—Ed.

see an aged Christian sinking to rest like the summer's sun, and leaving a line of golden rays that give some faint idea to the beholders of the glorious region upon which it has entered, when seen no more this side eternity! What can be more blessed than to watch beside one of the Lord's aged family going home, and gather up the words of wisdom, caution, and experience, that fall from their lips—to observe the things of earth dropping their hold, and the eternal realities of things divine brought with weight and power to the soul in all the ripeness and freshness of a green old age! What can be more blessed than to see an old disciple testifying, by lip and life, despite the infirmities of age, and the evil influence of a body of sin that never grows old, never dies while life lasts, that "the Lord is upright; there is no unfaithfulness with Him;" and thus manifesting in daily life the truth and fulfilment of the promise, "To old age, I am He, and to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you."

Memory reverts to a lady of three-score years and ten, who, by birth, was cast amongst the rich, the noble, and the educated. Mrs. H. was early called by grace to see that she was a lost sinner in Adam, and cursed under the law as a transgressor. She forsook her worldly companions, and sought out the people of God. Having wealth, and no family ties to control her wishes, she wandered from place to place, "seeking rest, but finding none," "groping for the wall as the blind." Year after year rolled by, and found her in the same spot, like unto Lazarus, life given, but liberty withheld; therefore needing the voice with power, that said, "Loose him, and let him go." In her natural character—amiable, gentle, and generous—she was beloved by her friends and dependants; and if flattery could have soothed and satisfied, she had enough to cradle her in a false peace. But God had wrought a living work in her soul, and nothing short of His peace-speaking blood could heal the wounds that sin had made. Her constant remark was, "I am not pardoned; I cannot say I am a child of God." Up to the age of seventy-six she lived in this state; but the Lord's

delays are not denials. And while reading a book that was recommended to her feelings by the title, the Lord was pleased to bring her out into gospel liberty. Now she appeared in a new light to her wondering friends; her fears of death vanished; and the proof she gave of this was not a little singular. A godly lady, who had been for many years her intimate and valued friend, died about this time; it was their mutual wish to be buried near to each other. To secure this, Mrs. H. purchased a grave next to her friend's, and had the slab erected for herself, leaving only the date of her death to be added when the event took place. When it was completed she visited the spot, and on her return from the cemetery called upon a friend, to whom she spoke with much calmness and sweetness of the state of her mind; her full assurance of faith; the complete removal of all her former gloomy fears about death and dying, and the longing anticipation she had to see Jesus and join the blood-bought throng above. A worldly friend, who called upon her a few days after this, observed to an acquaintance: "Mrs. H. is in a very singular state of mind. What have we all done to her that she is so anxious to die now?" By way of explanation, he added, "I suppose old people naturally get weary of life; but I told her, though I was very close upon her age, I did not feel as she did. I wish to live as long as I can; I have no desire to die; I hope I may be resigned when my time comes. But Mrs. H. tells me I am all wrong. She speaks very strongly upon *her* religious feelings."

A slight cold was the first indication of the illness which, at the end of three weeks, carried her home. Her gentleness, patience, and spirituality, called forth the wonder and deep affection of a devoted servant, whose testimony was valuable, as she was not a renewed woman. When friends called to make inquiries, Mrs. H. would say, "I'll only see the friends of Jesus. Don't let any of the world visit my sick bed. I'm too weak to talk to them as I would wish." Her servant inquired, should she write to some relations and inform them of her illness? She replied, "They don't love Jesus. I want none about my dying bed but the friends of Jesus;

they must come in the end, but I'll put it off as long as I can." Her thoughtful liberality to supply the wants of others, up to the last, was remarkable. In a whisper to her attendant she said, "Don't forget poor Mrs. N.; her wine and jelly must be all used up; she wants her weekly supply. If I can't speak, you must do just the same; and send to the people as if I told you." Her love of God's Word was another sweet feature in her Christian character. When weary with pain and sleepless nights, she used to say to her servant, "Now, refresh me with a little Scripture. Repeat me a text, and it may comfort me." As she became more helpless an additional nurse was provided, and this was another opportunity of testifying to the work God had done for her soul. Who can tell what precious heir-looms may be transmitted to a future generation through these humble spectators of the faith and patience of this apparently useless member of the household of faith?

But is there no shady side to this pleasant picture of a verdant old age? Is there not too often much to lament over; much to condemn in God's ancient ones? Three evils peculiarly belong to old age: *peevishness, selfishness, and coquetousness*; not as new created sins, but old nature in its full development, brought out into odious relief by the gradual decay of the physical powers for the gratification of other forms of

sin. The attractions of the outer world that once were so captivating become burdensome to old age, and thus the varieties of form that sin took in youth become compressed with declining years into a narrow compass, and run the little round of petulance, egotism, and avarice; and as perfection belongs to none of the saints, the aged of God's family are caught in Satan's snare, who has traps laid for all classes, all temperaments, and all ages; therefore the blessing is, that salvation is all of grace from first to last; that the sins of the elect were all laid upon Christ by covenant decree, and that God viewed His Church "holy and without blame before Him in love." Hence, they are called by grace divine to know that they are lost sinners by nature and practice, made feelingly alive to the great Bible truth, that "in the flesh dwelleth no good thing," and unto such God, sooner or later, reveals a precious Christ, bestows the blessed privilege of the pardon of sin, and keeps the soul, through the daily sense of its helplessness and sinfulness, daily dependant upon the love, blood, and righteousness of Jehovah Jesus; and, on a review of life from the first breath to the last sigh, the Spirit-taught spectator, or the glorified saint, is compelled to exclaim, "Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." L.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, LATE OF BETHESDA CHAPEL, BATH;
NOW OF PAVILION CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"All grace."—1 Pet. v. 10.

VARIOUS are the epithets used respecting grace. Peter speaks of "manifold grace," fold upon fold. Manifold grace for manifold trouble—manifold grace for manifold sin. Paul speaks of true grace—"This is the true grace of God wherein ye stand." My dear hearers, have you a standing in grace? Where do you stand? Do you know what grace is? Yes, "if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious;" else you know no more of grace than the seat you occupy. Peter speaks of a growth in grace; and sad work some make of this,

concluding the apostle means a progressive sanctification. But do you know what this growth in grace is? It is to know something experimentally of this word *manifold*, fold upon fold, of the grace of God; to know something of pardon—to taste Divine love—to get deliverance from temptation—"to look for judgment and behold mercy." Peter speaks of this grace in the two words I have chosen for our text—"All grace;" and to realize this, day by day, is to "grow in grace," and to live upon a God of grace. The remainder of the text reads

thus, "who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." The Church of God, like Noah's ark, is to float upon the waters of *all grace*, that superabound and overflow all the mountains of sin and iniquity. And why? Because "grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life." By which it is indicated, that if grace did not reign and triumph over all the aboundings of sin, then God would not be the righteous God. But our text speaks of "all grace;" and I have been thinking these two words should be the motto of every pulpit, engraven on the front, "*All Grace*." The apostle Paul preached the Gospel of grace, and he said he knew bonds and afflictions awaited him for so doing. "But," said he, "none of these things move me." And why? Oh, said he, "that I may testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Therefore this becomes a fitting motto for our pulpit ministrations—*all grace*. It puts the Gospel into a nutshell, as it were; not a mixed Gospel; not law and Gospel, which neutralizes both; not grace and works: no, *all grace*. The law is injunction, requirement, demand; the Gospel is gift, favour, unmerited blessing. Said the apostle in his day, to the Church of God, "If it be works, then is it no more grace; if it is of grace, it cannot be by works." It must be one or other. It is either all work or no work; for if it is of grace it cannot be of works too. Hence the language of the Gospel, spoken home to the heart with power, says, "Now to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." He is counted righteous in God's sight, just as much as if he had done the very works which Christ has done, and in whose obedience the believer stands as righteous as God Himself. The Gospel of the grace of God is not requirement—it wants nothing of you in the way of condition, but confers everything. It confers grace, peace, love, pardon, justification, salvation; and has, in its bestowment of all this, no regard to your willing or nilling, as they used to say in Puritan language. It requires nothing of you; and a mercy too, for you have nothing to give. But

I tell you this—when you have received the Gospel into your heart you will render *praise* and the *obedience* of love, and you will say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." All the praise and all the obedience that God gets out of you He must first put into you—the work of His Spirit—and hence "all grace." I hope this grace is precious to some of you; that you have realized this mercy, that it requires nothing of you in the way of recommendation to God. One of old used to say, "I wish the Gospel were always called by its right name—'good news.'" Gospel is a Saxon word, which means "good news, glad tidings." And what glad tidings would that be which required something of you that it was impossible you could perform? Now, God prepares the heart for the reception of this, His Gospel. It must be welcomed; and how does He do this? Has God prepared your heart? Then I'll tell you how He did it: By showing you what a vile, ill, and hell-deserving wretch you are, by cutting you down, putting you in the dust, and teaching you to mutter out, to groan out, this prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Oh, this is God's preparation for the Gospel of *all grace*.

And so this leads me to take up my text at this stand-point—*salvation by grace alone*—mere and sheer favour—because God pleased it—because He willed it, and then acted out the good pleasure of His will in the salvation of His elect, by sending His Son to be made a curse for them; to suffer in their law-place; to die for their sins; to receive all that was due to them on His devoted head, that His family might be saved with an everlasting salvation. And so you see "salvation is of the Lord," not of you; and thence your cry is, "What hath God wrought?" All grace. "Happy art thou, O Israel, saved by the Lord." Therefore, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Why, it is all proved to be lies, for it is God that justifieth." There is no charge shall stand good, there is nothing against the believing soul; the law is fulfilled by Christ for him; and sin, by reason of the reign of grace, shall not have dominion over us, for we are not under the law, but under

grace. What has the law to do with you if you are a believer? Nothing; for "you are not under the law, but under grace." The law cannot damn the believer; accuse it does, but condemn it cannot. Christ died according to law—Christ suffered in the room and stead of His people by law, and paid all their debts. Can you realize it? If so, this is to enjoy the Gospel—this is to know something of *all grace*. And if you are under grace, you are not under law. Christ's blood speaks for you, pleads for you, answers all the accusations of law and justice and your own conscience; and faith speaks thus, "Christ died to put away sin;" and He has done His work; He has cast them into the depths of the sea; He has separated them "as far as the east is from the west;" He has "cast them behind His back;" He has "blotted them out;" He has forgiven them and forgotten them. Can you realize this? And if not, has God prepared you for His Gospel by making you feel you are a poor, guilty, condemned wretch, full of sin and guilt—made you tremble before a holy God—made you afraid of damnation—made you see your vileness, your heart-depravity, and that, as we were saying this morning, the beast and the devil are united in you, the "filthiness of the flesh and the filthiness of the spirit?" Oh, if God has shown you these things, I trust He is preparing you for the Gospel of *all grace*. This is the way He prepares His ground for the good seed.

But perhaps some of you are not half humbled, not cut down low enough yet; the ploughshare has not gone deep enough; God has more to do in the way of preparing you for His Gospel. Others of you have never felt it; are dead, insensible. See, then, what God must do for you if you are amongst His family. This is the work of God, to cut down, to humble; and this makes the poor sinner long for the peace of the Gospel, and this is the way to peace. If some of the saints above could be dropped down into this place, they would but re-echo all I have been saying. They would tell you it was rich, free, distinguishing grace—electing love—that brought them to heaven; and the way they were led to embrace a precious

Christ was by a feeling sense of their own vileness: thence salvation by grace alone is the theme of their song of praise in glory—"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i. 5). But if you turn to Exod. xxxiii., there you will see the very same truth—salvation by grace. Moses says to God, "I beseech thee show me thy glory." Now, how does God show it? By saying to Moses, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." Now mark, "All His goodness." And then He proceeds to say, "I will proclaim the name of the Lord." And what did He say? "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious; and I will show mercy to whom I will show mercy." Now, here is the goodness and glory of God displayed in His grace. And yet people do not like this "goodness;" it does not suit their ideas of goodness that God should choose some and reject others; elect some and reprobate others; pick out some and pass by others. Oh, there is no goodness at all in this to the unrenewed mind, that a people should be saved by grace—free favour alone; despite sin, Satan, and the world: and that nothing they can do can alter God's gracious purpose towards them. Why, there is no goodness at all in this.

My dear hearers, these solemn truths must we cast upon the waters, sink or swim, whether God bless or blast; and leave Him to make what use He pleases of them: content that they are His truths, and are pleasing to Him, however displeasing to the unenlightened mind. But how few can stand God's truth, and how many hold a mingled Gospel—part grace, part works—which is no Gospel at all. Ah, such professors must be cut down. If they are the Lord's, they must be humbled to receive as little children a whole Gospel—a Gospel of "all grace;" and the profane must be cut down, that God may bring forth a people for His praise, who shall serve Him, over whom Christ shall reign and rule, and who shall press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Salvation is the end of this grace, and God's way into this salvation is by faith, as you read, "Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace, to the end the

promise might be sure to all the seed;" and this faith belongs to the way, and leads to the end. No man can be saved without faith, and faith is all of grace. It is not offered to man, but given. Faith is the gift of God, the work of God in the soul, and given to the elect of God, and none others; and if you are of the elect, you must receive faith: for the way is as sure as the end, and God's way to Christ is by faith. "He chose out the way" as well as the end; and the end is sure, for it is all of grace. No man can be saved without faith, and no man can give that faith to himself; it is the gift of God. Then how is it with you? Have you got this faith? "the faith of God's elect," which belongs alone to the family. Yes, if you have been made a Christ-needing and a Christ-seeking soul. Faith is an operation upon the heart, that draws the sinner to Christ. You feel you cannot do without Him. You feel you are a ruined wretch. Faith hath its measures and degrees; and if we were to look up and down this place of worship, and were able to examine the experience of every child of God present, we should find them all differing in measure and degree according to their faith. Faith hath its beginnings low, in a sense of sin and misery; though it rises up as high as peace and joy in believing. So if you are as yet only a Christ-needing and a Christ-seeking soul, you have the beginning of faith; of that which shall issue in pardon, and peace, and joy, and salvation. Faith is "according to the measure of the gift of Christ," therefore you can have no more than God is pleased to give; and that puts us in our right place, poor dependants upon a God of all grace: poor, needy, helpless sinners, that without Christ can do nothing.

Now I must notice another Gospel gift, without which there is no salvation, and that is, repentance. Faith and repentance are the two cardinal points of Gospel work in the soul. There must be repentance wrought in the soul "not to be repented of;" as the Word says, a Gospel repentance that none shall ever be sorry for or repent of. That repentance which broke you to pieces, raised up fears of hell and damnation in you; made you feel you wanted Jesus: in

short, repentance is what each of you called by grace have experienced, and what some of you are now feeling. Your heart pricked by the Spirit; wounded, humbled, broken by that sight of self, which makes you cry out, Unclean, unclean! It is God's Spirit bringing out of you an acknowledgment of your utter depravity, from a felt sense of what you are; which makes you see the loathsome, hateful stuff you are made of, and lays you in the dust before a holy God at the sight of all you feel and see. Earthly, sensual, devilish; that is what you are—an unclean wretch. Ah, this is not too strong for some of you, who feel all this. It is a true bill, say you; I am all this, and much more—I *feel it*. Day by day I see it, so that I am sick of self and sick of sin. I am as bad as bad can be; as the church says, *I am black*. Some of you have been made to see all this, and something beyond it. You have seen the cross, you have seen Jesus; you have received pardon: you have been filled with peace and joy—and repentance was the way to all this. The saints above would reiterate all I have said. They began with repentance; and the end, everlasting bliss. But repentance is not only a sight and sense of sin, but a turning from sin; or else it is no true repentance. The sorrow that leaves the soul in the practice of sin, and in union with the world, is not the repentance of the Gospel; there must be manifest separation from evil, a forsaking of sin, and because of the corruption of our nature, that draws us into sin, we are made to prize the blood that cleanses from all sin: and though we feel we have nothing, and can do nothing, yet the Lord shows that His Gospel works effectually in the hearts of His elect, secures a full salvation for every seeking soul, and leads and guides into repentance and Gospel obedience.

Bless God that you feel sin, that you have been given this repentance; for so sure as God gives repentance, remission or pardon of sin will follow. Christ is exalted to this very end. And may the Lord make a place in the hearts of such of you as are strangers to these mercies, and show you where you stand; and may He enlarge and increase the experience of such of you as have by divine grace been led into His truth,

and enable you to manifest this Gospel of the grace of God in your life and conversation, and give you to enjoy in your soul the divine realities that belong to, and spring out of, *all grace*.

DIVINE CHOICE AND DIVINE CHASTISEMENT.

"You only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore I will punish you for your iniquities."—Amos iii. 2.

YE, my people, hear my voice,
Listen to your Maker plead;
Hearken, and you may rejoice,
And from ev'ry care be freed:
For you only have I known,
And I claim you as my own.

Many nations of the earth
I have made, but passed them by;
Glad of this world's hollow mirth,
Still they from my presence fly:
You—you only have I known,
And I claim you for my own.

Ask not why I chose you thus,
Why I formed you for my praise;
Shall the creature of the dust,
Still in doubt such questions raise?
'Tis enough that I have known,
And I claim you as my own.

Ye, my people, hearken still!
Sure I claim you now as mine,
Listen to my sovereign will,
Do not let your hearts repine:
Trust me still that I have known,
And have claimed you for my own.

Tho' I've called you by my name,
And I shield you from my wrath;
Wonder not if grief and shame,
Meet you in your onward path:
Yet you only have I known,
And I claim you as my own.

If the people all around,
Live in mirth and idleness;
'Tis because they have not found
How my love alone can bless:
You—you only have I known,
And I claim you as my own.

Therefore I will visit still,
Your offences with the rod;
And declare my righteous will,
As the sin-avenging God:
For, you only have I known,
And I claim you as my own.

But, if you my hand will own,
When my judgments you shall prove;
You shall *feel* that you alone,
Are the objects of my love:
Yes, *you* only have I known,
And I claim you for my own. Z.

THE PROPHETIC NUMBER, 666.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

REV. SIR,—W. W. remarks (Sept., page 402) on J. B.'s paper (June, page 264); but he omits to mention that the Greek of Rev. xiii. 18 does not warrant our reading it "the number of the man," there being no article,—"*ἀνθρώπου*," not "*τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*."

Also, that "*οὐ*" does not signify 70, but that "*ο*" signifies 70, and "*υ*" 400; so that we have 1066 instead of 666.

W. W. thinks Roman characters more significant of the beast than Greek; but this does not commend itself to the minds of those who find from Daniel viii. and xi. that he is to arise from Greece or Turkey.

W. W. thinks Popery answers all the conditions descriptive of the beast from Rev. xiii. 11. I would kindly ask him to weigh this thought under the consideration that I (whose hatred of

Popery is most bitter) have never been caused to receive a mark in my right hand, or forehead, neither have I been forbidden to buy or sell.

The following is extracted from Mr. BENJAMIN WILLS NEWTON'S "Thoughts on the Apocalypse."—"As regards the number of the beast, which his servants will bear as his device, I see no reason to doubt that it is literally 666; six units, six tens, six hundreds, or six thrice repeated. Seven is the number of God's perfectness; six the number of human effort. For six days men labour, when the end of their thrice-repeated efforts shall be seen, and they shall have done all they can do, a world groaning under the power of Antichrist and the devil, and madly worshipping an idol, shall be the result." I remain, your obedient servant, J. C.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"POOR IN SPIRIT."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 3.

OUR blessed Lord when upon earth was an open-air preacher. The blue canopy of heaven was His sounding-board, the mountain-side His pulpit, and publicans and sinners His audience. Hence we are told at the opening of this chapter, "And Jesus seeing the multitude, went up into a mountain, and when He was set His disciples came unto Him. And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He spoke as never man could speak, and He blessed not with assumed pretence of a false prelate; but as Himself, the Fountain-Head of all blessings. And though soul-important and soul-saving the words, yet how simple the language—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

We would observe, in this touching portion of our beloved Lord's sermon on the mount we have—

1st. A character described—"one poor in spirit."

2nd. The present condition of such an one—"Blessed."

3rd. The future realization of the poor in spirit—"theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

And first, the character herein described, one *poor in spirit*, a sure sign of a heaven-taught, grace-renewed soul. It has been the lot and privilege of the writer to mix much with the Lord's dear family, north and south, east and west. He has visited the fatherless and the widow, the rich and the poor, the young and the old; but, whatever has been their outward circumstances, he has always found that in soul matters they are one and all "poor in spirit." It may be asked, What do you mean by "poor in spirit?" We reply,

1st. *That* one is "poor in spirit" who has been brought to feel him or her self a poor bankrupt, who cannot pay a penny of the debt which sin has loaded him with, and has been therefore driven to the Lord Jesus Christ as his

Substitute, Surety, and best Friend; and feels that while in himself poor, his Elder Brother is rich, and has freely paid all his debts for him, so that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "Who shall lay anything to God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?"

2ndly. One poor in spirit is one humbled in the sight of God at the consideration of His marvellous love and favour to one so undeserving and unworthy. "Why me, Lord; why me, Lord," is his constant cry of amazement.

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched
choice,
And rather starve than come?"

3rdly. One poor in spirit is one emptied of self, and brought to see that all his righteousness is indeed as filthy rags; but that the Lord Jesus has covered him with the garment of His salvation, and put upon him the robe of His righteousness. Such an one feels that all he is and all he has is from the Lord; that he has nothing wherewith to boast, but is ever dependent upon Jesus, just as the penniless bride is dependent upon the princely bridegroom upon whose arm she is privileged to hang.

And furthermore. One poor in spirit is one brought low by the hand of an allwise Providence, that he may feel that his God is "Jehovah-jireh," the Lord, who will provide; a God of Providence as well as a God of grace, who will fulfil His own gracious promises concerning every member of His blood-bought family. "Thy bread shall be given, and thy water shall be sure; and thy defence shall be the munition of rocks. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day thy strength shall be." These, then, are the "poor in spirit;" one led to feel his bankrupt condition, one humbled in the sight of God, one emptied of self, one tempered

under the mighty hand of a covenant God; such will understand what true "poverty of spirit" means. Reader, are you thus "poor in spirit?" It is a safe test of heirship; for all that have gone home to glory, while they traversed the thorny road across life's wilderness, were all "*poor in spirit*:" felt that they were poor sinners who could only place their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, and cry, Unclean! unclean! Knew that if raised from the power of sin, it was the sovereign grace and mercy of a covenant God that had done it all, and desired that He might have all the glory. Yes, beloved, all that are now in yonder abode of bliss and joy, while here journeying homewards were "poor in spirit." Princes in realization now, paupers in feeling then. But, though this was the case with all God's dear people who are safely housed, and is still the case with all those who are following on in the same thorny pathway, nevertheless we must not overlook the fact,

2ndly. That they are "blessed" in time. Blessed are the "poor in spirit." Why blessed? Oh, says an exercised David, blessed, because He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; the Lord lifteth up the meek, He casteth the wicked down to the ground: and elsewhere, "He lifteth up the poor out of the dust, and the needy out of the dunghill, that He may set him among the princes of His people." And again, "The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down. O Zion, praise ye the Lord." It is worth being brought low in self, to be lifted up by the Lord; and we should never murmur at that poverty of spirit that cleans out the vessel that it may be used for the Master's service.

But, beloved, how expressive this word, "*blessed*!" It is like an embodiment of a precious Christ. It is Christ within, without, and altogether; for there is no blessing out of Him. Blessed! Let us think of this divine expression; and we might observe,

1st. That man is blessed who, having endured a long captivity, has his chains removed, and is set at happy liberty. He has been in the prison-house for

many a long dreary night and tedious day; but the King's pardon, sealed with divine authority, is brought to him, and he is bidden to walk out in the fresh green fields, and enjoy the balmy breezes from off the verdure-clad hills; and as he feels the cheering rays of the glorious sun, he leaps for joy; he is happy, he is blessed. And is it not so, beloved, spiritually? Blessed is that man who, having received the King of kings' blood-bought pardon, is released from the power of sin, and, leaving Satan's prison-house, walks forth in the green pastures of a Saviour's love, and beside the still waters of eternal life, and feels the healing rays of the Sun of Righteousness; he is indeed blessed. If the truth make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Canst thou look back upon *that* time, dear reader? Ah, whether in the body or out of the body, thou couldst scarcely tell sometimes. Thou wast like a calf let loose from the stall, and thy former companions said, See, he is mad! But thou didst love such madness, and dost often now long again to skip upon the hills of Zion, and experience once again that joy and rejoicing of soul. "Blessed"—yes. We might notice,

2ndly. That anything is blessed which is consecrated or set apart for holy purposes. Yon village church has been consecrated by mortal hands, and set apart for a holy use; whether right or wrong, they have dedicated by such means that house to the service of God; and if Jesus has been found there, the spot is "blessed." So with the temple within. Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost, consecrated or set apart for a holy use—vessels of honour. And if this be so with you, dear reader, to all intents and purposes you are "*blessed*." It may be you live in a humble cottage: no matter; the Lord consecrates where and who He pleases for His own most holy use. And how often one feels that in higher abodes, as far as this world is concerned, there are only "vessels of wood," while in that lone cot, stretched upon the bed of affliction, the Lord has unmistakably "a vessel of gold. And then we observe,

3rdly. That man is "blessed" who is making "*Christ his all*." It is of no use attempting anything short of this; half Christ and half the creature can but

engender misery. A little of Christ's righteousness, and a great deal of our own, will never make a man "blessed." Indeed, beloved, we cannot help thinking herein is a safe test. We find many whom we dare not doubt have received a change of heart, and yet such wretched grovelling, such miserable groaning, such stunted growth, that it is evident something is wrong. You cannot say such an one is truly "blessed." Why is it? "Christ is not all;" you may depend upon that. A man *must be* "blessed" who is making "Christ all and in all;" because, as we have observed before, "blessed" is the embodiment of a precious Christ. "There," said a poor fellow to us the other day, "I wouldn't change places with the Queen of England." "Why?" we asked; "what makes you so happy. You have, it is true, a cleanly room here; and its order manifests a good housewife: still that fare on the table is rather mean, and the coat you have on is rather threadbare—what makes you so happy?" (We were somewhat prepared for the answer, because we knew where the man's treasure was). "Happy," he said, emphatically, "because Jesus is mine, and I am His." Ah, we thought of that passage which tells us the Lord's poor are raised to the dignity of princes; and we beheld in that poor, yet rich man, one of the royal household of faith. And so it is, beloved. The realization of Christ, His person, and His presence, produces a happiness supreme and incomparable; and that man or woman thus realizing it, however lowly as regards this world, is truly "blessed." And then we observe, furthermore, that man is truly "blessed" who is putting implicit confidence in His God as a God of providence as well as a God of grace. If we see one all on the worry, fretting morning, noon, and night, about his business, afraid this will go wrong, and the other will turn out badly, that man (though a Christian) has not learnt the lesson of faith in his God, as a God, for the day, all the day, and every day; and where this is not the case, murmuring will take the place of the acknowledgment of mercy; and a peevish instead of a peaceful spirit will prevail. But that man who calmly rests upon this God, with the up-

lifted desire, "Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant, this day," and then goes forward looking upward, will be blessed in his business—blessed at home—and blessed abroad. One of the happiest men the writer knows has to look to the Lord for his daily food, his stated income being only a few shillings a week.

And now, dear reader, having seen what it is to be truly poor in spirit, even to feel oneself a penniless bankrupt, owing much and having *nothing to pay*, to be humbled under a sense of God's marvellous love and mercy to one so undeserving, to be emptied of self, and to be tempered under the mighty hand of a covenant-working God; and having further seen how such are blessed in time, through being lifted up by Jesus—delivered from the bondage of Satan—set apart for a holy use—made to feel that Christ must be all and in all—having confidence that all is right—ordered, and well ordered—that man, who is realizing all this, is just the character Dr. WATTS so sweetly sings about when he writes—

"Bless'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

"Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows—
A healing balm for all their woes."

We lastly notice, beloved, the *future* condition of "the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." What words can describe the bliss veiled in this expression—"the kingdom of heaven?" That hallowed spot where will stand the multitude of ransomed ones, who, having their Father's name written in their foreheads, gaze with rapturous admiration upon the Lamb in the midst; and now they hear the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and singing a new song before the throne. Happy choristers! These are they which have followed the Lamb on earth, and have followed Him into realms of bliss, there to bask in the sunshine of His presence for ever—to be indeed "blessed" without alloy—happy without a moment's sorrow. "The kingdom of heaven"—

"Where ransom'd sinners sound God's praise

Th' angelic hosts among;
Sing the rich wonders of His grace,
And Jesus leads the song.

"Where saints are free from every load
Of passions or of pains;
God dwells with them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns."

Beloved, is it not worth while being "poor in spirit" here, if this be the climax? Does it not melt one, humble one, and yet rejoice one, to think of the bliss in store for such undeserving sinners? We hear of one and another slipping from their earth-bound trammels, and winging their way thither; and does it not make one long to be there too? We stand by their bedsides, and their dying testimony establishes the truth that "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They stretch out their wan arms towards it; poor in body, poor in spirit oftentimes, but rich in foretaste, and richer in realization. Dear reader, may such an end be ours.

And, beloved, before we lay down the pen at this season, we would draw your attention to two little words in this gracious passage, which now drop with hallowed power upon my heart. They are "*Theirs is.*" *Theirs* is the kingdom of heaven. Mark, they are the words of

dear Jesus himself. And see we not *the covenant security* they contain? "*Theirs is.*" As if He would say, I am here to secure it, and I go to prepare a place for them; it is as safe for them as if they were there. Through me they are *heirs of glory*—theirs is the kingdom of heaven. I pray you, mourner in Zion—distressed one—cast down soul—weakling in the faith, take the comfort of these two words, "*Theirs is;*" and recollect, the Fountain-Head—the Dispenser of all blessings—the Procurer—the Sum and Substance—the Yea and Amen, has Himself declared it. And bear in mind, that "where the word of a king is, there is power." Heaven for the poor in spirit, as secure as if they were now realizing it. For *theirs* is the kingdom of heaven.

I leave this morning's meditation with you. May the Lord the Spirit seal home the truths of this gracious promise to the lifting up of your head, and the comfort of your heart. May He cause you to smile through your tears and break through the thorns; that, reaching after those things which are before, the exultation of your soul may be, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for *theirs* is the kingdom of heaven."

G. C.

Bury-St. Edmunds.

SCRAP FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

THERE is no doubt but that the coming of the Lord draws nigh; but as to the exact time, no man knows, nor can know; therefore you have been wrong in fixing a time, and running into extravagance, causing the infidel to boast, and tauntingly to ask, "Where is the promise of His coming?" The believer is so to live, that whether he goes to Christ, or Christ comes to him, he may be found with his lamp burning, ready to obey the summons. While you have fixed in your mind that you shall certainly be on earth at the coming of the Lord, should death arrest you, you might in one sense be totally unprepared for the event, and, probably, disappointment and anguish would fill your heart. Such has been the case with

some who as fully expected the Lord as you do; and yet the Lord sent for them, and they had to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, that they might swell His train when He really did come. Two members of our church were sadly tried when the Lord sent for them, and for some time their minds were greatly distressed, and they met the last enemy with reluctance. Now see the danger of fixing the time as to the designs of God towards us. I long for the coming of Jesus, and would leave the world; but as I know not the day nor the hour, let me be ready to meet Him in whatever way He might appoint. "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons."

S. P.

ON THE NEW BIRTH.

(Continued from page 401.)

II.—We will now consider some of the evident marks which show a man to be born of the Spirit, as seen in the characters of the believers mentioned by the sacred writers.

1. The Old Testament Scriptures tell us that Abel offered an "acceptable sacrifice" to the Lord; that "Enoch walked with God;" and that Noah, having found grace in the eyes of the Lord, "was a just man, and perfect in his generation;" that Moses "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" and that at an early age "the Lord was with Joseph, and made all that he did to prosper." We see also that Job was "a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God, and eschewed evil; so that there was none like him in all the earth"—even before his sore trials and afflictions; though it was not till after these trials that he himself exclaimed, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job xlii. 5, 6). We learn that "Obadiah feared the Lord greatly;" and that "some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel" was found in the child of Jeroboam.

Such are a *few* of the marks of the work of God in *some* of His people; but there is a perfect silence both as to the time when the work began, and the manner of its beginning in the individuals here named. Can we say whether Samuel had a new nature given him, even from the womb, his pious mother having vowed him to the Lord when she prayed for a man child? As the Lord answered her prayer in granting her a son, and as He accepted that son, and made him His servant, is it unreasonable to suppose that He made him His child even from the womb? Perhaps it was when taken to Eli at Shiloh "he worshipped the Lord," though he did not know Him; for we read of him on a later occasion "that Samuel did not yet know the Lord," that the Lord gave him this new nature. Or was it when

He revealed himself to him on calling him by his name? We cannot be certain on this point. If David wrote any of the Psalms before he was anointed by Samuel, then he was certainly a partaker of the Spirit of God, which in *his* case would be evidence of his having a new nature—though the wicked Balaam and others have spoken the Word of God without such a nature. There is reason to believe that he had written some of his Psalms previously to Samuel's seeing him, as it was told Saul, a short time after, that he could "play well;" and most probably he played while singing his own compositions, though this is not decided for certainty; it is, however, said, that on his being anointed "the Spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward." When Solomon was born he was "called Jedidiah, because the Lord loved him;" and the wisdom of his choice, when but a young man, in asking "a wise and understanding heart," proved that he was one of God's true Israelites.

One or two more examples from the Old Testament will suffice. Jeremiah was wrought upon by the Spirit of God very early in life; for having been sanctified and ordained a prophet before he was born (Jer. i. 5, 6), his great commission to go to whom he was sent was given him when he was but a little child; but it was not till God had humbled Manasseh, by leading him into captivity, that that wicked king showed himself to be one of God's children. It may be said of these, as well as of all the other Old Testament saints, that they were saved through faith in a Saviour that was to come in God's own time—the Saviour was to them prospective—and that their salvation was entirely of God.

2. Let us now turn to the New Testament, and look at a few of the examples mentioned in the Gospels. Passing by those mentioned by St. Luke, in his first two chapters—namely, Zacharias, Elisabeth, Mary, Simeon, &c.—we just observe that John the Baptist was "filled with the Holy Ghost even from

his mother's womb;" and then turn to St. John's account of Nathanael, whom Jesus called "an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." Nathanael had, it is quite clear, been born again before the interview at which Jesus said this to him. The case of Nicodemus was one in which the work of grace seems to have been gradual—first, the coming to Jesus by night—then the speaking a word for Him before His enemies—and afterwards the boldly acknowledging Him after His crucifixion between two malefactors. But still there was a time when that work began. Had it not begun when Jesus uttered those words which caused him to wonder and say, "How can these things be?" It is worthy of remark, that our Lord did not say, "*Thou* must be born again;" but, "Except a man be born again," &c. The calls of Matthew and of Zacchæus each seem to furnish us with a *definite* time, as it were. They could, no doubt, look back to the time when the work of grace began in their souls. Matthew sat at his accustomed seat, busy in collecting the tax which bore witness to the bondage of the Jews; he heard the command of Jesus, "Follow me;" and "he arose and followed Him." Zacchæus "climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Jesus who he was;" and he heard the command, "Zacchæus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house," and obeyed—"He made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully." Then the gracious words, "This day is salvation come to this house," greeted his ears. The accounts of the woman of Samaria, and of the men of her city who were brought to Jesus through her words; of the sick of the palsy, whose sins Jesus forgave previously to healing him; and of the thief on the cross, are equally important subjects for consideration, and afford examples when the precise time of the new birth may be known. The persons mentioned here were all brought to Jesus for salvation—and found that salvation.

3. We will now turn to the Acts of the Apostles for a few more interesting cases. While Peter was preaching to the murderers of Christ, and declaring how God had exalted the risen Jesus, three thousand "were pricked in their heart,"

and began to inquire what they should do. This was an instance of sudden conversion—this was a beginning of the work of God in their hearts, clear and deep. It may truly be said, that those early converts were born again under that sermon of Peter's. There is the same certainty about the work in the heart of Saul of Tarsus, when he was miraculously turned from a furious persecutor to a sincere and earnest preacher of "the faith which once he destroyed." The jailer at Philippi was converted in a similar way. He was born of God on that eventful night on which he asked the question of Paul, "What must I do to be saved?" The same sudden conversions followed the preaching of the Gospel in Samaria by Philip, and its proclamation by Paul at Corinth and other heathen cities, though there is no mention of the same terror of mind as in the above-mentioned cases. God is a sovereign, and does not confine Himself to any particular manner of acting. He works in the earthquake, in the storm, and in the breeze; and the gentle zephyr is as much His work as the most terrific tempest. No doubt that many, in the places mentioned in the book we are now viewing, were first awakened from the sleep of death by the "still small voice" of the love of God in sending His Son to be the Saviour of the world. In this case there might be the same suddenness or definiteness of time, though there would not be the same alarming fears that were experienced in other cases. Was it not so with Lydia, whose heart the Lord "opened, so that she attended to the things that were spoken by Paul?" or had she heard the voice of God, and thus been brought to life before she was led, in the providence of God, to hear of Jesus from the lips of Paul? Perhaps this was the case, for it is said that she "worshipped God." We may just observe, that whenever God begins to work effectually in any one, He never leaves that soul, but, sooner or later, brings it to Jesus as the only Saviour. It appears clear from the New Testament, that God has, in this Christian dispensation, sometimes given His grace to regenerate a man, even after he has come to be responsible, when there has been very little knowledge (if any) of Jesus given at the same time.

Cornelius, the centurion, "a devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway," is a case to the point; but he was not left without a knowledge of the only way of salvation, which is through Jesus Christ, and Him alone. The fact of his praying to God alway, and of his prayers being heard, is a proof of his spiritual regeneration. The account of Apollos is also exceedingly instructive. He was "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures. And being instructed in the way of the Lord, and fervent in spirit, he taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John. When Aquila and Priscilla had heard him speaking boldly in the synagogue, they took him and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly. And when he was disposed to pass into Achaia, the brethren wrote, exhorting the disciples to receive him: who, when he had come, helped them much who had believed through grace: for he mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ." It seems that Apollos knew but little about Jesus before he was taught by Aquila and Priscilla; and yet who can doubt his being a child of God, after reading what is here said of him? Should it be objected against the assumption that Cornelius and Apollos, if not Lydia, were regenerate before they knew of salvation being by Jesus alone, that as "there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved," they must have perished had they not been saved by faith in Jesus, we reply—the same objection might be made against election: and yet that doctrine is true. As those chosen in Christ are always brought to Christ (speaking of those who have arrived at the age of accountability), so every regenerate one is brought to Christ to believe in Him as his Saviour. Have I been brought to trust simply and solely in Jesus for salvation—and am I bringing forth, in ever so small a measure, the fruits of the Spirit—I am born of the Spirit; and "He who hath begun the good

work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6). For,

In conclusion we may remark, that we are taught by this general view of Divine truth, that God does not confine himself to any uniform plan in the communication of His grace to work in the redeemed sinner that new nature which he must have in order to become a new creature, since there are sudden conversions—some accompanied with great feeling of terror, as those of Saul and the jailer at Philippi were; and some without any such feeling, as were those of Matthew and Zacchæus; and there are instances in which the work of God is gradual, like the advance from the dawn of twilight to the mid-day sun, as in Nicodemus, Cornelius, and Apollos. In some it begins in infancy or childhood, as in John the Baptist and Samuel; while in others it is deferred till the time of some severe and humbling calamity, as in the case of Mahasseh; or till the approach of death, as in the case of the thief on the cross—which last case seems to be recorded to prevent our despairing of anyone while life lasts.

An obvious inference from this fact respecting God's manner of working in us is, that *we* have most to do with results. Are we giving evidence that "God is working in us both to will and to do His good pleasure?" If we are God's children, we shall not be content in a state of apathy and indifference. We shall have something of the mind of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." We shall be amongst those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. And if we do not yet enjoy the full assurance of our final salvation—cannot yet confidently say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am my Beloved's," to do so will be our earnest desire and prayer. We shall hate sin; and our inquiry will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" In short, Jesus will be our only hope—our all and in all. May such evidence be more abundant in both the reader and the writer, and may people "take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus." Amen. R. D. F.

If our sins lie heavy at our hearts, God will not lay them to our charge.—*Cass.*

THE RESURRECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Will you allow me to say a few words in reply to the valuable remarks of your esteemed correspondent, W. MAUDE, on the above-named subject, who, I am happy to find, generally agrees with me on prophetic and other truths, but who differs with me here, not altogether as to facts though, but as to the application of certain scriptures to those facts. Our brother is right in feeling confident that I shall not be offended at his stating reasons for so differing. I write not for controversy, which I eschew, but to elicit truth; and I am sometimes glad when one differs from me; not because it is good to differ, but because it often sets one searching Scripture with greater earnestness and more prayer, in order, that if right, to be the more established; or, if wrong, to be set right. And I am glad, dear Mr. Editor, not only that the importance and blessedness of the study of prophetic truth is being more and more felt, but also that you are allowing it a fair place in your valuable journal. To study the prophetic parts of God's most holy Word with a mere view to intellectual attainments is a poor thing, and would be nothing to His glory, nor bring any blessing to our souls; but to study prophecy with an eye to Christ and His glory is most precious. From Genesis to Revelations we find that the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. Many date the commencement of a time of much blessing, and soul elevation above the world, its cares and its pleasures, extending now over a period of twenty or thirty years, to the time when, through grace, they were led by the Spirit of God to inquire into the truth of the Lord's second coming in glory. Some have said that prophecy is only to be understood when fulfilled. If so, why did our Lord upbraid His disciples thus, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the

scriptures concerning Himself?" But to proceed with my reply; and I will begin with the second point on which W. M. differs from me, namely, on the applicability of the term "resurrection" to new birth, or regeneration. Now, I am free to admit, that it is not, strictly speaking, a correct term; and that the 25th verse of the 5th chapter of John is not a resurrection, but a rising from a death in trespasses and sins. And I am thankful for the correction, which is important. But as to the first point of difference, our brother has certainly not convinced me that I am wrong. He holds with me as to three resurrections; namely, (1) Israel, their national restoration to Palestine; (2) that of the mystical body of Christ at the commencement of the millennium; and (3) that of the wicked at the close of the millennium. So that, as to facts, we agree, but not exactly as to certain scriptures which I apply to those facts. I do not apply Dan. xii. 2, nor Isa. xxvi. 19, to the conversion of Israel as a nation; but Ezek. xxxvi. 26—28, I do, and to which I believe our Lord alluded in His conversation with Nicodemus (John iii. 5), which compare. The verses in Ezekiel refer to the future kingdom of God as to the earthly glory, called in John *earthly* things, unto which the Jew, ere he enters, must be born again, which Nicodemus, as a master of Israel, ought to have understood. "If I have told you *earthly* things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" Of course, we have here the great and important truth of the necessity of regeneration, but in a twofold case; namely, as to the Jew before he can enter the earthly glory of the kingdom; also, of course, before one can enter the heavenly glory. It is important to have constantly before one, in studying Scripture, the distinction between the Jew, the Gentile, and the Church of God, which, especially in millennial times, will be manifestly separate and distinct as to position, and also as to glory. But now as to Isa. xxvi. 19: that it applies to the resurrec-

tion of Israel, as a nation, to Palestine, I have not the shadow of a doubt; the whole chapter is an earthly scene entirely, and its context (compare it with the 12th and 13th verses of the 27th chapter). It is an earthly scene, I say, concerning the Jewish people, about the time of their last great tribulation; see especially chap. xxvi. 17, to the 1st verse of chap. xxvii., which is evidently a time trouble. "Thy dead shall live, my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust" (ver. 19). It is not "*together with*" my dead body. Now I am bold to say that there is no allusion here to the mystical body of Christ. We do not find "the Church, which is His body" (Col. i. 24), in the Old Testament scriptures at all, except in the way of type or illustration; as in Eve as to type; and as to illustration, Abraham sending his servant to fetch a wife for his son Isaac. And then, as to those and other types and illustrations, nothing was understood or revealed throughout the whole of the Old Testament dispensation beyond the then present facts and circumstances. And then, as to the type of Eve, Adam did not get his wife until after he had been humbled and wounded; neither did Abraham send his servant to fetch a wife for his son Isaac until he had been offered up and had received him from the dead in a figure; which facts are very significant and full of meaning when light is thrown upon them by the New Testament scriptures. This 19th verse, then, I believe not to be the resurrection of Christ's mystical body, but of the house of Israel, and the same event as the dry bones in Ezek. xxxvii. Dan. xii. 2, I also believe applies to the same events, and not to the resurrection of 1 Cor. xv; that, I apprehend will occur prior to this time of Daniel. I gather from scriptures (which I cannot fully enter upon now), that there will be a week, or seven years, of trouble amongst the Jews under "Antichrist;" and that these first three, or perhaps, to be more correct, the first two verses of this 12th of Daniel, allude to the last half of the week, or the latter three years and a half, and that prior to this, the first resurrection will have taken place. I think that the 1st verse of Dan. xii., the 24th chapter of Matt.,

and the first eleven verses of Rev. vi., synchronise; they point to the same period; and it is worthy of notice (as one has observed), the very remarkable "parallelism" which exists between the second, third, fourth, and fifth seal and Matt. xxiv. 6—14. If I am asked for a proof that the Church (namely, Christ's mystical body) is raised prior to this, I reply, that in the 5th of Revelations I find the Church (represented by the four-and-twenty elders) "in heaven" witnessing the opening of the seals, &c.; and that from chapter the 3rd to the 19th, when I do find the Church, it is always "in heaven," taken up before these events occur to which we allude. Moreover, "many of *them* that sleep in the dust of the earth"—*them!* Who? Daniel's people. "At that time *thy people* shall be delivered, and many of *them* that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." From the 8th chapter, Daniel's prophecy refers expressly as to what concerns the Jews. From the 1st to the close of the 7th chapter the visions concerned more particularly the four Gentile monarchies; and it is a remarkable fact, as I have just been informed, and which I believe is not generally known, that from an early part of the 2nd chapter up to the end of the 7th chapter, the *language* in which the Spirit of God reveals the vision is Chaldee; that prophecy concerned the Gentile monarchies. But the vision which concerns "Daniel's people," that is to say, from the 8th chapter to the end, the Spirit reveals it in the Hebrew language. "Many of *them*;" it is only a question of "Daniel's people."

"It seems to me," says an eminent student of prophecy, "that these words are added; that is, the 2nd verse, to complete the picture: for the principal part of the prophecy is occupied with the details of that part of the people who are found in the land when the wicked one (Antichrist) shall be in the exercise of his terrible and malicious power. But, in this verse, the lot of those who had been lost, and were to be gathered from among the nations, is given to us. These only enter as accessory into the scheme of prophecy, this portion of the people having been without the limits of prophecy, not

having entered into the land to figure as the Jewish people. It is for this reason that they are represented as 'sleeping in the dust of the earth.'

Myself, I incline to believe that this verse alludes to the lost ten tribes of Israel, which, not being guilty of the death of Christ, will not be subject to the terrible tribulation under Antichrist, but will be restored at the close of it.

The expression "dust of the earth" is common in the Prophets; and Isaiah xxvi. I think, explains it. See ver. 14, "They are dead;" namely, those who had had dominion over Israel; "they shall not live; they shall not rise." Contrast verse 19, "Thy dead shall live, my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." *Dead*, as Israel is counted *dead* in Ezek. xxxvii. Some commentators upon these scriptures speak of the resurrection of departed saints; but also see that they allude to the nation of Israel; as, for instance, "BROWN, of Haddington;" he says upon this 19th verse, "'Thy dead shall live.' The Jewish nation, seemingly dead under the Assyrian ravages, the Chaldean captivity, and present dispersion, shall again revive and flourish."

Then, as to "those that be *wise*." I think we shall find these "wise ones" in chap. xi. 33, 35; read from verse 32, "And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall *he* (Antichrist) corrupt by flatteries; but the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits. And they that *understand* among the people shall instruct many." Verse 35, "And some of them of *understanding*

shall fall, to try them, to purge them, and to make them white, even to the time of the end." I see, then, in these first three verses of Daniel xii., the time of trouble, the people delivered (which was not the case at the destruction of Jerusalem), the lost tribes, or those who were buried, as it were, among the nations, who shall awake whether for good or evil; and also the special lot of the wise, or understanding ones. Thus have I written according to the present light I have. Many good men, at whose feet I would unfeignedly sit and learn, see differently. Soon we shall see eye to eye. In the mean while, may the Lord give us understanding according to His word, just as much as shall lead out our hearts and affections unto Himself; and no more, lest it might puff us up and fill us with pride. Still, it is most precious, in communion with our Lord, through the teaching of His Holy Spirit in the Word, to be learning His mind concerning "things to come." "He shall show you things to come" (John xvi. 13).

And now, beloved brethren, the Editor and our beloved brother, W. MAUDE, may we, as little children, "abide in Him," that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming. Truly they are momentous times in which we live; the night is far spent; the day is at hand; our hope is Christ, our life, the bright and morning star, for whom we look; for whom we long; for whom we wait. "Surely I come quickly." Can we not—yes, we can—heartily respond and say, "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus."

Islington.

T. A.

I ONCE devoted a considerable share of time and attention to the fathers. But I scruple not to acknowledge, that, after a while, I desisted from this study, as barren and unimproving. Some excellent things are, indeed, interspersed in their writings; but the golden grains are almost lost amidst an infinity of rubbish. If a man, says Dr. YOUNG, was to find one pearl in an oyster of a million, it would hardly encourage him to commence fisherman for

life. So say I of the fathers in general. Even supposing, what I can by no means grant, that the harvest of instruction would recompense the toil of breaking up the ground, a life-time would hardly suffice to read the fathers with care; and perhaps, two life-times would scarcely enable a reader to digest them completely. That knowledge which is truly important, lies in a much narrower compass.—*Toplady*.

CHRIST THE LIFE OF HIS PEOPLE.

"This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath life" (1 John v. 11, 12). "For me to live is Christ." "Because I live, ye shall live also."

CHRIST is the life of all believers true;
 This life is theirs, and will be always too.
 Their surety, peace, and righteousness beside,
 And will be so, whate'er to them betide.
 To them this life is giv'n, because by Him foreknown.
 This life is theirs, for this in them has sown.
 Christ is their life, for He has said—"They're mine."
 Christ is their life, and they on Him recline.
 Christ is their life, and such He'll always be.
 Christ is their life, though in them failings see.
 Christ is their life, because by Christ were sought.
 Christ is their life, for by His blood were bought.
 Christ is their life, for Christ has chosen them.
 Christ is their life, though faith in them be dim.
 Christ is their life, and them He will not leave.
 Christ is their life to Him through grace shall cleave.
 Christ is their life, nought from Him can sever.
 Christ is their life to-day, the same for ever.
 Christ is their life when to His house repair.
 Christ is their life in ordinance and prayer.
 Christ is their life when joyous seasons come.
 Christ is their life when such enjoyeth none.
 Christ is their life when works of goodness do.
 Christ is their life when their good works are few.
 Christ is their life when Christ by faith can see.
 Christ is their life, though faithless they may be.
 Christ is their life when they enjoy true light.
 Christ is their life when in their souls 'tis night.
 Christ is their life when they in weakness grieve.
 Christ is their life when they much strength receive.
 Christ is their life when sickness on them fall.
 Christ is their life when they are free from all.
 Christ is their life when they through sins made sad.
 Christ is their life when they in Christ are glad.
 Christ is their life when sad corruptions sting.
 Christ is their life when they can praise and sing.
 Christ is their life in sad temptation's hour.
 Christ is their life when they know not its power.
 Christ is their life when in despair and gloom.
 Christ is their life when soul in health doth bloom.
 Christ is their life when thankfulness runs high.
 Christ is their life when for this blessing sigh.
 Christ is their life when they drink sorrow's cup.
 Christ is their life when they with Christ do sup.
 Christ is their life when they the furnace prove.
 Christ is their life when feasting on His love.
 Christ is their life when Christ doth hide His face.
 Christ is their life when they His smiles embrace.
 Christ is their life when earthly stores give way.
 Christ is their life when they on wealth can stay.
 Christ is their life when earthly ties do break.
 Christ is their life when friendship's love partake.
 He'll be their life when passing through Death's sea.
 He'll be their life when they from Death are free.
 He'll be their life when at the judgment stand.
 He'll be their life when they see Canaan's land.
 He'll be their life when Christ's blest face shall see.
 He'll be their life throughout eternity.

Kintbury.

G. H.

SERMON BY REV. W. LINCOLN, AT BERESFORD CHAPEL.

THE Rev. W. LINCOLN, M.A., Incumbent of Beresford Chapel, Walworth, was removed from the Episcopal Chapel in the London-road a twelvemonth since. From causes to which we need not now refer, Beresford Chapel, while in the hands of Dissenters, did not prosper; and when Mr. LINCOLN became the minister of the place, he came, as it were, to nearly empty benches, so far as any previous congregation was concerned. He had, however, obtained a large but poor congregation in the London-road, and numbers soon gathered round his new pulpit. Beresford Chapel is now crowded whenever Mr. Lincoln preaches, and the congregation, chiefly composed of the respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, actively support the several societies emanating from the Church. Mr. LINCOLN's style of preaching is earnest and vigorous; he speaks extempore, and always commands the attention of his numerous hearers. The prophecies of the Bible are a favourite theme with him; and his views with regard to their interpretation are somewhat peculiar, though he never affects novelty for novelty's sake. Earnestness is, in fact, the leading feature of his preaching, and the enthusiasm which he sometimes manifests, while it is evidently sincere, gives a charm to his style and manner which is always wanting to the cold, classical sermon-reader.

On Sunday evening, the Rev. W. LINCOLN preached a sermon from Matt. xiii. 44, "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." The rev. gentleman said,—It has struck me that these parables form a consecutive series. In the parables from which I have previously preached, I have looked at the dark state of things, but the next two will lead me to look on the bright side; and, then, to take a glance at that eternal separation which must come to all. I have shown you here a prophecy of the progress of Christianity; but, in reference to the emblem of the tree, it is not good pro-

gress. It is not so much a prophecy of the Church converting the world, as of the world converting the Church. Gradually the Church is amalgamated with the world, until the whole is leavened. Mark this—this is not my statement, but God's own verdict of the state of the religious world. Look, for instance, at passages in the Epistle to Timothy, when it speaks of men having the form of godliness, but being destitute of the power of it; and there are many similar passages. It is of no use people being angry with me for looking at the black side of things. Am I become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? There is a crash coming. Is it well to shut one's eyes to it? Rather let us see what state the world is in, and be warned thereby. This corruption pervades the whole of society. It leavens the whole lump. It is impossible for any but the Omniscient to discern the leaven from the flour. Things have come to that pass which calls for Almighty interference. If I am spared, I intend to go through the second and third chapters of the Revelation, to show you this more clearly. The number of mere professors is so great, and the number of God's own people so little, that you can scarcely discern the true people of God at all. Was it not the case in the dark ages, and in the 18th century? Professors then, as now, over-topped the possessors of vital religion. It was a celebrated saying of WHITEFIELD's, that he had two great enemies to contend with—mind, I do not say it is quite so bad now—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the "Whole Duty of Man" (not Venn's). But where were the true people of the Lord? Not lost, though buried amidst a heap of mere professors. Some were Baptists, some Churchmen, some Methodists, some Calvinists, though they are now ashamed of their names, and are in heaven, without distinction of sect; and I pray God that we may be as wise as they were, for they merely glory that the Lord has loved them. May we, with them, be hid with Christ, the true Ark, so that, when the crash does come. He may remember us

I wish you to notice, first, the connexion of this parable with the preceding and succeeding ones. Pray mark, that in the preceding parables we have a prophecy that the state of the religious world would become worse and worse till all was leavened; the true Church would be hid, and the number of mere professors would be like the tares, greatly over-topping the wheat. But in the two succeeding parables there is a great contrast; indicating that the number of mere professors would dwindle down, and that the number of God's true people would greatly increase. We are thus taught, that, however our names may be cast out by men, the Lord will not be ashamed to own His children. It is a favourite question put by the Roman Catholics, Where was your Church before LUTHER? There was a Church known to God, though it was lost to men. Notice the connexion between the treasure and the pearl. Some think the pearl refers to Christ. This is a great mistake. The pearl is the Church, and the treasure is the Church; the man that sells is Christ. In the parable of the treasure you have the idea of value; in that of the pearl, the idea of beauty. Once grasp the thought that the parables are prophecies of the kingdom of heaven, and the error to which I refer is overthrown. The tares and the wheat are mingled, and while the world looks at towering pretensions and high professions, the Lord is not dazzled by any of this outward show, but knows those poor sinners who are drawn to Him.

Notice what the Lord Jesus Christ says to His people. He speaks of them as a treasure. Ought this not to cheer the hearts of those who have fled to Christ? He does not lose sight of one. There are many ways in which the Lord has demonstrated that His people are a treasure. His eye, and even His heart, have been set upon them from everlasting. Though as it were buried to the world, yet to Him they are never lost; though of little value to the world, they are to Him of more value than all the worlds He has created. "I have loved them," He says, "with an everlasting love." And this love was infinite. It is as if God had weighed the matter thus—either my people must be

lost or my Son must die. He spared not His own Son. What infinite love! Tell me how valuable is the blood of Christ, and I will tell you to a fraction what is the value of the people of God. But we cannot tell! We do not know the value of the blood of Christ; but God does. But we have that precious blood, and He is delighted in sinners coming to Him. And as the Father loves them, so does Christ love them. "Thou lovest them even as thou lovest me." And then think that the Spirit's love is equal to the Son's. How gentle, mild, and attractive is that love! The Holy Spirit has knocked and knocked at the hearts of sinners till He has brought them to Christ. And how often we grieve the Holy Spirit! Who can tell how often we grieve the Holy Spirit in what we call little things? We are continually grieving Him, and yet He has never forsaken us. He that hath begun a good work in you will carry it on to the end. This is the last proof of the value which Christ puts upon His Church. The day that men are dreading is coming. I believe, from what I know of the Bible, that my hair would stand on end if, while reading the prayers of our Church, I were to think of the sins I have committed without keeping my eye as it were upon the blood of Christ. I love a "form" of prayer, and think it is best for public worship. Even the Dissenters have a form of prayer—you can almost tell what expression is coming next; but I derive all my hope, not from the prayers, but from the blood of Christ. Presently, the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. What does this mean? It does not only mean unexpectedly. When a thief breaks into a house, he does not take the property from the kitchen, but from the drawing-room. He steals the best of everything—the treasure which you keep under lock and key. And when the Lord comes He will rifle the graves, and the people of God will be carried up as dew. You cannot see the dew rise, nor will you see the departure of the people of God; the dust of the saints will, as it were, be gathered by Christ, and then the living will be taken. They will not go, I believe, all at once; they will go in detachments. The Lord will first take those who are on the look-out for

Him; who are, if I may so express it, on the *qui vive* for His appearing. "Not a hoof shall be left behind." Then Christ will have joy indeed, for He will have gathered together the whole of His treasure.

Now let us look inside the vase. The idea is that of a thief—of a man who, in digging, lights upon a vase that is hidden. It is full of coins, of unequal sizes and value. The Lord looks at His people in their individual capacity—each one is in Christ. There may be some here who may regard themselves as very small offerings to God; but the Lord knoweth them that are His, and not one shall be lost. "If there were one missing," WHITEFIELD used to say, "Christ would come down from heaven for that one." The Pharisee had much favour with the world, but God heard the publican, and your sighs are not unheard. Many that are first here shall be last there, and the last shall be first. Look, for instance, at the dying thief. Could you have believed, had it not been in the Bible, that that poor dying thief would have been one of the first of the saints in heaven? Some of the brightest ornaments in heaven have not been heard of, perhaps, by the world. Many a true Christian has lived in a court, and, perhaps, has scarcely even been out of his attic for years, except to come to the house of God.

This day completes the first year of my ministry in this place of worship; and I may safely say, that all those who have heard me have progressed either one way or the other. As far as I at present know, I shall be able to look my Judge in the face at the last great day, and say, "I am clean of your blood." Would you know whether you are part of the treasure? If so, examine yourself. Are you the real metal or reprobate?—I do not use this word in the

high Calvinistic sense—spurious metal. Are you the true thing, or are you only German silver? Is there the King's effigy and impress stamped upon you? Beware of the spurious Christianity of the present age, and remember that without holiness no man can see the Lord.

Notice, again, that Christ finds His treasure in the field. The field is the world. The world is not to be annihilated. It is, so to speak, bought, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the people of God who inhabit it. As there are God's people in the world, Christ will have the planet, and not the devil. Men say it is wrong to preach in a theatre, but the world is Christ's. The devil does not hold an inch of ground in it except by usurpation. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. How do thoughts like these impress you? On which side are you? You can be safe only by keeping your eye upon the blood of Christ. I have preached to you one year; the attendance here has much increased, I believe, not of the worldly-minded, but of a great many true-hearted seekers, who have felt dissatisfied with the dead state of preaching in the present day, and who have gathered round me to hear the Gospel. Every one of you is for or against Christ. Each ought to be testifying to the world around him; he should be like Noah, warning the people to flee to the ark for safety from the wrath to come. Every one of you should be a priest, and should show forth God's praise. If spared another year, I pray that there may be here not only a large congregation, but that the Holy Ghost may come down and make you children of God; so that when the crisis comes that is foretold in these parables, many hundreds from this place may be gathered to his praise and glory.—*South London Chronicle.*

My dear man, what a blessed thing it is to live and walk in the simplicity of the Gospel! How happy is that man who, being neither fond of money, numbers, nor power, goes on, day by day, without any other scheme than a general intention to promote the common salvation amongst people of all denominations.—*Whitefield.*

WHEN we trust in frames and feelings, as soon as they are gone, the soul is discouraged and dejected: but when we trust in God's promises, which are always the same, then it is we are right; and a sense of God's unchangeable love towards us, proceeding from such trust, fires our souls with a continual love towards him.—*Romaine.*

"THE DAY COMETH."—MAL. iv. 1.

"FOR, behold!" says the prophet Malachi. Mark it well! You may trifle upon other subjects, but you cannot upon this. Pause, and consider. "The day cometh, that shall burn as an oven: and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." "BUT"—oh precious, encouraging, soul-animating "BUT"—"unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall." In these important words we have—

1st. Solemn judgments in store for the wicked.

2nd. Hallowed joys in store for the righteous.

3rd. The consummation of bliss—the happy liberty of heaven in reserve for those who fear the Lord given us under the striking figure, they "shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall."

1st. Solemn judgments in store for the wicked—they shall be burnt up as stubble; cast into the heated oven. And who are the wicked? How shall we know them? This Scripture and its context answers the question. In the last verse of the previous chapter they are described as, first, those who serve not God. This is a faithful test of a wicked man. Such an one may be indignant at being called a wicked man, and may respond, "Indeed I am not: I owe no man anything, and live uprightly and at peace with my neighbours." But here's the point—who do you serve, God or Mammon? You can't serve both. There is no difficulty in arriving at who is your earthly master; nor any, surely, in answering the question, Who is your spiritual master? And then, the wicked are described, secondly, in this passage, as *all the proud*. A man, again, may say, "I am no proud man." But test such an one thus:—Tell him he is a poor, hell-deserving sinner, worthy only of eternal condemnation, and his pride will rise directly, while he replies, "No, I am not; what have I done? God is mer-

ciful; He will not condemn those whom He has made. I'm all right." Test his pride further by telling him that, if saved at all, he can only be saved by the sovereign grace of God; and pride of heart will manifest itself again in his rejecting the simplicity of the Gospel. Test him furthermore by telling him that Jesus Christ receives notorious sinners, but rejects the self-righteous Pharisee; and his pride will again be manifest in disclaiming a Christ who receiveth and eateth with sinners. And a third sign of the unrighteous is given in the expression, "all that do wickedly"—"by their fruits ye shall know them." Now, "all that serve not God," "all that are proud," and "all that do wickedly," are to be burnt up as the stubble which is cast into the oven. By the stubble we understand that which is separated from the precious grain, and is left on the field only to be burned. So shall the tares and the wheat be separated in the great day of account; the former tied into bundles, and cast into everlasting torment; the latter carried home in Jehovah's garner, not one precious grain falling through the sieve. We say *eternal torment*! Yes, some foolish men have dared to argue, from such expressions as "the stubble burnt up," and the "chaff blown away," that after death the wicked will be totally annihilated. A fatal refuge, indeed, this, when the Bible declares "their worm dieth not." And in the striking parable of Lazarus and the rich glutton, the latter is graphically described *as being in torments*.

Well, we may turn from this solemn side of the subject to one more pleasing to those who do serve the Lord, who are walking humbly in His sight, and who are bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit to the glory of the name of Jesus. And we repeat, precious, hallowed "but"—the Christian's turning point.—"*But unto you that fear my name.*" How simple and yet how certain the test of true discipleship. Not those who fear God as a consuming fire, but those who fear Him, that is, manifest a holy affection and reverence for Him; that leads them oftentimes to say, "Well,

I cannot say much; I am a poor creature, and nothing at all; but this I know, I do love Him. Bless the Lord, I do love Jesus; His name is as ointment poured forth to my soul,"—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ears;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

"Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace."

And this hallowed fear is manifest in the very actions of the saved soul, it being written in the previous chapter, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Oh yes; such will be found creeping into prayer-meetings—weeping in corners of God's sanctuary—hovering about the gatherings of God's people, until obliged one day, with brokenness of heart, to sob out the truth to some fellow-traveller—

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

And such will find that fellow-pilgrim, perhaps, has been led just in a similar way, knows all about the fears, and cries, and tears, and sighs; and so sweet will be the counsel, that while they are talking Jesus will break in upon them and make a third; and so they will realize the fact, in personal experience, that He has in very deed risen as the Sun of Righteousness upon them, with such "healing in His wings," as that their

broken hearts are bound up, and their diseases all healed. Dear reader, do you know anything about this fear?

Well now, there are hallowed joys in store for such—joys on earth which none can take away; and all these but a foretaste of that supreme joy which awaits them above. Such "shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall." There was a law in Eastern countries, under the Levitical dispensation, that the calves or oxen which trod out the corn *should not be muzzled*, so that they might eat of the corn on the floor freely (Deut. xxv. 4); as the Septuagint version renders it, "Ye shall leap, or skip, together as calves loosed from bonds."

Oh, beloved, ye that fear the Lord, here is a contrast for our comfort: the wicked man is, to all intents and purposes, *a muzzled one*, led captive at Satan's will and power; but the Christian has had his halter taken from him, and goeth forth into the fields of Gospel provision, and the green pastures of everlasting love; for "if the truth make ye free, ye shall be free indeed." And then, this liberty is but a prelude to that happy freedom that shall be enjoyed for ever in realms of bliss, when the last trammel that holds the soul on earth shall fall, and the regenerated ones spring upwards, and leap and skip together as calves loosed from bonds, within the hallowed inclosure of the Church Triumphant. Oh, beloved! what a mercy that "*the day cometh*." Solemn fact for the wicked, but joyous prospect for those who "fear His name."

GEORGE COWELL.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

HEREBY many deceive their own souls: goods, lands, possessions, relations, trades, with secular interest in them, are the things whose image is drawn on their minds, and whose characters are written on their foreheads as the titles whereby they may be known. As believers, beholding the glory of Christ in the blessed image of the Gospel, are changed into the same image and likeness by the Spirit of the Lord; so these persons, beholding the beauty of the

world and the things that are in it in the cursed glass of self-love, are in their minds changed into the same image. Hence perplexing fears, vain hopes, empty embraces of things perishing, fruitless desires, earthly, carnal designs, cursed self-pleasing imaginations, feeding on, and being fed by, the love of the world and self, do abide and prevail in them (Eph. iv. 17—20; Rom. viii. 6). But we have not so learned Christ.
—Owen.

THE MANIFESTATION OF THE LOVE OF GOD TO HIS PEOPLE.

“*The Lord hath appeared from afar unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.*”—Jer. xxxi. 3.

WHAT a divine beauty in the Hebrew marginal reading here—from *afar*! How far? Ah, who can tell? So far into the depths of a past eternity, that angel minds are swallowed up; therefore the writer of this article would not dare to attempt a *description* of God's love to His people, but only dilate a little upon its *manifestation*. John, the beloved, shall help us to the first idea here—“In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” Here, beloved, is the first breaking forth of the water of life that shall flow for ever and for ever. Here is laid the groundwork for all the after-displays of God's love to His people. Here is an Almighty Saviour for the vile and the helpless. Yes, and provided before we existed, in full foresight of all our villainess and helplessness.

The next note I shall take of the manifestation of God's love to His people is, our adoption. John ushers it in with his usual exclamation—“Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.” And well might he do so, for consider our wretched condition, in the open field of justly-deserved wrath, polluted in our *own* blood; the very life we had was the matter of our pollution. No eye to pity, no hand to save. Look at the love that took us into the arms of mercy, washed away all our filthiness in atoning blood, clothed us in a spotless righteousness, fed us with the bread of life, refreshed us with heavenly wine, and called us the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. All this faith embraces; but the most sensible manifestation of God's love is the saving operations of the Holy Spirit, quickening us when dead, baptizing us with fire, communicating a new and holy life, and

preserving it through all our wilderness way. Oh that His blessed Majesty's Person and perfect Work were more honoured by the pulpit, the press, and the tongue, in this day of His administration!

Another most important manifestation of the love of God to His people, which is very often misconstrued, is His correcting rod; for, whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth: it is therefore a token of His love, and a proof of our sonship. The writer has recently experienced some of the blessedness of chastisement, which suggested this article; and oh, may the sons and daughters of affliction gather some drops of consolation therefrom. Who of the adoption would not cheerfully bear the light afflictions which are but for a moment, to reap the peaceable fruits of righteousness which they afterward yield?

But God manifests His love to His people by building them a magnificent school-house, where many an OLD JONATHAN has been taught lessons of heavenly wisdom. Yes, beloved, time is our pupilage, this world our study-room, the Holy Spirit our Teacher, the wicked our bread (Numb. xiv. 9); and our hardest lesson to learn to believe that all things are ours, and working for our good. Yes, this world—this ruined world—that still bears so many glorious foot-prints of its Maker's power and wisdom, was made for Christ and His people; the theatre where *He* should display the wonders of redeeming love, and train *them* up for citizens of the New Jerusalem.

And this brings me to the crowning point of the rich display of Divine love to a chosen, redeemed, and saved people. The time is near when we shall receive a kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world; a kingdom which cannot be moved; a palace in the skies, that needs no solar blaze to give it light. “And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the

Lamb are the temple of it." God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and sin and sorrow for ever cease. And from this palace we shall never depart while endless ages roll along.

And now, spiritual Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in

all His ways, and to love Him; and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul? HE IS THY PRAISE, AND HE IS THY GOD.

May He work in us all His holy will. So breathes the feeble heart of

Canning, METRIOS.
New Brunswick, N. A.

FORGIVENESS.

"*Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?*"—Job xxxviii. 22.

Read Psalm li. 7; Isa. i. 18; Lam. iv. 7; John x. 9.

Yes! I *straitly* "entered into
The treasures of the snow,"
When gazing up at Calvary,
I *felt* His life-blood glow:
'Twas then I found the wicket-gate,
An "open door" to me;
Polluted, lost, and perishing,
From self-will'd penury.

My Ethiope memorial
Of ancient surface-stain,
And inbred conscience-leprosy,
Intensified my pain:
Oh! these agonies of Hades,
My soul did overflow,
Till my Jesus bade me enter
"The treasures of His snow."

This loving invitation from
The Holy Nazarene;
Deliv'rance brought, with title to
His dear translation-scene:
Forgiveness—everlasting—He
With power made me know
HIMSELF—"the living way" into
"The treasures of the snow."

The *deep-sleep* opening of His side,
Brought righteousness to me;
Salvation's chaste habiliments,
Of snow-white purity:

This vestal bride-like covering
The Spirit made me know,
When o'er the threshold entering
"The treasures of the snow."

And now my sins, judicially,
Are nowhere to be found;
As broadcast through the wilderness
Snow covers all the ground:
This Nazarite-position—He,
As Victor, did bestow,
By His nail-print passport into
"The treasures of the snow."

In precious whispers now, He says
"Abide thou in the vine;"
That nothing less than Spirit-fruit
Be manifest as mine:
He tells me of my comeliness,
How in His grace to grow;
By gospel-preparation from
"The treasures of the snow."

Ye Boanerges! rise and tell,
God's sov'reign theme of love;
The great highway of sprinkled blood,
And holiness above:
Ye Rahabs with "the scarlet line,"
Uncoil its folds, and throw;
Evangelize—and guide into
"The treasures of the snow."

Plymouth. C. F. C.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT a touching article that is (p. 425) concerning the poor wanderer. Ah, how many such are there hidden from sight or knowledge, at present, who, when He comes to gather up His jewels, will shine resplendently, and adorn His crown! Yes, not the noble or mighty hath God chosen, but the weak, the vile, the outcast; and of such He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remem-

ber no more." *Precious* blood blots all out of His remembrance, for He cannot demand payment twice; but it is He who says, "I *have* blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." Yes, He himself hath done it, and He shall and will have all the glory. Well may we exclaim—

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor!"
Croydon. M. S. L.

The Protestant Beacon.

ROMISH FAITH AND ROMISH ERROR.

1. The Church of Rome admits the Bible to be the Word of God; but she alleges that Word to be imperfect, for we can only in part learn from it our salvation; and she has, therefore, added to it certain Apocryphal Books and Traditions.

2. She admits that God is to be adored with a supreme worship, for the Bible is explicit on this; but she divides the honour with Him by giving an inferior quality of worship—a religious worship nevertheless—to the Virgin Mary and supposed Saints, for which she can show no other authority than her Traditions.

3. And for this purpose, while she admits that God is the judge of the "quick and the dead," because the Bible tells her so, she has taken upon herself to forestall God's judgment by dogmatically declaring who are, before the day of resurrection and judgment, actually beatified spirits in heaven! an assumption founded on comparatively modern innovation.

4. She admits Christ as a Mediator between God and man, because she cannot set aside the plain words of Scripture; but she teaches, on her own authority, that He is not the *only* Mediator. She includes those *canonized* Saints in that holy and exclusive office of our Redeemer; and for that purpose awards to them certain attributes of the Deity—namely, *omniscience* and *omnipresence*, otherwise how could they hear the prayers of those offered up at different places at once?

5. She admits the Atonement of Christ offered up on the Cross; but which was, according to St. Paul, the one sacrifice offered up "once for all." It was essential to St. Paul's doctrine that this sacrifice should not be repeated, otherwise Christ would have often suffered (Heb. ix. 26): but the Church of Rome professes to offer up the same Christ daily, under the hands of her Priests, converting that which ought to be a *commemoration* of the sacrifice on Calvary

to a daily *propitiatory* sacrifice for the *living* and the *dead*. This she does by a perversion of the whole Gospel scheme of the *one* Atonement and Redemption.

6. She admits that God is a Spirit, and is to be worshipped in spirit, for the Bible is also plain on this point: but she also declares that He is to be worshipped under the form of a consecrated piece of bread, made by men's hands, an invention of Priests to increase their dignity and consequence, but degrading to the Deity.

7. She admits that God can and does pardon sin, teaches that His clemency is reserved for the truly contrite; while it is left to the Church, by her Priests, through the (so-called) sacrament of Penance, to make up what is wanting in the penitent who brings only an *imperfect repentance*: and thus she would save those whom God would reject—a modern invention which has not even the advantage of Tradition to support it. She takes upon herself to anticipate the judgment of God by *absolution* of the penitent in this life.

8. She admits that God is a dispenser of graces and mercies, but she pretends to share in this power by having at her disposal "Ecclesiastical Treasures" of supposed accumulated merits of departed saints—a modern invention to make money.

9. And for this purpose, while she admits that the merits of Christ are infinite, she also declares, contrary to the doctrine of Scripture, that the justified not only can be saved by their works, or rather thereby increase their right to acceptance before God, but that they can do more than is sufficient for their own salvation, which surplus can be applied for the benefit of others who may have come short of the required standard.

10. She admits that God can pardon the punishment due to the sin committed, but she takes it upon herself to anticipate that pardon, by remitting the punishment due to sin in this life, as well even the punishment sup-

posed to be inflicted on the departed who have not sufficiently atoned for their sins in this life: and this is supposed to be accomplished by Indulgences, a process never mentioned in Scripture.

11. And for this latter object, while she admits the existence of Heaven and Hell, the Bible clearly pointing them out to us, she has invented a third place, which she calls purgatory—a place of *temporal* torment after this life—a fable invented to work on the fears and credulity of the people. She assumes the power of delivering souls from Purgatory, by which she enhances the power of her Priests, and replenishes her coffers.

12. She will allow Confession of Sin to God, because the Bible sanctions it: but she declares it absolutely necessary to our salvation that we should confess to one of her Priests, at least once a year—a piece of priestcraft, the value of which is well appreciated.

13. She admits that Christ instituted two sacraments, *Baptism and the Supper of the Lord*, but to them she has added five others; but practically denies us the benefit of all these by declaring that such benefit shall depend on the *intention* of the officiating Priest: a modern invention, the object of which it is difficult to comprehend.

Such, then, are a few of the *leading truths* admitted by all classes of Christians, put in contrast with the errors which the Church of Rome has superadded. The pure gold has been tarnished by her alloy. The Reformers did nothing more than bring us back to that faith “once delivered to the saints,” which had long been hid, buried under the novelties and innovations of successive ages—the inventions of a corrupt priesthood. They “came not to destroy,” but to uphold the doctrine of the Apostles, which the Church of Rome had practically rendered of none effect by her Traditions.—“*Novelties of Romanism*,” by C. H. Collette.

ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.—If we desired to make a comparison between Popish and Protestant training as regards the clergy, we should say let any one closely examine the first dozen of priests he may meet, and compare them with the same number of our Clergy.

The characteristic of the former will be, a low vulgar sensuality in the expression of their countenances, an awkward gait, and a perverted intellect; while in the others, he will perceive a clear eye, an open countenance, a manly gait, and a polished and cultivated mind. These are the results of education. Romanism as naturally leads to the former results as Protestantism does to the latter.—*National Standard*.

NOT many years since, the only Roman Catholic publisher in “the Row” was Mr. Jones, of No. 63. Now there are five—Messrs. Richardson and Son, No. 26; Mr. Duffy, No. 22; The Catholic Publishing Company, No. 21; Mr. Jones, No. 13; and Messrs. Burns and Lambert, No. 63.

BOOKSELLERS IN IRELAND.—It is a fact much to be deplored that in Ireland there should exist at present about seventy towns (five of which are boroughs), containing from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, without a bookseller’s shop; but stranger still, that in this enlightened age of the world there should be found six whole counties equally without publisher, bookseller, or even a circulating library. Really one is astonished while giving thought to such a state of things. In other countries it is not so. Take Scotland, for instance, with one-third of Ireland’s population, numbering three booksellers to every one in Ireland—i.e., in the proportion of the population as nine to one. Fondly would we hope, for our country’s sake, that such a reproach would soon be wiped off.—*Belfast News Letter*.

POPEY IN BRITAIN.—From Parliamentary Returns, and from the careful and very accurate statistics compiled and published by the Scottish Reformation Society, it appears that the Church of Rome in Great Britain is in the annual receipt of endowments from the British Government to the following amount: For schools in Great Britain, £36,314 7s. 3d; for schools in Ireland, £102,842 18s. 9d.; for College of Maynooth, £30,000; for chaplains in the army, at home and abroad, £7,229; for 186 chaplains, at £50 each, in work-houses, prisons, and asylums in Ireland,

£9,300; for 6,075 Douay Bibles to the army, £451 10s. 2d.; for 700 Popish prayer-books ("The Garden of the Soul"), £27 13s., making a total of £186,165 9s. 2d. And to these are to be added sundry grants which are made by our Government to priests and schools in India, in Australia, and other colonies,

as well as at home, the exact amount of which cannot be ascertained. Taking these into account, we feel that we cannot be in error when we say that the sum given annually by the British Government for the support of Popery cannot be less than two hundred thousand pounds.

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,—Some *second-hand* things are better than some *new* things; and the old wine of the Kingdom, so freely poured out in the days of RICHARD BARNARD, has a relish about it which is much wanting in the distillations of the days we live in. If you agree with me in the extracts I send, you will find a corner some day for them; and may the Lord bless and prosper you until that day when you, and I, and all the blood-bought family, shall drink of that new wine which issues not from an *earthly* still.

Dover.

J. B. K.

TAKEN FROM "THE BIBLE'S ABSTRACT AND EPITOME," ETC., BY
RICHARD BARNARD, RECTOR OF BATCOMBE, 1642.

The title-page bears the following:—

Here is the pearle that Christ commandment gave,
All that men had to sell the same to save (Matt. xiii.)

Here is the wisdom that will

Lead	{	thee when thou	{	walkest, sleepest, wakest,	}	—Prov. vi. 22.
Watch for						
Talke with						

And will

Keepe	{	thee in	{	floods fire fine	}	from	{	drowning burning, hell to	}	Heaven.—Isa. xliii.
Preserve										
Bring										

Why, then,

Forsake	{	her;	{	Dye living, Live dying.	}	—Prov. viii. 35, 36.
Embrace						

In the Lord's Prayer, whether we regard the Brevitie, Perfection, Authoritie, Method, Efficacie, or Necessitie of it; it is to be beleaved that no saint or angel is able to match that flat forme thereof, being large for matter, short for phrase, and sweet for order.

Our Father,

By right of creation,
Merit of merie,
Gratious Provisour.

Which art in heaven :

The seat of thy Majestie,
The inheritance of thy children,
The kingdome of blisse.

Hallowed be thy name:

By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our mouthes,
By the works of our hands.

Thy kingdom come :

Of grace to inspire us,
Of power to defend us,
Of glorie to crowne us.

Thy will be done,

In weale and woe,
In fulnesse and want,
In life and death.

In earth as it is in heaven :

In us as it is in thine angels,
Willingly, readily, faithfully,
Without murmure, let, deceit.

Give us this day our daily bread :

For the nourishing of our bodies,
For the feeding of our soules,
For the relief of our necessities.

And forgive us our debts,

Whereby thou art dishonoured,
Our neighbours wronged,
Ourselves endangered.

As we forgive our debtors :

That have hurt us in our bodies,
Hindred us in our goods,
Wronged us in our good name.

And lead us not into temptation :

Of the wicked world,
The enticing flesh, or
The envious devill.

But deliver us from evil :

Forgive us that is past,
Remove that is present,
Prevent what is to come.

For thine is the kingdom,

To rule and govern all,
To command and doe all,
In all, by all, All in all.

Now and for ever.

At this present,
In this world,
In the world to come.

Amen.

As thou sayest, so is it;
As thou promisest, so it shall be;
As we pray, so be it, Lord.

THE USE OF THE MEANS—TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

It behoves us to use the means that God, in His all-wise Providence, has been pleased to place before us, with the same earnestness and avidity as though success depended entirely upon such use of means. Among my many regrets is, that, in the thousands of miles I have within the last few years travelled, I have not distributed more tracts and publications. For this I reproach myself exceedingly, and count the neglect one of the many things over which I have to mourn, and to confess myself "an unprofitable servant." I was forcibly reminded of this neglect by a circumstance which lately came to my knowledge. A Christian friend, who has a peculiar aptitude for conversation, and who is ever on the alert to "sow beside all waters," both "in season and out of season," was travelling by rail. He had exchanged a few sentences with his opposite passenger, and then proffered him a couple of tracts—the one, if I mistake not, upon the Blood of Jesus; the other upon the solemn passage, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." The person in question, it appears, read the greater part of one, if not both of the tracts, and then put

them into his pocket. He sat a few minutes afterwards silently musing, then made some general remark, and almost immediately after received his death-blow from a violent concussion, another train having run into that by which he was travelling. After his death the tracts were found in his pocket. Whether they were of saving benefit, and whether they were instrumental in extorting the heart-cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," the last day alone can declare. Singular to say, as it came out in evidence afterwards, the deceased had a peculiar dread of the journey which proved to be his last. It would seem as though he had some dark foreboding, from the fear which he expressed of the journey. Under these circumstances the tracts were doubtless the more impressive. At any rate, it must have been peculiarly satisfactory to him who had given the tracts, that he had thus been found giving heed to the Divine injunction, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

“NOT IN WORD ONLY, BUT ALSO IN POWER.”

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

THIS is it, my dear brother! A sermon of sweet *power* is more to the living soul than all things else, professing or profane. That precious heart-burn!—"Did not our heart burn within us, as He talked," &c. Bless His precious name, I get it again and again; but it is always, more or less, either preceded or followed by deep pressure of soul—darkness, temptation, fear, hardness, reasonings, or base rebellion, because of the wounding of my cursed pride. However, of one thing I am quite sure, I shall never find the sweet door of hope, which opens into the Divine banquet-house, in any other place than the valley of Achor. It is trouble—trouble—trouble! Well, this is the true standard-bearer's path. It is in the front of the battle the standard must be seen. We want to be heroes—but the flesh would like to get the hero's crown after a proud parade-

day, instead of winning it in the midst of the din of battle, out of which we come covered with scars, and with garments rolled in blood. Yet, how precious is it to meet our sweet Captain at an after-battle review, and to greet Him, with a warm heart, with the cry of "Victory!"—"More than conquerors through Him who hath loved us!" Dearest brother, I know you are no stranger to the blast of the war trumpet; nor are you to the shout of triumph. My heart often goes up on your behalf; but lately, I think, more in songs than in sighs. The Lord has done, and is doing, for you so exactly as I have long felt sure He would do. Is it not exactly what we used to talk about two years ago? only that, to my mind, there are sweet rays of glory about it we could not then discover.

Plymouth.

G. C. L.

THE SIGN OF THE TIMES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER,—What a summer (?) we have had! I quite agree with you that our rulers should appoint a day of national humiliation; but I fear we may hardly expect it. Yes, no doubt encouragement of Popery; commercial dishonesty, which has really reached a shameful pitch; murder, which has of late enjoyed an alarming impunity; love of dress, the source of much crime and misery to the important class of female servants; and Sabbath-breaking, to which you might have added drunkenness and wide-spread rapidly-increasing *Infidelity*, are among our great national sins. But all these evils of the times seem to me to grow from one great and bitter root—*Lawlessness*. Lawlessness in faith; lawlessness in morals; lawlessness in trade; lawlessness in all—even the most sacred—

relations of life. *This* is what stares me in the face on every side; *this* is to my mind *THE* sign of the time, and proves it to be "the *last* time." It seems as though the very arm of law was growing weak, and her voice feeble, and the sword—which she bears in vain—dropping from her grasp. As though, in fact, she already found herself in the presence of that "*Lawless One*" (*ὁ ἀνομος*, 2 Thess. ii. 8), who, when he is revealed, will be but the concentration and embodiment of the spirit of the day, and whom the Lord alone can "consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming."

Believe me, dear Brother in the Lord,

Yours truly,

Liverpool.

W. M.

EXPERIENCE in religion is beyond notions and expressions. A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.—*Brooks.*

Reviews.

The Ways of God with Man. Essays and Criticisms on Polemical and Vital Truths. By JOSEPH PALMER.

ALTHOUGH there is no subject more full of consolation than that of Divine sovereignty, there is, at the same time, none which so arouses the natural antagonism of the human heart. The very mention of sovereignty, as appertaining to God, suffices to fan the flame of carnal indignation, and to prove to a demonstration how diametrically opposed man is in his fallen state to Jehovah's rightful prerogative to do as he pleases. Man will concede to himself, and to his fellow-man, what he will not grant to God. Commonly will he say, "Have I not a right to do what I will with mine own?" whilst, strictly speaking, he has nothing of his own; and yet he will raise a thousand objections to the same argument as applicable to Him whose are all things, and in whom he lives, and moves, and has his being. Hence, while in antagonism with Divine sovereignty, he is in a state of restlessness and perturbation. He has no peace, to say nothing of submission and acquiescence. He is like a disobedient, self-willed child, constantly disputing the right of his father to a certain mode of procedure, and as the father's course clashes with his inclinations, so he yields to parental authority merely by compulsion, and submits to any line of duty from necessity, and only because the weaker is necessarily overcome of the stronger. Filial obedience there is none. Love is not in exercise, if to be found at all.

In the work before us the subject of Divine sovereignty is treated in a manner that bespeaks a knowledge of the human heart in all its natural antipathy to so God-glorifying a theme. The writer, it would appear, has himself been led by the Holy Ghost through that flesh-and-blood-humbling ordeal which at length brings the sinner so taught to exclaim to every objector to Divine sovereignty, "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that

repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? * * * Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid."

The "Ways of God with Man" is worthy of a careful, prayerful perusal.

What to Preach, and How! A Word to Ministers. Collected and abridged from the Writings of THOMAS BROOKS, Preacher of the Word at St. Margaret's, London. By the Rev. THOMAS MILLS, M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's, near Dublin. London: Wertheim and Co. Price 3d.

"A WORD to Ministers" and a most important word too. Here, within the small compass of some forty pages, is compressed the weighty contents of many a large volume. Each page is replete with pith and power. It gives not only hints how and what to preach, but hints for health—real spiritual health; without which there can be no power in preaching; and preaching without power is like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. It is the heart-appeal, the home-stroke that is wanted, in order to constitute effective preaching. "Thou art the man!" should be the preacher's watch-word; and where it is so, it will meet its reward in the hearer's response, "I have sinned."

Mr. SPURGEON did the Church good service in publishing his "Smooth Stones from Ancient Brooks;" nor is Mr. MILLS less entitled to the thanks of Ministers especially, for this invaluable compilation—"WHAT TO PREACH, AND HOW!"

The Family Treasury of Sunday Reading.

Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL CAMERON. London: Thomas Nelson and Son.

THIS is an amazingly cheap serial, and continues to be conducted with the same spirit. Its contents are varied and interesting. We have been especially struck with the paper upon Jerusalem and its Approaches. It is next to impossible to read it without envying the writer his privilege in visiting such sacred spots.

MELLOWNESS.

NOTHING will go down, and become as a nail fastened in a sure place to our souls, that does not flow into the heart with sweet, dissolving power. We are

not at a loss as to the source of those precious things which produce that most delightful of all sensations—true, spiritual heart-burn!—*Gospel Cottage Lecturer.*

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever." "Whom to know is Life Eternal."

No. 47,
NEW SERIES. }

NOVEMBER, 1860.

{ No. 175,
OLD SERIES.

FAMILY PORTRAITS—PETER. HIS RASHNESS AND ITS REWARD.

"*And that night they caught nothing.*"—John xxi. 3.

THERE is one word which the Great Teacher is day by day putting before every pupil in the school of Christ. From the youngest to the oldest, each and all are poring over the same word. Whatever part of the book you may turn to ; peep over the shoulder of any scholar you may ; amid all the variety of teaching they are subjected to, there, there still stands uppermost, foremost, most prominent, the one word—that word, reader, is *grace* ; rich, free, sovereign *GRACE*. None are perfected in it, nor are any weary of it. There is a life and a liveliness in it. So that whether it be the little tiny one that is just admitted to the school, is scarcely high enough to sit upon the very lowest form, but is more commonly found crouching upon the floor, and occupying himself with arranging the letters from the alphabet-box that has been put before him ; or whether it be the senior pupil, who has gone through every class, and passed upward through every grade in the school, both the one and the other are engaged upon the same word—*grace*, rich, and free, and sovereign *GRACE*. You read it upon the walls in every variety of language. It is stamped upon every copy-book. The little one that is pencilling upon the slate, and the bigger boy who is tastefully tracing his ornamental letters—both are, letter by letter, bringing out the word G-R-A-C-E. Go to the lower class, the teacher is sure to have the word *grace* upon his lips, and looking for the little one to spell it ; go to the upper class—the boy is giving the root and derivation as well as the express meaning of the word—that word is sure to be—*GRACE*. Let the books be closed, the exercises laid aside, the pupils be directed to stand up and sing, the burden of their song is without doubt the same great word in some such terms as these :—

"Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

"Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

"Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
"Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

Y

"Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

As now, so of old, the great lesson put before both Old and New Testament learners was—GRACE. None had more to do with this word, in all its intensity of meaning, than had the apostle Peter. Hence it becomes a profitable exercise to follow him, in all the varied phases through which and by which he had to "read, mark, learn, and *inwardly digest*" that most important of all theories—GRACE.

We intimated in our last, beloved, that we wanted to bring out the conduct of Peter, on the one hand, in all its weakness, and sinfulness, and ingratitude, on purpose that, on the other hand, we might show forth, as the Holy Ghost may help us, the pity and the patience and the love of his—and we trust our—Lord. It is in this way that the nature and fulness of rich, and free, and sovereign *grace* is to be seen, and by it poor and helpless and guilty sinners encouraged to flee to the same source for succour and deliverance.

We left Peter in our last in the act, in common with six others of the disciples whom *he* had influenced and drawn aside, of following out his own hasty, unbelieving, arbitrary will. "I go a fishing," said he; "We also go with thee," said they. "They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing." We pray the reader to mark the expression—"that night." It was night-time in feeling as well as in fact with the beloved disciples. Ah, what creatures of sight and sense are the Lord's dear people; how little of faith, and hope, and simple trust there is about them. It is just as far as they can *see* and *feel* that they can *trust*; whereas in such case there is very, very little trust in the matter. It is the very spirit of the world. It is faith, so called, carnalized, and brought under the pettiness of reason. It is derogatory to the great and glorious principle which the apostle, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, has laid down. "Now faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen."

The apostle Peter was under no such influence when he said, "I go a fishing," neither were his companions during that night of toil and suspense. Rely on it, reader, there was but little—if any—communion upon the better things during that season of mental as well as literal darkness; none of the precious heart-burning which the disciples experienced on their way to Emmaus. "That night they caught nothing." No, nor do any of the Peter-school, when in their own spirit—in the exercise of man's boasted but utterly vain free-willism—in the effort to hasten the Lord's time—in the choice for themselves; all such carnal efforts may be labelled with, "and that night they caught nothing."

Ah, reader, if you and ourselves turn over the pages of past experience, and mentally retrace our steps and re-consider our doings, how commonly may we write across page after page, as in tears of blood, "and that night they caught nothing." We say tears of blood, for well may we (were it possible) weep such, when we contemplate against whom, and under what circumstances, we have yielded to so much ingratitude, and baseness, and unbelief.

Do recollect the circumstances under which Peter made his proposal of returning to his wonted employment—virtually, we maintain, returning to the

world. Consider, in addition to what we mentioned in our last, that saying of our dear Lord and Master, in Gethsemane's garden, in the depths and intensity of His agony, "What! could ye not watch *with* me one hour?" And now, after all that they had seen and heard, might He not, with far greater reason, ask, "What! could ye not watch *for* me one hour?" But oh, mark the tenderness of His heart in the former case, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!" And observe the self-same tenderness and forbearance and love now; and if so be the Spirit be our Teacher, and an unction from the Holy One attend our meditations, we shall learn somewhat of the sweetness of the spirit couched in the following lines:—

"Thus while His death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the *mystery of grace*,
It seals my pardon too."

Yes, yes, so it is; and this is how the fulness and the blessedness of rich, and free, and sovereign *grace* is brought out.

"But when the morning was now come." Ah, yes, the morning, that's the time for the revelation and the manifestation; but we are so hasty, so impatient, that in the darkness, and discomfort, and dread of the night-season, we cannot watch and wait hopefully and trustfully for the day! Would to God, that, amid the storm and the turbulence of the night-season, we were more wont to copy the example of Paul's companions, "they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." There are none of these precious scripture-testimonies which have not their spiritual as well as literal meaning. Paul's voyage was emblematic of the spiritual sea-voyage across the ocean of time, which every true believer takes to his Father's glorious inheritance. Those rocks upon which the mariners who sailed with Paul apprehended they had fallen, are some of those perplexities, and difficulties, and dangers, into which all the Lord's family again and again fall. Here human wisdom and human strength are to fail, in order that the creature may be stripped of all fleshly dependencies, and of necessity look to, lean upon, venture only on the Lord. Here His wisdom, grace, and faithfulness are to be tested and proved. The four anchors set forth the faith, the hope, the love, the prayer, that every Gospel mariner carries on board his barque; and in rough weather, or perplexity, or danger, he casts such overboard into the great ocean of covenant love and faithfulness. Not over the bows or fore-part of the ship, but over the stern, the hinder-part of the ship. Thus did Paul when he cast the sheet-anchor of hope, sure and steadfast, within the veil, and cried out, as his frail barque held on and rode out the storm, "Thou hast delivered, Thou dost deliver, in whom we trust that Thou wilt yet deliver us." Thus he "wished for the day." Thus he waited for the morning. This was good seamanship, ye Zion's mariners. Do ye likewise in similar straits and difficulties. Let go your anchor over the stern; Paul and his companions rode out the gale, and so will you, for you have found safe anchorage. We say, let go your sheet-anchor *over the stern*, not the bows. *Look back* upon all the way by which your great and gracious Captain has brought you—the ten thousand perplexities through which your skilful Pilot has steered you; and, as you watch for the morning, set up your Ebenezer, run up your colours to the mast-head, and let the "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" be seen floating high above the billows. This will glorify your Commander, and bring peace and soothing into your troubled and tempest-tossed soul.

One word more about this precious Gospel secret, as to from what part of the ship to cast anchor. Where was it the dear disciples found their Lord and Master, when in the storm, they fled to Him in their terror and affright, and cried, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Was it not in the *hinder part* of the ship they found Him sleeping? What was that to teach us, beloved, but the same sweet and cheering lesson of *looking back*, in order to strengthen and animate us for *looking forward*?

Personally some of us know that nothing, instrumentally, so strengthens faith and revives hope as the looking back and "remembering all the way by which He has led us these forty years in the wilderness."

The longer we live the more we are astounded in this respect, and every week, and month, and year, serve but to make us exclaim with still greater surprise and admiration, "What hath God wrought!"

Beloved, we cannot be in haste over this precious subject. Bear with us while we seek to deduce a few practical thoughts as suggested by it.

Look once more at the expression, "and that night they caught nothing." Fishing had been the disciples' former occupation. They had lost sight for a season of their Lord and Master. They as yet knew but in a very limited sense the Scriptures, though their Lord had often spoken to them so plainly and significantly. They had but a very small measure of faith, and hence they lacked patience to wait and watch for the next opening of Divine love and unfolding of Divine purpose. They were under the influence of flesh rather than faith. Hence, in their dilemma, instead of "standing still to see the salvation of the Lord," for "he that believeth shall not make haste," they chose for themselves, adopted their own course, and acted upon the hasty and premature resolve, "I go a fishing." But, happily, they were to meet with disappointment, for "that night they caught nothing."

Reader, if the Lord has been pleased in some secret but gracious way to lead thy mind, as He did that of His beloved disciples, away from former pleasures or pursuits; if He has said to thee as He said to them, "Follow me;" and if by grace and power divine thou wert led to "follow Him," all thy efforts to find peace and satisfaction in and from former worldly sources will be in vain. If thy blessed first-love sensations have subsided, if thou art now brought as it were to a stand-still, if Jesus in His sweet person and precious love-looks and heart-whispers has withdrawn Himself, and if thou now feelest a blank and a desolation and a wretchedness inexpressible, come not to any hasty resolutions as to His mind or purpose; make no rash resolves as to what thou wilt do, for assuredly if thou dost return for pleasure or satisfaction to the world, thou shalt know by bitter experience the meaning of the words "and that night they caught nothing." The world is no longer thy portion; "This is not thy rest, it is polluted." Take heed therefore; watch and wait. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand;" the morning shall soon dawn, and Jesus—even thy Jesus—shall be seen standing on the shore, afresh to commune with thy trembling heart, and cheer thy drooping soul.

But again, is there another reader whom the Lord has, in some equally gracious and manifestative way, called out from the world, and from the midst of former busy occupations and enterprizes? Has He said to such an one in plain and unmistakable language, "Go, work in my vineyard?" Was the leading, and drawing, and constraining, at length responded to? Had all objections subsided? Was every argument overruled? Was the soul at last brought down, and "made willing in the day of His power?" Was

the answer given, "Here am I; send me!" "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Has such an one in spirit and in truth, "left all and followed Him?" Has His person and work held the uppermost seat in the affections? and has all connected with this poor world been felt to be vain and perishing? Is the work of Christ, the will of Christ, the word of Christ, "the one thing needful" with such a soul? And now, after all this working and wooing upon the part of the Lord been followed by a strange and unaccountable blank? A willingness to work in the vineyard been succeeded by a seeming want of work in that vineyard? The greater than Elijah having passed by, and cast his mantle over the soul; that soul having felt the peculiar power of the act, and ran after the great and glorious Prophet who had done this thing; and now that Prophet, as though unconscious and indifferent, saying, "Go back again, for what have I done to thee?" (see 1 Kings xix. 19—21). We ask, is this how matters stand with some soul whom we may happen to be addressing? If so, we say to such, "Be still; and know that He is God," and that He, as God, will have His own way, and work out His own wise and loving purposes when He chooses and as He chooses. Meanwhile, "Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." It will be at the peril of your peace—at the sacrifice of your comfort—if, Peter-like, in your haste and peevishness, you exclaim, "I go a-fishing." Mark what we say, if you do, you will only meet with disappointment and vexation. By painful and bitter experience you shall know what this means, "And that night they caught nothing;" but, on the contrary, if enabled to wait patiently for as well as upon the Lord, you shall so much the sooner have abundant reason to exclaim, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will declare to you what He hath done for my soul."

Dear readers, peace be with you all.

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedminster,*
Bristol, Oct. 14, 1860.

THE EDITOR.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

"But David encouraged himself in the Lord his God."—1 Sam. xxx. 6.

How sorely once was David tried,
Though he such faithfulness did show;
His allies still would not confide,
But forced him from their camp to go;
And when he reached his home he found
His foes had desolation spread—
His city burned to the ground,
The wives and children captive led.
Nor even could he comfort find
Where he had thought assistance lay,
For all his followers combined,
And wished to take his life away!
Yet still his courage never failed,
His burden on the Lord he cast;
And through his God he soon prevailed,
And out of trouble came at last.
God lays our idols in the dust,
And overturns our props of clay;
That we no arm of flesh may trust,
But make Himself our only stay;

For we frail worms are always prone
To place our hopes in human aid;
We will not trust the Lord alone,
Other foundations still are laid.
And yet in trouble's darkest hour,
When human help is nowhere nigh;
How sweet to trust almighty power,
And on our covenant God rely!
For He alone the storm can quell,
The winds and waves obey His will,
He rules the world—then all is well,
What's best for us is ordered still.
Since there is none but God who can
Assistance bring in time of need,
We should not rest our hopes on man,
Nor lean on any broken reed;
If courage we from God derive,
And on the Lord our burden cast,
Deliverance then shall soon arrive,
And shall more glorious prove at last.

Obituary.

SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION, AND VICTORY IN DEATH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELoved IN THE LORD, and for His sake may an abundant increase of every new covenant blessing be granted to thee and thine. When I last addressed you, I intimated to you that I had sustained another loss, in the person of the eldest daughter of my late beloved wife, an account of the Lord's dealings with whom I then promised to send to you for publication. In January, 1839, her father died, and, from what I have heard, ended in peace a life of trial; he was, to my knowledge, a follower of the truth for some years, and regularly sat under the ministry of the late JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, of Leicester, in his periodical visits to Grantham and the neighbourhood. This event cast the widow and seven children out of their home, and in very trying circumstances; but He, who is indeed a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless, forsook her not in this time of severe trial, and several friends were raised up to assist her, one taking one child, and another taking another; and a subscription being entered into, she was placed in a business at Grantham with the rest of her family, the youngest (the only boy) being not quite a year old when his father died. The eldest (the subject of this memoir), Mary Ann, then fifteen years of age, was placed under the care of a friend at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, to learn the business of a dressmaker. Here, in process of time, attending the Wesleyans' place of worship, she became a convert to their opinions, and was zealously affected, but not well. This religion of nature, and supposed conversion, she carried back with her on her return to Grantham to reside with her mother; and though a most dutiful child, and devotedly attached to her mother, she would occasionally contend with her, and gave proofs that the carnal mind, in its most refined state, is neither more or less than enmity against the truth of God. Although she attended the usual place of worship

sometimes with her mother, yet she took a sitting, and for the most part attended, at another place, which was a source of grief to the mother, who, with tears, would at times reason with her; but she maintained her own views, not knowing that the mother had the advantage of knowing, by heart-felt experience, both sides of the question, while she knew but one. Nevertheless, in all other matters, she was a most dutiful, affectionate daughter, and indefatigable in attending to her business, and assisting her mother to bring up the rest of the family. In the course of the wonder-working providence of that God who orders all things according to the counsel of His own will, her husband, a young man, came to reside in the neighbourhood as assistant in a firm; and being cast in her company, an attachment was formed, which eventually ended in their marriage, about three months after that of her mother and myself. This circumstance cast her lot under the ministry of the late Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Salem Chapel, Leicester; and here it pleased God to strip her of all that religion which she had formerly fancied she possessed; and the turning point now appeared to be what that man of God, JOSEPH HART, says,—“not, whether she *would*, but whether she *might*, be a Christian; not, whether she *would* be saved, but whether God *would* save her.” This conviction led her to wait at Wisdom's gates, and watch at the posts of her doors. The work of our dear pastor being done, he was taken home to the mansion prepared for him; and she heard the different ministers who supplied that pulpit. And after the Rev. THOMAS OWEN came to Leicester, she frequently heard him, and always spoke most affectionately of him. About the year 1855 symptoms of a tendency to dropsy overtook her, and all the means to obtain a cure proved abortive; and she underwent (by the advice of her medical attendant) the operation

of tapping, which, for a time, relieved her; and to this she submitted thirteen times. At the beginning of the year 1857 she sunk, to all appearance, to the verge of the grave, being reduced almost to a skeleton, and no one expected to see her down-stairs alive again; but He whose way is oft in the sea, ordained it otherwise, and she rallied again, recovered her flesh and strength, and was indeed a wonder to those who had previously witnessed her prostrate condition. On one occasion that spring I went over to preach at L., when I was led to speak from the words of Manoa's wife. I found, on returning to her house after preaching, that the Word had entered; hope abounded, and her mouth was opened to me as I had never heard it before; she spoke of her former false profession, and her enmity against the truth, and of the mercy of God in opening her eyes to see her danger and the remedy, and though often faint, through many fears, was still kept pursuing. At length, in the spring of 1859, she removed to the village of Belgrave, about a mile out of Leicester, and her health continued as usual, varying much from time to time; but she evidently grew weaker, until the time came that she found she must submit to another operation; this proved to be the last, and from that time she gradually sunk. Her frame of mind, like that of all the heaven-born family, varied much,—sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, but exceedingly patient under great suffering. I visited her at times, and sometimes had a very pleasant conversation with her, and she enjoyed the reading and prayer; her hope brightening at one time, and fears prevailing at other times. She was also visited by the Rev. S. ADAMS, of Thornton, and Mr. OWEN: both were satisfied in their minds that the Lord had taught her; and she enjoyed their visits. On one occasion she remarked to me how perfectly the views of Mr. OWEN coincided with my own, respecting some questions she wanted solving. I told her I did not suppose for a moment that he would contradict anything I said, either on doctrine or experience, for God gave to those He taught one heart and one way. She said, she often feared she had never

been sufficiently convinced of sin, as she had never passed through such terrors as some she had read of, nor ever sunk into such a depth of distress as others. I replied, that Satan had mauled me for years, in the early part of my profession, about the same thing; but as I went on, and the Lord was pleased to open my understanding into His Word, I was led to see the reality of what Mr. HART says, "that there is no such thing as chalking out lines for God to work by; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian conversation," &c., &c.; that as I was led to search the Word, I was convinced that the woman at Jacob's well, sinner as she was, left no proofs of a terrible law-work; or the men of Samaria either, to whom she related what had passed, and who constrained Him to abide two days with them. Nor were we led by the narrative to suppose that Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened to attend to the things spoken by Paul, and the Philippian jailor and his household, were the subjects of a long or deep law-work; neither was Zaccheus; and, of necessity, the work was indeed short with the thief upon the cross. To these remarks she replied, her sister and she had been speaking of the same things that morning. I observed, that one thing I was more and more convinced of, as the Lord led me on, which was, this: the all-important question was centered in that one little word "LIFE," as the immortal coal-heaver says in his unrivalled sermon, entitled "The Destruction of Death by the Fountain of Life," &c. That there is no medium between death and life; that wherever the ever-blessed Spirit of God breathes this breath of life into the soul of a sinner dead in trespasses and sins, the effect produced is a sense of want, a restlessness, and tormenting fear, more or less, of death. This felt sense of want proceeds from life, and coming from God's own teaching, is sure to lead the soul to cry to Him. There are no still-born children in Zion. When this life entered the soul of Saul of Tarsus, *then, and not before, he prayed*. Our state is aptly set forth in the book of the prophet Ezekiel, by that of a wretched infant cast out in

the open field, polluted in its own blood, to the loathing of its person. Now, what can this poor helpless infant do? Certainly, everything it needs must be done for it. But there are two things it will and must do. It will struggle; it will cry: and why? Because it is alive. These things were cheering and encouraging to her, and I left her calm and cheerful, yet desiring a more full, clear, and satisfactory proof of interest in the finished work of Jesus. On the Saturday, a week before her death, and two days after this interview, the medical attendant found her exceedingly feeble, and intimated she might go any minute. On his departure she sunk low, and cried for the Lord to have mercy upon her, and said to her sister, "Do, my dear, read something to try to comfort me." She opened, and read some portions out of the Psalms; then, turning over the leaves, she opened upon the 40th chapter of Isaiah, and began to read, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." And—to use the language of her affectionate husband, who penned down a portion of this account—"And truly she did receive double there and then; for she lifted up her hands and said, that 'her Redeemer was come, and that she was saved with an everlasting salvation; that Christ Jesus had died for her, and would now soon take her to Himself, and crown her with His loving-kindness,' and added, 'I shall soon be with my dear mother.'"

Her heart was almost too full for words to express what she felt. She knew she was made a new creature in Christ, and was filled with peace through the application of His precious atoning blood, and was redeemed henceforth and for ever from all iniquity. She said, "Oh, my dears, never doubt my safety; Jesus died for me, bless His dear name! I have read of these enjoyments in the works of good men, but never in my life before have I felt and experienced anything like this." That day I was tempest-tossed, and at my wits' end for a text, which is fre-

quently my lot, when about four o'clock p.m. my mind was arrested by Lamentations iii. 25, "The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him." My mind at once became calm, and the Word sweetly opened. I was at once led to reflect on what that teaching was that brought a poor sinner to wait for, and seek after, the Lord, and a pleasant chain of thoughts followed; and knowing I should not be able to see her the next day (being Sunday), I took a walk over after tea, meditating upon my subject as I went. On arriving, she said, "O father, I am glad you are come; I wanted to see you;" and related to me the Lord's gracious hand towards her. I said, "You now know indeed the truth of HART's words,—

"When Jesus with His mighty love,
Visits my troubled breast;
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest."

She replied, "Completely blest! completely blest!" I was overwhelmed with a sense of the superabounding goodness of God to her, and to me, a poor sinful worm; for I had been, in private, for a week or more past, so particularly led to entreat the Lord that she might be enabled with the heart to believe unto righteousness, and with the mouth to make confession to salvation; and such a signal answer to my feeble cries on her behalf appeared too great—too good. Like the Church, when assembled together praying for the deliverance of Peter out of prison, the answer seemed almost more than faith could credit; such are the wondrous leadings of our covenant God. Now I, surely I can go and tell poor sinners that "the Lord is good to them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeks Him;" for what a living proof have I here before my eyes. I returned home with a heart overflowing with a sense of His goodness, and spoke from those words next morning, and in the evening from "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." Sunday morning, after this love-visit, when in great pain, she said,

"How can I sink with such a prop.
Which bears the world and all things up?"

and added,

“ My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thy hand.”

After being moved upon the couch on which she lay, and becoming rather easier, she desired us to sing *her* hymn,

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains,” &c.

This was one of her favourite hymns, and she enjoyed it much. Mr. LANGHAM, sen., being at home, walked over to see her in the afternoon, and had a most satisfactory conversation with her. On his saying, “ You have had a taste then;” she replied, “ No, father, not a taste; more than a taste.” Monday and Tuesday, August 13th and 14th, when suffering much from pain and sickness, she cried, “ Lord, have mercy upon me, and give patience to wait thy time; come, Lord Jesus, and take me home.” I visited her again, and found her calm and tranquil; but she said Satan had been trying to make her believe that it was all a delusion; on which I replied, “ My dear, he is not divided against himself, but will oppose, if permitted, every inch of our ground; he knows where he is cast out by the mighty power of God, and where he goes out of his own accord. And subtle as he is, he sometimes overshoots himself out of his own bow; and never more so than when he prevailed upon the Jews to crucify the Son of God, which proved the everlasting destruction of his kingdom.” I read and prayed with her as usual. Wednesday, the 15th, she said, “ Thank the Lord for a little ease from pain; do pray for me; I get impatient, and long to go.” And added, “ Dear dying Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.” I said,

“ Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th, she suffered much, and cried out, “ Lord, save me! Lord, have mercy upon me!” She said to her doctor, “ I shan't be long here now;” thanked him for his kindness and attention to her, and wished him good bye. On that evening I saw her for the last time on earth,

having to leave home for preaching in Warwickshire, and left her calm and peaceable, to meet no more on earth. Saturday, the 18th, she appeared to be taken worse, and when dozing, rattling in the throat came on and was troublesome. She asked if she made that noise when asleep, and remarked how funny it was. She grew evidently more feeble, and scarcely took anything; when asked what she would like, she said she wanted her tea so bad; but when it was brought, she could not take it, and said, “ You will often think of my meals,” for she had enjoyed them much for several days past. About five o'clock on the same evening, being alone with her husband, she conversed freely about her end; said she knew she was sinking very fast, and that she rejoiced in the prospect of death. Yet she had a fear of the last great struggle, and desired to be prayed for to be taken away soon, and that it might please God to let her depart easy, if it was His heavenly will; still she desired to wait patiently His time, knowing that He did all things well, and in due season. She expressed her wishes as to her funeral, and who she should like to follow. Some dear relatives, who were a long way off, she said it would be such a pity to send for them, and said it would make no difference; she spoke as calmly about being buried as if she was giving directions for a feast; and truly it was a feast for her in contemplation; yea, a heavenly one to all eternity.

Sunday morning, about three o'clock, her happy spirit took its flight to mansions of bliss, for ever freed from the burden of the flesh; and so peaceful was her end, that her husband, her brothers, and three sisters, who stood watching over her, could not positively say when she took her last breath. And truly in this also, her desires, and the prayers of those who loved her, were answered to the letter; thus she found “ a death like sleep, a gentle wafting to eternal life.”

My desire is, that my last end may be like hers. Mark the perfect (in Christ Jesus), and behold the upright; the end of such is peace.

She was buried by the Rev. T. OWEN, in the cemetery at Leicester, August

22, 1860, aged 36 years, leaving an affectionate husband, and three fine boys between the ages of seven and eleven, to mourn the loss of her who was a faithful wife, a dear and loving partner, and a kind and affectionate mother. Many friends went (though the weather was unfavourable) to witness her funeral, to whom she was dear in the various relations of life which God in His providence had called her to fill.

Thus, beloved brother, I have sent you a faithful account of a part of the Lord's gracious dealings towards one endeared to me by a double tie—naturally and spiritually. I had long

ago felt a persuasion that the Lord had savingly wrought upon her; and how sweet and consolatory, how strengthening and establishing it is, to see Him thus confirm our hope.

"The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes."

Hoping this account of the Lord's faithfulness may encourage the lambs of the fold, however faint, still to keep pursuing, for in due season they shall surely reap,

Believe me to remain as ever,

Yours unfeignedly in Jesus,
Leicester. THOMAS SMITH.

MEMORANDA OF CHURCH AND SCHOOL MATTERS.

(Continued from page 297.)

June 24th—25th	£5	8	2
.. 26th	5	4	0
.. 27th	2	14	4
.. 28th	5	5	10
.. 29th	10	2	0
.. 30th	0	7	0

[The week, £29 1s. 4d.]

July 1st—2nd	0	1	1
.. 3rd	10	18	8
.. 4th	0	4	2
.. 5th	0	3	11
.. 6th	5	9	6

[The week, £16 12s. 4d.]

.. 8th—9th	0	7	4
.. 10th	6	4	1
.. 11th	5	10	1
.. 12th	0	3	6
.. 13th	2	2	6
.. 14th	11	8	1

[The week, £25 15s. 7d.]

.. 15th—16th	1	11	0
.. 17th	0	13	2
.. 18th	7	0	1
.. 19th	0	19	1
.. 20th	0	9	1
.. 21st	1	2	6

The week, £11 14s. 11d.]

.. 22nd—23rd	0	16	7
.. 24th	0	2	6
.. 25th	5	13	6
.. 26th	0	8	6
.. 27th	0	2	11
.. 28th	0	7	6

[The week, £7 10s. 7d.]

July 29th—30th	£2	4	4
.. 31st	1	6	0
Aug. 1st	0	2	0
.. 2nd	3	4	1
.. 3rd	6	10	6
.. 4th	3	1	6

[The week, £16 8s. 5d.]

.. 5th—6th	5	1	0
.. 7th	0	7	6
.. 8th	0	9	6
.. 9th	0	0	6
.. 10th	1	10	0
.. 11th	1	0	0

[The week, £7 19s. 6d.]

.. 12th—13th	0	2	0
.. 14th	2	1	0
.. 15th	11	18	10
.. 16th	2	8	5
.. 17th	0	17	6
.. 18th	10	16	6

[The week, £28 4s. 3d.]

.. 19th—20th	0	4	1
.. 21st	6	11	7
.. 22nd	0	2	0
.. 23rd	1	7	6
.. 24th	0	1	0
.. 25th	0	1	0

[The week, £8 7s. 2d.]

.. 26th—27th	£0	4	1
.. 28th	1	8	1
.. 29th	2	1	6
.. 30th	2	13	0
.. 31st	0	2	6
Sept. 1st	8	7	0

[The week, £14 16s. 1d.]

Sept. 2nd—3rd	£2 2 1
.. 4th	17 14 6
.. 5th	0 1 0
.. 6th	13 9 10
.. 7th	0 5 6
.. 8th	2 13 7

[The week, £36 6s. 6d.]

.. 9th—10th	13 18 11
.. 11th	12 2 10
.. 12th	0 4 4
.. 13th
.. 14th	10 3 5
.. 15th	1 2 6

[The week, £37 12s.]

.. 16th—17th	0 6 10
.. 18th	12 0 0
.. 19th	0 9 9
.. 20th	0 2 0
.. 21st	2 17 4
.. 22nd	0 10 3

[The week, £16 6s. 5d.]

.. 23rd—24th	3 2 0
.. 25th	0 2 8
.. 26th	0 7 1
.. 27th	0 11 0
.. 28th	1 15 6
.. 29th	11 11 6

[The week, £17 9s. 9d.]

Sept. 30th—Oct. 1st	0 16 11
Oct. 2nd	0 0 2
.. 3rd	0 5 8
.. 4th	0 3 5
.. 5th	£0 4 11
.. 6th	6 1 0

[The week, £7 12s. 1d.]

Oct. 7th—8th	£0 3 8
.. 9th	0 9 6
.. 10th	0 13 0
.. 11th	3 1 4
.. 12th
.. 13th	0 4 7

[The week, £4 12s. 1d.]

.. 14th—15th
.. 16th	2 2
.. 17th	1 11
.. 18th	1 8
.. 19th	0 10 6
.. 20th	1 1 9

[The week, £6 13s. 4d.]

In looking over the foregoing memoranda, I find the weeks' receipts varying from under £5 to upwards of £50. Whilst one day's returns are twopence, another day's returns are £25; and yet the Lord as much directs, and is as much interested, in the one as in the other. All is under *His* wise control who knows the necessities of every case, and regulates all with the most perfect wisdom. Oh, to trace His hand more and more in the minutiae of His dealings, and to feel increasingly with regard to that minutiae, the truth of His own word, that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's knowledge," and that the very "hairs of our head are all numbered."

"Day by day the manna fell,
Oh, to learn that lesson well;
Thus far by bounteous mercy led,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

SOME of God's converted people are soon matured for glory, by their nearness to, and intimate communion with, the Sun of Righteousness. These are frequently known to outrun their brethren, and (like John at the tomb of our Lord) to reach the sepulchre, finish their course, and ascend to their Master's joy, at a very earlier period. While other saints, who either do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy on earth, are detained from their crown until they are full of years and good works. Each of these is gathered as a shock of corn in its season. O believer, if thy God summons thee away betimes, His Spirit will first perfect that which concerneth thee! nor will Providence apply

the sickle until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if He lengthens thy thread, having much for thee to do, and much to suffer, He will show Himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art grey-headed; for He hath inviolably declared, "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoary hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and I will deliver you" (Isa. xli. 4). Remember, to thy great and endless comfort, that

"His every word of grace is strong
As that which build the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises."

Toplady.

WE may be losers for God, but we shall never be losers by Him.—*Cripple-gate Lect.*

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MATT. IV. 1—11.

(Continued from page 449.)

BUT perchance the temptation is presented in a less gross and open form. The believer is providentially, it may be, in a safe but irksome position. There is some "dead fly" in his ointment which causes the whole to send forth a stinking odour; some "crook in his lot" which he wishes to straighten; some "but" in his case, as in that of Naaman the Syrian: there is something, in short, which interferes with his comfort, destroys his happiness, and even, as he would fain persuade himself, mars his usefulness. "Well," says Satan again, "cast thyself down." That is to say, desert the post of danger and of duty; cease to occupy your unpleasant position; give up your ill-remunerated labours; strike out some new path for yourself: *though* you will thereby imperil your earthly subsistence; *though* you may bring discredit on your Christian profession and disaster upon yourself; *though*, in short, the voice of Providence says plainly, "This is the way, walk you in it." Is it not written, "If they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another;" "The labourer is worthy of his hire;" "The silver and the gold is mine, saith the Lord;" "The Lord will provide;" "Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure?" So he said to Elijah when he tempted him to fly from the threat of Jezebel, thinking himself all the while "very jealous for the Lord God of hosts." But ah! what a solemn, rebuking voice was that which came to him in his solitary retreat—"What doest thou *here*, Elijah?" So he said to Jonah, when he persuaded him to "flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord;" but how bitterly had the disobedient prophet cause to cry, even out of "the belly of hell;"—"They that observe lying vanities"—"who give ear to the lies of Satan"—"for-sake their own mercies." Oh, it is a blessed promise, beloved, which we find in Isa. xxviii. 16, "*He that believeth shall not make haste.*" That is, as good old MATTHEW HENRY excellently says, "*He that believeth* these promises, and

rests upon them, 'shall not make haste;' *shall not run to and fro in a hurry, as men at their wits' end; shall not be shifting here and there for his own safety*, nor be driven to his feet by any terrors, as the wicked man is said to be (Job xviii. 11), but with a firm heart shall quietly wait the event, saying, 'Welcome the will of God.' He shall not make haste in his expectations, so as to anticipate the time set in the Divine counsels, but, though it tarry, will wait the appointed hour, knowing that 'he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' *He that believeth will not make more haste than good speed*, but be satisfied that God's time is the best time, and will patiently wait for it."* Moses "made haste" when he smote the rock twice, and said, "Hear now, ye rebels" (Numb. xx. 10, 11); but the result of his haste was that he never entered the land of Canaan (see Deut. xxxii. 51, 52). David "made haste" when he numbered the people, but his haste cost him "seventy thousand men" (see 1 Chron. xxi. 1—14). Josiah "made haste" when he went to battle against the king of Egypt, but the result of his haste was his own death and the speedy captivity of Judah (see 2 Kings xxiii. 29—33; 2 Chron. xxxv. 20; xxxvi. 3). The mother of Jesus "made haste" when she said unto him, "They have no wine," and incurred the mild rebuke, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? *mine hour* is not yet come" (John ii. 3, 4). Peter "made haste" when he vain-confidently declared, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended" (Matt. xxvi. 33), and presently denied his Lord with oaths and curses. Paul "made haste" when he said to the high priest, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," forgetting that it was written, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people" (Acts xxiii. 1—5). But "*he that believeth*"—not he who is a believer (for all those

• "Commentary," *in loco*.

I have mentioned here were men of faith) but he whose faith is in exercise in any particular matter such as I am speaking of—"will not make haste;" he will not "make haste" to leave the post where God has placed him, or the work which God has given him; he will not "make haste" to cast away the cross which a Father's hand has laid upon him; he will not "make haste" so as to outrun, but will keep his eye fixed upon the "cloudy pillar" of the divine providence; for he knows that oftentimes "his strength is to sit still," and that the poet's words are as true as beautiful, when he says,—

"Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar fore'er the Spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

"Haste not! faint not! calmly wait—
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! faint not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!"

This temptation, as has been already intimated, has also a *spiritual* aspect, which I must briefly notice. As such the *minister of the Gospel* is much exposed to it. He is perhaps "a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven," who has been wont "to bring forth out of his treasure things new and old," and whose preaching "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" has made a still-widening breach in the gates of hell. Satan has in vain endeavoured to stop him and mar his work, either by the opposition and blasphemy of the enemies of the Lord, or by the enervating influence of worldly prosperity; he has recourse therefore to this temptation, and says to him as he did aforetime to his great Master, "Cast thyself down." Man of God, he whispers, why so much pains and toil about the spiritual food which you give to your people? Can you not say sound, and true, and profitable things, without all this waste of time and strength in poring over your Bible and your books? Does not Paul say, that "his speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom?" Has it not

"pleased God through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe?" Is it not written, "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. x. 19, 20). Trust then to that "gift of prophecy" which God has given you; surrender yourself up to the Holy Spirit, and speak only that which His sovereign wisdom shall suggest; so shalt thou at once spare thyself and glorify God. Ah! servant of God, it is a pleasant snare—it is a wily temptation; fall in with it, and you may find too late that you have cut the sinews of your strength, that the power has departed from your pulpit, and that "*Ichabod*" is written upon your ministerial work. True indeed it is that human wisdom will never commend the truth of God. True it is that the faithful minister of Christ's Gospel will ever wait in prayerful dependance on the promised aid and teaching of the Holy Spirit. But, on the other hand, it is equally certain that in his case, as much as in any other, is that saying true, "In all labour there is profit" (Prov. xiv. 23). Well does the heavenly minded M'CHEYNE say, "*Oil, beaten oil*, for the lamps of the sanctuary." It is a solemn impertinence to offer in God's house and to His people that which has cost us nothing. It is wicked presumption or slothful indolence, thus to neglect the improvement of the talents God has committed unto us. For remember—and in this remembrance lies your defence against this temptation of the evil one—it is written again, "*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.*" "*Give attendance to reading*, to exhortation, to doctrine. *Neglect not the gift that is in thee*, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. *Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly unto them*; that thy profiting may appear to all. *Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine*; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee" (2 Tim. ii. 15; 1 Tim. iv. 13—16).

But while in this aspect the tempta-

tion, "Cast thyself down," presents itself more especially to the *preacher*, let not the *hearer* forget that it has other phases in which it is equally applicable to himself. I will suppose, for instance, that a believer is, through no fault of his own, resident in a locality where, at the only place of worship within a practicable distance, though no positive error is propagated, the Gospel is not preached with fulness or unction, and where consequently Sabbath after Sabbath he gets no food for his soul. Here again Satan is ready with the suggestion, "Cast thyself down." Give up your attendance in God's house, stay rather at home and eat your morsel in secret. The God of ordinances is not tied to ordinances. Was not St. John "in the Spirit on the Lord's day," though banished to a desert island in the *Ægean Sea*? And is it not written, as we have lately heard, "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God?" Ah! beloved, beware of this spiritually-minded devil! It needs indeed eyes anointed with heavenly eye-salve to see the right path in such a question as this. There is such a thing as *spiritual selfishness*; there is a *pride* none the less hateful because it takes refuge in *spiritual places*. Recollect that though undoubtedly a *great end*, your own spiritual profit is not the *sole end*, of your attendance on public ordinances.

1. *There is the rendering an act of solemn homage to God.* On which point I would direct the reader's attention to the important remarks of the Rev. RICHARD CECIL, which will be found at page 227 of the present volume of the Magazine.

2. Again, *there is the influence of our example upon others.* Our unenlightened and ungodly neighbours might not be able to understand, even if they knew, our reasons for absenting ourselves from public worship; they may be quite incapable of appreciating our spiritual wants and feelings, but will they not take cognizance of our *outward acts*? "Mr. — is a very religious man, but he does not go to Church," that is a plain fact; and the corollary is as easily drawn, "Why then should I?" Yet the "milk" which our stronger stomach

loathes, is perhaps the only spiritual food at all suited to them. Is not this a case then in which St. Paul's charitable resolve in some measure holds good; "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth?" (1 Cor. viii. 13).

3. But again, *there is the promise of Christ*, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 20). Where is this promise made conditional on the perfect soundness, or the peculiar fervour and spirituality of the preacher? What though his gifts be small, and his preaching, to us at least, dry and savourless; shall that make the promise of none effect? God will have His house called of all nations "the house of prayer," not as we too often seem to imply "the house of preaching." Shall we then refuse to meet together for the purpose of united prayer, because we cannot, or may not, be unitedly edified by preaching! To do so is surely voluntarily to shut ourselves out from any part or lot in the promise, and to "tempt the Lord our God" to send leanness into our souls.

4. Once more, *there is the Divine command*, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching" (Heb. x. 25). I am speaking throughout these remarks, let it be understood, of a case in which not only is there no choice between a feeble and a more efficient ministry, but at the same time of one in which the fault is one rather of defect than of error. If positive error be inculcated, or if any of the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel be wrested or ignored, then indeed the path of duty, be the consequences what they may, is plainly laid down for us in the injunction of Solomon, "*Cease*, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge" (Prov. xix. 27). Which injunction is confirmed in the New Testament by the emphatic caution—a caution, alas! how needful in the present day—"Take heed *what* you hear" (Mark iv. 24). But if the error, supposing its presence, touch no vital doctrine; or if the ministry be good in itself, though unedifying to us, because

it does not meet our peculiar need and state of soul, then it seems to me that our duty is equally plain to bear with it. For on the one hand, by so doing, we shall as far as in us lies, honour God, benefit the souls of others, and entitle ourselves to the fulfilment of Christ's promise; while, by adopting the opposite course, we shall be simply complying with Satan's plausible temptation, and by so doing "*tempt the Lord our God.*"

"The preacher's merit rate not by thine ear,
His phrase, his accent :—
To truth thy reverence pay, and not its dress;
Esteem him for his embassy; the blame
Of missing improvement oftenest is our own.
Mere planters are Apollos and a Paul;
Growth is the Spirit's gift, his virtual act
Alone; his vital, germinating dew
Shed in the soul; his influential beam."

(To be continued.)

I WILL.

AN old sextoness being asked, "Does the minister of this church preach the Gospel?" replied, "Ay, that he do; he takes his text every Sunday from the Gospel for the day." There are many, in every age, like the poor old sextoness, who are satisfied with the sound of words, but never attain to their meaning; therefore, to such, a sermon and a religious book must be excellent, no matter what doctrine it promulgates.

The spread of education has increased the demand for literature; and the religious world, no less than the ungodly world, has craved for its supply. The Church of God, partakers of a Divine principle, that produces, in a greater or less degree, separation from the world, is cut off by conscience from the perusal of that class of light literature which occupies the vacant hours of the ungodly; thence the religious publications of the day are received as a boon by all denominations of the professing Church. The new memoir is pounced upon as the eagle upon its prey; and the experimental or doctrinal essay, spiced with anecdotes, and garnished by the attractions of style, is devoured with avidity by the religious world. However diversified in price, size, matter, and diction, they are all harmonious on one topic—the deification of the will of man; on this point they all agree; and the unanimous cry of the religious literary market is, as of old, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

An attractive work of this class lies before us, with a title that is the exponent of the prevailing doctrine of the

day:—*I will; being the Determinations of the Man of God, as found in some of the I wills of the Psalms.* By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A., incumbent of Christ Church, Worthing. Third edition. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. The Psalmist, under the quickening power of God the Spirit, breathed out the expression of a living faith, dropped into his soul by Divine gift, in the *I wills* of the Book of Psalms; and in the fulness, at times, of a heaven-born affection that knows neither measure or bound, gives utterance to desires that gush from the depths of his renewed heart, and thereby tells out the feelings of every living child of God; but in the grasp of our author, these *I wills* are gathered up and shaped into the Arminian form that is the current religion of the day; and thereby gives to the language of the Psalmist a meaning contrary to the truth of God and the analogy of Scripture.

In the first chapter upon Trust we read as follows:—"In this Book of Psalms we find determinations to trust God in each development of Himself. The Psalmist will not trust Him in one development of Himself, but refuse to do so in another." Here we see the wide-spread doctrine of the day—creature ability and mental faith. The Book of Psalms is, if we may be allowed the figure, a photograph of all the feelings of a child of God. We have here, not only every feature given that belongs to the new creature, but every transient shade of expression is caught by the rays of Divine light, and stamped upon the inspired page. Sometimes we see

the Psalmist troubled by reason of sin, and the absence of light upon his soul; thence in his feelings "like unto them that go down into the pit." Sometimes he is tried by outward circumstances, that seem ready to crush him—"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me; many there be that rise up against me." Sometimes David gives utterance to the griefs that oppressed his soul, wherein we eye him as the type of the Man of Sorrows—Christ Jesus; and anon he gives vent to the joys that refreshed his spirit; and here we behold him as the type of the triumphant Son of God; and, as out of the depths of his woe, he tells us the secret workings of sin, fear, unbelief; so from the heights of spiritual enjoyment, and the present power of a Divine faith, he tells us of the love, desire, and devotedness that sprung up in his soul, which, in Gospel language, is neither more or less than the fruits of the Spirit, dropped into the heart by the Holy Ghost, and breathed out in these believing, loving *I wills*.

In page 29, the author asks a question which saps the foundation upon which the blessedness of the Book of Psalms, as a whole, rests. He says—"Why is it that many of the Lord's dear people do not realize the great comfort which, from the very fact of God's being their fortress, ought assuredly to be theirs?"

Now the answer to this is plain to every Spirit-taught child of God. A heaven-born religion is not a mental faith, a stereotyped creed, but a living principle, thence the subject of all the changes that are depicted in the Book of Psalms. The character, doctrines, and dealings of God being abiding and unchangeable, like unto the sun in our firmament; but the experiences of the believer, as varied and changeful as the clouds that pass through the sky. The doctrine gathered by our author from the *I wills* of the Psalms is, in plain words, the old Arminian heresy, that finds a warm reception in the breast of every unrenewed child of fallen Adam, and meets a welcome in every partially enlightened child of God. In proof of this we quote the author's idea of prayer:—"We hear but little of the mighty power which God has put into man's hands, so far as the spiritual world is concerned." This is the doc-

trine of the day. Prayer is a spiritual steam-engine, put by God into the hands of His creatures, as some would have us believe, and Divine sovereignty must bend before the human-directed use of this wonderful machine! God never did, since the fall, put any spiritual power into the hands of man. And this is just the point at issue between the world-wide army of Pelagians and the little flock of slaughter, who contend for the life-holding and life-giving power of a covenant Jehovah; so that "it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy."

In our day there is one old-fashioned doctrine ignored altogether, and that is the foundation truth upon which salvation rests—the doctrine of eternal union. Satan, in his craftiness, begins by hiding the truth; and on the vacant surface he soon places error. The preachers and publications of the day have entered into a confederacy to wrap up the fundamentals of the Gospel, and feed the Church with results, effects, carefully keeping back the sources from whence they spring. The next step, in the absence of truth, is to introduce human ability in every phase, moral and spiritual, which is as old as Satan's first sermon to Eve—"Ye shall be as gods." And the religion of the day is shaped after this fashion, and presents the idea of two omnipotent and rival powers, set up on the platform of this world, the struggle for conquest lying between God and man, and the strongest wins the day. The doctrine of eternal union (John xvii. 23) contains in its grasp all the truths of the Gospel. Predestination unto life (Eph. i. 4), personal redemption (Col. i. 14), effectual calling (Tit. iii. 3), eternal justification (Rom. viii. 30), pardon of sin (Col. ii. 13), final perseverance (1 Thess. v. 23, 24), all flow from the union of Jehovah with a chosen Church, the donation of the Father to Christ (Heb. ii. 13), who became, in virtue of His relationship, her Saviour, Surety, and Redeemer. A conditional salvation, universal love, a wasteful redemption, creature ability, mental faith, are lies forged by Satan, that vanish before the cardinal doctrine of eternal union. But the approved religion of our day is that which begins in time

only, therefore dares not look into eternity for its origin. Of such professors their name is Legion, whose religion will die when they die, and thus give fatal proof. God never began with them, however high their standing in the visible Church.

Another fundamental doctrine utterly neutralized, if not disowned, in the present day, is total depravity. There is a large class of men in the land, who have subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles as a matter of course, and to the Ninth and Tenth inclusively. We have many ministers of a so-called Gospel, that write or extemporize sermons that allude to the fall of man, and preach piteously about the wickedness of the world, and recommend schemes to reduce crime. Some go beyond this, and preach strongly upon original sin and the ruined condition of man, his total corruption and alienation from God; but what of all this, and a hundredfold more of such descriptions, when we find them backed up with appeals to dead sinners to pray, repent, and receive the Gospel! If the breath of prayer be in the sinner, the soul cannot be dead in trespasses and sins. If a man can turn to God, then surely there must be some good thing left in his soul; if sinful humanity can perform spiritual and holy acts, which the preachers of the day would have us believe when they wind up their discourses, then we fearlessly assert the doctrine of total depravity is a lie, and the testimony of Scripture must go for nought. "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek after God. Every one of them is gone back; they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good; no, not one." And again: "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." But, further: These preachers bring forth the pearly invitations of the Gospel, that define so feelingly the character of God's weary, hungry, sorrowing, willing people (Isa. lv. 1; Matt. xi. 28; Rev. xxii. 17), and cast them before swine; or, in other words, force them into the mouths of the dead in sins, who, ignorant of the feelings therein described, are glad to lay the flattering unction to their souls that they have some dormant powers which they may

use when occasion requires; and thus the doctrine of total depravity is smoothed away, or crushed under the weight of creature ability. The only teaching that is of any worth in this point is heart-experience. When God reveals His fiery law in the breast of a poor sinner, it burns up fleshly power and self-strength, root and branch, and he falls as a helpless wretch before a holy God, crying out, "Unclean, unclean." "The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning unto his lips;" and the soul that is thus grounded in the feeling knowledge of his total depravity, who has received Christ as "the end of the law for righteousness," has seen an end of creature-perfection, and daily conflict with the old Adam nature keeps alive in the soul a sense of its incurable evil. "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil that I would not, that do I." And this puts a feeling end to creature-ability and human free-willism.

Upon the fly-leaf of the great mass of the publications of the day, with much appropriateness might be endorsed this caution of the God of truth—"Take heed that ye be not deceived, for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near, go not therefore after them." Hence the need to winnow the grain in the sieve of truth; to weigh statements in the balance of the sanctuary, and "try the spirits whether they be of God."

In the anecdotes of the book we find little to condemn. We believe them to be true records of facts which strengthen faith, quicken prayer, and stir up desires for larger trust and confidence in a wonder-working God. But in each of these simple illustrations we read the words of a Divine telegram, that tells us there is an invisible power at work; and though we can neither see, or probably comprehend, is yet the Almighty Agent whereby the winged word is conveyed, without which secret moving power there would be no fact to record.

Under the gloomy feelings that depress the lovers of a full-weight Gospel, at the view of the wide-spread Arminianism that floods our land, we cull the following little racy anecdote, which will appropriately close these remarks by leading the thoughts of the children of God

to Zion's only resting-place—the sovereign will of an all-wise and omnipotent God:—

When BULSTRODE WHITELOCK was embarking as CROMWELL's agent to Sweden, he was much disturbed in mind as to the distracted state of the nation. It happened a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding his master could not sleep, and guessing the reason, said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly." "Pray, sir, do you not think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, sir, do not you think He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but do you not think you may trust Him to govern it while you are living in it?" To this question WHITELOCK had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell fast asleep. L.

A VISIT TO BROAD-HEMBURY AND FEN-OTTERY, THE SCENE OF THE SAINTED TOPLADY'S LABOURS.

For many, many years, the name, character, and writings of the blessed TOPLADY have been dear to our heart. Perhaps no greater proof of our esteem for him could be given, than the fact that our third boy is named "AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE," after him. May a TOPLADY's mantle, by grace and love Divine, be thrown over him; and (if the Lord will) may he not only be called by Divine grace, but be called likewise to advocate the same great and glorious cause which his namesake advocated. Lord God Omnipotent! Thou couldst not confer upon that dear child a boon or a blessing so dear to his parent's heart as this. A TOPLADY's light, a TOPLADY's love, a TOPLADY's liberty, from the same boundless source of grace and mercy, to bear a living and personal testimony to eternal covenant verities. Oh, if it be not too much to ask, may Jehovah, of His great mercy, grant that, when the hand that now pens these lines shall be mouldering in the grave, and these eyes shall be closed in their last long slumber, that dear child—yea, all one's dear children—may arise up "to call the Redeemer blessed." Oh, God—our Father's God, and our own God in covenant—grant, of thy great and distinguishing mercy, that a covenant God and a covenant salvation for a covenant people—

"May be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust."

Amen and amen.

Long and ardently had we desired

to visit the scene of this great man's labours; but, strange as it may seem, it is not until a very few weeks since, we remember to have taken the map to trace out the immediate locality where his lot on earth had been cast. This we took for granted, that, as he was so great a man in mind, and heart, and power, to bring forth the great and glorious things touching the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, so, without doubt the immediate scene of his labours must have been large and important. Hence it was with no small surprise we heard an old disciple remark, when recently we mentioned TOPLADY's name, that a friend of his once heard him, and that he was surprised to find his congregation did not comprise more than a hundred persons. We were astonished at this information, but much more so when we came personally to visit the scene of his labours.

Upon finding that Broad-Hembury lay only some five or six miles from one of the stations on the Bristol and Exeter railway, we at once resolved to take an early train on our way from Bristol to Plymouth, and halt at the Collumpton station until the evening, in order to visit in the interim the places in question.

At the station we observed a tall clerical gentleman. His appearance was such as to lead at once to the supposition that though he was in TOPLADY's locality, he lacked a TOPLADY's light; and so it proved, for, upon taking our seat in the gig which was to convey us to the spots in which we had

long felt so deep an interest, the driver, in answer to the inquiry who he was, said, "Why, Sir, he is one of them parsons that wants people to *confess to him*, and the parishioners don't like it." "Certainly not," was the answer, "it would be a pity that they should like it." "I said, I will confess my transgression *unto the Lord*," exclaimed the Psalmist, "and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

But, though this question was put, and a few such observations made, it was some time before we felt any inclination to talk, except with Him whose *communings* warmed the hearts of His beloved disciples as they walked to Emmaus.

We were hardly fairly on our way before precious softness of spirit and mellowing of heart came over us, as we thought of him who had so often traversed those identical roads, and reflected upon the mercy of his now realizing all that he used to contemplate, and so sweetly and beautifully to express, whilst he sojourned in his clay tenement, and was yet a pilgrim and a stranger in this vale of tears.

The heart had been full to overflowing, the previous evening, when giving utterance before a large and attentive assembly, to some of TOPLADY's lines :

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.

The terrors of law and of God,
With ~~us~~ can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

The very lanes—those narrow Devonshire lanes—and the lofty and green hedgerows seemed to echo with the praises of Jehovah, as those praises were uttered by His once privileged and now eternally-glorified servant. Verse after verse came up to one's recollection with unutterable sweetness; among them this with such peculiar and precious power :—

"Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast help'd me till now:

I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast prov'd,
Nor wilt Thou abandon at last,
A sinner so signally loved."

"No, no," thought we, "He did not abandon thee, blessed TOPLADY. Thou wast quite correct in thy conclusions. He did prove Himself faithful to thee to the very last, And as thou wert 'a sinner so signally loved,' so is every poor sinner whom He sovereignly takes in hand. It is a signal love, a signal watchfulness, a signal provision, a signal support, a signal life, a signal death, a signal and glorious eternity."

Then came that sweet verse of dear HART's, which the loved TOPLADY quotes in his diary,

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

"Ah, had he trusted in vain?" thought we; "no, never. Nor did any poor sinner ever trust Him in vain. No poor sinner was ever put to confusion. None were ever disappointed of their trust. 'Our fathers trusted in Thee,' said the Psalmist; 'they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered; they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded,' as much as to say, 'And why should not I trust in Thee? What is there in *my* case or in *my* circumstances which forbids my trust?'"

Again, verse after verse of that precious hymn—

"When languor and sin invade
This trembling house of clay,"

came to one's recollection; and those sweet lines—

"Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee."

Our meditations were presently interrupted by our approach to a village of small thatched cottages. Its approaches were the narrow lanes, with-

out foot-ways, to which we just now made reference. "And is this Broad-Hembury?" we asked. Upon being answered in the affirmative, said we to ourselves, "And can it be possible? Is this where that man of God laboured? Is this place the appointment to which gave him such thought and anxiety?" We had known, personally, somewhat of village-life, from having passed nearly one-fourth of our existence in a small Irish village. But when we thought of a **TOPLADY**—the man, his mind, his ministry; in the whole course of our lives we never recollect being more completely taken by surprise. We scarcely knew how to believe it. The thing seemed an almost utter impossibility, that such a man could live and labour in such a place.

We live in an age of so-called improvement, and, as far as places and property are concerned, so it is. We know that Devonshire lies far west, and retains in many parts its primitive simplicity. But, if Broad-Hembury has made any advance whatever during the last three-quarters of a century, what must it have been in **TOPLADY**'s time? It now consists of not more than forty of the thatched cottages we before mentioned; it is situated in a kind of cross-road; at one extremity is the church, and near it the Vicar's house, the only house of any importance in the place.

The church has recently undergone repair; has been re-pewed, and had a chancel attached to it. The same tower stands as in **TOPLADY**'s time; and the same tick, tick, tick of the tower-clock is heard as that to which he oftentimes listened. Upon the walls are the identical tablets, and over the vaults in the aisles the inscriptions, which his eyes again and again must have traced. Some of these inscriptions are now become illegible from very age. Upon sundry of the tablets upon the walls is to be found the name of Dréwe, members of an ancient family resident at the Grange, a large house or mansion some half-mile distant from the church. One of these tablets bears date 1755. Another tablet is somewhat older; on it is recorded the name of Thomas Rose, who died 9th Jan-

uary, 1747. On one of the aisle-vaults is the name of Hill, who died 1724. On another the wording cannot be traced. A third bears date 1672.

We cannot express what we felt when recollecting how often the now sainted **TOPLADY** must have stood and pondered over those identical slabs. With so little to attract him in the village, doubtless, he spent much time in the church. How would he turn to profit and advantage the recognition of the fact that these once living ones—and the most important men of the place too—had now passed away. And how would he contemplate his own removal occupant of so frail a frame as his was. How would the ticking of that clock, heard as it plainly is throughout the church, remind him of the flight of time, and of the rapid telling off of the same moment after moment, and hour after hour!

Of the few tombs or grave-stones in the churchyard, scarcely one, if any, was legible. Most inopportunistly our pencil-lead ran out at the moment, so that we are thrown entirely upon memory for the rest.

Of course we were most anxious to ascertain if there were any elderly persons in the village, from whom we might gather any new facts bearing upon the ministry and memory of the deceased. We found, however, that all had passed away. From the oldest couple in the village, we ascertained that the daughter of the old clerk died only six months ago, at the age of 90 years. Doubtless from her might have been gleaned particulars of interest. The old couple we saw could just remember hearing their fathers and their grandfathers mention "the name of Mr. **TOPLADY**."

From this old couple we went to a middle-aged man; his father had known Mr. **TOPLADY**. He was more familiar with the name, and said he had lately found a book of prayers by him. Most anxious were we to see this book, thinking it might be some old MS. One of the young people of the family was immediately set to look after it among a heap of books stowed away in a press. At length **TOPLADY**'s little Manual of Prayers was brought forth.

The houses into which we went being precisely the same now as they were nearly or quite a century ago, we could but feel the deeper interest from the recollection, that TORLANDY had frequently been a visitor there, in his capacity as a parochial minister. In those identical rooms he had read the Word, exhorted the people, bowed the knee, and pleaded with the Lord on their behalf. "Oh," thought we, "if these walls could speak, to what cries and importunities on behalf of poor sinners would they bear testimony."

Within a few yards of the church-yard gate stands a very ancient inn—so ancient that it is said to have been built before the church itself. According to the landlord's account, Divine service was formerly held within its walls. In one part stands a species of old church screen, and here and there very ancient tracery. Over the broad and old-fashioned fire-place is a memento that speaks anything but well for the honesty of Broad-Hembury. Arranged the whole length under the mantel-piece is a quantity of counterfeit silver, from sixpennies to half-crowns, amounting in all, as the landlord said, to upwards of nine pounds.

We should love to have lingered

longer in this to us deeply interesting spot, but our time was limited. We had now some ten miles to drive to Fen Ottery, and then to add to that another fifteen before we could again take the train at Collumpton, in time to reach Plymouth that night. Moreover, it is quite necessary to allow abundance of time to the South Devon to do their work. A worse-managed line for keeping time we never remember to have travelled by, except the Waterford and Kilkenny, where on one occasion we saw the driver and stoker take refuge under a shed to escape a shower of rain; upon another occasion have known sundry passengers to alight to shove behind the train, in order to bring it up to the station, the steam of the engine being exhausted; on another occasion (after remonstrating with the guard for attempting to draw sundry goods-trucks behind a passenger train with so weak an engine) having to divide the train on the journey, leaving one-half on the line whilst the other was taken on in advance; at length finishing the journey three hours behind-time, and dashing through a pair of gates, as though closed in despair of the train's ever arriving.

(To be continued.)

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BEDMINSTER.

(From the "Bristol Daily Post.")

On Tuesday evening 16th ultimo a public meeting was held at the Temporary Church, Prince's street, Bedminster, "to report progress on the above building, and adopt measures for its completion." The chair was taken by Capt. J. B. Knocker, R.N., of Dover; and there was a large congregation.

A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. S. A. WALKER.

The CHAIRMAN, in a few introductory remarks, said he was extremely happy to find himself, on such an occasion as the present, in the position he then occupied, because he could testify to the great love and regard which he entertained for the minister whom God, in His providence, had seen fit to set over them, and who had been for many years a dear friend of his. He (the Chairman) felt it an honour to be enabled to give a helping hand to that wondrous work. In conclu-

sion, he remarked that our churches were, for the most part, after New Testament saints; but he should be glad to see the new church, instead of being called St. Luke's, called St. David's, that the Old Testament Scriptures might be thus brought forward as well as the New Testament.

The Rev. D. A. DOUDNEY then said the first thing he would have to talk about was money, a subject which he hated, and yet he quite forgot himself on a previous occasion by saying that he sometimes wished there was no such thing as money, because, but for it, he could not have afforded them, as in God's Providence he had been enabled to do, an opportunity which they had wonderfully availed themselves of, of proving their interest in his humble labours, and their attachment to himself. They had given him—and he returned them his warmest and most sincere

thanks—the most striking and the most practical proof since his connexion with that place, for scarcely eighteen months, of how they valued the simple Gospel of God, and how they estimated that kind and wonderful Providence which had brought them together. About eighteen months ago he was talking with his beloved brother now present, about what was to be done in the interim between the commencement and completion of the new church. He felt most deeply that he could not remain silent, or be only occasionally engaged during that time, and therefore between them, under the providence of God, a temporary church was proposed, and they went into the items with reference to the expense. The original estimate for the temporary church was somewhere about £150, and he cheerfully engaged to be responsible for that amount, and his brother engaged to come up once a quarter from Plymouth on purpose to preach a collection sermon, in order to meet the cost. But instead of £150, the building, with the incidental expenses, had cost £350, and that amount he was happy and grateful to say had been discharged (applause), through their kind and generous contributions, and it had been discharged, moreover, without his brother being necessitated to come up to preach a collection sermon, but he had now come to thank them. The Lord had indulged him (the speaker) very graciously in fulfilling the long cherished desire of his heart: “unto the poor the Gospel is preached.” He permitted him, Sabbath after Sabbath, to minister to a poor but to a warm-hearted congregation. Any other brother might have the rich, but give him the poor, for he was very much mistaken if they did not do as much with their comparatively empty pockets as the rich did with their long purses (applause). If he were to enter into details as to those who had contributed to the fund, they would be led to exclaim, “What has God wrought!” He had received two registered letters, each of which contained five £5 notes, from Miss —, of —, and when he went to — shortly afterwards he expressed his desire to a friend to make Miss —’s acquaintance, and to thank her for what she had done. His friend proceeded with him towards the house, expecting to find it a large building, or a mansion; but when they entered the village, he was referred to an unpretending house in an insignificant row. He said to himself, “Surely £50 did not come out of that house. He found Miss — a plain, homely dame, the house

a very humble one, and plainly furnished. She expressed great pleasure in assisting him and Mr. SPURGEON, to whom she had sent similar amounts, and added that “My sister died two or three years ago, and left me sundry property, and I determined that I would not save it, but do what good I can with it whilst I live; and, moreover, as I am of a bilious temperament (would there were a few more of a bilious temperament), I find it necessary to live very plainly, and, therefore I give away my surplus income.” (Cheers). He thanked her and thanked God, and she then gave him £10 more, and said, “I will send again after Christmas.” What did they say to the poor after that? Let them never ask the Lord for much, but rather let them ask Him to give them an open heart. He would ten times sooner see a person with an open heart without the means to do all his open heart dictated, than to see one with plenty of means who would button up his pockets (laughter). He had received two checks for £25 each, from a London tradesman; and a check for £20 from a hardworking baker there. Were not these evidences that where the Lord gave the heart they were not to despise the poor? He would not refer to the circumstances from which the church originated; he had told them at a former meeting that it originated in prayer. The gentleman who had proposed the church was the late John Holmes, Esq., through whose agent, Mr. Inskip, £3000 had been paid. The other donors were—Richard Drake, Esq., John Drake, Esq., John Cox, Esq., and William Cox, Esq., £500 each; the trustees of the Kent fund, £2000; the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, £25; W. H. Gore Langton, Esq., M.P., £150; the Incorporated Society of London, £500: the Diocesan Society, £100. Beyond that they had subscriptions amounting to £2247 19s. 7d., and he would show them in round figures the principal towns which had contributed to that amount. Bedford, £281, including £107 collected by Mr. Ranger, a member of the congregation—that amount had nothing whatever to do with the £350 of which he had before spoken, and which was raised for a totally different object; Bristol, including £102 collected by Mr. Green, another member of the congregation, resident in Redcliff-street, £493; Clifton, £339; London, £184; Bath, £57; Manchester, £63; Ireland, 31; America, £15; from various parts of the country, £863 19s. 7d.; postage stamps, £91. These amounts had

been raised by 20,000 appeals which had been made, and in answer to which he had received from a single penny stamp to £25. The total amount raised had been £10,222 19s. 7d. They might very naturally say "That is a very large amount, how is it you want more?" He explained that the £2,000 was to be contributed by the trustees of the Kent fund, on the understanding that that amount and another £2,000 should be appropriated towards endowing the church, to ensure to the minister for the time being an income of £120 a year, which was the only reliable income he would have independent of the pew rents. It was said that the church was an expensive one, and was too good for Bedminster, but he said it was not. It had been said that they ought not to have such a church for the poor, but he said they ought, and by consent of the trustees he would place the motto outside the building in a prominent place—"Unto the poor the gospel is preached." (Applause.) A Tractarian was in the church on the previous day, and he (Mr. D.) hoped that that was the last time a Tractarian would be seen there, for he would rather see the church razed to the ground than that a Tractarian should minister in it. The plan of the church was selected from 25, at the suggestion of Mr. Holmes, the largest contributor, and was the cheapest of all of them. It had

been overlooked that the foundation cost £1,000. What was wanted was £1,000 to complete the building for consecration, and £1,350 to complete the tower and spire. He proposed to issue cards to members of the congregation, with the view of their soliciting subscriptions within the next six weeks.

The Rev. S. A. WALKER, in a lengthy speech, proposed, "That this meeting has heard the report setting forth the present position of the funds for building the new church at St. Luke's, Bedminster, and desires to record its gratitude to Almighty God for the abundant blessing which He has graciously vouchsafed upon past efforts."

Dr. FRYER cordially seconded the motion, which was affirmed *nem con.*

The Rev. G. D. DOWNNEY, incumbent of Charles Chapel, Plymouth, next proposed, "That this meeting, as the best evidence of its gratitude for God's past mercy, pledges itself to adopt all available measures to raise the sum necessary to complete the building."

The Rev. D. COOPER appropriately seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

The trustees of the permanent church and the committee of the present church having been thanked for their services, and a hymn sung, and prayer offered, the meeting separated at ten o'clock.

LETTER TO A BACKSLIDER.

BELoved,—I write to you in sympathy, love, and sorrow. Sympathy, because one worm knows the grovelling of another; love, deeper than the depths, for it comes from above: and sorrow, stinging, bitter, cutting. Do you ask for what? Shall I tell you? Ah, let God answer in His own words, *Thou art gone back.*

Now, beloved, before you go on, may it be given you by God the Holy Ghost to spread this letter where Hezekiah spread his, *before the Lord.* Greater dangers threaten you than they did him; for the heathen king only wanted his kingdom, but the king of Armageddon wants *you*; if grace enable you to take it to Jesus, and agonize over it in prayer for a little moment, who can tell but while you are yet speaking the windows of heaven will open, and a shower of blessing descend—even upon *you.*

Many and many a time have we

walked together as two "agreed." Come and take a walk with me now into the past—this way—where the Lord (as we thought) first met you, and revealed Himself to you as a God who will by no means clear the guilty. Do you see that spot? It was just there you wept until you could weep no more, and said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Have you forgotten the peace that followed? the peace that flowed like a river? Has it passed away from your memory, that night to be much remembered, when (as we fondly hoped) there was joy in heaven over the angels of God?

Turn with me into another path; *there* was the meeting-place between God and your soul—there you would take your Bible and hold converse with Jesus, and in the simplicity of early love talk to Him without reserve, and tell Him all your joys and sorrows as a

little child would tell its mother. *You did run well, who did hinder you?* Shall I tell you? The world, that great bait of Satan. He came very plausibly at first, showing but a very little of the cloven foot. He began to flatter you, until you got in love with yourself, and conceit took the place of humility. Then came the worldly companion in whose counsel you first *walked*, then *stood*; ah! will it next be, *sat*? The sober, serious book was laid aside for light reading; to the one in whom from a child you had confided, you became reserved. When warned of coming danger, you began to question the expediency of total separation from the world, while a spirit of self-justification and self-satisfaction all betokened that the backward path had begun.

Backward! and was it ever *forward*? That is the question which a few years will answer, when my body shall perhaps have mouldered to dust, in one of those churchyards where we have often held sweet converse together. He who reads the heart alone knows whether *yours* has ever been renewed. The thought is solemn—awful; for perhaps it has all been a delusion. You may have been only a way-side hearer, or even with joy have received the word, and yet endure but for awhile. Or are you one of those hearers who received the seed among thorns? Well, there is but one hearer among the four whose work will bear the fire at the last great day, he who received the seed into good ground;

and we know by God's own word that such shall never perish. May you be that one, beloved.

"Remember Lot's wife," said Jesus; she looked back upon the world, and *perished*; and her name stands upon record as a beacon to every backslider. "*The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.*" "Hedged up with thorns" are those ways; hedged up by angry God, who "will make a wall that she should not find her paths" (Hos. ii. 6). How solemn! Hedges and walls of man's devising we may cope with, but when God plants the one and builds the other, woe be to the poor sinner inclosed thereby! And suppose you should die thus, as the unsaved backslider must die? Your dying bed made up of thorns, piercing the fainting body and burning temples, making a dying effort to escape from the thorns, and falling bleeding against the wall which God has placed around you. Conscience all alive like burning coals—fierce, raging, accusing, maddening conscience.

Oh, beloved, may the Lord enable you to cast yourself and your idols at His feet, and to say with Israel of old, "Take away all iniquity, and receive me graciously." Then shall the answer of peace come speedily and blessedly, "I will heal thy backslidings, I will love thee freely; for mine anger is turned away from thee."

Your friend as ever,

* *

DANGEROUS INFLUENCE OF BAD EXAMPLE.

In 1782 the Royal George, a vessel carrying 108 guns, and one of the finest in the navy at that time, was being repaired at Portsmouth. For this purpose she had been laid over a little on one side, but so little was danger apprehended that the admiral, captain, officers, and crew, amounting to about 900 persons, continued on board. The workmen, finding it necessary to do a little more than was expected, and, to come at a small leak, held it over a little more than was intended, and more, perhaps, than the commander knew. However, while Admiral Kempenfelt was writing in his cabin, and the people between decks, a sudden squall threw the vessel entirely over on her side, and her port holes being all open at the time,

she filled and sunk so quickly, that, as one of the survivors expressed it, he had only time to cry to his brother, "She is going down," when down she went, and the admiral, and about 1000 persons who were between decks, went down with her. Now, it is mentioned in the accounts, of the loss of this fine vessel, that when she went down, there was such a whirlpool caused by the plunge of so great a body into the sea, that a small vessel, a victualler which floated near it, was actually swallowed up, and several small crafts at a considerable distance were in imminent danger of sharing the same fate. Here we have an illustration how every sinner tends to draw all within the reach of his influence into his own vortex of destruction.—*Trench.*

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—TEMPERANCE.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance : against such there is no law."—Gal. v. 22, 23.

THE grace of temperance, the result of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, is likewise a deeply important and comprehensive subject. Man has so perverted from its right use everything that God has given him, that by nature he puts bad for good, and bitter for sweet. It is on this account that God's rule to observe temperance with regard to all created things, though the best and only path to happiness, involves at once in our disordered imagination the idea of restraint. The pride of man rebels at the thought of any clog being put upon his freedom of action. And so the ways of God and His truth must always entail a mortification upon the weak and sinful flesh both before and after regeneration. Yet the precept to temperance should in reality prove no constraint upon God's creatures. It is but the way, pointed out by the Giver Himself, to enjoy in the most perfect manner His own gifts; a principle which is seen, acknowledged, and felt to be reasonable by the new, but never by the old heart. Nor will temperance be confined as a regulating principle to this world only; but wherever creation extends there must the temperate use of things created be seen. The work of the Spirit will last for ever. It is begun here and carried on, in order to be perfected above. There is not one grace too many, or of less importance than another. Together they make up a whole. Take one away, and the whole is marred. The grace of temperance begun in us here, will be completed in glory. In those abodes of bliss we can suppose that all the inhabitants guide themselves by the blessed instincts of their divine nature, and that perfect temperance is manifested in all that they do. And, further, that the language which expresses such a course of action is so far from implying a constraint upon their spiritual desires, as to amount to a continual invitation and encouragement to

"Drink endless pleasures in."

"Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

But as long as the Shulamite is in this tabernacle, he will have the appearance of the band of two armies; and these the contrary the one to the other. The flesh will war against the Spirit; and, thanks be to God, the Spirit will also war against the flesh, and overcome it. Although it be necessarily distasteful to the flesh, yet the child of God is called to temperance; and in the power of the Spirit, he is temperate. "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things" (1 Cor. ix. 25). If in the mastery of temporal things this is necessary, how much more will it be so when eternal and spiritual things are in the question. Therefore Paul kept his body under subjection, knowing its lust and enmity; lest after having preached to others the gospel, with its Divine direction to temperance (Acts xxiv. 25), he should after all be disapproved in this matter. Paul knew he was on the rock, and in the 9th of Corinthians he sets no bad example, and makes no boast of lack of assurance of salvation; but he stirs his readers up by a display of holy jealousy lest he might suffer any loss in the excellent things which should adorn a Christian's life.

The comprehensiveness of this grace will be seen from the fact that it regulates the walk of the Christian among, and his use of, all the things of this world. The other graces of the Spirit point, as it were, directly to our duty towards God and man; this, while involving a like responsibility, points to our duty with regard to things. And in this therefore is the glory of God also concerned. How wonderful, beloved, that our God should deign to take notice of our state, and of every little act that our state requires us to perform. He does not say, "So far can I go with you, but the rest must be done without me, or regard to my glory, which it can never reach." No, it is not so. Having descended so low as to reach us, He goes with us into all the little acts of life. There is nothing in the creature or his acts that is of any

real worth, taken alone. It is God's smile and His glory which He vouchsafes to man, that constitutes him something who before was a mere nothing. And now, in the honourable place into which free grace has called us, we are told that all that we do may glorify God: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." And in many of the minor acts of life especially, will the grace of temperance lead us to glorify God. For it not only directs us to abstain from what is unlawful, but also regulates the use of things lawful. In its comprehensiveness, it not only strikes at the root of grosser passions, but also shows what it is to use the world and not abuse it, and how to abstain from lawful things when not expedient.

The carnal mind, not desiring the glory of God, is not careful to find out when and where that glory may be accomplished. This carnal mind is still with the believer; held in subjection, but not done away with. Virtually it is condemned and dead by the body of Christ. Its days are numbered, and ere long it will cease from troubling; but till then the believer will have to fight against carnal-mindedness. True, he has no cause to despond; he is resisting a condemned and doomed thing, and he has moreover the power of Him who has already gained the victory on his side. But he is still warned to be watchful, and to quit himself as a man; for the old man is still alive and active, and is liable to be urged on against him by a subtle and powerful enemy. Under his directions, he will simulate gracious desires, and will speciously argue, that in great things it may be well to seek the glory of God, but that in little things we may do as we list. "Take your ease with the things He has given you. Show a thankful heart. Eat, drink, and be merry," says the tempter. "Not so," says the Word of God; "be temperate in all things." Now, the plausibility of the suggestion to abandon ourselves to the enjoyment of the things provided around us, constitutes its danger. Beloved, let us keep on our watch-tower. It is in things seemingly unimportant that the first steps are made in

the backslider's path. The Word of God is like a bright lamp in the surrounding darkness. "Love not the world, neither the things of the world." There is a snare connected with the undue use of things that perish in the using. Here we have no abiding city; our citizenship is in heaven. Our hearts and affections are set upon things above. It is that we may have the better, that we are directed to avoid the worse. With heavenly desires and aspirations, we are told to hold the things of this world loosely; not to value its enjoyments beyond their worth, and to be temperate in the use of even its necessary things. And blessed be the Spirit of God, our hearts are enabled to say, "Amen," with joy. He has taken away the desire of the world, by showing us that it is defiled. We use the world only of necessity, and that with fear and trembling. Having tasted the old wine, we cannot return to the new, for we know that "the old is better." May the writer and reader be stirred up by way of remembrance, and guard against being led from the simplicity and temperance that we have in Christ, into any of the fashionable and delusive elements of this world.

In the life of our Lord on earth, we see the temperance of the Spirit carried out in a perfect manner; and had there been no distinct precept in the Bible on the subject, we could not have doubted as to the best and only way in which a Christian should walk in this life so as to please God. Our blessed Lord made all things, and knew what should be used, and how it should be best used to the glory of God. Nevertheless He suffered the loss of all things in hunger and thirst, and not having where to lay His head. He cared not for the honours, riches, and pleasures of this world. From which we draw the lesson, that we should not set our affections upon such things, or care to have them further than our Father sees best for us. As long as we are in this time-state, we must exercise a restraint upon ourselves in the use of the world and its things. In Eden, even during an innocent state of existence, we see restraint imposed upon Adam; for of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil he was not to partake. And after-

wards, when he was driven out of the garden, the same is seen in a clearer manner, and for two reasons: the first being, that the curse rested then upon all things, and made their use more dangerous; and the second, that man's heart had become alienated from God, and was prone to run into all kinds of excess, and misuse things harmless in themselves.

That this call to temperance and self-restraint was a real hardship, no child of God will allow. All things were ordered in wisdom by God, and for His children's good. All His ordinances were to draw them to Himself, and to confer honour and glory upon them. And to the saints of old He imparted His wisdom to see this; and by faith they were able to confess that they were strangers and pilgrims in this world. They dwelt in tents as in a strange country, and looked for a "city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God." They all had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By the same precious faith, beloved, we know that this world is polluted. To the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, we add temperance in the use of everything that the world offers. All things are but loss for the excellency of His knowledge, and to be found in Him neither barren nor unfruitful. The Lord weans our affections from the world, that they may be set upon Himself. By degrees, and as we are able to bear it, He unveils Himself to our view; and more than satisfied, we exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." Then in sweet experience we know that all circumstances, whether good or bad, conduce to our good and His glory. They *must* do so; and whether they alter or not in our estimation, they will all be welcomed alike; for He is in, and He above, the circumstances: and He can never alter. How pleasant is the thankful heart which this assurance produces. He is with us, and this fact swallows up all differences of outward circumstances. He is our riches in poverty; our clothing in nakedness; our meat and drink in emptiness; our all in nothingness. A poor old woman was heard to thank God at her scanty meal, "for potatoes, and salt, and *Christ besides.*" He

makes the cup to run over, for none was ever yet made capacious enough to hold Him.

We have now, beloved, considered together a few of the beauties of the "fruit of the Spirit." I trust the consideration has been profitable to reader and writer. We have seen how entirely the work is of God from first to last; and how it is on this account that it glorifies Him. And does not all this fill our hearts with love and wonder, that we should be made the channels and instruments of His glory? Here are the foolish things to confound the wise, the weak things to confound the mighty; the base things, the despised things, yea, the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are. And the more the world, the devil, and our hearts condemn us, and cast our vileness in our teeth, the more we assent to its truth, and yet rejoice in Christ our Saviour. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." If we had one rag of our own righteousness, we should not be fit to be clothed in His righteousness. If we had one farthing of our own wherewith to pay our heavy debt, we should not become the subjects of that free discharge and release which belongs to those of whom we read, who "when they had *nothing* to pay, he frankly forgave them all." What a blessing to *feel* our vileness, to *know* our nakedness; to *realize* that we have not and cannot bring any price in our hand wherewith to buy this release—

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to *feel* your need of Him."

This is all foolishness and fanaticism in the world's estimation. "You must be mistaken," says the world, "in supposing that God can love such a wretch as you are, and allow yourself to be." Mark, beloved, how this evil suggestion draws out the truth of God. What does precious faith answer to it? It answers, "I am not loved for my own sake. In myself I see nought but wrath and condemnation. But I am loved in Christ, and His glory is so much the more magnified in my salvation according as I, of myself, am vile and loathsome. And in this fact of my utter unworthiness from my birth until now, I see a sweet proof of God's elect-

ing love. He declares that He now loves me; yet seeing that I have never done anything to engage this love since I was born, it follows that I must have been loved in Christ from everlasting, before I was born."

And along with the absolute sovereignty of God, we found man's responsibility plainly unfolded in the Word. To have attempted to have drawn the line of separation between the two, or explain one of faith's many paradoxes in this time-state, would have been evidence enough of showing the cloven foot of man's proud natural reason, which can never be subject to the law of God. To fold our hands from all action in pretended dependance on God's sovereign will and working, is akin to Antinomianism; while to work with all our might, believing that it all depends upon ourselves, and that God will never help us unless we help ourselves, since He only seconds, and does not commence the work, is Arminianism. Let us, beloved, avoid all strong doctrinal definitions which God has not clearly revealed in the Bible. But one thing is certain, that whether we call ourselves Antinomians or Arminians, or whether (with the writer) we look upon both these parties as holding erroneous views, the Holy Spirit will work the truth in us if we are His workmanship; and show us at the same time how we also must work out our own salvation. He will make our practice better than our theory, if so be that the latter is contrary to the letter of the truth.

And before concluding, beloved, suffer one more word as to the exceeding importance and desirability of the gracious "fruit of the Spirit." First, as a necessary mark of the believer; and, secondly, as a blessed, soul-satisfying means of pleasing and glorifying our glorious God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

First, this fruit is a necessary mark of the believer. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." So, if any man have no fruit of His indwelling, he is none of His." The blessed Spirit cannot be present, and leave no sign of His presence. The work may not be very conspicuous to the believer or others. The Spirit of

God is a Sovereign, and works in all severally as He will.

"Not every one in like degree,
The Spirit of God receives;
The Christian often cannot see
His faith, and yet believes."

We only know that we are Christ's but by the effects and operations of His Spirit working within us. We know that we are alive from the dead, because we are walking in newness of life. We know that we see anew, because we stumble not in the dark. Say some, "We must believe before we can feel." True, there must be regeneration and faith before feeling; but it is only by the sensation of feeling that we know that we believe. We are not called to an abstract state of faith, but to a concrete and living sensation of feeling. No one who has never had this *feeling* can say, "I believe." If there be such, let them beware lest they fall into the condemnation of the Jews, whose "sin remained," just because of the very fact that they said, "we see." Beloved, I am not bringing *you* into a legal spirit. I have several times shown in former pages that, in the weakest saint, there are abundant tokens to others, and soon will be to himself, that he is a chosen one; a prisoner of the Lord Jesus and of hope, and shut up unto the faith which has been delivered unto us. But those who are but deceiving themselves, "that they are Jews, and are not," I would *desire* to bring into a legal state, that the scourges of the law may drive them out of the temple of their fancied security, and, by the blessing of God, act the part of a schoolmaster to bring them unto Christ. And if any trembler of the flock is doubting as to how he may distinguish between the fruits of the Spirit and those of the flesh, let him take courage. Doubts are in their nature distinct from unbelief. The latter *desires* not the things of Christ. It is hateful to God, for it ignores His existence, and is not willing that He should reign. The former is anxious for it, but trembles at its own desires. It fears it may be presumptuous, and that it may in anything bring dishonour upon God, by putting its own earthly grovelling in the place of

Spirit-taught aspirations. Happy doubter! thou shalt be brought into the liberty of thy Lord. Man will be judged by what he has, and not by what he has not. It is not the province of the enemy of souls to cause doubts to those whom he has safe in his grasp. It is those whom he knows are gone from him for ever, that he thus plagues, in order to mar their joy and their usefulness. That trembling at God's Word, that fear lest you may be mistaken, does it not show that you have spiritual *desires*? And can you *desire* these things unless, by spiritual regeneration, you have a living appreciation of them? The devil tempts you now by making you look at yourself. But think of what you are and what you have in Christ, and your doubts will flee away. Not perhaps for ever, for the higher you mount into the heavenly places, the more spiritual wickednesses you may meet. But they will not affect you in the same degree; for you will perceive that these tribulations and temptations are common to man, and that "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that you may be able to bear it." As to a certain and clear discrimination between the Spirit and flesh, it is doubtful whether the saints will ever arrive at it in this state. It amounts to the question before mooted in these pages, "Is it from the Lord?" All the experiences of the Lord's people are instructive, and I have read those recorded in the pages of the *Gospel Magazine* with profit, yet I still hold to the opinion (expressed in vol. for 1858, p. 520), that the *power* rather than the *manner*—the *effects* rather than the *cause*—of spiritual manifestations and spiritual

fruits, will be most convincing to the believer, and that such evidence will be sufficient to the individual soul, whatever it may be to others.

Secondly, the "fruit of the Spirit" is unspeakably precious, because it pleases and glorifies God. And can that which springs directly from God please Him? Yes, it can both please and glorify Him, because He hath said so: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." The soul which once knows the Lord will by divine instinct desire to serve Him. Love begets service. And herein is a convincing token of good to the Spirit-taught soul. Does your love, your joy, your peace, seek to please and glorify God? Then indeed may you have confidence toward God. Our Lord Jesus doth then see of the travail of His soul. Faith will receive the exhortation to be found full of the "fruit of the Spirit," which it knows it cannot perform without the aid of the same Spirit. Brethren, the end of all things is at hand. Let us be diligent, and watch unto prayer; that we be found of Him in peace, and that in answer to our daily invitation, He may come into His garden and gather His myrrh with His spice, He may eat His honeycomb with His honey, and drink His wine with His milk. Finally, brethren, be strong in His grace, and in the power of His might. And may "the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Lindfield.

T. B. L.

EACH believer, shine he ever so brightly, is at present sanctified but in part; need we wonder, if, on some occasions, the splendour of his gifts, and the radiancy of his graces, suffer a temporary eclipse? At such times let our candour and forbearance have their perfect work. After a certain period he will emerge from the shade, and beam forth in all the loveliness of his usual lustre; and when the declining saint has sat his

appointed time in darkness, the Lord will again be a light unto him. Happy is that benighted soul, whose faith (for it is the peculiar business of faith's eye to see in the dark) can pierce the gloom; anticipate the return of day; and long for a final approximation to the Sun of righteousness, in that world of glory, where no more cloud nor darkness shall obscure our views, tarnish our graces, or damp our joys, for ever.—*Toplady.*

NAPHTALI; OR, SOUL-WRESTLINGS.

"And Rachael said, With great wrestlings have I wrestled with my sister, and I have prevailed: and she called his name Naphtali" (Gen. xxx. 8); that is, "my wrestling."

CHAPTER II. THE OLD OAK TREE THAT STOOD THE GALE.—DEATH-BED WRESTLINGS.—LORD, INCREASE MY FAITH.—A WORD FOR THE DOUBTING CHRISTIAN.

THE OLD OAK TREE THAT STOOD THE GALE.

ONE of the roughest gales that visited this part of the country occurred yesterday, and now that all is calm again, and the sun is shining forth as if nothing had happened, Naphtali has walked abroad to see the damage done on all sides; and truly the scene is grand and imposing. Gigantic trees are torn up by their roots, branches are strewn in all directions; many a haystack is unroofed, and the stubble strewn far and wide, while the villagers are abroad like wreckers on the sea coast, gathering together in bundles all that they can pick up. But Naphtali's attention is especially drawn to one sturdy old oak that has stood out the gale unhurt. He notices that with regard to the trees that are blown down, they are either tall pines, or else they are trees which are *rotten at the core*; while this old oak tree seems sound and deeply rooted. Ah, reader, see we not in these fallen trees an apt exemplification of false professors? They run up very high, but when the storm comes they are uprooted, and lie where they fall; while others may appear all right—put forth very fair pretensions, but after all will be found rotten at heart, and not able to stand against the howling wind of adversity: while the old oak tree that has stood out many a gale, reminds us of Jeremiah's description of the child of God whose sole trust is in the Lord—"He shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Naphtali noticed that one tree had not fallen to the ground, but had lodged itself among the branches

of another; but it will not do, it has no root-hold, and will soon die: so is every man who trusteth on any other stay but the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Him."

And where the root-hold is right, the storm will do the tree no harm; on the contrary, it will cause it to take deeper root downwards, and spread out its branches upwards. And so, beloved, Naphtali is convinced that all the soul-wrestlings that the storms of life have cost him year after year, have done him real good, and he can say he would not have had it otherwise for all the world.

DEATH-BED WRESTLINGS.

The wicked have no bands in their death; they know very little of soul-wrestlings, but are oftentimes lulled to sleep in the arms of their fatal deceiver. Naphtali has seen this realized again and again. One case especially occurs to the mind. Naphtali heard that James — was in dying circumstances. He had been a man who mixed up much with the world, not manifesting the least concern for spiritual things: one of those characters who live under the notion, Well, I've done my best; I never robbed my neighbour: no one can say aught against me; I'm all right. Naphtali drew near the bed upon which lay the dying man. No agony of countenance was there; all seemed peace, which almost hid him hope that some interludic work had been going on of which he was not aware. But alas! alas! it was the false peace of Satan's disguise. Naphtali bent over the prostrate form of poor James, and said to him, "Well, James, you are drawing near to the grave, have you ever felt your need of a Saviour?" The dying man

lifted up his glassy eyes with an unmeaning expression. Naphtali repeated the inquiry; and the poor man replied, "I don't know what you mean; I am quite happy." Oh! that "quite happy," without a knowledge of the Saviour—it is Satan's fatal charm. Poor James— died soon after this interview; and upon inquiring of surrounding friends how he had passed into eternity, Naphtali was told, "Oh, Sir, he went off like a lamb—so happy."

The wicked have no bands in their death. We do not say this is always the case. No; oftentimes when conscience has her full play upon a wicked man's mind, oh, how solemn are his death-bed struggles! He clutches a straw which crumble in his grasp, and lays hold of planks which slip away from him, and sink him deeper and deeper into black despair. But of quite a different character are the soul-wrestlings of the dying saint. Naphtali was called to the painful duty of bidding an earthly farewell to a beloved parent. That beloved father had lived closer to God and more in simple faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ, than most Christians; but when Naphtali gazed upon the loved countenance, he could see that some mighty struggling work was going on within. Naphtali whispered, "Is it peace, dear father?" And the dying parent suddenly flung his arms out as if bursting from strong fetters, and replied, "It is now, my boy; but it has been a sharp struggle. Satan tried hard for it, but Jesus has conquered." Dear wrestling one! thou art now free from his darts; and Naphtali looks upwards and longs to be with thee in yonder land of joy and bliss.

“Where thou art,
Made free from sorrow, clad in royal
robes,
And owned an heir of God—joint heir
with Christ.”

But, dear reader, have you not frequently noticed that (if we may be allowed the term) the most eminent Christians have the sharpest exercises of soul upon a dying bed; while the poor trembler is oftentimes lifted up with joy of soul and holy liberty? Surely it is so show us to the last that the work is entirely of God.

LORD, INCREASE MY FAITH.

Oh, how feeble it is! What an ungrateful creature I am to doubt Him, and, just because fresh difficulties arise, think it is all over now; I shall surely be overwhelmed now. Lord, give peace within; and oh!—

“Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
 snares ;

They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

**"Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide?
Or lose thy way with such a guide?"**

**"When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.**

"Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past,
That grace shalt overcome at last?"

Oh yes, dear Lord, indeed I have! forgive me, forgive me, for my distrust. Strengthen my faith, and let me hang upon thine arm in a confident spirit, believing thee faithful who hath promised.

Is this the sort of work that is going on within, dear reader? Do you understand a little of such wrestlings? Are these cries frequent, yea, constant? Cannot you be satisfied with the world? Why so restless? Oh, methinks we know the secret of it all. Jesus is absent. Let Him but break in upon the soul, and the doubts and fears are scattered. Let Him but put His hand in the hole of the door, and it is sunshine. Let His sweet countenance be seen, and it is health to the soul. Jesus absent, and all is dreary, cold, barren, and unfruitful. Jesus present, and the step is elastic, the gait upright, the head lifted up, and the heart bounding with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

A WORD TO THE DOUBTING CHRISTIAN.

Doubting Christian, mark this point.—Satan often uses Scripture against you wrongfully; that, by simply turning to the passage, you may beat him upon his own ground. For instance, an exercised child of God we know, had this passage thrown at him by the false

accuser of the brethren—"There is no help for him in his God." And as it was thrown, so had he been agonizing under its penetration; whereas the very expression is a turning point of holy exultation to the Psalmist. He says, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me; many are they that rise up against me: many there be that say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. *But thou, O Lord*"—Oh, precious point to be brought to! Never mind what the enemies say—who are

they?—"But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head."

Now, dear reader, take this hint; meet Satan upon his own ground. When he thrusts a passage of Scripture at you, turn to it, weigh it, pray over it. You will find him back out of your presence readily, for all the promises are in your favour, and not one in his. Try it. Naphtali has, and has found it succeed.

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

NOTES OF A SERMON,

BY THE REV. WILLIAM PARKS, ON SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1860.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. lviii. 11.

"O LORD, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (Jer. x. 23).

So has an inspired prophet confessed. This is true of the *natural* man. It is true also of the *regenerated* man.

The *natural* man knows not the way of peace; and if he knew it, he would not follow it, because he would not love it.

The *regenerated* man is so liable to be led aside into the bye-ways of error by his wretched nature, that though he knows the way of peace, he may be said not to know how to direct his steps.

Indeed, and in fact, he needs the continual guidance of the Spirit of God; and he will tell you, if you ask him, that, notwithstanding all his privileges, if the Lord were to leave him to himself for a single hour, he would wander far away from the paths of righteousness.

It is only as grace is in lively exercise that the regenerated man is directed right; as soon as that ceases to work, then the wavering and the wandering commence. As soon as it is again energized, then he comes back and walks with God.

Oh, the mystery of a Christian's experience and career! No one can know it but he who has passed through the fire and the water.

I know that this will be objected to. It will be said, "*Man, then, is no better than a machine.*"

To which I reply, Never mind!

better to be a machine saved by grace, than a moral being lost by works.

Indeed, the doctrine of *salvation by grace*, in all its wonderful contrivance, commencement, and development, does exhibit its subjects very much in the character of machines, and very imperfect machines too; for so motionless are they, to begin with, that they cannot stir hand or foot towards their salvation; so hampered with a body of sin and death are they when put in motion, that they cannot work smoothly; and so liable to get out of order, that they continually require repairing; and so utterly worthless in themselves, that the surprise is they are noticed at all.

I know I often regard myself as a very troublesome machine. I am certain I give a vast deal of trouble to Him who has the oversight of me. Oh, what patience, meekness, long-suffering, has He shown, and does He continue to show!

But He knows that though I cannot, I *want to do* as He bids, and this is often my only comfort.

But let us come to the text (Isa. lviii. 11):

1. What does the Lord's guidance imply?

2. How is His guidance manifested?

3. Symptoms of wandering, and how we are to be set right again.

I.—*What does the Lord's guidance imply?*

To the superficial reader of this pro-

wise it would appear that it was a *conditional* one; i.e., that the Lord's guidance depends upon man doing this or that. But the fact is, that the spiritual promises are all made to those into whose hearts God puts a new spirit; just as the exhortations of the Gospel are all made to those who are justified freely by grace.

God has to do all the work of salvation Himself. He has to quicken, and to call, and to put a new spirit into, and to renew His grace in, and to guide continually, every one of His children. It is folly, or presumption, or ignorance, in man to suppose he has anything to do with his own salvation.

But what does the Lord's guidance imply?

Ans. It implies the exercise of God's *wisdom, faithfulness, care, and love.*

1. *Wisdom*—I may illustrate this by a few scriptural cases (See Exod. xiii. 17, 18; Deut. xxxii. 10—12).

There was the Lord's *WISDOM* manifested. So is it now. The Lord does not guide His people by the shortest cut to heaven, but leads them in a round-about way, for His own purposes and their good.

How often, dear brethren, do we wonder at God's dealings with us! We are apt to say, what is the use of this? what is the meaning of that? Now we are sick; now we are tempted; now we are unsuccessful; now we are persecuted. What can it all mean? why might not God guide us by an easier and a shorter road?

Ah! we are foolish. God is all wise. It is to His *WISDOM* we are to attribute all the ups and downs of life.

2. *Faithfulness*—(See Gen. xxviii. 15; Isa. xlii. 16).

There is the Lord's *FAITHFULNESS* pledged in the guidance of His people.

He will not leave them nor forsake them. No, though He *appear* to do it, He is not far off. And if He sometimes loosens the rein by which He guides, it is never out of His hand; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

3. *Care*—(See Psal. xxiii. 1—4; Isa. xlix. 10).

There is the Lord's *CARE* declared in the guidance of His people.

We often are inclined to charge God with want of due care in leading us;

but, sooner or later, He teaches us that by any other way, or by any other method, the Lord's *care* or solicitude for us could not have been so manifested.

4. *Love*—(See Hos. ii. 14—16).

There is the Lord's *LOVE* manifested in the guidance of His people.

Surely it is true that "*the Lord shall guide continually!*" and surely His *wisdom*, His *faithfulness*, His *care*, and His *love*, are all exercised in His guidance.

Oh, the *love* of God for His people! Nothing can ever quench it! But how slow are we often to recognize it. How reluctant to acknowledge it. And I'll tell you why: We want to have it all our own way. We are like wayward children; we cry for everything we see, and think our parents are very cruel in not giving us what we want, and taking us where we wish to go. But, what misery would befall the child whose every whim were gratified, and every wish complied with! The parents are the best judges. So with us and God. We are but poor judges. God is the best Judge; and by and by we shall see the depths of His wisdom, faithfulness, care, and love, by which He continually guides us.

II.—*How is God's guidance of us manifested?*

How do we know whether God *is* our Guide or not? How may I know that the Lord's promise here is *mine*?

Ans. i. If our counsellors are the testimonies of God (Psal. cxix. 24, 105)—

ii. If we are in the way of duty—

iii. If we are led by the Spirit (Rom. viii. 14)—

iv. If the leadings of Providence are very distinct—

we may be sure it is the Lord who guides us.

Let us say a word on each.

1. Though God leads the blind by a way they know not, and can overrule all things for the good of them that love Him, it is our manifest duty to consult the oracles of God as to our doing or leaving undone this or that action. The question with us ought to be, *What saith the Scriptures* with regard to this? And then, having prayed for light and guidance, we may open our Bibles, and see

what the Lord will speak to us through them.

We may be sure then, that, no matter what the issue—the Lord is guiding.

2. What is the path of duty? Are we in it or out of it? Let our conscience before God answer. If we are out of it, the Lord is *not* guiding us; if we are in it, we may believe that God is near.

3. Are we led by the Spirit? How may we know?

Ans. Readily enough: As many as are led by the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body—they are led to Christ. They have witnessings within, viz., the Spirit comforts them, stirs them up to prayer, reproves them for their sins, draws them to works of love, induces them to bear testimony before the world that they are God's, and convinces them of the perfection of Christ and His work.

4. What say the providences of God; are they *distinct and clear* in their leadings? Is the door not only open before us, but is it shut behind us?

Many of us bring a deal of unnecessary trouble on ourselves, by neglecting the clear intimations of God's providences. We *wish* a thing to be, and then we *believe* it to be God's will! Our desire is to go to such or such a place, and then we go without ever consulting the Lord, or observing His providences. Is it any wonder, then, that we get into trouble?

We shall do well, then, dear hearers, if, on all occasions, we—

1. Consult the Word.

2. Inquire—are we in the path of duty?

3. Ask—are we led by the Spirit?

4. Observe the leadings of Providence.

Let our prayer be, *Lord, suffer us not to guide ourselves, or to provoke Thee to leave us to ourselves by refusing to follow thy guidance! Do thou, Lord, guide us continually!*

And now we come to point out some symptoms of wandering from God's

guidance; and to show how we are to be set right again.

III.—*Symptoms of wandering, &c.* That the Lord's people do wander away from Him, notwithstanding His promise to guide them continually, is a fact, whether it can be ascribed or not with such promise. We all know this by experience. The people of God in all ages have known it.

It appears to me to be thus: God's promise is absolute, notwithstanding the temporary wanderings.

Illustration—I hold a horse by a very long rein, sometimes it is tight and sometimes it is loose. When it is tight, I guide him where I please; when it is loose, he pleases himself. Still, at any time I have it in my power to tighten the rein, and never at any time is he beyond my control. So with the Lord and His child.

But to come to the symptoms of wandering:—

1. *Turning away the ear from God.*

2. *Neglecting the means of grace.*

3. *Stifling the voice of conscience.*

Ah! when it is thus with us we are wanderers indeed. Ay, and were it not for God's care over us we should wander far away, even into hell!

But, blessed be God, it does not depend on us. Though the rein is slackened, it is not *out* of our Father's hand.

He will speak kindly unto us, saying, "*Return unto me: for I have redeemed thee.*" *He will restore our soul.*

This is the way we are to be set right again, viz., by the Lord himself; and the first symptoms of our returning to the Lord's guidance are—

1. Listening for the voice of God;

2. Readiness to acknowledge error;

3. Willingness to submit to God's correction.

If we can trace out these signs we may believe that, notwithstanding our wanderings, we are yet under the guidance of God, and that we are interested in the promise of our text.

A PERSON may have true grace, and great grace, without gifts: and may, on the other hand, have shining gifts, without a spark of real grace: witness the parable of the talents. All prayer is formal, in the worst sense, which does not ascend from the heart, by the Holy Ghost; and all prayer is spiritual which does, be it prescribed or extemporary.—*Toplady.*

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

ELIZABETH W. was born Dec. 23, 1774, of humble parentage, her father being by trade a shoemaker, and her mother having lived in service. It appears that her father was a man of liberal education, and his family considered that he had married quite beneath him, and were displeased at the circumstance; which probably had something to do with the fact that he deserted his wife after the lapse of two years, enlisted, and did not return any more, leaving her with this one child, E. W. She was born at Norwich, and had the advantage of good schooling from an early age, and must always have been of superior mental abilities; as was abundantly evinced at the advanced age of 84 years, when the writer first became acquainted with her, then in full possession of all her faculties, remarkably bright, and of a wonderfully retentive memory. At the age of sixteen her mother removed her from Norwich (where she boarded with relatives of her father's, and was kept regularly at a day school), and brought her to the village of P—, which became the scene of her future life. There she married a fisherman named W—, and became the mother of a numerous family, surrounded by children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, settled in the same village.

But we hasten over the little circumstances of mortal history, to the eventful period when God called her by His grace, and revealed His Son in her. The subject of our notice never during childhood had the benefit of a Gospel ministry; cold, moral teaching, and just the letter of Scripture, were all of divinity with which she was conversant. She remembers as a little girl at her grandfather's, running out into the yard, and looking up at the sky, with the thought, "God lives there, how I wish I could see Him!" But, excepting this idea, she does not recollect to have had any serious impression or convictions.

After her marriage, and when she was the mother of two or three children, I think about the age of twenty-three, she heard there was a prayer-meeting of the Methodist connexion to be held in the village, and, having nothing particular to

engage her that forenoon, she thought she should go to the meeting, and whilst there the *Lord met with her*. It was, as she herself expressed it, "in the prayers, when the sufferings of Christ were pleaded, and she heard of His precious blood poured out, that *her heart was broke*;" she felt it was "*all for her*," as if there never was another sinner in the whole world but herself. She felt it was *her sine* that pierced the Lord of glory, and she mourned and wept; the love of Christ was shed abroad in her heart, and she rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Very ignorant, but full of love, she was so happy! "Oh, it was all news to me," she would say. "I, who had almost never before heard the name of Jesus, I saw that he died for *me*, and I could not but love Him; *I clapt on to Him at once*."

As an illustration of her perfect assurance of safety, she mentioned having gone to the house of a neighbour one morning for some matches to light her fire, when they expressed surprise that she should dare to go to sleep without having the means of lighting even a candle during the night. She said, "Me afraid! why should I fear? If I died in the night, I should go straight to heaven." This love to Christ with holy joy, and at times rapture, continued for upwards of a year—"the time of love," first love, it truly was; and when referring to it after years of experience in the divine life, she would say, "it seems to me that I began at the wrong end, for it was all light, and *no 'slough of despond' at all*."

This lively feeling was coupled with much ignorance, and after a time some legal bondage; for she remarked one day to a neighbour who was in advance of her in spiritual knowledge, "We have a great work to do." "Nay," said the other, "the work is *all done*;" and, taking her Bible from the mantleself, she referred her to Scriptures which testify the perfection of the atonement of Jesus, and the covenant inclusiveness of all His redeemed in the mighty work which He had undertaken to perform on their behalf. This communication was

accompanied with light and power from on high; and repeating it in later years, she added emphatically, "Now, I'll tell you how I see it: my whole salvation was accomplished when Jesus bowed His head and cried 'It is finished.' *I know this*; justification is immediate, sanctification is progressive: I grew in grace after that."

Having found the Lord amongst the Methodist connexion, she joined a class. Found the Lord, did I say? Ah, how many times has she reiterated the expression, "I never sought the Lord; *He sought me*." I think I never met a more remarkable instance of the sufficiency of the Spirit and the Word to guide into all truth, and even to preserve from the errors of system. Although Methodism in some respects kept her low, looking too much at frames and feelings, as soon as she discovered difficulty or apparent discrepancy either in doctrine or experience, "To the law and to the testimony," was her invariable motto. She searched the Scriptures whether these things were so, and became in the highest sense a *Bible-taught Christian*, having more understanding than all her teachers, because God's precepts were her delight. She was a strong character in every sense of the expression, and would often make startling observations, relate encounters with Satan, and whole nights of happy fellowship with God; conversing with Him as a man talketh with his friend. She would often read and pray until morning dawned. Indeed, it is wonderful how time and opportunity were found for spiritual exercises thus prolonged, whilst her family were quite young, and her husband absent on fishing trips. She had many trials incident to poverty; and on one occasion, after a series of what the world calls misfortunes, she vividly described her mental exercises as exactly similar to those which Asaph recounts in Psalm lxxiii. In an agony of mental emotion she ran to her Bible for comfort, and opened upon this very Scripture, which had never before presented itself to her notice, and falling upon her knees she wept abundantly; and for many years of subsequent pilgrimage she could not read or hear it read without being deeply affected.

Her diligence in attendance upon

every means of grace was conspicuous; never absent from the sanctuary (for she steadily attended the services of the Church of England), her soul was ever feeding, ever nourished with the sincere milk of the Word. She "loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth;" one "day in His courts was better than a thousand;" she had "rather be a door-keeper in the house of her God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

I remember at one time her telling me that Satan filled her mind with blasphemous thoughts, until she seemed nigh to losing her reason, so intense was the pain inflicted by those fiery darts of the wicked one, when that Scripture, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and *is safe*," opened before her as a refuge to flee unto. By way of illustration of the strong things she used to say, I recollect this: "If ever I get to heaven, I expect to be so entirely of one mind with my Saviour, that if my nearest and dearest were in the torments of the damned, I should say, Amen, to the glory of Jesus!" And in speaking of her husband, she affirmed distinctly that he *was not* spiritually minded; he would read his Bible, and go on his knees to prayer, but there was no divine life. A minister who heard this remark reproved her very sharply for *judging*, saying that her husband was a man who tolerated religion, and that she should not thus pass sentence. She replied, that we must speak as God speaks, and that she knew her own motives (by which I take it she meant her own convictions). "So did Uzza," was the reply, "when he touched the ark; but he did the wrong thing, although from a right motive, and *you are like him*." She felt this most severely, and was much exercised in conscience; but made answer, "Well, Sir, I have this comfort, 'The Lord seeth not as man seeth.'"

The dear subject of this brief notice only became known to the writer in the summer of 1859, on the Sabbath of July 31st, when a new appointment was made to the Rectory of P—. As the minister went through the accustomed form "of reading himself in," and gave a running commentary upon some of the most doctrinal of the articles, my

eyes surveyed the congregation, and were attracted by a fine aged countenance, remarkable for its intelligence and strength of expression, fixed in earnest gaze upon the preacher, and evidently intensely enjoying the most spiritual and experimental passages in the discourse, which she drank in with the utmost avidity. After service I followed her to the door of her humble home, had a few words, and a hearty shake hands; and received the assurance that she would be in church again in the afternoon, when as on the former occasion her whole deportment was that of a spiritual worshipper; a soul alive to God, and feeding upon the manna of His Word. Next day I went to see her, and had the joy of finding all my prepossessions abundantly confirmed. She was indeed an aged saint. She spoke of her deep anxiety about the ministry at P——, and her thankfulness to God for having sent them a faithful pastor, &c., &c. We had much conversation on spiritual subjects, and as a little interval was to occur between this commencement and the ministry, to be resumed after the lapse of two months, she said, "Ah, I fear I shall not hear him again, or be at this side when you return; but my whole heart thanks God for having sent him." After this we had a prayer-meeting, which she attended; and to that occasion she often referred, calling it a "*love feast*," a perfect love feast; for Christ was there, and the Holy Spirit was there: "*I knew it, I felt it.*" She described her joy as so unbounded, that she literally forgot the way out of the room, and went to the wrong side, seeking the door; and, with characteristic genuineness and simplicity she added, "Such a beautiful *Methodist* prayer!" The very highest commendation, in her opinion.

After our return to P——, the same diligence in attendance upon every mean of grace was observable. Her place in Church was never empty; the weekly lecture, prayer-meeting, Sabbath evening schoolroom service,—she endeavoured to be present on all occasions. She enjoyed a robust old age until the beginning of December, when symptoms of debility appeared; but not until quite the end of that month was she confined altogether to the house, and

precluded public worship. She mourned "as a dove," and said she "wept sore," and felt like Hezekiah when he turned his face to the wall. She had so delighted in the ministry recently commenced, and anticipated future refreshment, that this illness was viewed as a deep disappointment. She said, "It seems as if I had left my bright days behind me. It could not have been long with me; but I have thought, perhaps, three or four years, and then I feel certain that the coming of the Lord is very near. And oh, how often have I felt what a delight it would be not to die, but to *LIVE* till then!" Her bright memory then went back upon some calculations as to dates connected with Daniel's prophecy, which inferred the period of the advent as probably occurring somewhere about the year 66; and being just then on the threshold of 60, she seemed to have come to the margin of the glory. Thus she continued for some days, depressed rather than joyous; but her illness increasing, with great weakness and shortness of breathing, she thought she was dying: and as suddenly all desire to remain was taken away, and she longed to be "with Christ," reckoning how long even from night till morning. Her peace was as a river,—clear moonlight, without a single cloud. She took leave of me again and again, and gave her parting blessing both to me and to my dear husband, praying the God of all grace to crown his labours with success, that after we had done and suffered His righteous will, we might be enabled to say, "Behold us, and the children whom thou hast given us."

Many sweet and precious hours of communion have I passed beside her couch; learning lessons of God's faithfulness, and of the reality of Divine teaching. She loved especially to have read to her the narrative Scriptures contained in the Gospels, as bringing her soul into contact with *Christ personal*. "Everything," she would say, "that leads me to Jesus is precious. His very name is sweet." She delighted in hymns.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds;"

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing;"

and

"Oh, joyful day! oh, glorious hour!" with,

"My God, the spring of all my joys," were amongst her favourites; and as for texts, manifold were the words of divine testimony upon her lips:—"I know whom I have believed;" "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," &c. "Oh, how I long to see Him as He is, and then I shall love Him as I ought. I am impatient to be gone." And then she would check this strain by the familiar words of Kelly's hymn, at the verse commencing thus:—

"But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best," &c.

She then thought she was very near her heavenly rest; but no; weeks of weariness were appointed unto her, "chained," as she used to say, to her bed, and daily a monument of preserving mercy, her confidence unshaken, longing to be gone; thus she continued. Only once did the shadow of a cloud seem to pass over her soul; she said to me, "Satan, sometimes when I am very weak, tells me, 'Perhaps it is all a delusion;' or, again, he says, 'Even if you get to heaven, how do you know that you shall be safe? I was there once, but fell from bliss.'" "This is only a moment," she added, "for I know that I have an Intercessor with the Father, and that my *Saviour* never lost a cause." In reply to the latter temptation, I said, "Tell Satan to the face that he is a liar; he never was in the covenant, so he might fall from heaven, but in your case such an event is impossible, if you have been given by the Father to the Son." And then I talked to her of that wonderful scripture contained in Eph. iii. 10, which represents angelic beings as witnesses of the conflicts of saints with evil spirits, each fiery trial redounding to the praise of the Captain of their salvation, through whom they are more than conquerors, &c. This seemed to meet her mind and strengthen her spirit.

Her personal attachment to me was so sweet to my heart! She would say sometimes, "I shall miss you in heaven; you revive me, you are the very one that I want; you feed me with the Word, &c., &c. Ah, well! I have but

one bridge to pass over, and I shall await you there; and when you come I shall say, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.'"

The recognition of glorified spirits was a subject respecting which we often conversed, with many other kindred topics; and she delighted to imagine herself awaking in blest surprise to the rapture of finding that she had gained her rest, in the words of this ode of WATTS, committed to memory in early life, and often upon her lips during that last illness. The words are as follow:—

"And is this heaven, and am I there?
How short the road, how swift the flight!
I am all *life*, all *eye*, all *ear*,
Jesus is here, my *soul's delight*."

Is this the heavenly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree;
Whom Paul proclaimed, whom David sung,
Who died for them, who died for me?

How fair, thou offspring of my God!
Thou first-born image of His face!
Thy death procured this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

So, He presents me at the throne,
All spotless there the Godhead reigns;
Thy death procured this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place."

For nine weeks she continued to grow weaker and weaker. The last occasion of her being at public worship was on the Sabbath morning preceding Christmas day, when the subject of the discourse was Psal. iv. 6, "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance," &c. And on the evening of the same day she was present at the schoolroom lecture. The previous Saturday (17th December), being the first commencement of our three-o'clock prayer-meeting, she was with us, and these were the three last occasions of her enjoying what she ever esteemed her highest privilege, public and social worship.

The illness began with what appeared to be a violent cold accompanied by severe cough and great debility, and then water formed in the system, and eventually reached the chest. But from the first she used to say, "I shall go out no more;" and thus it was, a fortnight of the time she was down-stairs,

but afterwards entirely in bed; such weary nights and days, especially those Sabbath-days, when she had loved to go to the house of God, her complaint was again poured forth in the words of WATTS,—

"How am I held a prisoner now,
Far from my God! This mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow; all below
Is short-lived ease, or tiresome pain.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode;
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?"

"Ah!" she would say, "that is just my experience now." And, again, I have heard her repeat the following lines:—

"Absent from flesh, illustrious day!
Surprising scene, triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

Absent from flesh! oh, blissful thought!
What unknown joy this moment brings,
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,

From pains, and tears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb;
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares of joys and time.

Thy grace, Thy nature, all unknown
In yon dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpses from Thy throne,
And feeble whispers teach Thy name.

I'm in a world where all is new,
Myself, my God, oh blest amaze!
Not my blest hopes or wishes knew,
To form a shadow of Thy grace."

How often have I heard her say, "The grave has no coldness for me; death has no sting!" and yet there was, to the last, a shrinking at the article of dissolution: "I am afraid of the shadow of losing my breath," as though reproving herself for so unreasonable a fear. She pointed me to a sermon in WATTS'S "World to Come," entitled "The Conquest over Death," in which four sorts of Christians are represented as fearing death: 1st. The unestablished believer, of very weak faith and clouded evidences. I read the passage to her, but thought she was sleeping from weakness ere the period in the discourse was arrived at;

but no; she opened her eyes and said, "That ain't I; I hope I know whom I have believed." The 2nd described was one of strong and lively faith, but of timorous temper, who cries out "How shall I bear the agonies of death? I am not afraid to enter eternity; the grace of Christ and His gospel have given me hope and courage enough to be dead; but I am still afraid of dying; it is a hard and painful work; I shiver at the thoughts of venturing through that cold flood that divides 'twixt this wilderness and the promised land." She looked at me earnestly and said, "Ah, *that's* me!" This was a day or two previous to her happy dismissal. My dear husband read for her on that occasion, 2 Cor. iv., 17th verse, on to the end of the 5th chapter, and then engaged in prayer for the last time with this aged pilgrim. She said, "I can't talk; but *He* has dealt . . . boun . . . ti . . . fully with me."

These were nearly the last words we heard her utter, and when parting she faintly said to Mr. C., "*Crown your labours with success,*" part of a prayer she had often expressed for him; and leaning back exhausted, she added, "and take me before morning;" meaning, that Jesus might speedily receive her to Himself, before the morning light should dawn.

She had passed the flood ere we again gazed at her fine old face. A message was sent to say some change had come over her, and we hastened to the couch; but deep, calm, perfect rest had stilled every expression of suffering, *she had fallen asleep in Jesus!* the long-wished-for, and yet dreaded, moment had at length passed; she was in His presence, whom, not having seen, she loved; whom she sighed to love perfectly, and only grieved because she could not do so, with ardent aspirations for the time when she should see Him as He is, and love Him as she ought.

From the account of those around her, she did not feel at all worse than usual, nor then think the dark valley was near. The last scripture she was observed to repeat was, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Afterwards her articulation was indistinct. They had given her a sup of wine, and presented it a second time to

her lips, when she motioned them away, saying, "I want no more;" laid back her head, and, without a struggle, sigh, or even long-drawn breath, she was gone. Ah, precious one! there was no *dark valley* for thee; no pains, no groans, no dying strife! The weeks of preceding weakness and weariness were all thy portion of suffering.

Mr. C. and I knelt once more beside that lowly couch to give thanks for her blissful change. Oh, how my heart echoed those beautiful petitions in our Liturgic Service, "That it may please Thee speedily to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy coming and kingdom, that we, with all those who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thine eternal and everlasting glory!"

I loved to gaze upon her peaceful remains, and felt it was *no more death*—a calm and undisturbed repose; the earthly house awaiting the glorious resurrection-morn, but its tenant departed to "be with Christ," which is "far better."

Farewell, beloved in the Lord, until that morning break when this vile body

shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body—shall shine for ever in His perfected image, and we shall meet again amid the ransomed throng who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus,
Thou, with us, from death shall wake;
Hold he cannot, though he seize us,
We his power defy by faith!"

She fell asleep March 16th, 1860, aged 85 years and 12 weeks. M. C.

[The reader will, doubtless, connect the foregoing with the deeply-interesting particulars which were given, some twelve months since, of our beloved brother's entrance upon his new field of labour at P—. Here are some of the fruits; yea, wherever the Lord sends one of His servants, *fruits must follow*. They *cannot* labour in vain; for thus runs the covenant, "My word shall not return unto me void," &c. We can only add, may the Lord incline His servant to send us very speedily some more Leaves from her Note-book; and may they prove as interesting to our readers as they have done to ourselves.—ED.]

COMPANIONS IN TRIBULATION.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—And with Himself He will give you also companions in tribulation; though He takes home some, He will bring forward others. Obadiah will meet you in the way, and Onesiphorus seek diligently until he find you; thus shall you be succoured and refreshed, for He has said, "It is not good for man to be alone," and this stands firm until the last of the redeemed are gathered in, for it is written, "Hurt not the earth till we have sealed the servants of our God." Dear RUTH, how often have I gathered a few crumbs from the rich banquet so lovingly provided her, and now she is with the Master of the feast without a veil between her eyes; sees the King in His beauty in the light of that sun

which knows no eclipse, and the days of her mourning are ended. Beloved, yet a little while and we too shall hunger no more, neither thirst, and God will have wiped away all our tears: Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Thanks for your kind inquiry; through mercy I am much stronger, and was able to drive twice last week without much fatigue. It is deemed desirable that I should still keep as quiet as possible, and the occasional pain in my head demands submission to the physician's advice.

Beloved, pray for me, for *always* I find it difficult to "*sit still*." The God of love and peace be with you.

I am, dear sir, affectionately yours in the love of Jesus, H. E. A. C.

WHOEVER hath Christ cannot be poor; whoever wants Him cannot be rich.—*Dyer*.

Reviews.

Extracts from Dr. Hawker's Commentary on the Old Testament. Cloth, price 3s. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.

"HAPPY HAWKER!" we mentally exclaim, when rising at any time from the perusal of his writings; "oh, for a double portion of thy spirit! oh, that thy mantle might fall upon me! oh, to see as thou didst the loveliness of the person of our most glorious Christ!"

The compiler has done good service in selecting these precious extracts, savouring as they each and all do of the fulness of the grace that is in Christ Jesus. It is a neat pocket volume, and merits a large circulation.

The Crucified and Quickened Saint: a Discourse on Galatians ii. 19—21. By WILLIAM DELL, Master of Caius College, Cambridge. Reprinted from the edition of 1851, revised, and somewhat abridged. Hull: W. Kirk, 53, Lowgate.

If the glorious doctrine of the covenant and indissoluble union between Christ and His people were *known*, how different would be the testimony of thousands who now see men only as trees walking; and if *felt*, how cheered and animated would those be whose harps are commonly hanging upon the willows. We now talk of bonds and imprisonments, where, if we could but more stately *realize* our real standing in and by Christ, we should *sing* where we now *sigh*—we should *rejoice* where we now *mourn*—we should triumph in the great Captain of our salvation, and exclaim, exultingly, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Personally we *see* these things and know somewhat of them; but to our lot it seems to fall, to walk the hospitals, and 'tend upon the sick and diseased—the limping and the halting—the deaf and the blind. If now and then released from these heavier duties upon furlough, we are soon recalled, and to our work return of nurse-tending. We have to go the same old rounds again and again of fomenting, and bandaging, and blistering. We would take a higher stand, if we could; but "beggars can't be choosers." 'Tis a marvel that the great and good Physician makes use of us at all. If, therefore, we can be of *any* service to the household, we must be content. * * * * *

Reader, come, take a *sip* of this soul-refreshing stream, this precious discourse. It will cheer thine heart, and make thee sing to the praise of the mercy thou hast found:—

"Yet not I.

"'I live, yet not I.' By which words it may appear, that a Christian is so crucified with Christ, that in this crucifying he loses not only his own proper life, but (which must needs follow) his personality also. For through faith his soul and body live no more any proper life of their own, as before, but are taken up into the nature and person of the Son of God; and in Him he subsists, lives, and acts as a member in the man, and as a branch in the vine; and so can truly say, after faith is come, 'I live, yet no more I,' but it is another that lives in me, and I in Him; so that a true Christian, through faith, doth lose his personality, not his humanity; for his nature lives, but not in his own person, but in the person of Christ.

"Indeed, every man by nature, and according to his first birth, is a distinct person by himself, and lives a proper life of his own, in and by himself, till faith comes and knits him unto Christ; and then he subsists in Christ's person (2 Cor. xii. 19; xiii. 3), and is no more a person distinct by himself; so far as he is gathered up into Christ through faith and the Spirit, and lives and acts in Him. For then Christ is made so one with a Christian, and a Christian with Christ, that there is no more distinction between them in this unity, than there is between the head and a member.

"Now the knowledge of this point, through the experience of faith, is of excellent use to a Christian in the matter of his salvation.

"Inasmuch as each man, as he is a distinct person by himself, is under the law, and appertains to the kingdom of the devil, and is within the reach and power of death and hell; but as he is taken into Jesus Christ by faith, that is, as he is taken into His person as His member, and loseth his own person, so he is free from the law, sin, and death, as Christ is free. So that if the law, sin, death, or the devil come to a believer, to accuse, terrify, or condemn him, he (because of this most real and near union with Christ) may reply in truth, and say, 'It is not I;

I am not I; I am through faith become a member of Christ; and I am He, and He is I; and if you have anything to say, say it to the person Himself, for I am but a member, and do live in His person.'

"The clear and spiritual knowledge of this matter would be a great support to us in all times of temptation, and in all deep sense of sin and wrath; seeing we commonly, in such sad and painful hours, do look upon ourselves as persons by ourselves, and distinct from Christ; and then we do truly both fear and feel sin, and death, and hell within us; and then also the devil and our own evil consciences are too mighty for us, when we consider ourselves in ourselves. Wherefore at such times we must needs prevail by faith; and know that we through faith are not persons by ourselves, but that we are parts and members of Christ, and live in His person (John xv. 3, 5), and consequently in so near union with Him, that Christ cannot be saved without us, nor we perish without Him. And so none can lay anything to our charge but what Christ hath taken upon Himself, and overcome for us; and so the law, sin, death, hell, and devil, can as soon prevail against Christ as against us, who are so joined to Him, that we are one flesh and Spirit with Him.

"It is true, if we were persons by ourselves, these evils and enemies would be too hard for us; but being drawn unto Christ by the Father, and being by Him also implanted in Christ, and made branches of that vine, and members of that person, we thus become one with Him who is conqueror of all things, and we ourselves also are more than conquerors in Him.

"Wherefore let us all know, that in the matter of our adoption, justification, sanctification, and of our whole salvation, *Prorsus abjicienda est persona*, as Luther saith, 'We must wholly cast away our own person,' and be united into one person with Christ, yea, and lose our person in His; seeing out of this union Christ profits nobody, either to the escaping sin and death, or to the obtaining righteousness and life.

"Wherefore for the escaping these eternal evil things, and for the obtaining these eternal good things, we must necessarily be so taken up into Christ, that we may say with Paul, 'It is no more I.'

"Yet not I.

"And here I must note one thing more, ere I conclude this matter, and that is this—

"That a believer must be so taken up into Christ by faith, that as Christ must work all in him, so he must attribute all Christ's works unto Christ, and none to himself; still saying, in the midst of the exercise of all graces and virtues, 'It is not I.' It is not I that live, but Christ himself that lives in me this life of grace, righteousness, wisdom, meekness, goodness, humility, patience, power, love, &c. It is not I that live in myself, but Christ that lives it in me; as he saith elsewhere, 'I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God that dwelleth in me.'

"After the same manner, as every Christian must keep his rest in Christ, and must suffer Christ to work all His own works in him, so he must still attribute all Christ's works unto Christ, and be still saying, 'It is not I, but Christ in me' that hath done these works, that hath endured and overcome these evils.

"And thus must we keep our sabbath in Christ, as Christ kept His sabbath in God. For Christ was so taken up into God, and filled with Him, that He said, 'The Son can do nothing of Himself;' and again, 'The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works;' and again, 'The words I speak are not mine, but His that sent me;' and so Christ in all His great works said, 'Not I, but the Father in me;' so we, in all our works that are truly spiritual, must say, 'Not we, but Christ in us.' And this only a mortified Christian can truly perform; for others will be attributing the works of Christ to themselves rather than to Christ, and be glorying in themselves more than in Him."

Reader, dost thou know anything of that blessed mystery, that to the natural man strange and unaccountable contradiction—"It is not I: I am not I?"

The Changed Cross; the Infant Martyrs; the Plant of Renown. London: W. Holmes, 3, New Street, Dorset Square.

THE first of the above is that lovely piece, "the Changed Cross," printed in a more portable form, and to which the after-named are added.

Twenty-five Sermons, by Twenty-five Bristol Ministers, of various Christian Denominations. Bristol: W. Mack; London: Wertheim and Co.

THESE SERMONS were originally published in the "Bristol Pulpit," and now being bound together, make a neat and attractive volume of some 350 pages.

God's Unspeakable Gift; or Views of the Person and Work of Christ. By the Author of "God is Love;" "The Comforter;" "Our Heavenly Home," &c. Cloth, price 5s. London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill.

THIS is the fourth and concluding volume of a uniform series of, if we may so term them, GOSPEL GEMS. Their talented Author has done incalculable service by their publication at this time. Now that error is so rife, in such spheres, and in such specious forms, we cannot conceive of any class of works being more opportunely published than that of which the present volume forms one. Its easy-flowing, pleasantly-argumentative, and powerfully-appealing style is eminently calculated to arrest the attention, and deeply to impress the heart. And, considering the sphere in which the Author's onerous duties compel him to move—mixing with every grade of society, as he necessarily does—closely associated as he is with men in power, men of high worldly name and fame—it is no trifling declaration he makes in his preface, but one which speaks loudly and impressively to every heart and conscience. Among the diversities of human life, literature presents sweets of no common order to the intellectual man; but those pleasures are heightened in no small degree when opportunities and facilities are afforded him, of publishing continuously and uninterruptedly his sentiments to the world. Such is Mr. GRANT'S position—such his privilege; and yet, in the face of these facts, and with all that the management and absolute control of the daily press affords and involves, he remarks:—

"The Author has just said that this work, and the three previous ones of the series, have severally been written under a deep conviction how much he himself needed whatever aid their preparation could impart towards sustaining his own spirituality of mind. He thinks it right to add, that among the happiest hours of his life he will ever number those which he has consecrated to the trains of thought which have resulted in the publication of these four volumes. He believes he is not insensible to the charms of refined and intellectual society,—and few individuals have been more favoured than himself with opportunities of gratifying a taste for such society,—but he is desirous of leaving it on record, that he has never experienced pleasures arising from that or from any other source, which could bear a moment's comparison with those which have their

origin in the religion of Jesus. It has long been laid on the Author's mind, that before leaving the world he should like to give his calm and deliberate testimony to this fact; but not knowing when the closing scene may come, nor under what circumstances it may take place, it has occurred to him, that it would be better to leave this testimony on record while in health and strength,—especially as it may have greater weight now than if it were deferred until earth's objects had begun to elude his grasp, and the world itself to vanish from his view."

We say this speaks as with trumpet-tongue, and we heartily pray that such a testimony may not be lost, especially upon the young.

Our time has only allowed us the opportunity of just dipping into this volume, and reading a few pages here and there. We cannot, however, deny either ourselves or our readers a couple of our extracts, bearing as they do upon the all-important subjects of the Divinity and Atonement of our Lord:—

"I have thus brought to a close my arguments and proofs to establish the great and momentous doctrine of our Saviour's divinity. As I have before observed, I have not undertaken to exhaust, or anything like exhaust, the evidence with which the Scriptures abound in favour of the perfect deity of our Lord. Had I gone into the subject as fully as I might have done, I would have found matter for many volumes, instead of my only occupying the half of one. It will be observed that I have strictly confined myself to "what saith the Scripture" on the subject. I have not, in a single instance, gone beyond the boundaries of the Bible, nor have I even consulted commentators on the passages of holy writ which I have brought before my readers. Having sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit in every step of my progress, I have given the construction of the Scriptures I have quoted, which seemed to me to be the correct one. If I had not determined on limiting myself to the testimony of the Bible with regard to the divinity of Jesus Christ, I would have quoted and dwelt upon the important fact, recorded in the celebrated letter of the younger Pliny, written about the year 70 to Trajan, then chief magistrate of Rome, in which he says, "that the Christians were accustomed, on a stated day to assemble before it was light and to sing a *hymn to Christ as to a God.*" Coming from an enemy to Christianity, this testimony is not only important, but appears to me conclusive as to the fact, that the Chris-

tians in the days of the younger Pliny regarded Christ as divine in the highest acceptation of the term, inasmuch as they worshipped him as God.

"I trust I have brought before the minds of my readers a sufficient amount of evidence to establish them fully and firmly in the faith of our Lord's divinity. On the other hand, I no less fondly hope that no one will think that I have been unnecessarily copious in my proofs of so great a truth. It is, as I have said before, the great central truth of our holy religion. If Christ be not divine in the highest sense of the term, the gospel ceases to be any gospel at all, in the proper acceptation of the word. Its vitality and its worth are solely dependent on the great doctrine of Christ's perfect divinity. Take away that doctrine from the gospel, and it at once becomes no better than a mere code of morals,—a system which may be worthy of all commendation as containing salutary rules for the regulation of one's conduct in life, but a system utterly worthless in regard to the way in which the law-condemned and self-condemned sinner, can escape the eternal perdition to which his guilt has doomed him, and be made an heir and eternal occupant of heaven. If Jesus were not divine,—if He were not in the strictest sense of the term the Son of God, His sufferings and death would leave the world, in reality, in the same situation as regards our relation with an outraged and offended God, as it was before the advent of Jesus to it. It is on this account that I have dwelt at so much length on the divinity of our Lord; and it is on the same account, that I would entreat, with all the earnestness which it is possible for me to express, that every reader of these pages will seek and pray, that he may be thoroughly grounded in what I regard as pre-eminently *the* central truth of the gospel scheme.

"To those who have no more doubt of the perfect divinity of Christ, than they have of any fact which is palpable to the senses, it cannot be necessary to say, what a value the fact of our Lord's divinity imparts to God's gift of His Son. Is not that an Unspeakable Gift which comprehends in it all the attributes of God himself? Was it not an unspeakable display of the Father's love and grace, to give to a rebel and ruined race, His own dear Son, His fellow and His equal, and who dwelt in His bosom from all eternity? And is not Christ an equally Unspeakable Gift as regards us to whom He is given? But on this latter point I shall have occasion to speak at some length in a subsequent section of my

work and therefore I will not enter on it now.

"Let me, in concluding this branch of my subject, make two or three general observations. In dealing, or rather, attempting to deal with the divinity of Christ, we ought never to forget that we require to apply ourselves to such a subject in a very subdued and diffident state of mind, and that the utmost circumspection ought to be exercised in the mode of expressing our views. The theme is at once awful and sublime; and yet it is plainly the purpose of God that we should apply ourselves to the contemplation of it, as far as we have reason to believe it is revealed to us. No one was ever more profoundly impressed with a sense of the high and holy nature of the theme than the Apostle Paul. He exclaimed, while meditating upon it, 'Great is the mystery of godliness,—God manifest in the flesh!' We can only adore where we cannot comprehend; and in speaking or writing on the wondrous theme the only safe course is to adhere as closely as possible to the language of Scripture. As I have already remarked, I have sought to follow this course. As to how Jesus can be co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, and yet be wholly distinct from the Father, that is a point which neither we nor any one else can explain. And even to attempt to do so would be to commit one of the most presumptuous sins of which a human being ever was, or ever could be, guilty. 'The mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh'—is not only a mystery to us now, but ever will be. It is a mystery no less to the angels in heaven. They have ever desired to 'look into' it; and so ought we, provided we assign proper limits to our investigations. But though they may know much more of the 'mystery' than we do, it is to them as well as to us, and ever will be, an incomprehensible theme. Their intellectual capacity, though immeasurably greater than ours, is still but limited, and consequently never can grasp a subject which is infinite in its nature.

But while we thus feel that in dwelling on the co-equality and co-eternity of the Son with the Father, we are treading on delicate as well as holy ground, we are no less satisfied that we are not exceeding the bounds of propriety when we say—saying it with all reverence and all solemnity of soul—that in bestowing such a Saviour as Jesus, even His own Son, His fellow and His equal, God has given us the very greatest gift which it was in His power, almighty as that power is, to bestow. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, in reference to

another great truth, we are told that God, because He could swear by no greater, swore by Himself. In like manner, because He could give us no greater or more glorious person for a Redeemer, than His own Son, His only-begotten Son, His dearly beloved Son,—He did not withhold Him from us, but gave Him up to a life of suffering and of sorrow, and a death of ignominy and agony, that we, through those sufferings and sorrows, and that death, might be eternally saved. It is an amazing thought, and one which will fill men and angels with wonder through all eternity, that God should thus, for the redemption of a rebel as well as ruined race, have given His own Son, who was in His bosom from all eternity, and with whom He took counsel, in regard to all His purposes and plans, before the foundation of the world. It would have been a great and gracious gift had He sent the whole of the glorious hosts of heaven to our world, to suffer and to die for us; but great as such a gift would have been, it would have been literally as nothing compared with the gift of Christ Jesus our Lord. If there be innumerable worlds, as many believe there are,—and each one be peopled by an angelic race of transcendent glory, and God had offered them all up as a sacrifice for us,—even that gift, wondrous as it would have been, would admit of no comparison, not even the slightest, with the gift of Christ Jesus.

Let us all meditate on the amazing fact more frequently than we have ever done before, and the more we are enabled, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to enter into the subject, the more clearly will we discern what a mighty force and wondrous propriety there is in Paul's exclamation—'Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakable Gift.'

"In my preceding chapter on the obedience of Christ, I specially adverted to the fact, that that which conferred the requisite value on our Lord's obedience, was the infinite worth of His Person,—that Person including both the divine and the human natures. The same observation holds equally good with regard to the atonement of Christ. I have already glanced at this point in the present chapter, but its importance justifies a recurrence to it. Just in the proportion as there is more worth and glory in the person of Christ than there would be in an amalgamation of the glory and excellence of all the highest and best of God's creatures, including the intelligences that dwell in celestial realms, and embracing all that is glorious and good in other portions of God's boundless universe,

—in that proportion do more glory and worth attach to the death of Jesus, than if all that is high and holy, great and good in the universe, combined in one nature or being, had died for our sins. Such a sacrifice from the latter, though immeasurably beyond the grasp of our minds in its value, could have been but finite after all; but the sacrifice which Christ Jesus made of himself for us is one which possesses infinite merit and glory. In the fact therefore of the atonement of Christ, greater glory is given to the justice of God, not only than if all that is excellent and exalted had suffered and died for us, but than if the whole of the lapsed race of Adam had been doomed to eternal perdition as the penalty due to their sin. In this way we see not only how God could be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly; but we no less clearly comprehend how the death of Christ in our stead has magnified the divine law and made it honourable.

"We are aware that those who reject the atonement of Christ contend that it was not necessary that our Lord should die for sinners, nor was it just in God to require his death. Those who reason in this way have yet much to learn as to the real evil of sin. The Scriptures represent its enormity to be infinite, because of the infinite character of the Being against whom it has been committed. And therefore we come logically to the conclusion, that to neutralize the effects, or, more properly speaking to expiate the guilt of sin, nothing short of an atonement, possessing infinite value, could meet the exigencies of the case. This is so obvious to reason, as well as consonant to the whole tenor of the Word of God, that no argument can be required to establish the fact, that such a sacrifice as was offered to God in the person of Christ for the sins of mankind was absolutely necessary.

"With regard to the other assumption of those who repudiate the doctrine of the atonement, namely, that it would be unjust on the part of God to accept the sacrifice of an innocent person for the sins of the guilty,—a single word will meet and answer the argument. We see, as I remarked when speaking of the obedience of Christ, the doctrine of substitution adopted and carried out by practical illustrations in every-day life. A man becomes security for his friend, that the latter will fulfil some pecuniary obligation which that friend has incurred. The latter fails to meet his engagements, and the surety is then forthwith proceeded against by the party with whom faith has been broken. If the surety also should be unable pecuniarily to discharge the debt for which he becomes responsible,

the creditor prosecutes him with the utmost rigour of the law, and unhesitatingly causes him to be cast into prison. Now this is a striking case in point: yet in this case no one ever breathes a word of condemnation of the conduct of the creditor in enforcing the severest punishment which the law permits. Why, then, arraign the justice of God in accepting a surety for us, and in then exacting from Him the full penalty to which we had rendered ourselves amenable, by our failure to fulfil what law and justice required at our hands? If God, —we say it with all reverence,—had coerced Christ to become our surety, or had employed any kind of pressure, to prevail upon him to assume our guilt and bear our punishment, then there would have been injustice on the part of God; but inasmuch as Christ became our substitute, purely from his own free choice, without any compulsory agencies of any kind being employed by God to induce him to do so, the charge of injustice which those who reject the atonement say would lie against God if the real atonement of our Lord were a fact,—manifestly and wholly falls to the ground.

“Those who deny the doctrine of a real atonement, practically make light, at least comparatively, of sin. To suppose that the mere confession of sin on the part of Christ and the expression of contrition on our account because of our guilt, would constitute an adequate expiation in the sight of God for our sin, is one of the most unreasonable, as well as most unscriptural notions which ever entered the mind of any one professing to be guided, in the formation of his opinions, by the teachings of the Bible. Every one who is taught by the Spirit must turn away with holy abhorrence from an hypothesis which is based on the assumption that sin is a trivial matter; and assuredly the notion we are combating, that a fictitious vicarious atonement is all that is required to meet the exigencies of our condition as guilty in the sight of God reduces the enormity of sin to very small proportions. Fallen angels found sin to be no small matter, when it expelled them from heaven; and they find it no small matter now that they are reserved in chains of darkness to the judgment of the great day. It was no light matter to our first parents when it forfeited the favour of God and entailed so many spiritual evils, and so much social and physical misery, upon them. Sin will be no light matter to those who will have to suffer the wrath of God through all eternity on account of it, in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. It was no light matter to our Lord

when He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. He found it a terrible reality, an evil of infinite enormity, and so will all who reject His salvation and perish in their impotence.

“And here let me make one or two parenthetical observations. I am not convinced of any truth more firmly than of this,—that whatever has a tendency to diminish the evil of sin in our eyes, must be a doctrine at variance with the Word of God; while, on the contrary, there is the strongest presumptive reason to believe, that doctrines which have a necessary tendency to deepen the enormity of sin in our sight, is in accordance with the truth as it is in Jesus. Inasmuch, therefore, as the hypothesis of a mere reputed or nominal atonement of Christ, does away with the more sombre aspects of sin, while the belief in a real atonement holds up sin to us in colours inconceivably darker than it ever has been, or ever can be in any other way, even were the whole intelligent universe of God to be doomed to eternal punishment on account of it,—the conclusion seems to me irresistible, that the doctrine of the atonement literally understood, is the doctrine of the Bible.

“Men pluming themselves on the fancied superiority of their reasoning faculties, and therefore refusing to submit their judgments to the plain declarations of Scripture, may continue to deny the reality of the atonement, and by consequence the infinite enormity of sin; but God had not such low views of sin when he sent his Son into our world, in the character of our substitute, and to endure the penalty due to our guilt. He could have given no more impressive proof of the greatness of His aversion to sin, consequent on its infinite evil, than He did in the gift of His Son to die a death the most ignominious and excruciating that the ingenious malignity of men or of fallen spirits could devise, in order that we might escape the terrible eternal consequences of our transgressions. It cannot be too often or too emphatically repeated, that there was no other way but by the incarnation, obedience, sufferings, and death of God's only-begotten and well-beloved Son, whereby we could escape the punishment to which our guilt had subjected us; for if there had, we are sure from all we know of the character of God and his infinite affection for Christ, that He would have had recourse to any other method which would at once have adequately attested the enormity of our guilt, and redeemed us from eternal perdition. In the sufferings and death, therefore, of the Lord Jesus Christ, we see at once such a manifestation

of the heinousness of human guilt, and of the infinite compassion of God for our race, as could not in any other way have been made to us,—such a display of the Father's holy hatred of sin, combined with boundless love to the sinner, as shall fill heaven through all eternity with unutterable wonder, admiration, joy, and gratitude. And even now, how blessed the thought, how very consoling the assurance, that Christ's atonement was so real as to be an adequate reparation to God's law and justice for our guilt, and that consequently our Redeemer, having thus made an end of sin, in the case of all believers in him, we are as entirely and for ever free from the law's condemning power, or a disposition to wreak its vengeance upon us, as if we had never exposed ourselves to its appalling wrath. Is not Christ, then, who has accomplished all this for us, eminently entitled to the appellation of God's Unspeakable Gift?

Circulated, as this volume will be, in a large and entirely new sphere, we trust its testimony will carry weight and conviction to those who have hitherto been immersed in worldly pleasure, and whose minds have been under the influence of a merely nominal, educational, commonplace Christianity. May such be led to see and feel that "God's Unspeakable Gift" is no less than a Divine Person, a great and gracious Saviour, to and for poor, helpless, lost and undone sinners, of which the whole human family consists.

My Recollections of the last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. An Answer to Dr. Wiseman. By ALEXANDER GAVAZZI. [London: Partridge & Co. Paternoster Row.

WE wonder what the *Wise-man* (?) thinks of the Pope now. Surely if he were allied to any other system than that accursed one to which it is his haplessness to belong, he would blush, and speedily turn to some more honest and durable creed. Talk of *infallibility*, why, there

is nought but the most barefaced villany that would pretend to such a thing. And surely, with all its changes—its twistings and its turnings—no system had ever less real claim to that of infallibility than the accursed Church of Rome. A pretty head to boast of—a fine "god" to depend upon is the poor creature—who after being protected for years by French bayonets, is now fearing and trembling at what may come next. We wish we could see as clearly that Popery-days are numbered in dear Old England as they appear to be in Rome. Shame that England should so close her eyes and steel her heart to what the God of armies is now doing on the Continent! Fie upon her, that she should allow herself and her Church to be betrayed by a multitude of intriguing Jesuits, whose object is nothing less than the subjugation of both her constitution and her Church to the accursed Rome.

The book before us cannot fail to be read with special interest at the present momentous crisis.

Old Jonathan's Almanack. London: W. H. Collingridge.

THIS is the fourth Almanack *Old Jonathan* has published. This year it has increased in size, and contains, in addition to a Scripture-text for each day in the year, much valuable information. The price of simply one penny puts it within the reach of thousands of cottagers; and exceedingly gratifying it is to see it occupy a place upon so many cottage-walls, in lieu of the paltry prints which too often secure a prominent position in the cottage. In the chambers of the better circumstanced JONATHAN has frequently seen his Almanack so placed that the passage of Scripture might each morning be committed to memory, during the process of washing and dressing. Its suspension on the walls of the cottager affords the same facility for each inmate both old and young, to learn the text for the day; and who knows what benefit may accrue therefrom?

LEARNING IN THE PULPIT.—Some of the Rev. W. ROMAIN'S congregation, thinking his style of preaching too common and plain, requested him to exhibit a little more learning in the pulpit; accordingly, the next opportunity, he read his text in Hebrew. "Now," said he, "I suppose scarcely one in this congregation understands that." He then read it in Greek, and added, "there may be one or two

that understand me now. I will next read it in Latin." He did so, and said, "possibly a few more may comprehend me, but the number is still very limited." He last of all repeated the text in English. "There," he continued, "now you all understand it; which do you think is best? I hope always so to preach, as that the most ignorant person in the congregation may understand me."

E. B. M.

[We have on several occasions spoken of the sweet pieces penned by the OLD PILGRIM'S WIDOW. Her gift for poetry has been eminently owned of God for the comforting of His children, and has at the same time helped her as a partial means of support. She has now written upwards of forty different pieces. Many of our beloved readers have sent to 59, Bath Row, Birmingham, for their six-penny and shilling's worth of these precious songs of Zion, to give to the sick and the sorrowful, or for enclosing in their letters. We hope many more of our readers will do the same. By forwarding stamps to Mrs. MOENS, at the aforementioned address, any number of copies will be returned per book-post, at the rate of sixpence a dozen, or less if taken by the hundred. We are exceedingly anxious that these precious poems should be disseminated far and wide, and that our widowed sister in Christ should, now that she is somewhat advancing in years, be encouraged in this her good work. Annexed are two more specimens of E. B. M.'s poetic pieces.—ED.]

"I WILL GIVE THEE REST."

MATTHEW XI. 28.

My heart is at rest! Oh! can it *be true!*,
While here in this wilderness state,

So little of Jesus, and glory in view,
And conflict and trial so great.

My heart is at rest! 'mid the conflicting
strife,

And firmly reposes on thee;
For *thou* art the source and the well-
spring of life,
And the chief of ten thousand to *me*.

My heart is at rest! in the smiles of thy
love,

How *blessed!* how *sacred* that rest!
When heart and affections are centred
above,
I cannot be *greatly* distressed.

My heart is at rest! and is fixed by *thee*,
Immoveably safe, and secure;
Though mountains be hurl'd in the
depth of the sea,
The promise of God shall endure.

Dear Lord, let me realize *more* of this *rest*
While passing this valley of woe;
And oh! let me daily repose on thy
breast,
As onward to glory I go.

"PERPLEXED, BUT NOT IN
DESPAIR."

BEWILDER'D by Satan and sin,
My spirit is sorely oppress;
Corruption is rising within
And tending to make me distress:
My Father, my Friend, and my Guide,
Oh! say to the tempter, depart;
Come, gather me close to thy side,
Speak peace to my sorrowful heart.

Whenever my soul is dismay'd,
Thy presence can give me relief;
The soul that on Jesus is stay'd,
No longer will sorrow and grieve:
Though trial, temptation, and pain,
My fluttering heart may oppress,
Oh! let me not grieve or complain,
But give me refreshing and rest.

This warfare will shortly be o'er;
These wilderness trials will cease;
And I be perplexéd no more,
But dwell in the city of peace.
Oh! Spirit of life and of love,
Give patience and faith to the end,
Till with the redeemed above,
My glorified soul shall ascend.

Birmingham.

E. B. M.

Ah! glory of the hero of this world,
profane panegyrics, inscriptions conceived in high swelling words of vanity, superb trophies, diadems, fitter to serve as an amusement to children than to engage the attention of reasonable men! what have ye, once to be compared with the acclamations and with the crowns prepared for the Christian hero?—*Saurin.*

PERHAPS you are ready to say, "I am afraid I am not a child of God, because I am so dull and lifeless, my prayers are so cold and dead, and I am so heavy and careless under ordinances;" this is the method God takes to make you discontented with yourself, your duties and performances, and to make you look at Christ as your *all*.—*Romaine.*

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."

"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, and To-day, and for Ever." "Whom to know is Life Eternal."

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FAMILY PORTRAITS. PETER. DAYBREAK.

"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore."—

John xxi. 4.

READER, that was a striking saying of the Psalmist's, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning." Now, who does not know something literally of what it is to "watch for the morning?" How the sick, as they toss to and fro, from side to side, seeking a little ease or relief in this position or that, during the long and wearisome night, "watch for the morning." How grateful to the anxious nurse or attendant upon the sick is the very first gleam of light that bursts through the window casement, indicating that the darkness is past, and that day is again dawning. How would the traveller, in the old coaching days, as he rode hour after hour through the darkness and the dreariness, look around upon the far-distant hills for the veriest shade of light as the pioneer of the morning. The passenger on ship-board, the helmsman as he takes his turn at the wheel, the "watch," as they pace to and fro the poop, the bridge, or under the lee of the paddle-box, the "look-out man" that has been sent aloft, yea, even the stoker, as he shoots up his head after "coaling," to get a mouthful of fresh air; each and all "watch for the morning." From the captain, who has "turned in" for a short sleep, to the cabin-boy who has stolen a nap when and where he could, each and all, with anxious gaze and intense desire, have "watched for the morning." And how much more have the shipwrecked crew, as they have sought shelter in the shrouds, or clung to the rugged rocks—the sea roaring at their feet, the spray breaking over them continuously, and every wave threatening to drag them off and complete the work of destruction—how do such "watch for the morning." The poor wounded soldier left upon the battle-field after the day's hard fighting, had stood the day through, but fell fearfully wounded during the last charge; had narrowly escaped being trampled to death as the cavalry like a mighty torrent swept by; but night had at length set in; the wounded were left to their fate; and now in intense thirst, thorough prostration after the fearful excitement, excruciating pain from the fractured limb or bullet-wound, 'mid the moans of the dying or the groans of the wounded, he "watches for the morning."

The Psalmist, in his anguish and in the multitude of his fears, would seem to embrace all these ideas. "Out of the depths," he exclaims, "have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

Again, by the prophet Amos we meet with this expression, He "turneth the shadow of death into the morning." Hence the relief, the sweetness, the consolation. With darkness is dread; with light—hope, and joy, and peace.

Moreover, how precious is this testimony, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Now unquestionably Peter and his fellow-disciples, during their night-season of self-will and creature-choice, encountered a vast amount of restlessness, discomfort, miserable dissatisfaction. We have not a doubt that, as the result of that hasty, petulant resolve of Peter's, "I go a-fishing," he and his companions met with nothing but disappointment and vexation, not merely in fact, but in feeling. We will venture to say, that the disciples were anything but amiable that night. We doubt not they were cross and crochety to a degree. How short and how pert were their answers one to another. This one did not do right, nor the other. Now it was Peter's fault that they caught no fish, then it was James's, and then in turn poor, meek, placid John's. If they fished with hook and line, then the bait was wrong; and oh, how vexed Peter was, when he fancied he had a bite, and found it was nothing, or only a dog-fish; or if they were trowling, the net would get entangled, or all they would get for their weariness in rowing would be a fine haul of weeds; all making matters worse, and adding to the vexed feeling. How many times did Peter wish, during that long and wearisome night, that he had gone *home* rather than gone *a-fishing*; and probably more than once his companions expressed in not very pleasant terms their wish that he had made no such proposal. Nought but a painful dissatisfaction pervaded all. Communion and fellowship upon the best of all themes was out of the question under present circumstances, and why? Because the Master was absent as to manifestation; their Lord was not there; and they were where they were, and as they were, as the result of their own choice—their own fleshly will. "Patience had not had her perfect work;" they were not content to wait for Jesus, as on one occasion the people did, and that not in vain (see Luke viii. 40); but, prompted by poor, hasty Peter, they must adopt their own course, and speedily they found, as all in like manner do find, the disappointment and dissatisfaction attendant upon such a course. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" and therefore Peter and his fellow-disciples, on this occasion, not being under the sweet exercise of a waiting and watching faith, their going a-fishing was a sin. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Child of God, is not this hasty, impatient spirit one source of daily lamentation and regret before the Lord? And dost thou not long to know more and more of that tone of mind so sweetly expressed by the sainted TOPLADY—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His?"

Yet Peter and his companions were to learn some precious and never-to-be-forgotten lessons, even under present circumstances; and so does the great Teacher, in the daily management of His own, turn all things to account. He, in His marvellous wisdom, brings good out of that which in itself is evil; and causes all to minister to His own glory, and to the present and eternal good of His dear people.

"That night they caught nothing." There was a blank—it was seemingly a waste night—they had fished and rowed, and rowed and fished; and they had temper for their toil—coldness, irritability, ingratitude—the sure fruits of fleshly fishing. Faith would presently try *her* hand, and with very different results. But faith always waits the word of command, and never takes upon herself to say, as Peter did, "*I go.*"

But, after all their toil and disappointment, "the night was far spent, the day was at hand;" and thus is the great and glorious truth expressed, "But when the morning was now come"—even the "now" implies the previous season of waiting and looking for—Jesus stood on the shore." Ah, yes; 'tis the morning that brings Jesus, and that, too, upon the welcome shore, after the tossing and the toiling upon the tempestuous ocean; when one's frail barque has encountered wave upon wave, and billow upon billow, expecting moment by moment destruction. "Jesus stood on the shore." All-lovely, most-precious, ever-to-be-adored Jesus! Placid, patient, pitying Jesus! No anger, no reproach, no frown upon His brow! Just cause has He for indignation; well may He charge His disciples with faithlessness and folly; but no, "He knows their frame, He remembers that they are dust." He stands on the shore, but as yet He does not make Himself known. There are times when He discovers Himself first, and, ere they are aware, makes His loved and loving ones "like the chariots of Amminadab;" at other times, and mostly, as in the present instance, He speaks first, and reveals Himself afterwards. So was it when He discovered Himself to Mary, in the previous chapter; so when He showed Himself to His disciples; and so when He drew nigh and communed with them as the two journeyed to Emmaus.

"Children (or sirs), have ye any meat?" He asks. No chiding, no reproach, but a simple, gentle question He puts. Prompt, and if we mistake not, petulant, is their reply. "They answered Him, No." Not Master, Sir, Lord, but simply No, followed, no doubt, with at least the mental addenda, "Why do you ask? What business is it of yours?" Still no indignation—no censure? None. Reader, we must dwell upon these facts; because we want you, on the one hand, to have a clearer insight into poor, fallen, utterly helpless, and depraved humanity; and, on the other hand, into the mercy, grace, forbearance, and astounding love of Jehovah-Jesus.

"And He said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." Without doubt they had, the night through, been casting both right and left; but, inasmuch as they had been fishing with a fleshly hand, on whichever side of the ship they fished, it proved to be wrong. When, however, Jesus gave the word, and, in spite of all fleshly hopes and expectations, Faith cast the net, then it proved to be "the right side of the ship" indeed.

Do observe, reader, the time and mode of this faith's fishing. It was upon the so to speak *death* of all the disciples' previous hopes and efforts. It was when *they* were about to relinquish all further attempts, when they viewed the night as a lost night, and all their toil as vain and fruitless, that then

prompted by Divine power, and brought under an irresistible influence, "they cast *therefore*." Faith, though not at the time known or recognized as such, prompted by the word of its great Author, casts the net, notwithstanding all previous discouragements. She acts in total independence of, and indifference to, all difficulties; yea,

"Immortal Faith the promise sees,
And trusts to Christ alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

Reader, beware of substituting feeling for faith; and learn the great fact, that *faith* produces *feeling*, not *feeling faith*. Don't overlook the disciples at this important juncture. Where was their feeling? Faith lives and acts in spite of sight and sense. Their feeling of self-loathing and disgust, and a corresponding admiration and acknowledgment of their Lord, was yet in reserve; it was to *follow*, not *precede*, one of those blessed ventures which Faith delights to make, and in which her true character is to be seen and known.

Reader, do you know anything of these Divine mysteries? Have you learnt somewhat of the nature of that marvellous power, which is "the *substance* of things *hoped for*, the *evidence* of things *not seen*;" which "looks not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen?"

Oh, how little do any of us know of the true nature of *faith*. Nearly all of what we call faith is only sense and reason glossed over, tinselled with the name and seeming nature of faith. Divest it of that thin coating; submit it to the fire of which Paul and Peter speak; in other words, throw it into the furnace of affliction, and how soon we discover the cheat. Alas! alas! how have we been deceived. And did our deliverance or our salvation depend upon our faith, rather than on the person and work of faith's great Author and Finisher, where would be that deliverance? where that salvation? Hence the Lord deals with His children in such a wise, peculiar, and tender way, that they dare not ascribe any deliverance—not even the least—to any foresight or strength of theirs; nay, not even to the exercise of faith, free and sovereign a gift as that faith is, but wholly and solely to Him who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Beloved reader, the Lord permitting, we shall have somewhat more to say upon this interesting subject; and, in our next paper, trace out some of the precious lessons Peter learnt by the failure of *his* fishing.

1, *Devonshire Buildings, Bedfordminster,*
Bristol, Nov., 1860.

THE EDITOR.

WEALTH WILL BE DEVOTED TO GOD WHEN HEARTS ARE MELTED BY LOVE.

DIODORUS SICULUS relates that the Forest of the Pyrenean mountains being set on fire, and the heat penetrating to the soil, a pure stream of silver gushed forth from the bosom of the earth, and revealed for the first time the existence of those rich lodes afterwards so celebrated. Covetousness yields up its

wealth for sacred uses most unwillingly, but let the melting influence of the cross of Christ be felt, let the fire of the Gospel be kindled in the church, and its ample stores shall be seen flowing forth from their hidden recesses, and becoming the fine gold of the sanctuary.—*Mammon*.

THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

IN one of our garrison towns (Woolwich), a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some misdemeanour. The officer, entering the soldier's name, said, "Here is so-and-so again, what can we do with him; he has gone through almost every ordeal?" The sergeant-major apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been *forgiven*." "Forgiven!" said the colonel; "here is his case entered." "Yes, but the man is not before you, and you can cancel it." After the colonel had reflected for a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable remarks, the colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to *forgive* you." The soldier was struck with astonishment, the tears started from his eyes, he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant, and others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never, during that time, was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won!

This is just the method God adopts with us in the everlasting Gospel. We are guilty. The charges are brought against us. The case is entered. But the Lord delighteth in mercy. He seeks to melt us by His love. He is ready to forgive: He sends to us, saying, "Only acknowledge thine iniquities." And then presents a pardon—a pardon which cost Him the life of His only-begotten Son. A pardon, not of one sin, but of all our sins. A pardon that will bring peace to the conscience on earth, and entitle us to eternal rest in heaven. The soldier, in the case before us, gladly accepted the pardon, was melted down by the kindness of his colonel, and wept as a child would weep. But sinners too

often hear of God's forgiving love without emotion; and, instead of humbly confessing their sins, and gladly embracing pardon, they treat it with neglect or contempt. What can be the reason of this? The reason is, they do not realize their criminality, or the danger to which they are exposed—they do not believe in an eternal hell, as the punishment which their sins deserve, and therefore they treat the Gospel as if it were a fable, or a subject of no importance.

Reader, have you felt that you are guilty before God? Guilty of breaking His law, which is holy, just, and good? Guilty, not of breaking the law once, but ten thousand times—not in one form, but in a multitude of ways—so that if God were to punish you according to your desert, he must sentence you to hell for ever?

Grace teaches good works. The pardoned soldier became a changed man—mercy did what punishment could not, for it thoroughly reformed him. So, if we believe the love that God has to us, if we receive the message of His mercy, the promise of His grace, and come to Him for pardon and obtain it, we shall find that the grace of God that bringeth salvation to us, will teach us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world. Nothing softens the heart like kindness, and therefore in the Gospel the kindness of God our Saviour is set before us. Nothing inspires the soul with gratitude like love, nor will anything make us desire so to walk as to please God like gratitude; and therefore the Gospel minister cries, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." If the grace that presents a free, full, and everlasting pardon of all sin, will not melt our hard hearts, and reform our vicious lives, nothing will. The law, with its rigid requirements and terrible threatenings, only hardens the sinner's heart, and renders him obdurate and sullen; but the Gospel, with its sweet invitations, gracious provision, and glorious promises, melts, humbles, and remodels every heart that believes and receives it; and as it melts, humbles,

and re-models the heart, it consequently reforms, regulates, and consecrates the life to God's glory and praise.

Once more, reader, that Gospel speaks to you. Once more, by the Gospel, the God of all grace addresses you. After living so long in sin, after hardening yourself against Him so often, after treating Him with such criminal contempt, He says, "Come *now*, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." That is, they shall all be blotted out, they shall be all forgiven, and you shall be white as the driven snow, and clean as the well-washed wool. And even if my reader be a desperate sinner, one of the foulest transgressors, one of the basest of Adam's race; yea, if you are the vilest that ever breathed God's air, or blasphemed God's holy name, or injured your fellow-men, if you deserve the lowest, hottest hell, yet to you, to you at this moment, to you after all that you have done, God speaks, speaks not in a voice of thunder—speaks not in wrath, but in mercy—speaks as if he were not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. And what think you are His words: "Won-

der, O heavens! be astonished, O earth!" God, the infinitely holy! God, the inflexibly righteous! God says to the vilest out of hell, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; let the wicked," the desperately wicked, "forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;" the man of no character, the most depraved, "and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy," yea, He will have mercy, for He delights to do so, He will have mercy upon him; "and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Abundantly pardon! Yes, He will pardon like a God. Pardon all sin, pardon all sin completely. Pardon with His whole heart, and with His whole soul. Pardon so as to cover sin, so as to annihilate the charge of sin, so as to free from all the penal consequences of sin, and from the consequences of sin for ever. He will forgive all, not only forgive but forget. Hear His own precious words, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Oh, blessed assurance, that God will not only blot our sins out of His book, but out of His memory, so that they shall be remembered against us no more. —*Weekly Tracts.*

AN EVENING WITH HAWKER.

. AUG. 4.—PSALM CXXX. 4.

A GOLDEN Psalm indeed, and, as dear HAWKER observes, "more ponderous in value than the choicest gold of Ophir." Oh, what a stream of comfort flows from the thought expressed by the dear old saint, and which must have been dictated by God the Holy Ghost. Consider it, beloved reader, and refer again and again to it—ponder it afresh—look up for Divine teaching, and mark the preciousness, mark how God the Holy Spirit taught the dear Doctor; and mark also the sublime thought, and the sublimity and grandeur of the idea, which in itself is so grand as to make it evident when we read the words, that they were indited by the Holy Ghost himself. And when we can bring the mind to imagine the sin-smitten soul, after much doubting, many anxious fears, much unbelief, all but giving way in despair, suddenly

aroused—when under those deep heart-searchings which none but the Holy Ghost can stir up—pleading before the throne, under a deep consciousness of sin, the precious words, "But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." There is Jesus with thee! the Son of thy love, the Man of thy right hand; there is before thee ever this same Jesus! He is the propitiator, He is the propitiation, He is the mercy-seat in whom and for whom thou hast promised; and thy promises, dear Lord, are eternal verities, yea and amen, immutable and unchangeable as thyself, sure as thy throne; and from Him thou hast promised to speak; thou hast promised to commune with thy people in and through Him. Oh, read the dear Doctor's observations, poor, cast-down soul, again and again, and take comfort.

SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.

"THE works of the Lord," says the Psalmist, "are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein" (Ps. cxi. 2). And conversely, it is the just reproach of the wicked, that "they regard *not* the works of the Lord, nor the operation of His hands" (Ps. xxviii. 5; compare Rom. i. 20). Of these works of the Lord three great departments may be enumerated:—(1.) His works of creation; (2.) His works of providence; and (3.) His works of grace and judgment: and in the contemplation of each of these the devout mind is constrained continually to exclaim, "Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well" (Ps. cxxxix. 14). It is, however, upon the first of these departments of the divine operation alone, that I purpose making a few remarks—namely, upon God's works of creation. And the light in which I intend to view these works is that cast by the discoveries of modern science upon the inspired testimony of holy Scripture concerning them.

The Bible proclaims to us the fact that "the works of the Lord are great;" but science, as I shall endeavour to show, enables us to comprehend the true extent of that greatness, in a manner and to an extent otherwise impossible.

1. "The works of the Lord are great" *in magnitude*. We are told in the Mosaic account of the Creation, with the sublime brevity which characterizes the narrative, that ELOHIM "*made the stars also*" (Gen. i. 16). And in point of fact the magnificent array of the nocturnal heavens has in all ages caused mankind to regard them as a most impressive manifestation of the Almighty's power; so that David could as truly as beautifully say, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii. 3). But what conception of the celestial mechanics had even the royal psalmist, compared with that afforded us by the discoveries of

modern science? To him, doubtless, this earth of ours was the principal body in the universe; nor had he any satisfactory idea either of the firmament itself or of the orbs that gemmed it. Could he have been taught the truths which the modern science of astronomy and the calculations of modern analysis have been instrumental in establishing, how immeasurably must his conceptions of the greatness of the Creator's works have been enhanced! Had he been made to understand that this earth was only an inferior member of one small system of stars;—had there been unfolded to him the plan of that system, of which, viewing it from this earth, he saw but a *section*;—had there been discovered to him that larger system in which our whole solar system is but a speck, and had his thoughts been carried still further to systems situated at such a distance, that the multitudinous worlds which compose them are undistinguishable by us save as a faint spot of nebulous light, and that the rays of light travelling with a velocity which baffles the powers of imagination, though not of calculation, must have left those bodies thousands of years ere they reached this earth;—had these facts of modern science been made known to David, I repeat, would he not have been enabled to see in his own beautiful words, a new depth and comprehensiveness of meaning? And should not we, knowing these facts, find in the pregnant announcement that God "*made the stars also*," a revelation of the greatness of His works such as they could not have conveyed to their earlier Jewish readers?

2. Again, "The works of the Lord are great," if I may so speak, *in minuteness*. The consideration of the amazing disparity between the material greatness of the universe and the material insignificance of man, suggested by the reflection of David: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" is sus-

ceptible at once of a pious use and of an impious abuse. Its pious use is to teach us humility in our estimate of ourselves, as such frail and insignificant creatures, and also admiration of the divine grace and condescension in being mindful of us notwithstanding our insignificance, and especially in visiting us with His great salvation. Its impious abuse is to found on the admitted insignificance of man the assumption that God is *not* mindful of him, and that the idea that He should send His Eternal Son to suffer and die for the insignificant inhabitants of this insignificant world is at once monstrous and incredible. "What is man," asks the sceptic, in a spirit the very opposite of David's, "What is man that Thou *shouldest* be mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou *shouldest* visit him?" It was to meet this shallow objection that Dr. CHALMERS delivered his celebrated "Astronomical Discourses," and in that eloquent refutation of it he appeals from the telescope to the microscope—from the infinite in magnitude to the infinite in minuteness. For the Bible does not simply teach us that God is mindful of *man*, either generically or individually; this is by no means the limit of its testimony. Christ Himself has told us that a sparrow "shall not fall on the ground without our Father" (Matt. x. 29); and that "the very hairs of our head are all numbered" (ver. 30). And is not this a still further tax on the sceptic's belief? For if it is incredible that God should be mindful of man at all, how much more incredible is it that He should be mindful of the hairs of our heads? But here again modern science can furnish us with evidence corroborative of revelation. It is not only by the infinite in largeness, but also by the infinite in smallness, that we are taught the true greatness of God's works of creation. As the telescope reveals to us the one, so the microscope has discovered the other; and both alike shed a new and at the same time a harmonizing light upon the testimony of Scripture. For when we find a world of minute life revealed to us, unperceived by our unassisted senses, nay, when we find that with every successive increase in the power of the instrument, a world of

still more and more minute life is laid bare, so as to seem to have no limit to its immeasurable minuteness, just as in the other direction the series of worlds seems to reach to infinity in their immeasurable remoteness; when we find these minute beings wondrous in structure, and surrounded abundantly by all that is adapted to their wants; we are thus enabled to conceive, as we could not otherwise have done, the reasonableness of the testimony that the vastness of God's providential care extends to the minutest circumstances: for surely it is not too much to believe that that God should "take care" for sparrows, who has not deemed it an unworthy exercise of His omnipotence to create a monad; or that He should even number the hairs of our head, who has with exquisite skill fashioned the cilia of an invisible animalcule.

3. Once more, "The works of the Lord are great" *in duration*. As astronomy has enlarged our conceptions of the greatness of creation in regard to *space*, so has geology expanded them in relation to our ideas of *time*. To take another expression of the Psalmist: "Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands" (Ps. cii. 25). What a sublime emphasis do the discoveries of geology attach to this language! "*Of old*,"—that is, as it used to be considered, about six thousand years ago, not only the earth but the whole material universe was spoken into existence in a moment of time. But now, thanks to the revelations of the stony book, we can understand that the Scripture account, which we supposed to imply this, does in truth only relate to the preparation of this earth for the habitation of man, not to its original creation. Science has proved, by irrefragable evidence, that the first act of creation must be referred to a period indefinitely but immensely remote; and that successive ages have passed over this globe, during which it has been the seat of numerous systems of organic life, differing from one another, yet all linked into one great system by a most perfect unity. And read in the light of these geological discoveries, how different—how much deeper and more emphatic a meaning,

do we find in the words, "Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth?" Truly, not more have the revelations of astronomy, by reducing the world to its true position in the immensity of space, enlarged our conceptions of the greatness of God's works in regard to their extent, than have these, by reducing the era of human history to its true position in the immensity of time, enlarged our conceptions of the greatness of those works in regard to duration.

The argument might be pursued still further, but the few instances which have been adduced (perhaps the most plain and conspicuous) may suffice to teach us that the true position of science is that of the handmaid, not (as is too often assumed) the enemy of revelation. For of this we may rest assured, that between God's word *rightly interpreted* and God's works *really understood*, there is and can be nothing but the most perfect harmony.

Liverpool.

WILLIAM MAUDE.

WORDS FROM AFAR.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It is now some twenty years since a critique in the *Evangelical Magazine* called my attention to the *Gospel Magazine*, of which for eight or nine years I was a constant reader. I well remember on one occasion purchasing it, and retiring with it to the Pens, in Smithfield, and perusing with pleasure an article on the 126th Psalm, "The LORD hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad;" things, which the text is, as it were, the refrain of the saying originated among the heathen who witnessed the glorious deliverance, and so beneficial in their tendency as to be productive of prayer for further deliverance. God is as the dew to Israel, and all their springs are found in Him; and we ought never to forget His mercies, as it is through them alone, and not in strength, wisdom, or diligence, we can go in and out and find pasture.

It is much to be regretted that those who, in experience of the Lord's mercy, have tasted that He is gracious, should ever, in their expression of it, employ other language, or hold in abeyance the technical phraseology of Scripture, which is sometimes done lest men should be offended. "I kept back nothing that was profitable," said Paul to the elders of the Church; and surely what things were profitable we may gather from his epistle to the Church, and *from* which, not *to* it, their salvation was traced—election, predestination, calling, and justification. If election is denied by some, and for their pleasure held in abeyance by others, then is the everlasting love of

the Father of mercies disputed and condemned: predestination—His power and wisdom in working all things according to the counsel of His own will; calling—His love and pity in the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit in giving life; justification—the provision of His love in the gift of His Son, and the redemption and salvation which is in Him. And for what? For universal atonement, which is an universal contradiction, as it never had existence; and the thought of it cannot be entertained without harbouring a doubt of the ability of the Lord Jesus to save, or defiantly declaring, which the Scriptures deny, the freedom of the will, which would be a bold assertion that none are sinners, and therefore the death of the Lord unnecessary. The world knows not the Father, are not at peace with Him; are in bondage to sin, death, and the devil; consequently the atonement is not universal, for if it were, the whole world would be rejoicing in the pardoning love of the Father, as nothing can withstand His power, and not as we behold, a multitude which no one can number called out of darkness into marvellous light.

It is also to be deplored that they who know the truth, do not, not only in eminent places, but in positions of isolation into which many are cast, rejoice in, and freely profess the doctrine of election as that of mercy and salvation, and not as it adversaries misrepresent, as a doctrine of condemnation and perdition: "Except the Lord of Sabaoth had left us a seed, we had been as

Sodom, and been made like unto Gomorrah." "Even so then at this present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace." And as all things are for their sake, and as they alone will obtain salvation with eternal glory—loved even though some are dead in sin; others in great tribulation, suffering fierce assaults of the adversary, sorely tempted, tried, and perplexed—truth ought to be boldly and technically declared, as it alone is profitable for their deliverance, liberty, guidance, and salvation. And not like me, and, I doubt not, many others, commit the grievous error, not having our conversation as becometh the Gospel in our intercourse with men, for the sake of conciliation and peace—keep back the profitable truth by which we are distinguished, until our folly is manifested in our confusion, and the reproaches and the blasphemies of the enemy and avenger. It is of the Lord's mercy we are saved, and not our own volition, and that mercy is sufficient, and will keep us when sore broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death.

I have been in this place ten years, and in addition to reverses, afflictions, bereavements, been greatly tried in being deprived, as I was for several years in England, in not hearing a faithfully preached Gospel, that word that liveth and abideth, and here in not meeting with any one, and not having any periodical such as yours, seeking consistently the edification of the family of the Lord Jesus. Again and again have I sought in stores and stalls, among the collection of old works, in vain for those that were in esteem in England. Laterly I was directed to your agent in New York, of whom I purchased two *Gospel Magazines*; and as I determined, to the extent of my ability, as occasion served, not any longer in silence to bear the iniquity of any—"the everlasting task for Arminians"—and several of the works of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, intending by their distribution to convince and exhort those whom I thought needed correction, I soon found there were some who could not endure sound doctrine, and who manifested a disposition, after trampling upon the truth advocated, to rend the distribution. The

Boston Recorder, a Puritan newspaper, also had an elaborate article reviewing as an "eminent Antinomian" the *Life and Writings of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON*, whom they admitted in his day was a mystery not understood, that it was a question if he was even now, and that nothing could be alleged against his life, or the conduct of his hearers, whom he taught the doctrine of election and justification, and who attained at least to the hope of the Antinomian. "Ah!" I replied, "here is the old charge—Satan casting out Satan. Do not," I inquired, "those who are responsible for that article subscribe a standard embracing the doctrines of election and predestination? Yes! What right have they then to impugn the teaching of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, whom God took from the dunghill, and enriched with utterance, to preach His glorious Gospel? Surely they are howling wolves in their office, for a piece of bread." It was then alleged that the "Bank of Faith" tended to foster a delusion that some entertained of the interposition of God in their affairs, and that, in fact, they had offered thousands of prayers which were never answered. "The Lord's people," I replied, "are not only without guile before God, but among men will exert themselves; but when in affliction, or all means fail, the ability of God for their relief, succour, and deliverance is not one whit the less. Never forget God dealeth with His people as with sons; and where is the father that never denied the request of his child? The Bible teaches submission! But that God is not tied down to means may be seen in the deliverance of Peter out of prison; for which of the disciples went forth to free him of his fetters, or to unlock the prison doors? It is daring presumption and scepticism to limit the Holy One of Israel."

My object in addressing you, in showing how difficult it is to obtain good and profitable looks, and in giving the above statement, is to ask the question—"Should not the Lord's people in England seek to diffuse the truth in America?" Alas! for that faith and hope that standeth not in the power of God, but in the wisdom of men. Do not you think there are thousands of your readers who, of their abundance,

could send your publication and the works of HUNTINGTON, and of others, for distribution? "Fifty years ago," said the article in the Puritan newspaper, it might be asked, Who is it that has not read the 'Bank of Faith?' But now the question might be put, Who is it that has read the 'Bank of Faith?' Behold, sir, their ignorance, and the folly in exhuming the name, and the writings, in order to malign the deceased advocate of divine truth. Could I have my way, I would broadcast distribute the writings of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON from the one end to the other of America; not because I am puffed up for him, but for clearness of conception, and perspicuity of statement of the truth as it is in Jesus, I

have not met with his equal. Will not some respond in answer to the reproach of the Boston newspaper?—especially if that witness be true, the urgent necessity is evident.

I thank God for His mercy, who has continued you to this day; and praying Him, by His Holy Spirit, to guide you continually through the Lord Jesus, to whom be glory for ever, Amen.

I am, yours in the faith,
W. K.

Brooklyn, N. Y., America.

P.S. Could not, if you think well, any books be given through your agent in New York?*

* To what address?—PUBLISHER OF G. M.

MUTILATED BIBLES.

BEWARE of "a little Bible." It is an ill sign when there is any portion of the revealed Word of God which the Christian is disposed to shun; which goes, as it were, against his grain. If, as we know and believe, "All Scripture is *God-inspired* (*θεόπνευστος*), and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (2 Tim. iii. 16); then, surely, the Bible, and the *whole* Bible, should be the religion of the Christian. Yet it is much to be feared that few Christians, even, possess the whole Bible. Mutilated copies are far, far too common. In some, whole chapters and even books are missing; and in a still greater number particular texts are not to be found. Perhaps it may be worth while to mention a few of the deficiencies most frequently occurring.

1. The Bible of some Christians contains little more than the New Testament and the Psalms; in others the Book of Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, or the Revelation appear to have fallen out.

2. In a great many Bibles the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, from the 19th verse to the end, is altogether wanting. Indeed, the whole of the Sermon on the Mount is frequently torn, and the pictures of the two houses at the end of it almost rubbed out.

3. Too often the 7th and 9th chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans are not to be found, as also the first part of the first chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians.

4. It is curious, too, how some persons who are very careful of their Bibles, yet lose out of them all the texts which speak of "perfecting" or "finishing" a work—as Psm. cxxxviii. 8; Phil. i. 6; and John x. 27—29. In others, such verses as Luke xi. 10; and John xv. 7, are partly or wholly lost.

5. To mention only one more deficiency. It is a painful fact that in the present day it is hardly possible to find a Bible which contains the second chapter of the Epistle of St. James from the 1st to the 9th verse; and other passages in this Epistle are frequently wanting.

6. It is, however, satisfactory to know that in the Christian's Bible there are some leaves which are never lost. The third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the first chapter of his First Epistle, for instance, are always perfect. Still it is the Christian's duty and privilege to possess a complete copy of the Scriptures; and therefore it will be well for us now and then to see not only that we have the authorized version, but also that *none of the leaves are lost*.

Liverpool. W. M.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE SOVEREIGN GRACE AND MERCY OF A COVENANT GOD DISPLAYED IN THE
SALVATION OF NAAMAN THE LEPER.

2 Kings v.

NAAMAN was what the world would call a great man. He was captain of the host of the king of Syria, an honourable man, and a mighty man of valour; "*but he was a leper.*" Ah, that but! a high position in life will not save a man from the leprosy of sin. He may be a lord, and yet a leper. And then the very next verse breaks out apparently upon quite a different subject, and tells us how the Syrians had gone out and brought away a little captive maid from the land of Israel to wait upon Naaman's wife. Well, what had this to do with this great man's leprosy? This little maid was an important link in the chain of God's providence to bring about the salvation of this great personage; and you know, beloved, He does take the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and works in the very contrary way to the calculations of carnal-minded men. Well, this little maid goes to her mistress, and saith unto her, "Would God my master were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." Blessed faith this! one might well envy the confidence of this little captive maid; and somehow or other Naaman's wife listens to the counsel of this humble instrument. Surely God must have been at work, overruling movements that were transpiring, or Naaman's wife would have said to this lowly one, "Go about your business, how dare you speak of your master's leprosy." But no, one goes in and tells his lord, saying, "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." And the king of Syria, and all by whom he is surrounded, seem to act, if not directly, yet circuitously upon the counsel of this little maid; and like all beginners, think that salvation cannot be procured without money or price. And so the king of Syria sent by his messenger ten talents of silver and 6,000 pieces of gold to make presents to the king of Israel. Here were two great mistakes made in ignorance:—First, sending to the king

of Israel at all; and secondly, sending money to procure deliverance from the leprosy. And it came to pass, that when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" No, no; this was not the appointed agent to show the poor polluted sinner by what means salvation was to be procured. Elisha was the man of God who was to do this. And it was so, when Elisha heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king and said, "*Let him come to me*, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." So this great man comes with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house, doubtless thinking that the man of God would come out to him. But not so. There is true dignity about a prophet of the Lord; and however courteous man may be to his fellow-man in matters of a worldly character, when it comes to the salvation of the soul there is no need for a prophet to stoop to a leper, be that leper a king or a prince. Elisha sends a messenger to this haughty captain, saying, "Go, and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." This greatly offends Naaman, and in his wrath he went away, saying, "Behold, I thought he will surely come out to me and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over his place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel, may I not wash in them and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." Poor, foolish, rebellious man hates to be saved in God's way, until made willing through the humbling power of the Holy Spirit. The thing was too simple. Wash in Jordan! I, a great man, take such ordinary means. Yes, only one way for prince or pauper, courtier or cottager; and so his better informed

servants say to him. "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he said to thee, 'Wash and be clean.'" So after this persuasion he goes according to the prophet's advice, and dips seven times in Jordan; "and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

Now among the many important lessons that might be gleaned from this highly spiritual narrative, we may, beloved, especially notice the following:—

1st. High or low, rich or poor, every man by nature is a leper! Naaman was a captain, a great man, honourable, a mighty man of valour; *but he was a leper.*

2ndly. That the Lord, in the wonderful movements of His will, oftentimes makes use of the most insignificant means to effect His purposes. A little captive maid was a most important link in the chain of His providence to bring about Naaman's salvation.

3rdly. Proud man rebels, and does not like the simple means employed; takes money, and wants to buy salvation; or, being a great man in his own esteem, thinks he ought to do some great service, or perform some mighty act. "Wash in Jordan," says Naaman; "no, the waters of Danascus are better." Ah! there is but one way. Proud Naaman, thou must submit to God's plan, and not man's calculations. His ways are not as thy ways, nor His thoughts as thine. And lastly, notwithstanding Naaman's pride and rebellion, he is made willing, submits, washes; and his flesh comes again like the flesh of a little child, and he was clean. This is the way the Lord deals with a poor polluted leper that He means to save.

We observe, first, no matter what the condition in life of a person may be, high or low, rich or poor; if he has not been cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus, the fact remains the same, "*he's a leper.*" It is humiliating, but it is true.

That dear friend of ours, he may be otherwise all we could wish: he may be exact in all the transactions of life—you never knew him do an unhandsome trick. Indeed, shame be it said, in practice he exceeds many a converted man. Nevertheless, if the change of

heart has not been experienced, he's a leper—inevitably a leper.

That near and dear relative, upon whose arm we love to hang, whose counsel upon earthly matters seems always valuable, and whose ways are so winning and engaging; whose person outwardly is so pure and cleanly. It is very humiliating to think that this may be all so; but if not inwardly cleansed, he's a leper.

Ah, even that mother, who nursed me so tenderly when I was an infant; who watched over me as I grew up; whose solicitude has been so great throughout, and whose love has been powerful and manifest at all times and all seasons, and whose attention to me night and day has been unrelenting; and yet upon spiritual things is all dark and dead. It is sorrowful indeed to think. Yes, she is—she must be a leper.

That dear child, now a great boy pushing out into the world; we have watched him growing, been proud of his bearing, and have said, he will make a noble fellow. Ah, and he has, too, been the child of many prayers; but, alas! alas! self-will prevails: he thinks he knows more than his anxious father, and calls now his tearful mother a foolish old thing. That boy—so dear; it is a grievous thing to think. Ah, he too is a leper.

Yes, every person by nature is a leper; and the fretting plague of leprosy is an apt description of the plague of sin; and while in the former, under the Mosaic dispensation, the poor creature thus affected was to go to the priest, who was to make an offering for him with blood; neither the blood of goats and calves is needed under the gospel dispensation: for Jesus, our glorious high priest, by His own most precious blood, hath obtained eternal redemption for His leprous church. "For if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" And, dear reader, if you want fully to go into this subject, let me advise you to carefully

ponder and pray over the 13th and 14th chapters of Leviticus, and then connect with them the 8th and 9th chapters of the Hebrews. And if you are personally suffering from this "fretting plague," take dear HART's advice when he says—

"Leprous soul, press through the crowd,
In thy foul condition ;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the Great Physician :
Wait till thy disease He cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving ;
When, and where, and by what means,
To His wisdom leaving."

Oh, yes ; it was for poor leprous ones, who feel their need of cleansing, that dear Jesus shed His blood. Precious—precious blood ! We need its application daily. Oh, for more of its felt efficacy and cleansing power.

And then, secondly, beloved, the needed link will always be at hand in the Lord's own time. There is no such thing as a missing one in the chain of His providence ; all is woven and interwoven—framed, and fitly framed, with a master hand. Little trembling, feeble faith child of God, you can never be lost ; for little insignificant link as you may think yourself, the whole chain is not perfect without you. The very worthies that have gone before, giants in warfare, will not enjoy the fulness of heaven till you get there. Take not our word for it ; hear God's own testimony through His servant Paul. These martyrs and great ones all obtained a good report, and got safe to heaven ; but God provided some better thing for us, namely, Jesus—precious Jesus : "that they without us should not be made perfect." Therefore we hesitate not to affirm that the church triumphant cannot shout "Grace, grace !" till every little stone of the temple is polished and fitted into its respective place, and even every *scaffold-pole hole* will be filled up ere that temple is complete. The little captive maid was God's instrument to bring about His purposes ; and how sweetly simple and yet blessedly confident is this child's faith. She says, "*Would God* my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." Oh, beloved, how sweetly significant are these two precious words — "*would God.*" It seems to say, if it be but His

will, how soon all is effected. Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make this sinner clean. Would God it might be done. I'll ask Him ; I'll just go to the throne now, and casting myself into His arms, I will remind Him of His power, and ask Him to exercise it on behalf of this one. This is the child-like faith we want. I will go to my Father, and say unto him, "*Father*—dear Father, do so and so. Thou canst not refuse me. It is the voice of thy child ; the cry of one of thine own. Do grant it, oh, my Father." And then we see how this little captive maid's counsel sets all the household, and through them the court of great folks, all in action ; for the result of her "*would God*" is, that one tells his lord, and the lord tells the king of Syria what this little captive maid has been talking about, which issues in the king of Syria sending letters to the king of Israel concerning this great man who was a leper. Surely, beloved, we must say after this, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" And we see plainly, that when the Lord means to work, one is made willing here, and another made willing there, just to carry out what the Lord means should be done. Can you not, dear reader, in your own experience trace out many a movement that has been wonderfully brought about by means that you never calculated upon ? Your way was thickly hedged in, as carnal calculations could make it. There seemed no way out. You were like Manasseh among the thorns, brought to such an inextricable position, that nothing was left for you but to cry ; and that cry pierced the very heavens, which are thy Father's footstool ; and it curled up and around the throne, and reached the ear of thy Father. He said the word, and so and so yonder moved in one direction ; and another friend in another part did something else ; and a third came unexpectedly to the scene of action, and presently all these movements became dove-tailed in, and proved so many links in the chain of God's providence, just to bring about an answer—not perhaps to the very prayer you offered, in the very way you prescribed, but to bring about such a movement as brought you to acknowledge, it is the Lord's work, and marvellous in my eyes. I will praise

Him; I must acknowledge Him to be right: I will live to His glory, and desire to triumph in His praise. And so while you were broken to pieces in contrition before Him, and obliged to acknowledge that as far as actions were concerned, you were nothing at all; but as far as rebellion was concerned you were everything that was vile and worthy of condemnation, you were brought plainly to see that from first to last you are a miracle of God's sovereign grace and sparing mercy. Just as was poor Naaman and the leper; and just as is every poor sinner whom God is determined to save in His own way, and at His own time. So, then, the little captive maid was the Lord's messenger; and this should cause all who are in lowly circumstances, and thus situated, not to be discouraged, but to take this very plea to the throne, "Would God" He would cleanse my ungodly mistress, and save my worldly-minded master from the pit of destruction. Who knows what would be the result of such special, earnest, and simple prayer—if the child wrestled in prayer for her cold, dark mother, and the mother for the child; the husband for the wife, and the wife for the husband; the master for the servant—and, as in this instance, the little servant for her master? *Special personal prayer* must be a sweet means of calling down special and personal blessings; and put far in the shade the fine prayers, and the elaborate prayers, and the garnished prayers, and the formal prayers, which so greatly prevail in these days of show and profession. Oh, how my soul loves, beloved, to be at some prayer-meeting where a simple-minded yet heaven-taught wayfarer is asked to engage in prayer. How often are we obliged to acknowledge under such circumstances the blessedness of such simple wrestlings—such a holy familiarity—such a child-like spirit—such a dealing with the Lord in plainness of speech—such a laying bare just the facts of the case—such close negotiation and hallowed dealing with the Lord, as makes us rise from our knees, exclaiming, "Well, the instrument may be humble, but verily it has been the voice of true prayer, and we have been at the very gates of heaven." As one under such circumstances said the other

day, on his knees:—"O Lord, thou knowest thou didst come and talk to me when I was a reaping down yonder in the corn-fields to-day, and thou didst make my heart rejoice." Surely, we thought, this was like the men of Beahmeseth, who while reaping in the corn-fields, looked up and saw the ark coming, and rejoiced to see it. Oh, for more of this telling the Lord all about it; and while with due reverence, yet with holy boldness, talking to Him as we would do to our nearest and dearest friend. And how much there is to the Christianin that all-important little word, "*nigh*." It is what he wants when he bends the knee at the throne; and when he feels *nigh*, oh, the sweet out-pouring felt, and the melting of heart experienced, especially when he feels that it is the blood of his dear Jesus that has brought him nigh to a Father's throne. Sin kept him far away; sin caused him to feed upon swine's food in a distant land; but the blood of Jesus has brought him nigh to a tender Father, and now he feels His fond embrace, and hangs in tearful contrition upon His loving breast.

Beloved, I want for you and for myself more of this blessed nearness to Jesus, so as to be able to say with the disciples, It was the Lord. He joined us while we were talking about Him; and oh, how our hearts did burn within us, as we listened to His gracious words. Dear Jesus, come again and again, and let us enjoy this *felt nearness*.

And furthermore notice, that when Naaman comes with his horses and his chariot, and stood at the door of Elisha, he thinks, forsooth, that the prophet will come out to him—just as in our days the shopkeeper steps with measured tread across the pavement, and bends and bows before the occupiers of the finely-chased carriage. But not so. Such may be well in an earthly sense; but when we come to spiritual things as in the sight of God, the man of wealth is as much a sinner as the poor cottager. So the prophet of the Lord has a right to maintain his dignity, and to be on this ground no more a respecter of persons than was his Master. And indeed, woe be to him if he is; if he courts the society of the wealthy more than of the poor, and while giving the

warm hand to the former, turns a cold shoulder to the latter.

Dear friends, in conclusion I would observe that I feel persuaded if this interesting narrative is looked at carefully and prayerfully, we shall find therein the whole scheme of salvation veiled, and by figure and foretaste see the blessings which are the result of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. That leper is the poor sinner; worldly wise and worldly great, but still a leper—unclean, unholy, unrighteous in the sight of God. But He who is infinite in mercy, and a covenant-working God, determines to save him; and therefore raises up instruments, weak apparently in themselves, but not so when clothed

with His power; and makes such the means of leading the leper to the fountain of a Saviour's blood. He struggles and rebels, and plunges about in creature sufficiency; but the Lord brings him to see—if saved and if cleansed—it must be in the way which he has ordained from all eternity: and so washed in the precious blood of Jesus, he rises a new man in Christ Jesus, to sing and to feel—

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor!”

Reader, have you felt the need of and application of the blood of Jesus? If so, thanks be to God; if not, *you are a leper!*

Bury St. Edmunds.

G. C.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED BY MR. FREDERICK SILVER, AT GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL, ON
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1860.

“Neither pray I, saith Jesus, for these alone, but them also which shall believe on me through their word.”—John xvii. 20.

THE Word, the Creator of all things, who is God, and was with God; and in the fulness of time was made flesh and tabernacled amongst us, and showed forth His glory in turning the water into wine at a marriage of Cana in Galilee, who may thereby remind us of His marriage union with us, by His incarnation, to wipe away tears from all broken hearts, and fill them with His righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, is our great High Priest who thus spake and prayed: and He prayed not in vain!

As our words are the express image of our thoughts, so our great High Priest, the brightness of glory, is the *express image* of the Father's person (Heb. i. 3).

In the 4th of Heb. 12, the word is set forth as quickening and powerful, and His words are sharper than a two-edged sword, dividing between natural men and things, and spiritual men and things, and their union, whether from love to Him, or from worldly motives, for He is omniscient. Seeing then we have such a great High Priest, without beginning of days or end of life (Heb. vii. 3), that is passed into the heavens,

Jesus the Son of God, the Son of the Father in truth and love (2 John 3), let us hold fast our profession; for He prayed, saying, “Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee.” And to that end He prayed, that the Father might be glorified by His Son; for His glory is great in our salvation (Ps. xxi.).

It is evident God the Father delighted in glorifying His Son, for all the types and shadows under the Old Testament dispensation were to that end; for Abraham praying for Sodom and Gomorrah, and Israel in prayer for Ishmael, as well as Moses interceding for Israel (Exod. xxxii. and xxxiii., and Numb. xiv.) were all *profiles* of His all-prevailing mediation.

The two *altars*—the brazen altar outside the tabernacle, and the golden altar inside the tabernacle—set forth Christ sanctifying Himself for our sakes, as a sacrifice for us, and for our sins; and as sanctifying Himself for us, ever living for us, to intercede for us, and to present our sacrifices of prayer and praises acceptable to God (1 Pet. ii. 5; Heb. xiii. 16).

2. The Son of God was consecrated

to His priestly office by oath, after the power of an endless life, after the order of Melchisedec, to bless us; and as the Surety of the New Testament, or covenant. He is set forth, as in this prayer, a *righteous* Advocate with the Father, and is described by name, Jesus Christ the righteous, and the propitiation for our sins, and for all the children of God in the whole world (1 John ii. 1, 2). His name Jesus is that name Jah-Oshua, Jah, the Saviour (Numb. xiii. 16), which is above every name, as was prophetically declared at the close of the 2nd verse of the 138th Psalm, as it reads verbatim in the Hebrew Bible. "Thou hast magnified thy name above all, as Thou hast spoken." And He is truly a righteous Advocate, for the golden altar, the horns whereof were sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifices; and therefore He prayed upon that ground, as having glorified the Father on earth, and as having finished the work which the Father gave Him to do.

Which was set forth typically in the 16th of Leviticus, on the day of atonement; on which day, and on no other, was the high priest allowed to go into the holy of holies; and then he was to bring the bullock of the sin-offering, which is for himself, and make an atonement for himself and for his house, and kill the bullock of the sin offering, which is for himself. And he shall take a censer full of burning coals of fire from the altar before the Lord, and his hands full of sweet incense beaten small, and bring it *within* the vail; and he shall put the incense upon the fire before the Lord, that *the cloud of the incense* may cover the mercy seat, that is upon the testimony, that he die not. And he shall take of the *blood of the bullock*, and sprinkle it with his finger upon the *mercy seat eastward*; and before the mercy seat shall he sprinkle of the blood with his finger seven times (verses 11—14).

3. To whom He prayed, *Father!* as the Son has an interest in His Father and all His glory; the Father of glory and the Father of mercies (Eph. i. 17, 2 Cor. i. 3), so the Lord of glory prayed (1 Cor. ii. 8), and as His prayer was founded in righteousness, He also addressed His Father by name

—Righteous Father, and that it was according to His *holy* mind and will, He calls Him *holy* Father, as having chosen His people, that they might be holy and without blame before Him in love (Eph. i. 4).

Here we must notice three things. 1st. Every word Christ spake was the word of God. "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God; for God giveth not His [or the] Spirit by measure unto Him" (John iii. 34). Therefore Christ's prayer was indited by the Holy Spirit, for He had the mind of the Spirit. 2. The Father gave Him commandment what He should say, and what He should speak (John xii. 49); and therefore what He prayed for, was according to the Father's commandment. 3. It was also Christ's own words and *will*, for He saith, Father, "I will" (John xvii. 24). What a revelation of God's eternal purpose in Christ Jesus, of love, of grace, and of glory! 4. His plea (ver. 24), "For Thou *lovedst me before* the foundation of the world; yea, with an infinite, eternal, and immutable *love*." 1. As the Son of His love. 2. He loved Him as Mediator. The Father loveth the Son, and has given all things into His hand (John iii. 35). The Son doeth nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do; for whatsoever things the Father doeth, these also the Son doeth likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth (John v. 19, 20). 3. The Father loved the Son for loving us, and for what He hath done for our salvation and glorification. Therefore, He saith, Doth my Father love me because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again; this commandment have I received of my Father. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep; and other sheep I have, which are *not* of this fold: *them also I must bring*, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be *one* fold (rather, *one flock*—for so it reads in the Greek Testament) and one Shepherd (John x. 14—18). 5. The persons for whom He prayed, for His

disciples that were then on earth, but also for those which shall believe on Him through their word! At that time they that *should* believe were *all* unbelievers. Who made the God of truth a liar by their unbelief! Who were as ignorant of Him as the beasts which perish! Who *knew* Jesus—or rather some of them—*knew* Jesus of Nazareth was a man approved of God among them by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of them; yet they took Him, and by wicked hands crucified Him (Acts ii. 22, 23). Yea, His prayer included the ungodly Corinthians, who were to believe (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, 11); and the idolatrous Ephesians, who walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that *now* worketh in the children of disobedience, among whom they, and the apostle Paul, had conversation before they and he was called, and were the children of wrath by nature, even as others. Indeed the apostle saith, he is a pattern of Christ's long-suffering towards all for whom He prayed, the very chief of sinners, even for him who in a state of unbelief was a *blasphemer, and a persecutor, and an injurious person* (1 Tim. i. 13—16); and for all sinners, even the chief, that shall believe on Him unto the very end of time; sinners that were the children of wrath by nature, and as truly deserving of wrath as others who die in their sins.

But why did He pray for them? Because they were given to Him as a seed to serve Him, and to call Him blessed, and because He saith to the Father, "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me" (John xvii. 23); and as the Father hath loved Me, so, He saith,

have I loved them (John xv. 9). Divine love is a *personal* love; and when we shall be glorified, then we shall love God for Himself.

It has been set forth by way of a similitude. Suppose a sailor fell overboard, and no one showed any regard for him save the *admiral*, who at the risk of his own life rescued him from a watery grave; and let us suppose that at the sailor's request he was taken into the admiral's service, during which period he had repeated discoveries of the admiral's benevolence: now were he to be asked after such a knowledge he had acquired of the admiral, whether he loved him then as much as he did when he was first rescued from death, he would surely answer, "I knew but *little* of him then, but *now* I have such a knowledge of him in years of benevolence, that I love Him for *himself*—for what he is." And so in eternity, the glorified will have such an *increasing* knowledge of God in Christ in the exceeding riches of His grace, and in an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that they will increase in love and adoration of Him for what He is in the infinite perfection of His love, and in all the perfections of His nature.

My brethren, God commends His love to us for our consideration, in that Christ died for us *when* we were without strength, ungodly sinners, and enemies (Rom. x.). But for what did He pray? See verses 11, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 26.

And he then closed with a sad reproof to himself and to his hearers for *unbelief*, the sin which so easily besets us since we believed. Nevertheless God abideth faithful to His covenant and promise; for though we believe *not*, He cannot deny Himself (2 Tim. ii. 13).

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

OLIVER CROMWELL ordered all his soldiers to carry a Bible; amongst them was a young man, who had been out upon a skirmishing party, and returned unhurt; taking his Bible from his pocket, he observed a hole in it—a bullet had passed through the cover and some

leaves, and stayed upon Eccles. xi. 9, on the words, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," &c. This providential escape was blessed to him, and he often observed that the Bible had saved both soul and body.

NOTHING IS TOO HARD FOR THE LORD;

OR, THE CONVERSION AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH, WITHIN A MONTH, OF

ANN WILLIAMS,

Late of Wilbarston, Northamptonshire.

RECORDED BY HER FATHER, JOHN SWINGLER, OF THE SAME PLACE.

I HAVE taken my pen to write a short account of the experience and triumphant death of my daughter, to whom the Lord was pleased to reveal His love and mercy in the pardon of her sins in the last extremity. That which I have seen and heard declare I. I have been an eye-witness of a rich display of the goodness, kindness, and mercy of God.

On Saturday night, the 13th April, 1850, when I returned home from my labour, my wife said, "You had better go down to see Ann, for she is a deal worse." As I went, oh, how wretched and miserable I felt! I expected nothing but death, and had no hopes of her ever being saved. When I went in I found her very ill with a violent fit of coughing, and she appeared to be drawn almost double with pain. I asked her how she was. She replied, "I am very ill." I sat and looked on until the poor thing was a little revived. Then I said, "Ann, shall I try to pray for you; for it appears all the doctors cannot find out your disease; so let us try what the Lord will do for you?" Her reply was, "I wish you would, father; but how, or what to pray for, I know not." I begged earnestly that the Lord would look down upon her, and have mercy upon her, and that it would please Him to bless her soul, and restore her from the bed of sickness; and as I went on I found liberty to pray for her. As soon as I had concluded, she said to her mother, "Tell the people to go out (for there were several with her), and tell father to come near me, for I have something to tell him." I did so, and she said, "Father, when you were at prayer I felt such a feeling that I never felt in all my life; and these words came to me, that hell was my portion." As soon as she had uttered this, she broke out all in an instant, and raised herself up in bed and cried, "God, have mercy upon me; Christ, have mercy upon me. Oh, Jesus, have mercy upon me, and save my poor soul, for I am lost and undone;

I shall die and go to hell." In all the horror and distress of mind possible she said this. I told her I believed the Lord had found her. All present were afraid, and stood with tears in their eyes expecting the poor thing was going mad. They were ready to lay hold of her to hold her. I said, "Let her alone, for I know where she is; and I am very glad to see her in this state. She is under the sentence of death and condemnation." Thus the poor thing continued crying for mercy until her poor body was almost exhausted, and sunk under the exertion. She lay a considerable time before she spoke again. At last she said, "Father, put your hand and feel how hot my body is." I then asked her how she felt. She replied, "Very ill." She lay and took no notice of us. I waited and watched over her, and kept continually crying inwardly to the Lord for her, and at last she said, "Father, Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and I love you." Then said I, "If you can say this feelingly with your whole heart, I can give you the right hand of fellowship." So I shook hands with her, and left her that night between twelve and one o'clock. As I was walking home I began to think over the things which I had witnessed, whether they were nature's convictions, or convictions by the Spirit. I dreaded the thought of being deceived, as I have been by others; but before I reached home I found I was not to doubt. I begged that the Lord would be pleased to make it clearly known to me. Just as I was about getting into bed, these words came to me, which were spoken by the Spirit unto Philip, "Join thyself to this chariot." So I could not help believing that it was the Spirit's work. I was enabled to bless and praise the dear Lord for it. In the morning, which was the Sabbath, I went again to see her. I asked her how she was. She replied, "My cough has not been so bad. I have had a comfortable night

for my body; but I cannot get rid of the thoughts of that dreadful hell." She said, "Father, I am afraid I have told you an untruth; for I said that Jesus Christ was my Saviour, but now I fear He is not. As soon as I let go your hand last night, then fear came upon me, and I knew not what to do." "Ah," I said, "the devil is trying to persuade you that you have said wrong." "Then," she said, "father, doth the Lord hear your prayers?" I said, "He does sometimes, and He hath promised that if we ask anything agreeable to His will, He heareth us." "Then," she said, "the Lord heard your prayers last night; for my cough and perspiration have not been near so bad the night through. These words are with me, 'There is nothing too hard for the Lord.'" "No," I said; "He can break often the hardest heart in the world; I hope He will do this for you." She answered, "I hope He will." In the afternoon I visited her again. I asked her how she was. She replied, "I do not know; I feel so very wretched and miserable." She could say but very little, seeming to want to lie still. My sister Martha was there with us, so I began to talk with her; for she is one into whose heart I hope the Lord has put His fear. I told her when I lay under the sentence of death and condemnation, having no hope, and without God in the world, I was sure that if I died in that state, I must go to hell. No one can tell what dreadful fears I have had of death and of the day of judgment. I have stood trembling and quaking with fear, when I have seen a dark cloud rising, fearing it would be the last day, and that God would sit upon the cloud as a judge, and come as a swift witness against me and condemn me to death; and at other times I have been afraid the earth would open and let me in. I have been greatly terrified, fearing that the devil would fetch me; so that I dare not be alone. My sister said she could remember the time, and could not think the reason of it; for if I had to work alone, I used always take her with me. Then I told her that was the reason of my fears at that time; but now I can say that God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He hath loved me, and gave Himself for

me, hath shed abroad His precious, pardoning love in my heart. This perfect love hath cast out those fears, and at times I can say I have perfect peace. Then my sister asked me if I had seen a book called "The False Professor." I said, "No; but a false professor might go a long way, and then be nothing at last." When my poor afflicted daughter heard this, she burst out with a flood of tears, and said, "Father, I hope I shall not be a false professor." I told her I hoped not, but that she would be a possessor. She wept greatly at the hearing of this. I was very glad to see it; I had never seen her weep so before. I believe the Lord had softened her hard heart. She said, "Father, pray for me." I said, "Cannot you pray for yourself?" She said, "No; I feel so hard I cannot pray." On Monday morning I did not go to see her, I was enabled to leave her in the hands of the Lord. As I was going to my labour I begged of the Lord to do with us, and with my daughter, as seemed good in His sight. When I got to my labour it came on very wet, and I was obliged to return home for shelter. After a time it began to clear up, and I was hurrying to get my dinner to return; but before I had finished, the girl who was with my daughter came running up, and said that Ann was dying. My wife and youngest daughter ran down with her. I thought as I sat, the Lord will not take her away in this state; He will appear for her before she departs this life. Whilst I sat thinking these things over, the girl came running again for me, and said I must go down directly. My wife said she kept crying out for me, and thought the time long, saying, "I shall be gone before he comes; I shall die and go to hell; I shall see him no more." As soon as I entered the room her eyes were fixed on me. She said, "Father, pray for me before I die and go to hell." I said, "Poor thing, what can I do for you? Jesus Christ must do all things for you." She said, "Do pray for me, father." I did so; and as soon as I had concluded I could see an alteration in her, for her countenance began to brighten up. I could not stay any longer with her. My wife told me that after I was gone about a quarter of an hour she revived, and appeared like

another person, and said she was like one that was raised from death unto life, and began to bless and praise the Lord for what He had done for her. She said to them that were with her, that except they were born again they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Her mother told her not to say too much, fearing she should be deceived. She said, "Mother, how can I be deceived now? I feel that I must bless and praise the dear name of my Jesus." On Monday evening I went again to see her. I found that the fruits of the Spirit were brought forth, which are love, joy, and peace in believing; these I found to be with her. She said to me with a cheerful countenance, "Father, I feel so happy and comfortable, and Jesus Christ is my Saviour and Redeemer; He is my all and all." Thus she lay blessing and praising the dear Lord for His goodness, kindness, and mercy towards her. Then said I, "How did you feel before this dreadful state came upon you?" She answered, "I lay very still, thinking of many things, and this thought came to me in a moment, that God would be just to cast me off, and send me to hell; this made me cry for mercy, and what I felt I cannot tell. I felt I was sinking into hell every moment; that was the time when the Lord appeared for me. Some call it a fit; but I care not how many fits I have like this, if they are blessed to my soul at last." Then said I, "This is true religion: to be lost, and then to be found; to be dead, and then to be raised to life by the power of God through Christ Jesus; this is the religion of your poor father, which you knew nothing of till now." "No, father," she said; "I did not," was her earnest reply. I asked her whether she had any desire to live any longer in this world. She said, "No; I would rather die than live. I can leave all things, and go to my dear Jesus." "Then you are ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than living in this sinful, wicked world?" "Oh, yes; this is a sinful, wicked world; I do not want to live any longer in it." She then said, "Father, find me something to read." I said, "Cannot you find something yourself?" She smiled and said, "I do not know; if you would find

something, you might double it down, so that I could read it another time." I took the Bible and opened at the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; "There is something here," I said, "that you will understand or know something about; it is the experience of the woman Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus: 'And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden.'" I doubled it down. It appears that these things were blessed to her soul, for she said to me the next day, "He that is mighty hath done great things for me, and holy is His name; He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted them of low degree; He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away." At another time she said, "I feel so happy and comfortable, I can lie here and sing praises to my dear Jesus." Then I replied,

"Your willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this;
And lay and sing yourself away,
To everlasting bliss."

She said, "I could have been singing to-day, but they tell me I must not sing or talk so much." I told her that David said he would sing of the mercies of the Lord. "And so will I," she said, "for I feel I cannot help it. I have been reading Mr. HART's hymns, and I have seen a light upon them, just as if a light shone upon the book or the lines as I read them." I told her I did not wonder at that, for the Lord will own His own work, and bless it to the souls of others. At another time I asked her if she liked to be left by herself, as her husband was obliged to leave her early in a morning. "Oh," she replied, "I do not mind; for I can lay and bless and praise the dear Lord for what He has done for me." "I see the Lord hath done great things for you," I observed. "He has indeed," she replied. I asked her if she felt any pains, as she had used to be full of aches and pains, and complained of the soreness of her hips in lying so long. "Oh, no; I feel no pains now, and the Lord hath healed my hip-bone; I feel nothing of it now; and when my cough comes, He strength-

ens me so that I can turn myself in bed; it is not near so bad as it was. I feel that my body is well; I can eat and drink a deal better, and what I take seems to do me good." "Ann," I said, "you did not always feel so, did you?" "Oh, no; I used to murmur, fret, and complain, and think I was like no one else. Oh, I have thought that if I could get up and do my work as others did, how glad I should be; but I could not." "Then, it is no hardship for you to lie in bed now." "Oh, no; not at all. I can lie here as long as the Lord is pleased to let me lie; and if it is His will to raise me up again, I shall get better; but if not, I feel I can leave all things, even my poor husband, and go to my dear Jesus. You do not know, father, how happy I do feel; I like to be here by myself; I can bless and praise His dear name." "Then you are strong in the Lord, giving glory to His great name?" "Yes," she answered, "I feel a deal stronger. I cannot forget these words, 'There is nothing too hard for the Lord.'" "No," I said, "you need not want, for I believe they do you good." "Oh, yes, they do; and the Lord has promised me He will not leave me nor forsake me." I said, "You feel a deal better, and who can tell what the Lord will do for you; He bringeth down and raiseth up again." "I know there is nothing too hard for the Lord. I have felt better to-day, and sat in the chair four or five hours. Father, I think you feel as happy as I do, for I can see it in your face." "I do feel happy," I replied. "Jesus Christ is precious to them that believe, and no one can know the preciousness, the worth, or value of Jesus, only those to whom He revealeth Himself. No natural man or woman can know this of themselves." She said, "No; I never thought I should feel so happy and comfortable as I do." "You might have been racked and torn to pieces with pain," I observed, "and died and perished in your sins; it is alone of the rich, free mercy of God that you do feel so." "It is indeed," she replied. She appeared a deal better, and seemed stronger in her body after this, and I was in hopes the Lord would raise her up again. At another time she was blessing and praising the Lord, and

singing that Jesus Christ was her all and all.

"Ann, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; you have not had much soul trouble, and I doubt not but you will be tried greatly by the enemy, for your faith must be tried. We do not know that we have faith until it is tried." When I visited her again, which was not very long, as I could not keep away, for I always found something to come out of her mouth that satisfied me, I saw a change in her. She said, "Father, pray for me, for I feel so harassed and plagued with that great enemy; he comes upon me as if he would tear me all to pieces." "Ann," I said, "you do not wonder now what made me hang my head down when sitting with you by the fire, when your mother and you have said, 'What's the matter? what makes you look so dull?' But I could not tell you. I have been afraid I should be deceived, or torn all to pieces by the devil; whilst I have been at work my flesh has crawled all over me. I have been afraid he would take me away bodily, so that I dare not stop any longer; and then being reproached with this, 'Why don't you look up, and be cheerful, and laugh and talk with us?' but I could not; none but the Lord Jesus Christ can rebuke the devil, for he does not mind us at all." "Oh, no; he does not," she replied. The poor thing was very much harassed and perplexed with the temptations of the devil. I have seen her sit in the chair and take no notice of us; but she has been in earnest prayer to God to deliver her from the great enemy; and sometimes she appeared to be almost overcome by him. She would say, "Pray, pray, father; pray for me, that I may be delivered out of his hands." At another time she said, "Father, the Lord has told me the enemy shall not plague me any more." "Ann," I replied, "the Lord will let you know about it too." A little after, she exclaimed, "The enemy cannot let me alone." "I should greatly wonder," I said, "if he will let you alone long together." And before I had done speaking, the enemy came with such power and force upon her that it made her shrink away as though

she had fainted, which made her cry bitterly unto the Lord for mercy. "Ann," I said, "you see how easily we may be deceived. I have no doubt but that it was the devil who told you this." She said, "I am afraid it was." She called upon Jesus to have mercy upon her, and was frequent in prayer, calling upon His great name. "Ann," I said, "I think the devil would like to have you; and as you are so very weak, he takes all advantage of you." "He does indeed," she replied; "and when he comes with such violence he pulls me almost all to pieces." I have heard her say, when the enemy has been upon her, "Get away from me; oh, thou great enemy, what dost thou want of me?" Once she said, "I have had the doctor to see me; he asked me how I was; I told him I was a great deal better." "Oh, no; you are not any better," he replied; but he was much surprised to see her look so cheerful. "You might have told him," I observed, "you had had the great Doctor, the good Physician, who hath passed by and looked on you, and bade you live." She smiled and said, "There is no doctor like Him; bless His dear name." She appeared a deal better after this, and had no pain. I was in hopes the Lord would raise her up again. I wanted the Lord to raise her up again, that we might show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light; but He would not. A little after this, I asked her how she was; she said she was under the wrath of God. "Oh, no, I cannot believe that," I said; "for if you were you could not bless Him as I have heard you do. You do not feel so bad as you did before the Lord appeared for you." "Oh, no, father; I do not," she replied. "It is our darkness, and unbelief, the harassings and the temptations of the devil, that make you feel so bad; and I have no doubt but you feel bad enough; and when these things are felt we think that God is angry with us; but it is not so, for He is kind and merciful to all His dear children." "He is indeed, father," she exclaimed; "He has been merciful unto me, bless His dear name." Thus she continued blessing and praising the Lord; though at times she was much harassed and plagued by the enemy.

The next time I went to see her was on Saturday night. As soon as I got in I could see that death was approaching, not because she was worse in her body, but because the enemy got stronger upon her. I asked her how she was, and whether she had any pains. "No," she replied, "I have no pain, only I feel so very weak." I said, "Poor thing, your strength is almost gone." "It is indeed," she said, "and I am so plagued with that great enemy." "What does he say to you?" I asked. "Why, he says to me, 'What have you done to-day? what have you done to-day?' thus he keeps always at it." "You might have told him," I observed, "that such a poor, helpless creature as you are, could do nothing." "I have told him so," she said, "but he heeds nothing of that." Thus the poor thing lay, and her breath kept getting shorter.

I said, "Ann, do you feel comfortable in your mind?" "Oh, yes, very comfortable indeed." Thus she continued, calling upon Jesus Christ to have mercy upon her. I have never seen any poor creature plagued as she was with the enemy. Sometimes she appeared to be almost overcome by him, and at other times there would be rising and sobbings in her breast; then she would revive again, and open her eyes, and smile, and say, "Bless His dear name." I said, "Ann, you felt something then." "Yes, father, I did." "What you felt then was enough to melt the hardest heart in the world." "It was, indeed," was her reply. I believe that these revivings was the love of God to her soul, for after she had been in earnest prayer to the Lord Jesus, saying, "Jesus, have mercy have upon me, Christ have mercy upon me," as fast as her poor breath would allow her to speak, then she would look at us with a cheerful countenance, and smile, and say, "Bless the Lord," or "Bless His dear name." How often have I heard her say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His dear name." As I sat watching over her, and praying unto the Lord to take her unto Himself, the poor thing lay with her back towards me; but suddenly she turned her head, and looked at me with a fallen countenance, and said, "Father, the Lord has left me." "Oh, no," I said; "the Lord

will not leave you." "He has, indeed," she reiterated. "Then He will come again, and revive you," I said; "He hath promised you He will not leave you nor forsake you, but will be with you; He is faithful to His word; He cannot deny Himself; He hath magnified His word above His name." Whilst I was speaking these things she said, "Oh, father, He is come again, bless His dear name; He will neither leave me nor forsake me." After this I went to the fire to warm myself, as the weather was very cold; but before I could sit down, the young woman that was with her came and said, "You must come again, for she said something about Jesus, but what it was I know not." As soon as I got to her she said, "Father, I am going." She laid hold of my hand and shook hands with me, and said, "Good-bye, father." "Good-

bye, my girl;" I replied, "and may the Lord be with you." I wiped the sweat off her face several times, and said, "Do you feel peace?" "Yes," she said, "peace, peace, peace," as long as she could speak, and then gave a groan and died. Then I said, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man (or woman) shall be peace."

She died on Saturday night, May 4, 1850, about the same time of night that she was quickened a month before. She lay under the spirit of bondage for thirty-six hours, and was then brought into the liberty of the children of God, even into the liberty of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. In this state and happy frame of mind she lived three weeks, and then fell asleep, and at peace, through the righteousness and blood of Jesus, to praise Him to all eternity.

JESU'S BOSOM THE SINNER'S RESTING-PLACE.

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."

John xiii. 23.

WHAT a resting place in this unquiet world! Christ came forth from the *bosom* of the Father, and when here a pilgrim, that was still His place by faith; and He gives *us* a spot where to repose: it is His heart's love. From this point Paul was taught to write those wonderful words, "Be careful for nothing;" &c. Words that seem to mock us when we have forgotten our resting-place. Yet it is a command which rebukes that state of mind that cannot comply with it, much like that other, "Take *no* thought for the morrow;" it is positive disobedience to do so. What kindness is wrapped up in this precept! But do to-day's trials seem overwhelming? Oh, the deep pulsations of the human heart; the unuttered and unutterable emotions there: and when sorrow and fear touch its delicate chords, how they vibrate to their centre! how intensely capable of suffering! and how exposed to suffering on every hand! Yet *there is rest*—"There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." There it is. Come, all ye tempted, perplexed, suffering disciples, hasten hither. Jesus knows it all. You cannot explain your wants,

much less your feelings; but He can fully enter into all. He beholds the secret springs, looks into cause and effect, and notices every tear, every throb, every sigh. Who, then, can comfort like Him? He loves, and is bringing about a certain end to your sorrows. See them in this light, and rest in His love. He is not here; He is risen, and gone to His Father's right hand; and we, as united to Him, by His indwelling Spirit, have our place up there even *now* by faith (Eph. ii. 6). Oh, how little is resurrection life understood, and what power is lost to the soul hereby. How few apprehend the privilege of the dispensation! else they would be living on Christ, leaning on His bosom. "Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii. 20). And what life does Christ live? Is it not resurrection life? Did He not breathe upon the disciples the Holy Ghost in resurrection? (John xx. 23). And is not the Holy Ghost present in the Church now, sent down by Jesus on the day of Pentecost to unite the election of grace to a risen Lord? It is set forth in Rom. vi., and shadowed in baptism; it is "the higher life."

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

A VISIT TO BROAD-HEMBURY AND FEN-OTTERY, THE SCENE OF THE SAINTED TOPLADY'S LABOURS.

(Concluded from page 501.)

It is quite clear to us, that the Lord intended that great truth to apply, in a very special manner, to the blessed TOPLADY, he "being dead, yet speaketh." What he preached, and what he wrote, were by no means to be confined to his own day and generation, nor to be limited to that most circumscribed sphere in which he laboured. His master-mind was to be led into the mysteries of our most holy faith, for the gracious purpose of handing down to future and successive generations those enlarged and glorious views into a rich and personal knowledge and experience of which he was led, under the ministry and teaching of God the Holy Ghost. Hence, in order that his mind might not be diverted, nor his thoughts interrupted, by the pressing claims of a large and important parish, the Lord gave him but a few parishioners; and meanwhile indulged him with the free use of his pen. We, in consequence, reap the benefit.

We cannot but be struck with amazement when we think of such sermons as, for example, "JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS," being preached at Broad-Hembury to some two hundred persons, and perhaps by far the greater part of them little if at all interested. Again, we think what a loss would such a sermon have been to the Church of the living God had the hearing of it been confined to so few persons. Moreover, how much are we indebted to the Lord not only for the penning, but for the preservation of TOPLADY's epistles, addressed as many of them were to loved and honoured names whose praises are in the churches. Take, for example, the blessed ROMAINÉ, AMBROSE SERLE, Dr. GILL, RYLAND, Sir R. HILL, and others.

We have just dropped upon a sentence in a letter to Mr. ROMAINÉ, which we never remember before to have seen, and which ought probably to lead us to recal our remark in reference to the interest of Mr. TOPLADY's hearers. Mr. ROMAINÉ, it seems, was about to preach at Broad-Hembury, when Mr. TOPLADY, writing from the same place, says:—

"God's Holy Spirit come with you, and speak by you, and bless you to this people. You will sow on ploughed ground; and cannot offend the generality of my hearers, preach free and sovereign grace as strongly as you will. May you be enabled to reach their hearts."

We shall have a word presently to say upon this subject of giving offence, if the Lord will.

Again, in a letter dated Broad-Hembury, Sept. 6, 1773, to the Rev. Mr. B., of New York, TOPLADY says:—

"I can never sufficiently bless God for giving me to see the day when I can truly affirm that I care not whom I displease when the inestimable truths of God are at stake. His Providence has rendered me independent of any but Himself; and His grace enables me to act accordingly. I must likewise add, as a still further motive to my gratitude, that the bolder I am in His cause, the more He gives me the affections of those to whom I minister, and with whom I am connected. Where I have lost one friend by standing up for Christ, I have gained a multitude."

How glorious and how heart-cheering is such a testimony, especially where one can set their own personal seal to the fact. Yes, 'tis a truth realized by many since TOPLADY's times, "Where I have lost one friend by standing up for Christ, I have gained a multitude." We speak it to the honour of our God, and for the encouragement of His dear people. We were virtually rejected in Ireland on account of the truth we were enabled to proclaim there; and when subsequently, for the same reason, we were excluded from a Croydon pulpit, the Lord, in His providence, immediately said, "You have been shut out from another's pulpit for my truth's sake, you shall now have one of your own." And truly from that moment to this we have had abundant reason to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" We bless and praise Him for every circumstance and every step by which He has led us. We would not have it

otherwise for worlds. If one friend has failed, the vacancy has been supplied a hundred-fold. God, in mercy, make us and keep us faithful to His truth, "Shunning not to declare the whole counsel of God."

Having only spent an hour or so at Broad-Hembury, it was with a degree of reluctance we left the place; but, for the reasons given in our last, we were compelled to do so. We had arranged to drive to Fen-Ottery, ten miles further, and then return the fifteen miles, to meet the train at Collumpton, so as to reach Plymouth that night.

The spirit of the departed seemed to be with us, as anew we journeyed over the roads with which he, in his lifetime, was so familiar. We passed through sundry places mention of which is made in his short but incomparable diary; for where is the inward teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost more manifest than in his Journal? Travelling thus through spots and scenes in which TOPLADY in his day took so deep an interest, we could but be reminded of man's mortality, so suggestive of the question, "Our fathers, where are they? the prophets, do they live for ever?"

In his Journal, TOPLADY often refers to Harpford, which lies some few miles from Fen-Ottery. Here, it would seem, he took the duty conjointly with Fen-Ottery, and here (as we afterwards learned) the parish-books, which we were so anxious to see, were deposited. Time, however, prevented us on this occasion from visiting Harpford. We hope this privilege is in reserve.

Tipton-bridge, to which reference is made in the Diary, has been of late rebuilt. TOPLADY alludes to one season of special enjoyment whilst riding over that bridge. In another page of his Journal, he alludes likewise to his walking with a friend upon the adjacent hills. From these hills he speaks of the two churches of Harpford and Fen-Ottery being seen. Of a sudden, whilst gazing upon them, smoke issued from the neighbourhood of the parsonage; subsequently it proved that a house adjoining having taken fire, the vicarage was destroyed. In allusion to this, TOPLADY writes:—"Neither the report, nor the sight, of this alarming visitation, made me so much as change coun-

tenance, or feel the least dejection. This could not proceed from nature; for my nerves are naturally so weak [Oh, TOPLADY, we are glad to hear you say so], that, in general, the least discomposing accident oversets me quite for a time. It was, therefore, owing to the supporting goodness of God, who made me experience the truth of that promise, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and, as thy days, so shall thy strength be.' Surely, we can both do and endure all things, through Christ enabling us. Had anyone told me beforehand, 'You will see the vicarage all in flames, without the least emotion of mind,' I should have thought it impossible. But the strength of God was made perfect in my weakness; and therefore it was that my heart stood fast, believing in the Lord. Oh, may Thy grace be ever sufficient for me!"

The time we had been on the road, and the distance travelled, assured us that we must be approaching our destination. Fen-Ottery must be at hand; and naturally we were upon the look-out for the lofty tower or spire of the church. At length, however, the driver pulled up, and looked about him, we wondered what for. Presently he said, "I am sure it is about here somewhere," as if he had been looking for some trifle that had been lost. "What?" we asked. "Fen-Ottery," was the reply. "Fen-Ottery!" said we to ourselves; "it can't be possible." There was but just one farm-house visible. The driver then went on some fifty to a hundred yards, when he exclaimed, "Ah, there it is. I knew it was here." We turned, and looked; and there, in the rear of the farm-house, and in the centre of a piece of low ground of half-a-quarter of an acre, was the church of Fen-Ottery! If we had been struck with surprise at Broad-Hembury, our astonishment now far exceeded it. The whole village contained but seven cottages; the entire parish scarcely one hundred souls!

Of course, we were anxious to inspect the church. Upon walking on a little, therefore, we came to a couple of cottages; the inmate of one speedily fetched the sextoness, an old woman of upwards of threescore years. She came running in breathless haste, bearing the

large key of the church, which turned such a lock as we never before beheld. As a piece of primitive art and simplicity, combined with strength, it is worthy a place in Messrs. Chubb's window, the patent-lock manufacturers in St. Paul's Church Yard. One of their great objections, however, to its occupying a place in their window, would be that it would take up the greater part of the space from one side to the other. This would not do, as space is of value in St. Paul's Church Yard, if not much thought of at Fen-Ottery. The bolts of this enormous lock once turned back, we entered the church, sacred indeed for its reminiscences—but oh, such a church! There stood the identical pulpit, and there the same reading-desk, as in the sainted TOPLADY's day. Above the pulpit was the same sounding-board which had often echoed to his voice, and on the pulpit the same book-board on which he had bowed the head in fervent prayer for a blessing upon the truths he was about to proclaim, or to which he had just previously given utterance. We stood in that pulpit with wonder, at the same time under the influence of a sacred awe. Fain would we have lingered there. Much should we have liked in sweet and sacred uninterrupted to have read afresh some of the sermons that great preacher had proclaimed there. But our time was limited.

The church itself is about 25 feet long. As in the case of Broad-Hembury, since TOPLADY's time, a chancel has been added; but including the pews placed in the chancel, the whole number is but seventeen, each accommodating four persons. They are old, carved, patched, worm-eaten to a degree. Certainly, we should not wish to make one of the four persons which may occupy them, from the great probability of a downfall from very age. In parts some of the seats are all but eaten through with decay. The font, for its age and general appearance, is worthy a place in the British Museum; the same may be said of the old parish chest which stands under the tower. We had a great curiosity to inspect the contents of that chest; but, upon inquiry, we found the parish-books were kept at Ottery St. Mary.

During our inspection, the church-

warden made his appearance. He had been churchwarden (as he pointed out to us by a printed notification on a tablet) since the year 1824, and his father had occupied that dignified position before him. He was anxious to point out the great improvement he had made in the gallery. There was room, he said, in the tower, and hence he had thrown the gallery back four feet. What the gallery was in TOPLADY's time we must leave the reader to judge, when we inform him that even now the front of the gallery, half-way up the facing, is occupied by a row of hat-pegs, which the hand of a person of moderate height can reach with perfect ease. Hence, it is to be inferred, that before the alteration, when the gallery, which is of course built sloping, came four feet more forward, every person passing under it to the front, or to occupy a seat in the gallery or pews under it, must have stooped in order to pass beneath the front.

As the present churchwarden has filled that office so long, and his father for so many years before him, we were surprised that he seemed to know so little of TOPLADY. We pressed him closely, to obtain, if possible, some additional particulars about one in whom we naturally felt so deep an interest. Still we failed, except in drawing from him one remark, and it was to this remark we alluded in an earlier part of the present paper. "I have heard my father say," replied the churchwarden, "that he was a very violent preacher. I many times heard him tell what he himself heard Mr. TOPLADY say in the church at Ottery St. Mary, 'that there was no more in the most delicate lady's hand than there was in his horse's hoof.'"

Ottery St. Mary was a country place, the congregation doubtless almost entirely agriculturists: and TOPLADY, in all probability descanting upon the humiliating fact that "dust we are, and unto dust we must return," drew the comparison which gave such grave offence as to be preserved—repeated oftentimes—and handed down for nearly, if not quite, a century! What greater proof of the natural antagonism of the human heart to the soul-humbling truths of God's Word! How clear that men

in that day, as well as in our day, would make a man an offender for a word; and how evident, as with the Master so with His servants, "they watch so that they might entangle Him in His talk." But how true, and how long since, has the caviller found the words of TOPLADY to be; for what is the tongue now that gave utterance to the objection but so many particles of dust, even as the "hoofs" of that stud of hunters the objector kept. Here, if we mistake not, was the secret of his sarcasm.

In the little grave-yard stands a yew-tree, supposed to be not less than three hundred years old; consequently, under its shady branches TOPLADY must have often walked or sat.

We were now joined by the young farmer living hard by the church, and we shall not easily forget the look of mingled astonishment and indifference which both the churchwarden and he showed, whilst in a few words we reminded them of the great man that had once lived and laboured there, as well as the vital importance of a personal interest in the great truths he had proclaimed, by which alone we would escape all the evils of the present world, and, after death, enter upon a glorious eternity.

Leaving Fen-Ottery, we now drove towards the station where we were again to take the train, purposing to make one call on our way thither. That call stood in such striking contrast with the interview we had just had. No sooner was the stranger's name announced, than one of the members of the family stepped forward with outstretched hand, animated countenance, and warm heart. We felt at once what a sort of spiritual electricity runs through the members of the household of faith. How cheering was that reception in contrast to the chilling indifference of the previous half-hour. Verily, it is true, that "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend."

TOPLADY, farewell! We now withdraw from the scene of thy earthly sojourn, but we look forward with no small emotion to that happy hour when we, by the self-same grace of which thou didst so sovereignly partake, shall be admitted to that kingdom and that glory which thou dost now eternally and uninterruptedly enjoy.

"Such Jesus is, and such His love,
Ah, how He smiles on you;
Oh, tell Him, now you see His face,
We long to see Him too."

IMPORTANCE OF MANNER IN PREACHING.

MERE words will never express the full meaning of the Gospel. The manner of saying it is almost everything. Suppose a mother is met at the door by a nurse, who rushes towards her with her soul in her countenance, and tells her that her child is burnt to death. The mother might believe it. But suppose the nurse came and said it in a cold and careless manner. Would that arouse her? No. It is the earnestness of her manner, and the distress of her looks, combined with the words, which really communicates the intelligence. The following anecdote will further illustrate this truth:—Lamartine, in his "History of the Girondists," relates that at a period when insubordination was springing up in the French army, a regiment was ordered by the commanding officer to repair to a certain place; "the soldiers replied

they would only obey the lieutenant-colonel, in whose patriotism they had the greatest confidence. The lieutenant-colonel came and read to the soldiers the order of the general; but the *inflexion of the voice, the expression of the face*, his glance, alike seemed to protest against the order which his duty as a soldier compelled him to communicate to them. The troops understood the mute appeal, and declared they would not quit their quarters." Alas! how many sermons are preached with such an inflexion of the voice, and such an expression of the face, as seems to protest against the exhortations which the preacher's duty as a minister compels him to utter. Congregations, like those soldiers, are only too ready to understand the *mute appeal*, and practically declare that they have no intention of attending to the sermon.

SPECIAL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was much struck on reading the current number of the *Gospel Magazine*, with the piece entitled, "Simplicity; or, the Child's Prayer Promptly Answered." My thoughts ran at once to those words of our Saviour, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven:" and I mourned over the fact, that a lack of such "simplicity" was so apparent amongst the professing people of God. My own soul instantly and most keenly accused me of deceit, fraud, subtlety, and everything else contrary to simplicity; and I had no rest until I had cast myself once more on the all-sufficiency of Jesus; and determined, by His grace, to act with more child-like simplicity for the future, that He alone might be exalted.

As I consider there was an intimate connexion between the foregoing and the following record of a day's special mercies, I venture to send it for the *Gospel Magazine*, if you should deem it worth publishing.

Only a few days ago, I had an opportunity for taking a day's excursion to the sea-side. Before retiring to rest on the evening previous to my departure, as was my wont, I prayed that the Lord might go with me to bless me, and prosper my journey; or, in the language of Moses for the children of Israel, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." In addition, however, to that, this time I was led to pray that I might awake at five o'clock in the morning, and that I might be made a blessing to some poor soul during the coming day. The reason of my naming the former was simply that I had to start by an early train, and was afraid I might oversleep myself. And to what better protection and care could I commit myself than to that of the God of Israel, who "neither slumbers nor sleeps?" The little girl's simple style was my own on this occasion. When I awoke in the morning I looked at the watch, and it was just five o'clock. I got up, too, much more refreshed than I usually am when

sleeping two or three hours longer. I could not but regard it as remarkable, and thought that, as the Lord had answered my first petition, it was an evident token, or earnest, that He would grant the rest; that He would be with me during the day, and make me a blessing to some poor soul.

On getting into the railway carriage, I was followed by a gentleman of middle age, who remained seated opposite to me for a few minutes, and then got out of the carriage again. Thinking he only wanted to walk about until the train started, I was surprised to see him get into another carriage, where there were more people located. The circumstance was not particularly striking at the time, but subsequently I thought more of it. On the journey, at a station where the train stopped a few minutes, the same gentleman got out of the carriage, and went to an hotel close by, apparently for the purpose of getting a glass of spirits. He returned to the same carriage, and I lost sight of him until evening. Nothing of importance occurred during the rest of the journey.

I went to the sea-side, and spent the morning in rambling about on the shore and on an adjoining hill; and towards noon I seated myself beneath a rock within a few yards of the water. I spent a short time in meditating on the Lord's dealings with His people, and began to wonder whether He would grant an answer to my prayer, as I had been led to expect. I again prayed that it might be so; and, while so engaged, my attention was directed to a small, stone ink-bottle, which lay almost at my feet on the sands. An impression seized me that some good use might be made of it, and thereon I took it up for that purpose. I shook all the sand out of it; but the next thing I wanted was a small piece of paper, which, for a moment or two, I was uncertain whether I possessed. However, on examining my pockets, I found that I had just one piece, which must have been on my person for a year or two. It now served a useful purpose. After praying for

wisdom to write a profitable word on it, I took out my pencil and scribbled, as near as I can remember, the following words:—"Whoever opens this bottle is desired by the writer—one who endeavours to sow beside all waters—to think about the salvation of his never-dying soul. God's holy Word tells us that 'The wages of sin is death:' so that as 'all have sinned,' all are under sentence of eternal destruction. But the Lord Jesus Christ came to redeem the lost, and 'by Him all that believe are justified from all things.' Therefore, dear reader, think and pray over thy lost estate; and may the God of all mercy quicken thy dead soul to love and serve Him. But if thou dost already know Him, 'whom to know is life eternal,' then cease not to thank and praise His holy name for what He has done, and ever 'present your body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.' Pray for the writer; and farewell until the day of revelation."

I folded up the paper, and placed it in the bottle so that it might easily be drawn out. A little sand answered the purpose of a cork. The question now was, "What am I to do with it?" At first I threw it carelessly on the sand: but afterwards, as the tide was coming in, I considered it better to place it in a more secure position. My cry was again raised for guidance; and I was led finally to deposit it on a ledge in the rock, where it would be seen some day by those who sought a little rest by the water-side.

Still I could not look upon this as an answer to my prayer that I might be made a blessing to some poor soul *that day*; or if it were, it was an *indirect* one—at least I thought so. I was therefore led to "wait on the Lord" for a further manifestation of His will. No incident of peculiar notice occurred during the remainder of my stay; but when I had taken my seat in the return train, who should I find looking out for a seat but the same gentleman who had acted so strangely in the morning. His conduct was again pretty much the same; he looked into my compartment, and, finding I was alone, sought a place somewhere else. These movements I could not at all understand; I began

to imagine there was something dreadful about my appearance, and looked at myself more than once to see if I could unravel the mystery. The Lord had His own purposes to fulfil. The train started, and I was alone, with no being to commune with but my God. This proved a season of soul-refreshing. I was much drawn out in prayer; and I again besought Him to grant my petition. I knew that the train would stop for passengers at a certain station a few miles distant, therefore I desired the Lord to send *one person* into the compartment at that station, and that we might be led to speak of the things of the soul.

Having thus given vent to the feelings of my heart, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

On arriving at the station, three persons presented themselves at the door, and opened it. "There are two too many," I thought. However, only one got into the carriage—an elderly maiden lady; the other two, a lady and gentleman, had only come to see her off. But again I was astounded; for I heard the lady distinctly say to her sister. "Go and see if there is room for me in another carriage." She was evidently dissatisfied with her anticipated travelling companion, but for what reason I could not divine. There was something too remarkable in my being shunned three times for me to think lightly of it. However, I thought the Lord had some purpose in it, and therefore waited still. The lady's sister returned to say that she had better remain where she was. No other person entered the compartment. The train started again. "There now," thought I, "the Lord has heard the humble petition of His servant so far, will He also grant the remainder? Why should I doubt Him? 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.'" It appeared most improbable that we should be led into conversation, as the lady seemed to be of a most retiring disposition; there was nothing to invite, but everything to repel in her demeanour. "Against hope I believed in hope," but it was most trying to flesh and blood. Ten miles were journeyed, and not a word

had passed between us. The train again stopped, and the lady at length spoke. She had been attracted by a pretty rose-tree which adorned one part of the station, and she drew my attention to it, at the same time expressing her admiration and delight. This I thought was a very good opportunity for introducing a conversation, and so made a few remarks. But when the train again proceeded on its way, she seemed disinclined for further conversation, and consequently we relapsed into our former silence. "After all," I thought, "we shall never get on the right topic." However, I sought to restrain such feelings of doubt and unbelief. A sense of my own weakness led me to the strong One, and I prayed that something might occur to lead us into a profitable conversation. While thus occupied, my attention was arrested by a portion of the clouds assuming a brown tinge, and gradually changing into crimson—cloud after cloud changing its hue at the close of the day—until there appeared before me, as it were, a mountain of fire. I had never before seen anything to equal it, and thought it might be an answer from the Lord.

The lady in question had not perceived the circumstance, being fixedly engaged in looking out of the opposite window, where nothing could be seen but evening gloom; so I made a remark about it, which had the desired effect of renewing the conversation. She at last left the corner she had been occupying, and seated herself beside me in order to obtain a better view of the magnificent scene before us. She remarked, with admiration, upon the sublime handiwork we were observing, and thereon proceeded to speak of some people daring to deny the existence of a God, in the face of such manifestations of His power. This I took to be an excellent introduction to the subject I longed for, and therefore I entered into the question with readiness. From professing infidels we turned to mere professing Christians; and for a time I almost imagined she was a Christian herself. She was as loud in her condemnation of the latter class as I was. The truth, however, came out in due time. I began to turn the conversation

from mere profession to individual experience; and was grieved to find she was at the very best but a worldly-minded woman—that she had backslidden from being a professing church-member—and was now a miserable slave to earthly vanities and lies. She had almost cast off open profession. She confessed she was oftentimes miserable and unhappy when thinking about her soul; but the cares of this world had so filled her heart, that she could not cast herself as a lost sinner on the mercy of God. On learning these facts I prayed again for wisdom from on high, and spoke to her freely according to the wisdom given unto me. Such a gracious and signal answer to my petition nerved me into warmth when opening out the grace of the Lord Jesus; and the truths I was led to lay before her will, I trust, be so blessed to her soul that she may soon rejoice in the Lord alone, and feel the power of His Divine grace in the renewing of her mind.

Before the journey was completed, I mentioned to her how remarkably the Lord had answered my prayer, and hoped she would attend to the word I had spoken. She, too, could not but view it as very singular; but what made it still more so to me was her saying, that she was invariably "very reserved" in railway travelling.

Thus, my dear sir, did the Lord prove His faithfulness. Judging from what He had already done, I have no fear but that He will perfect His own work; and that the issue will be the salvation of some of His dear ones, and His own eternal glory. Other striking incidents might be mentioned in connexion with the journey, but space forbids more.

You have now before you a plain statement of facts, which form a striking illustration of that gracious promise, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." May our hearts ever be warmed at each fresh manifestation of the Lord's covenant blessings; and may we be filled with such "simplicity" of faith as becometh "children" of God! Reason will say it was just possible all these things might have occurred if I had never prayed at all; but Faith says,

"Not so; for I asked, and it was given: I sought, and I found; I knocked, and it was opened unto me." If Abraham be our father, the faith of Jesus Christ will manifest itself in us, and lead us to soar beyond Reason in

these spiritual concerns; and we shall humbly acknowledge, with feelings of the deepest gratitude, that "The Lord reigneth!"

I am yours most sincerely,
A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

A WORD FOR THE MAGAZINE.

WHILST reminding his readers that their subscriptions are now due, the Editor asks permission to say a word on behalf of the Magazine.

It is with no ordinary feelings he contemplates the mercy of having been permitted so many years to occupy his present position. He cannot review that lengthened period, fraught as it has been with so many changes, without deep emotion. Every year adds largely to the debt of gratitude he owes to his kind, gracious, and forbearing God, for His bountiful goodness and compassion. And never did he more frequently exclaim than at the present, "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" Here, then, with thankfulness would he afresh set up his Ebenezer, and testify anew, that "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." "He hath done *all* things well." Chequered as has been the way, and however contrary to one's own preconceived thoughts and desires, it has, nevertheless, been "the right way"—a way infinitely better, and far, far more satisfactory than that which one's own carnal heart had so frequently devised. Yes, assuredly *the Lord's* way has been *the best* way, thanks—eternal thanks—to His great, His glorious, His ever-adorable name! "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which He promised; all, all have come to pass." And as it behoveth him, the Lord's unworthy servant would exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

But every year necessarily tells one off the score; each departing year leaves one the less remaining. Such being the fact, it does, or it ought to add, to the weight and responsibility of one's position. The more said the less left to say; the time and the opportunity for the testimony rapidly diminish.

Under these circumstances, one desire presses upon the heart. One's days are numbered. "Is there not an appointed time?" That time cannot be exceeded—no, not even by moments. Hence, a feeling possesses the mind, that, whilst life lasts, and as long as one is

permitted to prophesy, it may be far and wide. Not to the few, but to the mass would one proclaim the grand and glorious truths of our common faith. Long did such a desire pervade the mind in regard to the *pulpit*—that desire was at length granted; the same indulgence was sought with respect to the *press*. The love of numbers is deeply impregnated in the heart. The more *hearers* and the more *readers*, the more one's soul seems fired with love, and longing to be of service to his fellow-men.

There may be something of the flesh in this, for where will not the flesh intrude? Still, it is by no means exclusively of the flesh. It seems incorporated in one's very being—why, it is not for or in the power of a poor, short-sighted mortal to define or account for. Suffice it to say, it is more effort to the writer to expound a few verses to some half-dozen people in a private room, than it is to preach to a thousand or fifteen hundred souls in the house of God. Precisely the same feeling possesses one with reference to the *press*. If the writer knew that his readers were limited to one hundred or five hundred, or even a thousand, in proportion to the limit downward, would be a want of warmth and energy, and love.

As aforesaid, he cannot—he does not attempt to account for it. He simply states the fact. And now he ventures to make use of that fact, in order to ask his readers' continued and even increased co-operation. Not only does he ask that the *Gospel Magazine* may maintain its position, but, if the Lord will, that its circulation, in these momentous days, may be increased. This end and object in view, will each subscriber endeavour to obtain another? And will they order the Broad-sheet, "OLD JONATHAN," as well, so that the younger branches of the family may be interested, and the poorer and less enlightened neighbour sought out, and the high-ways and the by-ways visited with this simple record of Salvation and things that accompany Salvation?

With these few hints, the Editor once more throws himself upon the good wishes and kind co-operation of his beloved readers.

The Protestant Beacon.

LORD ELDON'S PREDICTIONS IN 1829, ON THE THIRD READING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

THE following predictions of this venerable nobleman were at the time sneered at as the senile and effete expressions of a bigotted octogenarian. What a lesson has he left to those who now hold the rudder of the state in their hands:—

“I know that, sooner or later, this bill will overturn the aristocracy and the monarchy. What I have stated is my notion of the danger to the Establishment. Have they not Roman Catholic archbishops for every Protestant archbishop: Roman Catholic deans for every Protestant dean? Did not the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics dispute against Henry VIII. in defence of the power of the Pope? and in Mary's time were not the laws affecting the Roman Catholics repealed, not by the authority of Parliament, but through the influence of the Pope's legate? And even though you suppress these Roman Catholics who utter these seditious, treasonable, abominable, and detestable speeches, others will arise who will utter speeches more treasonable, more abominable, and more detestable. No sincere Roman Catholic could or did look for less than a Roman Catholic king and a Roman Catholic parliament. Their lordships might flatter themselves that the dangers he had anticipated were visionary, and God forbid that he should say, that those who voted for the third reading of the bill will not have done so conscientiously, believing that no danger exists, or can be apprehended from it. But in so voting, they had not that knowledge of the danger in which they were placing the great, the paramount interests of this Protestant state; they had not that knowledge of its true interests and situation which they ought to have. Those with whom we are dealing are too wary to apprise you by any indiscreet conduct, of the danger to which you are exposed. When those dangers shall have arrived, I shall have been consigned to the urn, the sepulchre, and mortality; but that

they will arrive, I have no more doubt than that I yet continue to exist. You hear the words of a man who will soon be called to his great account. God forbid, therefore, that I should raise my warning voice, did I not deem this measure a breach of every notion that I have of a civil contract—a breach of every article of the Constitution, and contrary to the spirit of those oaths which I have taken to my King, and to that Constitution. Pardon, my lords, a man far advanced in years, who is willing to give up his existence to avert the dangers with which all he loves, all he reveres, are threatened. I solemnly declare, that I had rather not be living to-morrow morning, than, on awaking, find that I had consented to this measure. Believing it, as I do, after all the consideration which I have given it, to be an abrogation of all those laws which I deem to be necessary to the safety of the Church, a violation of those laws which I hold to be as necessary to the preservation of the Throne as of the Church, and as indispensable to the existence of the Lords and Commons of this realm, as to that of the king and our holy religion—feeling all this, I repeat, that I would rather cease to exist, than upon awaking to-morrow morning, find that I had consented to a measure fraught with evils so imminent and so deadly, and of which, had I not solemnly expressed this my humble but firm conviction, I should have been acting the part of a traitor to my country, my sovereign, and my God.”

THE NOVELTIES OF ROMANISM.*

THE country owes an unspeakable debt of gratitude to Mr. COLLETTE for his great and valuable labours in the Popish controversy. With untiring energy, immense learning, and the thoroughly trained mind of a lawyer, Mr. COLLETTE

* By Charles Hastings Collette. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street.

keeps a constant watch on all the wily and stealthy movements of our great spiritual enemy, and unmasks with unsparing pen all his impostures and frauds. Already he has published a perfect library of rare and valuable information, and the work before us is an important addition to this store. The object of the work is to expose the Popish Bishop Goss of Liverpool, who declared that he came to teach "no new system of religion." By an

immense array of facts and documents, Mr. COLLETTE proves that the whole system of Romanism is a novelty, an impudent series of additions to the religion of the Gospel. Dr. Goss will take good care as usual not to attempt an answer.

The work of Mr. COLLETTE ought to be widely circulated, and should especially be found in the libraries of all Protestant ministers and students of the Popish controversy.

GLIMPSES OF JESUS.

DEAR FRIEND IN JESUS,—I send you a few lines, pencilled with my left hand, for the Magazine, if you can make them out. I was glad to read Mr. LINCOLN'S Sermon; his views (held by many) are so clear, whereas the other view, of the world improving, makes sad confusion. Thank you for inserting my little pieces. Do not think I am weary if I seldom write, as I am a poor, disabled, suffering servant of the Church, needing the prayers of God's people (Psal. xl. 15).

Yours in our dear Master, who afflicts in love,

Crewkerne.

S. W.

"We shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air."

It is just this one idea I want to grasp, sublime indeed in greatness, and exquisite in delight, pregnant with ineffable joy,—*"We shall meet the Lord."* Oh, but a glimpse of Him by faith is so entrancing, it can disentangle the soul from earth, and makes it exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee" (Psal. lxxiii. 25); "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is as strong as death." It can convert a prison into a palace; burnish the rude walls of a hovel with glory, and irradiate the darkest heart. A smile from Jesus can create a heaven anywhere; and He does from time to time infuse in the soul a satisfaction and comfort none else can bestow.

WHEN the flowers in a man's garden die, yet he can delight in his lands and money. Thus a gracious soul, when the

Dost mind the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet?

And how He got thy heart and hand?

Thy Husband then was sweet.

Dost mind the garden, chamber, bank,

A vale of vision seem'd?

The joy was full, thy heart was frank,

Thy Husband much esteem'd.

Let thy experience sweet declare,

If able to remind;

A Bochim here, a Bethel there,

Thy Husband made thee find.

Was such a corner, such a place,

A paradise to thee;

A Peniel where, face to face,

Thy Husband fair didst see?

Perhaps a sudden gale thee blest,

While walking in thy road;

Or on a journey, ere thou wist,

Thy Husband look'd thee broad.

Of heav'nly gales don't meanly think,

For, though thy soul complains,

They're but a short and passing blink,

Thy Husband's love remains.

And if these glances be so precious, what must such a sight of Him be as Stephen had, and Paul, and John?

"When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead." Oh, none can convey an adequate idea to the soul of what it is to get a full sight of Jesus. Sometimes in taking down the house of clay, glory has been let in through the chinks, and then we get such a death-bed as PAYSON'S and JANEWAY'S; but what is this to the transforming sight of Him in the glory? (1 John iii. 3, 4.) Who then can fully grasp the thought, *We shall meet the Lord?*

creature fades, can rejoice in the unsearchable, the unalienable, and the inexhaustible riches of Christ.—Anon.

Notes of the Month.

THE NEW BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

WE have watched with peculiar interest for the announcement of the Consecration of the Hon. Canon WALDEGRAVE to the See of Carlisle; and we rejoice to find that it took place during the present month, in York Minster, and that his lordship was subsequently presented to her Majesty. He holds his first ordination, if we mistake not, at Christmas. It has never fallen to our lot, editorially, to publish an appointment with more thorough satisfaction. Most marked has the hand of the Lord been throughout; and, we doubt not, that many a heart will be uplifted in sincere aspirations for a blessing. Never did godly bishops stand more in need of the prayers of the Lord's people than now. If they dare to be singular, and pursue a course, as they conceive, in consistency with the word of God, and the Articles of their own Church, they find their elevated position, so far from placing them above censure, only makes them a more prominent mark for every species of reproach which the natural enmity of the human heart against the humbling doctrines of God's word can invent. Our poor prayers—and we are sure the prayers also of a large body of our readers—will follow Bishop WALDEGRAVE, that the Lord may specially stand by him, giving him all that wisdom, grace, and decision, which so responsible an office entails. His lordship will now find that the antagonism which, as a parochial minister, he has long had to contend with, will only fortify and prepare him for what in his new and important sphere he will have to encounter. If, as public journalists, we may offer his lordship a suggestion, it is the necessity of being sensibly alive to the contending interests with which he will come in contact. However spiritually-minded a bishop, however single his eye to the glory of his Lord and Master, if once he admits to his confidence *favourites*, upon merely human or natural grounds, they will

imperceptibly gain an influence over him, and so warp his own better judgment and more solid experience, as considerably to mar his usefulness. When it is borne in mind that bishops, as instruments, are to choose and to send forth into the vineyard—labourers, placing them here and there as seems good to their free and unprejudiced minds—and when it is recollected that those labourers will have to do with the training and instruction of immortal souls—we cannot but say how momentous is their position, and how greatly they stand in need of Divine direction and support.

That Bishop WALDEGRAVE may have this, in an eminent degree, is our sincere prayer.

What incalculable good, or what irremediable harm, has the single stroke of a bishop's pen done to many a parish. Multitudes of immortal beings will have, through eternity, either to rejoice in or to rue the day that certain under-shepherds were sent into it. The immortal soul is a thing of no ordinary value; and our God has appointed certain means to certain definite ends.

DR. VAUGHAN ON THE ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

DR. VAUGHAN, late head master at Harrow School, who was recently appointed to the Vicarage of Doncaster by his Grace the Archbishop of York, read himself in at the parish Church, Doncaster, on Sunday; and in reference to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, made the following remarks:—It is now not far from half a century since these Articles have been read aloud in the parish Church; and I can well believe that many of you may never have had your attention called to them—perhaps you may never have read them carefully in the whole course of your lives. I would call upon you, then, to listen to them, and to follow them with all your care as I read them to you to-day. It is not my intention to slur them over. On the contrary, I would

give full force and emphasis to them; believing them, as I do, to be carefully drawn from Holy Scripture, and to contain a body of Divine truth always seasonable, and sometimes too much disregarded. I do not look upon this as a wearisome form—nor, indeed, as a form at all. In the appointment of your minister you have had no voice. It is not the usual practice of our Church to look to the congregation either for the nomination or for the approval of the nomination of their parochial minister. All the more necessary is it that every precaution should be taken for your being satisfied of the correctness of his doctrine. You have a right to be assured, and you can only be so from his own lips, that he is in heart as well as in profession a minister of your own beloved Church. That is one reason why I am required to-day to perform the whole of the service myself, and to add to that performance of the service the reading of the Articles of the Church, with an express and solemn declaration of my assent and consent to them. Dry and formal statements of abstract truth are not the usual, nor are they the proper staple of sermons. Dogmatic teaching, as it is called—the enumeration of Christian doctrine in the form of positive and detailed statement—is not much in fashion among us—perhaps almost too little so, since out of it must grow all Christian practice; and no part of it can be omitted systematically in our teaching without injury, in some respect more or less important, to the Christian life of our hearers. Therefore I would bid you to accept with thankfulness the necessity which to-day is laid upon you of hearing the doctrines of Christianity drawn out with something of precision into something of detail. Let me remind you that they who, though dead, yet speak in these formularies of our Church, were men—though the authorship of particular parts may be doubtful—who, living in troublous times, knew the importance better than we do of correct or incorrect expression in the things of God; and proved their sincerity, in many well-known and memorable instances, by sealing their testimony with their blood. Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, with many others—fathers of the Eng-

lish Church they are rightly called—speak to us in these Articles from a martyr's grave. Let us not think lightly of doctrines, whether in their substance or in their expression, for which living men, men of talent, and learning, and piety, and occupying places of power and emolument in the forefront of the Church, loved not their lives unto the death. Observe, too, as you listen, how carefully the phraseology of these Articles is kept within the actual words of Holy Scripture. Some of those which might perhaps provoke doubts or differences of opinion—I will instance the 17th—are, if you examine them, little more than verses of Scripture lightly strung together by a few clauses of human connexions; and, whatever may be the meaning of the passages of Scripture from which they are taken, such, and no other—not more different, not more ambiguous—will be their meaning here in the Article which embodies them. Remember also, in hearing them, that almost every one, if not literally every one, of these Articles, even if it is not so now, was once the negation of some existing error; not a mere imagination of what it might be necessary to counteract, but founded upon an actual experience of that necessity; a protest against something which might be advanced on the side of heterodoxy and false religion, even because it already had been so advanced, and had wrought some serious breach in the unity and in the completeness of the faith once delivered to the saints. And if in any respect the doctrines here stated do not suit the feeling or the taste of the age in which our lot is cast—if there be any obsolete expressions, or (which is more important) any details which may seem to favour a tone of opinion with which some of us have little sympathy, because we have witnessed more than the Reformers knew of its possible abuse—let us not forget that we are now within two years of completing the third century—the full tale of 300 years—since this compendium of doctrine was finally ratified—much more than that time since it was drawn up; let us approach it with the reverence as well as the indulgence due to great antiquity, and only pray to God to make us one half as wise, one

half as holy, or one half as self-denying and self-devoted as were those illustrious men to whose studies, prayers, and toils we owe this bulwark of a Christian faith and a Protestant Church. Listen to it as the faith in which you

may be thankful to live and to die; listen to it as that faith in which it will be the constant endeavour of him who is now set over you in the Lord to instruct you week by week, and to live and to die himself.

TRUST.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I have been reading in the Magazine for this month, the remarks of your correspondent L—, upon the book written by the Rev. B. P. Power, the contents of which I know nothing, only by L—'s quotations, but I cannot altogether agree with him. His first quotation is, "In this Book of Psalms we find determinations to trust God, in each development of Himself." Upon which he remarks, "Here we see the wide-spread doctrine of the day—creature ability and mental faith;" this conclusion I cannot think correct, for to trust God at all times is a New Testament principle as well as old, "Trust in Him at all times, &c." The next quotation is, "Why is it that many of the Lord's dear people do not realize the great comfort which, from the very fact of God's being their fortress, ought assuredly to be theirs?" and then, L—goes on to infer, the privilege of every child of God enjoying their assurance is the "Old Arminian heresy." This I cannot see; but if it is, I will be an Arminian, for it is a New Testament doctrine: "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God;" and John says of the little children, "That their sins are forgiven, and they know the Father" (1 John, ii. 12, 13). Christ Himself says, "My sheep hear my voice," he does not say only *some* of them; and all the epistles are written on the supposition that it was one of the first principles in religion that we *know* we are the children of God, and knowing that, we are to go on to know what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ (Eph. iii. 18; see also, Rom. v. 1, 2). I know many of the dear children of God, stop short of this blessedness (Rom. iv. 6—9), but I believe it is in a great measure the fault of their teachers, who nurse them up in their doubts and fears, and do not tell them that unbelief

is a great sin—I believe it is called our easily besetting sin (Heb. xii. 1). We are not under the law when once delivered from it, we can never come under it again, and are exhorted to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." I know very well we cannot do this without the Holy Ghost, but the blessed Comforter is given us for this very end; and, as a brother once said, "The Holy Ghost would not tell us to do what He would not give us power to do."

In the next article, entitled "A Visit to Broad Hembury, &c.," you very scripturally set forth the doctrine of assurance: after quoting two sweet verses of Hart's, which end—

"We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

You say, "'Ah, had he trusted in vain?' thought we; no never. Nor did any poor sinner ever trust Him in vain," &c., &c.; and in page 521, reviewing Dell's excellent discourse on Gal. ii. 19, 21., you make some very nice remarks in the same strain, which, I think, quite contradict L—'s theory. L—seems to think the present low state of the Church is owing to the non-recognition of the doctrine of *eternal union*. I love the doctrine from my very heart, that the Church was chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, and therefore before the fall of Adam; but I also love the doctrine of *vital union*, for I can have no enjoyment of my interest in Christ, only as He lives in me, "reconciled by his death, saved by His life" (Rom. v. 10). That is, as I understand it, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost (John xiv. 17).

I attribute a great deal of the present low state of the Church to believers not knowing that we live under the dispensation of the *Spirit*, called the ministration of the Spirit (2 Cor. iii. 9), which

began on the day of Pentecost (Acts, 2nd chapter). In John vii. 39, we read, "The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified;" and in Acts i. 8, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you"—marginal rendering, "the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you." Christ received into His glorified body (see Col. ii. 9), the Spirit without measure, that He might communicate it by measure into His mystical body, and this was to take place after His resurrection (John xvi. 7; Acts ii. 33). See what effects followed the shedding forth of the Holy Ghost, from His glorified body, 3000 pricked to the hearts under one sermon; I suppose more than were converted during the three years and a half of His ministry. Our Lord said, before His death and resurrection, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished," of course alluding to His suf-

ferings. The difference in the behaviour of the disciples is very marked: *before* the day of Pentecost they all forsook Him; *after* they were bold as lions, by the resurrective power of Christ—that is, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. 'This blessed experimental truth of union to a precious Christ is much better set forth than I can do it, in what you have quoted from W. Dell.

I have felt constrained thus to write, as I think it so important and God-glorifying that believers should be exhorted to trust our covenant God at all times; for I see no reason why it should not be said now, as well as in the apostle's time, "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father."

I remain, dear brother, yours in the bonds of everlasting love,
London. J. L.

DIVINE WATCHFULNESS AND PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

"Why should the wonders God hath wrought,
 Be sunk in silence, and forgot?"

[THE father addressed in the annexed letter is one of those who, to his sorrow be it spoken, can only *trust* in many things just as far as he can *see*. Hence, when the young man in question is about to cross the Irish channel, in order to pursue his collegiate course, his father is the subject for days, if not weeks before, of no small anxiety about the weather. In the following incident the Lord, it would seem, rebukes him, and shows how *His* gracious care and *His* preserving mercy are as much needed even in the quiet sitting-room as upon the mighty waters.]

"Dublin, Nov. 17, 1860.

"My dear Father,—I had a providential escape last evening. In the centre of the ceiling of this room, there was one of those large and beautiful mouldings of plaster (I forget for the moment the name), immensely heavy. I don't think I have ever seen so large and heavy a one. I was sitting reading here, and bending over my book. I heard a good deal of noise up-stairs (some of the young men had a few

friends in, and were just above), but took no notice of it; when, all at once, I became so very cold, exceedingly so, so that once or twice I thought to myself, 'What can be the reason, for the room is very warm—a fine fire blazing away?' Yet for some minutes loath to move; but, becoming more so, I was compelled to move my books, lamp, &c., and go over close to the fire. I had hardly done so, when I heard a crack, and down came nearly the whole of this moulding, just in the place I had been sitting; a large piece hitting a book I had removed into the very position my head would have been. But, thank God, not a piece struck me, nor the lamp by my side. My books have several marks of the contusions they received. We were quite astonished to discover how heavy the crown was. It was very beautiful. I was only the other morning admiring it; but thought then, it looked far too ponderous to be suspended there.

"How truly may we say, 'there is but a *step* betwixt us and death;' and yet we scarcely ever *realize* this fact,

until we are *sensibly* reminded of it. But, nevertheless, what need we fear, if we are under the care of a wise and compassionate Protector? Come life, come death, in Him it must be well.

"To-morrow I trust the Lord will pour down upon you 'showers of blessing,' that with His felt presence, 'out of the abundance of the heart your mouth may speak.'

"So prays, my dear Father,
"Your affectionate Son,
"———"

[The Lord indeed be praised for this wonderful deliverance. May a lively gratitude be imprinted upon the heart for so rich a mercy. May it lead to a more simple and entire trust in Him. May there be a more lively sense of the fact, that all "our times are in His hand." Upon inquiry, a builder stated that the ornaments referred to in many cases weigh as much as a couple of cwt.]

Reviews.

The Way Home; or, The Gospel in the Parable: an Earthly Story with a Heavenly Meaning. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. Seventh Thousand. Limp cloth, price 1s. 6d. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

A PRECIOUS little work. In his introductory chapter the author clearly defines between the natural and the spiritual in the person and work of Christ. He seeks to show that there may be a reflex influence upon the mind, in the contemplation of the sayings and doings of Jesus. He cautions lest the merely natural should be substituted for the spiritual. From the chapter on Repentance, we cannot abstain from extracting the following:—

"Man's religion disposes him to glory in *any* cross save the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby he is to be crucified to the world, and to his carnal nature. This is the peculiar characteristic of the idolatrous worship of heathens. If endurance of suffering on man's part would purchase heaven, *they* might instruct us. When a festival is celebrated in India, devotees may be seen swinging between trees, suspended by hooks thrust under the flesh, often above a fire kindled on the ground below; others, lying upon the earth, with burning coals at the head, feet, and on either side; others, walking the streets with iron spikes thrust through the tongue and cheek; others, wearing an instrument of iron upon the shoulders, the head passing through some grating, which causes great pain. This is their Repentance—*Penance*—which they suppose will propitiate an *angry* God. The Church of Rome adopts what may be

termed a mitigated form of heathen Penance. Her doctrine is thus stated by the Council of Trent:—"We can make satisfaction to God for our sins by punishments enjoined by the priests, such as fastings, prayers, alms, or other good works." This 'going about to establish their own *righteousness*,' is called *Repentance*. What a contrast to Evangelical, Gospel Repentance! That is 'the tear of faith,'—not faith in an *angry* God, but in a God of *love*,—a God who loves the sinner whilst He condemns the sin;—'the tear of faith, and he who sheds it stands within sight of the Cross.' Repentance is a going out from the crowd, entering into our closet, and there, moved by the love of Christ, weeping as Peter wept when Jesus looked upon him,—a look of rebuke and love, of sorrow and sympathy. Thus weeping, the mourner, through his tears, soon sees the bow of promise painted on the cloud."

My Wanderings. Being Travels in the East between 1846 and 1860. By JOHN GADSBY, Biblical and Oriental Lecturer, Author of a "Trip to Sebastopol," &c. Vol. II. or Appendix. London: Gadsby, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. Price 4s. Pp. 532.

Who that read the former volume of Mr. GADSBY'S "Wanderings," but was ready to cry with the horse-leach, "More, more?" Despite some little peculiarities of style, no honest mind could rise from the perusal of that volume without this impression, "It is a matter-of-fact book." No one could doubt it. There was no writing for writing's sake, but the work itself contained a mass of information, and given so graphically as to cause the reader who had a thirst for travel still

more ardently to desire it. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and annoyances Mr. GADSBY encountered, such is the interest his volumes convey, that we doubt not a large proportion of his readers would cheerfully have subjected themselves to them, in order to meet with the same reward for their travels as have crowned Mr. GADSBY's researches. We at the same time most readily admit that it is not every man is equal to such an undertaking as that now accomplished for a fifth time by Mr. GADSBY. It requires immense self-denial and indomitable perseverance. It wants a man cut out for the work—one, in plain language, that is prepared to "rough it"—to run risks and brave difficulties; and if such traveller be a child of God, he must have the unquestionable sanction and stamp of his heavenly Guide and Protector, if so be he would find his mind cheered and strengthened and animated in and through such exploits. With this we can readily conceive the peculiar satisfaction realized at the very moment of such researches. A feeling sense under such circumstances of being thus "about one's Father's business," would make even a present and a very precious amends for any privation and any difficulty one might be called to meet. It has been well said, that "the path of duty is the path of safety."

In this light we have ever been wont to regard Mr. GADSBY's researches. The delicacy of constitution which led to his travels, we deem to be a voice in the providence of God, that *he*, as a peculiarly suitable man, was called to this great and important work. We regard it as a work of no trifling moment. On the contrary, in these exciting, profligate, sceptical, truth-despising days, it is a fact most dear, most welcome to our heart, that a man of business-habits—yea, a thorough John Bull—should go forth, compass sea and land, to sift, and test, and probe, and prove habits, customs, sayings, doings of a far-off, obscure, and little-known and less-understood people, in order thereby that the great and glorious truths accompanying our common salvation should be opened up, and light thrown upon much that was previously dark and mysterious.

Moreover, not only by the issue of two thick volumes, the first of which has gained a circulation already of *ten thousand copies*, has Mr. GADSBY been instrumental in throwing light upon—not hundreds merely, but upon some thousands of passages of Scripture; but, as a pleasing lecturer, he calls attention

to Bible-truths and Bible-scenes with well-executed, picturesque illustrations. What an influence is such a mission calculated to have! What an interest is awakened! What a ratification and confirmation of the word of God is thus afforded!

It is on these grounds we regard both Mr. GADSBY's books and lectures with no common and merely passing interest. We believe both the one and the other are calculated, under God, to do immense good; and therefore we wish Mr. GADSBY, both as author and lecturer, God-speed!

Second Number: containing Six Sermons preached by Mr. WILLIAM BIDDER, Minister of the Gospel, Little Park Street Chapel, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. Brighton: C. E. Verrall.

In addition to a rich vein of Scripture, clearly and appropriately quoted, there is throughout these sermons that which goes far beyond mere letter-preaching;—the evidence of heart-teaching; a felt need drawing from the fountain-fulness of Christ. A sound creed, Scripture at one's finger's ends, the greatest fluency—all, all in themselves will not touch the case of a poor broken-hearted sinner, nor bind up his wounds; there must be the dew, the unction, the power of the Holy Ghost put forth through a kindred heart! Then shall be realized the blessedness of that saying, "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man." Much of this real fellowship is to be found in these sermons.

The Fugitive of the Cevennes Mountains. By the Rev. J. TUNSTALL HAVERFIELD, Rector of Yeddington, Oxon. London: H. J. Trevisser, 17, Ava Maria Lane. Pp. 190.

A WELL-WRITTEN tale of the French Revolution of the time of Louis XVI. Sundry admirable characters are introduced; the whole calculated to impress the young and ardent mind with the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty.

The Land of Promise. An Account of the Holy Land and the Chosen People. For the Young. By Mrs. R. BARKER. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street. Pp. 228.

AT once an interesting and a useful help for the young in reading the Scriptures, affording them an insight into the character and habits of the people, as well as of the nature and products of the country.

